

AN ABDL NOVELLA



SUSIE'S
**REVERSE POTTY
TRAINING**

BY NANNY CHLOE

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

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MEETING MADAME LOLA

I stood on the steps outside the rather nice-looking two-story house and double-checked the address. This was it. For some reason, I was trembling.

I hated that I was so nervous. After all, I had talked to ‘Madame Lola’—the homeowner—on the phone just a couple hours earlier. She seemed incredibly sweet.

But I was trembling because this *needed* to work out. After all, Madame Lola’s offer seemed to be my saving grace. I was praying that it wasn’t too good to be true.

I thought back to her ad on the apartment posting board that I read that morning...

Seeking to rent spare room to single boarder. Younger women boarders preferred. Willing to waive rent in exchange for house work and mannerly behavior.

- Madame Lola

I had spotted the posting right after I found out I had been evicted from my apartment.

I found out about my eviction the hard way earlier the same day when I came home from the farmer’s market to find all of my belongings on the

curb and the locks to my apartment changed.

It didn't take long for me to figure out that apparently my roommate... well, now my ex-roommate... hadn't been paying rent for months.

Said ex-roommate was now nowhere to be found. I assume she skipped town and went to go crash with a relative.

I, on the other hand, wasn't so lucky to have that option. Not only do I not have any friends or relatives to fall back on, I happened to get laid off from my restaurant job just a couple days ago.

With my bank account already nearly empty, I was about to be an 18-year-old girl spending the night on the streets alone unless I found some sort of solution, fast.

And I'm not the religious type, but I was suddenly praying for some sort of miracle. After all, I've always been poor, but I've never considered that I might actually become *homeless*.

So, when I spotted 'Madame Lola's' apartment posting that morning, I called the number immediately. If she would really allow me to stay in exchange for housework, it was exactly the sort of miracle I needed in this desperate moment.

To my delight, she said I could come by that same afternoon.

So here I was, standing right outside Madame Lola's door.

I took a deep breath. *I hope she's as nice as she sounded on the phone*, I thought to myself.

* * *

I KNOCKED on the ornate door three times and waited. There was a long silence.

I knocked again—a little bit harder.

“Please... please... please...” I began whispering under my breath, praying that this didn’t turn out to be some sort of prank, or that I didn’t misunderstand the terms she was putting forth.

Creak. The door slowly opened. A middle-aged woman with brunette hair peered down at me from inside.

“Hello?” She asked in a thick French accent.

“Hi, Madame Lola?” I asked nervously. I had never called anyone ‘Madame’ in my life. But since she had used that term herself in her job posting, I figured it would be polite to use what I assumed to be her French title.

“Yes?” She replied.

“I’m Susie. I called about the spare bedroom?” I said nervously.

Madame Lola flung the door open and smiled. “Ah yes! Come on in, my dear.”

I slowly stepped inside, and to my surprise, Madame Lola wrapped her arms around me in a hug. Then, if that wasn’t enough, she kissed me on the cheek!

I was a bit dumbfounded by the act. It took me a second to remember that kissing on the cheek was a common greeting in Europe. I let out a shy laugh.

I admit I was taken off guard by how attractive she was. She was wearing red lipstick and a chic, patterned dress that somehow rode the line between ‘super model’ and ‘super mommy.’

Madame Lola grabbed both of my shoulders and looked me up and down. “My, my, you are a young one, aren’t you?” She asked. “Young, fit and pretty. Far too skinny though!” She said and pinched my stomach.

I jerked away in shock from the intrusive greeting. I could tell that she could read the expression on my face.

“Oh, I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable. You have to understand, I was a nanny for so many years, it’s difficult not to mother young ones like yourself out of habit,” she explained.

My cheeks were burning red. “Oh, it’s fine,” I said back.

Hearing this woman talk about ‘mothering’ me immediately made me feel a bit shy and embarrassed. I didn’t know how she could refer to me as a ‘young one’! After all, I told her on the phone I was 18!

I guess I had to admit I always looked very young and short for my age. It wasn’t unusual for strangers on the bus to ask if I was lost or needed help with directions, assuming that I was a lost kid.

“Come,” Madame Lola said, grabbing my hand. “Let’s go to the table and discuss the terms.”

Again, without warning, I felt this middle-aged woman grab my hand and lead me into her kitchen.

I still thought it was a bit strange for her to touch me so much upon first meeting. But I still knew I needed this to work. I decided to chalk it up to just a bit of culture clash between French and American customs about greeting strangers.

As I walked through Madame Lola’s hallways, I was impressed by how elegant and nice the interior of her home was compared to the unassuming exterior. Hard wood floors. Sparkling chandeliers. Expensive-looking art hanging from the walls. I figured she must be relatively wealthy.

Madame Lola pointed me to a seat at the kitchen table. I dropped my book bag and sat down across from her.

“Now, your name again?” She asked.

“Susie,” I said in a soft voice.

“Sorry dear, I do have a hard time hearing in my old age. Please do speak up when being addressed by your elders,” she said to me.

I cleared my throat. “Susie,” I reiterated. Part of me blushed being talked down and corrected like that.

“Ah, Susie, good to meet you,” she said with a smile. “Now, you’re here to inquire about my room for rent?”

“Yes,” I replied.

“Fantastic. And may I ask, did you consider which of the remuneration options appealed to you?” She asked in her thick French accent.

I wracked my brain trying to understand what she meant. I was beginning to feel like there was a bit of a language barrier.

“I’m... not sure I understand?” I replied meekly. Something about this woman made me feel nervous in front of her. Not scared, but more shy. She was so attractive for a woman her age. Her French accent made her seem highly intelligent and sophisticated. And she seemingly radiated poise and confidence.

“Let me rephrase... the terms of the rental. Would you be interested in paying \$1,300 per month? Or performing house work with proper manners instead?” She asked me.

I felt a sigh of relief. I was glad she was the one to reiterate the offer to do house work in lieu of paying rent. After all, I didn’t want to insult her by suggesting the idea in case I had completely misunderstood her ad posting.

Part of me registered that it was a little strange that she would echo the detail about ‘proper manners’ again. After all, I had assumed her first mention of it in the job posting was just another symptom of the language barrier. But I didn’t have time to think twice about it at this point.

“Uh... house work,” I said with a smile. “If that’s alright,” I added nervously.

“Oh, I’m so glad. After all, I admit, it’s not money I need at this point. I would much prefer help around the house from someone young and trustworthy like yourself,” she explained.

It occurred to me that my initial suspicion that Madame Lola was wealthy seemed to be confirmed. That being said, it seemed strange to me that she wouldn't just hire a cleaning service, but I didn't want to look a gift horse in the mouth by asking about it.

"I mean, what kind of house work did you have in mind?" I followed up.

"As far as duties, really not so much. Cleaning the toilets, vacuuming, helping with meals, opening the occasional jar when my frail hands fail me," she said. "Do you feel up to those tasks?" She asked.

"Oh yes!" I replied, feeling like everything she listed sounded much easier than I expected. "I think I'll be quite good at all those things."

"And manners?" She asked.

I was taken off guard by the follow-up question. I still didn't understand what she meant by that word in this context. I figured she just meant someone who would be well behaved and not break any of her nice things while cleaning.

"Of course," I replied with a smile.

She stared into my eyes for what seemed like a long moment. "My little angel," she said with a glowing expression.

I blushed. The compliment seemed overboard, to say the least. After all, it was clearly *she* who was doing *me* the favor of a lifetime by letting me have a room to stay in for basically free.

"Do you have any further questions for me?" She asked.

Privately, I had a million, but I wanted to be careful not to blow what seemed like a gift from God, given my circumstances, with invasive questions that might offend her.

"Ah, is the room furnished?" I asked.

"You don't have any furniture?" She replied, looking at me with a mixture of confusion and even disappointment.

“I uhh...” I stumbled, not sure how to explain that I didn’t get to retrieve my bed from the mud puddle it was sitting in when I found it that morning. “It’s just that... I don’t... I mean... right now I don’t...”

I felt my cheeks going flush for some reason. I felt embarrassed to have asked such a question when she was already being generous.

I then felt Madame Lola wrap both of her hands around mine on top of the table. Although surprising, I also found the gesture comforting. “Susie, what happened? You can tell me,” she asked in a soft but pleading tone.

I felt overwhelmed with a wave of emotions. I was surprised that she could tell something was wrong from just the few words I had mumbled. I felt strangely cared for from just the sensation of her warm hands wrapped around mine. And I realized that this woman, despite being a near-stranger, was the first person in my life to ask me what was wrong out of concern.

I started crying—right there in Madame Lola’s kitchen. I don’t know what came over me, but it just happened.

“Susie, what’s wrong my darling?” She asked again in a deeply sympathetic tone.

“I got evicted, this morning, Madame Lola. My furniture was ruined. And I don’t have anywhere else to go,” I confessed through my tears.

Some part of me was surprised to admit this in front of Madame Lola, as I recognized the danger inherent to looking desperate right now. And yet... something about this woman seemed to peer deep into me and whisper ‘you’re safe.’

Madame Lola gasped as I explained what happened. She pulled her chair next to me at the table and wrapped her arms around me. I felt myself suddenly crying in her arms as she comforted me.

“Don’t worry, my darling Susie. Don’t worry about furniture. I will handle it,” she said as she continued to hold and comfort me.

After a minute, I finally got ahold of myself enough to wipe my tears away and sit up. “I’m so sorry, I don’t know what just came over me,” I said to

Madame Lola, looking away in embarrassment.

She grabbed my shoulder, then gently put her hand to my face and guided my eyes back to hers.

“Susie,” she said. “I will handle everything. You’re safe here. So long as you do your end of the agreement, I will do mine,” she said with a warm smile.

I suddenly felt like crying again. I immediately felt so thankful to this woman. I suddenly trusted her completely. I wrapped my arms around her in a hug.

“Thank you, Lola!” I said.

“Susie,” she said in a soft voice.

“Yes, Lola?” I replied.

“It’s not mannerly to address your hostess informally. Please do address me as ‘Madame Lola’,” she said in a polite tone.

I immediately went red in the face again. I didn’t even realize I had left that part of her name off, let alone that it would be offensive to her. “Oh—of course Lola—Madame Lola,” I said, vowing not to ever make that mistake again.

She patted me on the back as if to reassure me I was forgiven. “Come, I will show you to your room,” she said.

She grabbed my hand and walked me toward the spiral staircase.

THE PRINCESS'S BEDROOM

*M*adame Lola escorted me upstairs into one of the upstairs bedrooms. “Here you are, my darling,” she said.

As I followed her in and looked around, I was immediately stunned.

The whole room was practically covered in bright, girly pink.

The bed was small, fit for maybe a 10-year-old, and had a bright pink ‘princess’ canopy hanging over it.

Cartoon princesses, unicorns, and even ‘My Little Pony’ designs covered every surface from the wall-paper trimming to the dozens of pillows on the bed.

The whole room seemed like it was designed to meet the fantasy of a nine-year-old, wanna-be princess. Or maybe even younger.

“Uhhh...” I said, not sure how to react. The idea of sleeping in a room so childish... even babyish, seemed affronting to say the least.

“What is wrong?” Madame Lola asked me.

“I uh... it seems a bit... young?” I said back, doing my best not to be rude.

“I see, I’m sorry. You understand, this was room for children I babysit before,” she explained in broken English. “The other room... has no bed,” she said. “I thought you said you needed bed? I’m so sorry you don’t like the decorations,” she said in a sincere tone.

I suddenly felt incredibly guilty for being so entitled. It was true, I was the one who told her I didn't have any furniture, and she offered me this room for free. Who was I to complain because I felt like it was... what? *Too pink?*

"Oh no, no!" I replied to Madame Lola. "You misunderstood... I love it," I said, lying to cover up my previous complaint.

She smiled at me and patted me on the shoulder again. "Please, make yourself comfortable while I go prepare dinner downstairs," she said.

"Do you need any help?" I asked.

"No," she replied. "You wash up and prepare for dinner," she said, then left and closed the door behind her.

I threw my backpack down, looked around and sighed.

I thought about why my initial reaction was so negative. The truth was, ever since I was a kid, I've always been more of a 'tomboy'. I've always hated wearing dresses, despised the color pink, and the only makeup I ever experimented with was the black kind my goth friends put on with me in middle-school.

But I had to admit, I was being a little ridiculous, given the circumstances! The point was, I wasn't homeless tonight! I had food and a place to sleep! I laughed at how silly the situation was.

I flopped onto the girly bed and let out another sigh—this one of relief.

I looked around my new princess room and tried to show a little appreciation for it. I mean sure, it was overbearing and garish and juvenile... but it was also kind of cute. Maybe pretending I was a little princess wouldn't be so bad after all.

I closed my eyes, exhausted from the roller coaster of the day, and quickly fell asleep.

THE DRESS

I woke up to Madame Lola knocking on my new bedroom door.

When I opened my eyes, it took me a minute to remember why I was in this strange, blindingly-pink room. My memory of Madame Lola slowly came back to me.

Out my window, I could see that it had become dark. “Shoot,” I cursed under my breath. I realized Madame Lola was probably knocking on my door for dinner.

Madame Lola came in just as I got to my feet. She looked at me in a mixture of confusion and disappointment.

“Susie. Why are you not washed up for dinner yet?” She asked me.

I immediately felt a wave of panic and guilt. I didn’t realize how long I would fall asleep, and I felt bad for keeping her waiting given that she was already doing so much for me.

“Sorry!” I shouted and leapt out of bed.

I ran into the bathroom across the hall, scrubbed my hands with soap and water, and started down the stairs.

Madame Lola loudly cleared her throat behind me, causing me to pause on the staircase. I turned around and looked up.

“What are you doing?” She asked me.

“Uh, I thought you said dinner was ready,” I replied.

“I said to wash up and prepare for dinner. Those clothes of yours are filthy,” she said to me.

It took me a few seconds to even process her statement. *My clothes? Who changes their clothes for dinner?* I thought to myself.

But then I looked down and realized that my jeans and sweater *were* pretty dirty from my day of trekking around the city.

I looked back at Madame Lola’s elegant dress and realized that I did look practically homeless compared to her. (Hell—I *was* homeless for a few hours earlier that day.)

“Oh, I’m so sorry, I didn’t realize...” I muttered, realizing her demand might be reasonable. “I’ll go and change right now,” I said, then walked back toward my bedroom.

But as I walked into my bedroom, I froze in panic.

I suddenly remembered that all my other clothes were ransacked and ruined when my last landlord threw my stuff to the curb. I hadn’t thought about what I was going to do about clothing until this moment.

“What’s wrong?” Madame Lola asked me, following me into my room.

“I uh...” I didn’t know what to say. Instead I just looked away in embarrassment at my situation. I hated how poor and helpless I was right now.

Madame Lola approached me, softly put her hand to my chin, and guided my eyes up to hers. “Susie,” she said in a soft but authoritative tone. “A mannerly girl does not evade answering when asked a direct question by their hostess.”

I was flabbergasted. I didn’t know whether to object to being accused of being un-mannerly or to being called a ‘girl’.

But as offended as I was by the question, I also recognized that it was likely just another product of the language barrier. Besides, it was a fair question.

I cleared my throat and stammered my reply as I looked up toward her powerful eyes. “I’m sorry, I don’t have any other clothes, Madame Lola. I... lost them,” I said.

As I said it, I felt tears involuntarily welling up again. Madame Lola reacted with a mixture of surprise and pity in her eyes. I felt so ashamed and pathetic.

I then felt Madame Lola embrace me in a warm hug once again. I cried even harder.

“My dear, why didn’t you say so? I will prepare you a dinner outfit right away,” she said as she rubbed my back.

“Really?” I asked, wiping away my tears. “You have clothes that will fit me?” It was surprising to be mothered in this way by this near-stranger. Yet something about it also felt profoundly comforting.

“Yes, yes, I have outfits left over from past visitors. Don’t you worry. Go and take a shower and I’ll have something prepared on your bed when you are clean,” she said.

“Thank you, Madame Lola,” I replied, feeling relieved that she wasn’t angry with me.

I went into the bathroom and took a quick shower, already feeling guilty about delaying her dinner due to my helplessness.

* * *

As I STEPPED out of my much-needed shower, I realized Madame Lola had taken my dirty clothes that I had left on the floor of the bathroom—presumably to be washed.

For some reason it made me uncomfortable that she had taken my only possessions at this point without asking me. At the same time, I realized I should be grateful to her for presumably putting them in the laundry for me.

I stuck my head out the bathroom door and called to see if Madame Lola was still upstairs. Seeing the coast clear, I walked back to my bedroom covered in just my short towel.

When I got back to my bed, I found the clothes Madame Lola had laid out for me.

I gasped.

It was a small, bright pink dress, covered in polka dots. It was lacy, and short, and quite frankly looked closer to the outfit a toddler in ballet lessons might wear than an adult woman.

Then, to add insult to injury, the panties she left were also bright pink with polka dots. They were shockingly juvenile and reminded me of the type of panties I hadn't worn since kindergarten.

I looked around me in the room, praying that there was some mistake. Surely, she didn't want me to wear *this*.

I ran over to the pink dresser and began frantically pulling out all the dresser drawers. Then the closet, then under the bed. They were all empty. There wasn't another article of clothing in sight.

I walked back to the dress, picked it up, and looked it up and down in shock. I still couldn't believe that she would expect me to wear this. I doubted it would even fit.

Someone knocked on my bedroom door. I jumped.

"Yes?" I replied.

"Susie, I've been very patient, but I do insist you hurry and dress for dinner now. I'm quite hungry," Madame Lola shouted through the door.

"Okay, be out in just a second!" I shouted back.

Shit, I cursed under my breath. I didn't know what to do. It felt ridiculous that I would start arguing with this woman about how the clothes she was gifting me weren't *my style*.

Okay, why don't I just put this stupid thing on and then she'll see for herself it doesn't fit, I said to myself.

I threw my towel on the bed and slipped the childish panties on. They were tight, but they did seem to fit. I also slipped the pair of white cotton tights on as well. They were also uncomfortably tight—yet also did seem to just barely fit.

I looked around and realized there weren't any bras around, either. However, I knew that given my pretty flat chest, I would probably be fine without one for now.

I took a deep breath, and finally, pulled the pink dress over my head. I worked my arms and head through the material, pulled it down as far as it would go, and to my dismay... it did, *technically*, fit. Barely.

I looked at myself in the mirror and immediately turned bright red with humiliation. I slowly turned around and realized it took very little to see my childish underwear beneath my short, frilly skirt. Not to mention that the dress made me look like I was suddenly six years old again.

A six-year-old, pink little princess. I was mortified.

Madame Lola knocked on the door again. "Susie? Is something wrong?" She shouted through the door.

"I uhhh..." I said back, not sure how to reply. What I wanted to say was, *Yes. Everything about this dress is absolutely wrong.*

Madame Lola opened my door and came in. She looked me up and down as I continued burning bright red in my humiliating dress

"Susie..." she said, seemingly stunned. "You look... absolutely gorgeous. It fits you perfect, my little angel."

I didn't know what to say. I didn't know how to argue with that.

Before I could argue with her, Madame Lola revealed a pair of small, black shoes. She jammed them on my feet, buckled them, then grabbed my hand and dragged me down to dinner.

As I tip-toed down the steps with her, I practically felt like a toddler in a tutu on her way to ballet class with her Mommy. I vowed to get my previous clothes back and a new wardrobe as soon as possible.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE DINNER

I followed Madame Lola to the dinner table, still wearing my humiliating pink dress. I decided that instead of fighting her about it, I would get this over with and get new clothes on my own time.

We sat down at the dinner table and Madame Lola revealed a wonderful pot roast before us. I didn't realize how hungry I was until I smelled the delicious feast, and then took my first bite.

Fortunately, as we both served ourselves and dug in, I forgot all about the humiliating dress I was being forced to wear.

After a few minutes of eating, Madame Lola suddenly cleared her throat. "Ahem," she said.

I looked up, confused.

"Manners, my dear Susie," she said.

"Huh?" I replied.

"Manners," she said again as if I were stupid.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I mumbled in reply.

I didn't know what she was talking about, but I figured I hadn't used my knife to cut my food properly or something. I continued eating, only to hear Madame Lola clear her throat again.

“Susie! Manners!” She said loudly.

“I don’t understand,” I said back.

She looked at me like I was an infant asking why it was inappropriate to eat with their fingers.

“Well behaved girls chew their food *fully* before they swallow,” she said.

I was taken aback. I had no idea what she was talking about. “What?” I asked, suddenly very nervous. After all, she looked upset for some reason.

She stared at me for a long moment with a deeply annoyed and confused expression.

She then got out of her seat, pulled up her chair next to mine, grabbed the knife and fork out of my hand, and began cutting the meat on my plate for me.

“What are you doing?” I asked in shock.

Then, to my horror, she lifted a bite of meat up to my mouth. “Open,” she commanded.

I was stunned but didn’t know what else to do. I opened my mouth, and she inserted the piece of food.

I chewed the food and began to swallow. “Ahem! No!” She shouted.

She took a bite herself, then began to count each of her chewing motions. “Like this. One. Two. Three...”

I finally realized that she was telling me *how many times* to chew my food before swallowing.

I was mortified.

But I was also very hungry. So, I did as she commanded, and chewed the food in my mouth as she counted out loud. “Eighteen. Nineteen. Twenty. You may swallow,” she instructed.

I realized that she apparently insisted that I chew my food *twenty times* every bite before swallowing. The mandate seemed as absurd as it did arbitrary.

I swallowed the food in my mouth, and before I could argue with her, Madame Lola had lifted up my cup of milk at the table and was holding it to my lips.

I found this to be even more upsetting. I always found milk to be a gross, infantile drink. I had no desire to drink it, but given the way she was holding it to my lips, I took a small sip and swallowed.

She watched me swallow, then lifted the cup to my lips again. “More,” she said in a commanding tone. “A healthy girl drinks a full mouth of milk between bites,” she said matter-of-factly.

I was mortified, but complied, taking a big gulp of the gross milk.

I wiped some of the milk from my lip with the back of my hand, and before I could object again, she was holding the next bite of food to my mouth.

Too hungry to turn it down, I ate the bite and chewed as she counted out loud again. This was followed by another forced drink of milk, then another bite of food.

Madame continued feeding me this way for the rest of the food on my plate.

I was in silent tears as she fed me. I felt totally humiliated eating and drinking in this fashion, yet I also felt utterly helpless to stop her. Not only was she incredibly confident and forceful with her demands, but I really did wish to avoid making her angry, given how much I still needed her room.

Finally, my plate was clean, and my large glass of milk was empty. She put down my knife and fork and returned to her seat across the table to continue her own meal.

I wiped my tears from my eyes and stared into my lap. I felt so miserable and humiliated, especially in this embarrassing pink dress. I desperately wished to just run to my room, rip the dress off and cry into my princess pillows.

But instead, I summoned the courage to ask in a shaky voice, “May I be excused, Madame Lola?”

I felt like I was now walking on egg shells with this woman and figured it would be better to try and be as ‘mannerly’ as possible at all times, lest I risk upsetting her again. After all, I now felt like I had no idea what ‘mannerly’ even meant to her at this point.

She looked at me from across the table and frowned. “Susie. It’s only polite to wait until every member of the dinner table has finished before excusing yourself. Besides, I do expect you to do the dishes as part of your chores,” she explained.

I nodded and looked back down to my lap, feeling like I wanted to cry all over again.

“That is... unless you no longer wish to stay with me as we agreed?” She added in a sincere tone.

I looked up and realized she was right. I had to admit, doing the dishes when someone else made you dinner was just courteous behavior in general. Let alone when you’ve agreed to do chores in lieu of paying rent.

And the dress... as much as I hated it... it was *my* fault I didn’t have any other clothes, not hers.

“Yes, Madame Lola,” I replied, doing my best to buck up.

Sure, her feeding me in such a way was humiliating, but at least now that I know what she’s expecting, it will hardly be so embarrassing just to comply with her rules next time, I told myself.

I patiently waited in my seat as Madame Lola continued her food. I realized that not only was Madame Lola’s method of eating tedious and slow for me, it was even more slow for her! After all, it seemed like she was taking plenty of time with each of her twenty bites, followed by a drink of her own milk.

Well, at least she wasn’t a hypocrite, I thought to myself.

But that felt like poor consolation for the task of being forced to sit in a hard-wooden chair and watch Madame Lola eat.

To make matters worse, I felt a twinge in my bladder, and I realized I needed to pee. I thought about asking to use the bathroom, but I realized she had just forbidden me to leave the table early, so I didn't want to push it again.

"So... how long have you lived here?" I asked her in an effort to make small talk and restore some semblance of normalcy to the situation.

"Oh, my dear, I have lived here since my ex-husband passed away twenty years ago. It was an inheritance from his father, who left him quite the estate upon his passing. And my husband, for his part, left me the same estate and more," she explained.

To my frustration, I realized that as Madame Lola spoke, she stopped her eating! I realized my plan had backfired, as I had just prolonged my time at the table.

I smiled and nodded as Madame Lola continued droning on and on about her family's past. The more my bladder ached for release, the more impossible I found it to care about anything she was telling me. I desperately wished to yell at her to 'hurry up and eat so I can pee!' But I suspected it would not go over well.

I heard a loud gurgle from my stomach. To my horror, I realized that I now not only needed to pee, but I needed to go number two as well! It was, after all, a lot of food and drink Madame Lola had forced me to consume.

I squirmed in my chair and crossed my legs as Madame Lola slowly and painfully finished her meal. By time she was finally finished, I felt ready to burst.

FIRST ACCIDENT

“Thank you, Madame Lola, for dinner,” I said as Madame Lola finished her last bite of her meal.

I leapt from of my seat, grabbed our dirty dishes, dropped them in the sink and turned to run for the bathroom. As I left the kitchen, my knees almost buckled from my bladder’s aching need for release.

“Young lady, where do you think you’re going?” Madame Lola said behind me.

I stopped in my tracks, dreading every moment I had to continue to prolong my trip to the bathroom. “To the toilet,” I said flippantly.

Madame Lola crossed her arms and stared at me with fury in her eyes. “Young lady, I think you’d better try that again,” she announced.

“I uh... I need to use the toilet, Madame Lola,” I said, crossing my legs.

As she approached me, I felt like I was getting more helpless and small with her every step. “First of all, that word... toilet... is quite unmannerly for a girl your age. Should you need to discuss your toileting with me in the future, you will refer to it as the ‘Ladies Room’ or the ‘Water Closet.’ Am I understood?” She asked me.

I nodded in submission, desperately wishing to finish the conversation as quick as possible.

“Am I understood?” She asked again in a stern voice.

“Yes Madame Lola,” I replied, my face beginning to turn red from the agony of my aching bladder.

“Do you wish to ask your question again, then, Susie?” She said sternly.

“Madame Lola, may I use the water closet?” I asked again.

“Hmmm...” She said. “Since you seem to not have any reservations about using filthy language where we eat to describe your toileting habits, perhaps you can give me more details about what you wish to do in the water closet it, first,” she said in a stern voice.

I was shocked by her strange demand and I felt like I was about to lose control of my bladder at any moment. “Uhhhh...” I stammered as I stared at my feet.

Madame Lola lifted my chin up and looked me in the eyes. “So?” She asked in a stern tone.

“Madame, I wish to empty my bladder in the water closet,” I said.

“Don’t stop there. I know you enjoy foul language. Please, tell me more,” she replied.

“I have to pee! Piss! Urinate! I gotta go! I feel like I’m about to have an accident!” I shouted with my hand to my crotch and did the potty dance.

“Ah yes, I hope your red face indicates that you now know how embarrassing it is for everyone when you use inappropriate language,” she said with a laugh.

“Yes Madame, I apologize,” I shouted. “Now I have to go use the water closet...” I said and turned for the bathroom.

“Not yet you don’t,” she shouted, stopping me in my tracks. “I don’t ask much of you dear, but I do ask that you not leave my finery in the sink to grow mold while you do your after-dinner tinkles. I do expect that you can hold your bladder for just a few minutes,” she replied.

I was mortified. I eyed the bathroom down the hallway and considered telling her enough was enough and running to the bathroom anyway.

“That is...” Madame Lola interjected, “Unless you’d prefer to find another place to stay,” she added.

I was furious that she was being this controlling and obsessive. But I didn’t want to get kicked out before I even got one night out of her deal.

I gritted my teeth and stormed back into the kitchen and over to the sink. I started frantically washing the large stack of dishes from dinner with a lone sponge, all the while shifting between my left and right feet to distract from my aching bladder.

Even though I was cleaning the big pile of dishes at record speed, every minute of holding my urine still felt torturous. I realized at some point that Madame Lola had left the kitchen for a moment, then returned to stand behind me and seemingly scrutinize my dish washing. But I hardly cared at this point—I was just eager to get the job done as quick as possible.

Finally, after successfully cleaning and stacking up all the dishes to dry, I turned to run for the bathroom once again.

“Ahem!” Madame Lola shouted again from behind me. I turned back, utterly exasperated.

“What!” I shouted at her. “I cleaned the dishes! What else do you want!”

She stared me down with fire in her eyes. I immediately regretted my outburst. “First of all, Susie, I think it’s reasonable that I be allowed to inspect your work when you claim to be finished with the chores I’m asking you to do,” she said.

I watched from the doorway of the kitchen as Madame Lola walked over to the dishes I had cleaned. She used her finger to pick off a small bit of crusted food I must have missed.

“And secondly, Susie,” she said as she held her finger up. “You may have *pretended* to wash these dishes in an effort to avoid doing the work I asked

of you, but you certainly didn't *actually clean* them, as you just suggested," she scolded.

She calmly put the dish down, then stalked back toward me as I stood in the corner, looking up in terror as I did the potty dance in my humiliating pink dress.

"And thirdly, Susie," she said. "Were it not for your utterly insolent tone, I might have given you a pass on your first night here and finished these dishes myself. But I will not—I repeat—**will not** have you **ever** speaking to me like that again under my roof. Am I understood?" She shouted.

"Yes Madame Lola. I'm sorry," I said as I squeezed my eyes shut in shame. My knees buckled from my terror and I leaned against the wall to stay upright.

And then I felt it. The strange sensation of warm liquid gathering in the crotch of my white, cotton panties.

I was peeing my pants. My bladder had lost the fight.

On instinct, I turned and sprinted down the hallway toward the bathroom.

With every step, the floodgates only opened wider. I desperately tried to hold back the loud stream of hot urine flooding into my cotton underwear—but it was no use. Soon the stream was dripping down my white tights and splashing on the hallway floor.

I finally reached the door of the bathroom and yanked at the handle. It wouldn't open. I looked up, and to my horror, I noticed a padlock keeping the door closed.

I was mortified, but still determined to try to get to a restroom as fast as I could manage. I turned and ran toward the staircase to get to the bathroom I had used earlier.

Even though I had already peed a tremendous amount, I hoped I might be able to get to the bathroom before emptying my bladder completely. I also couldn't bear to have Madame Lola confront me while I was still wearing my urine-soaked panties.

As I sprinted up the staircase, every step squirted more of my piss into my already soaking wet panties.

Squirt! Squirt! Squirt!

I was mortified by how much my body had seemed to betray me at the most inconvenient moment.

I reached the summit of the stairs and sprinted toward the closed door of the upstairs bathroom.

This handle also wouldn't budge.

I looked up, and to my horror, there was a padlock on this bathroom, just like the one downstairs.

I yanked and pushed and pounded on the bathroom door in vein as my bladder finished emptying itself into a puddle on the carpet floor beneath me.

Hysterical and sobbing, I collapsed to my knees outside the locked bathroom door. I could feel my piss-soaked panties pulled tight against my crotch. My whole body was shaking with adrenaline from my helplessness and humiliation.

Then, to add insult to injury, I accidentally let out a really loud, big wet fart into my already saturated panties.

I curled into a ball on the now urine-soaked carpet as I heard Madame Lola's footsteps approaching.

"Well, well, well..." she said. "I didn't actually think that you would actually disobey me and attempt to use the water closet before finishing your chores, but I see that I was mistaken."

I opened one eye and saw Madame Lola's terrifying high heels standing next to my face. I was too defeated and humiliated to even look up at her.

I heard her touch the dangling padlock. "I'm just glad I took the precaution of locking them, just in case. Perhaps the feeling of your soiled panties will

serve as a useful reminder to you to avoid taking my lavatories for granted going forward. They are... after all... mine, my dear Susie.”

I felt her bend over and pull my short skirt up, exposing not just my pee-soaked panties and tights, but the brown smear visible through my underwear from my accidental wet fart.

“Pee-ew! Susie! You didn’t just lose control of your bladder—you also lost control of your bowels? My god. I didn’t realize you had soiled yourself like an un-potty-trained infant!” She scolded.

I felt her kneel down and look at my face. “Well, what do you have to say for yourself?”

I bowed my head and cried even harder. I had never felt so vulnerable, disgusting and ashamed in my life.

“Susie, your tears are understandable, given how infantile and humiliating your behavior is. But they aren’t an answer to my question. What do you have to say for yourself for making a filthy mess of yourself in the clothes I lent you, not to mention on my floors and carpet?”

“I don’t know. I’m sorry!” I said through my tears.

“Hmmm...” I heard her say. Then I heard her sigh, and to my surprise, I felt her hand on my back. She was suddenly rubbing my back and comforting me.

“It’s okay, Susie. Let it out. Let out all those humiliating and shameful tears,” she said in a soft voice.

I cried even harder. Even though I was devastated by the wet and smelly mess I was wearing around my waist, I found her rubbing my back, as well as her words, oddly comforting.

“I really didn’t mean to,” I said through my hysterical sobs.

“I know. I know,” she said as she continued rubbing my back.

“You do?” I replied.

I heard her sigh again. “Look, Susie, I know that you probably feel that I’ve been harsh with you about the rules of our agreement. I apologize, but you have to understand, I’ve been taken advantage of in the past, and I needed to put a firm foot down with you so I could trust you wouldn’t take advantage of me in the same way that others did,” Madame Lola explained in a calm voice. “I just needed to know you would follow my rules, even if I was being strict. Does that make sense?”

I nodded, trying to process what she was saying. I couldn’t help but notice that her French accent was still there, but her English was much better than before. I wondered if she had faked the language barrier more at first for some reason.

“Also, Susie,” she continued. “It’s no surprise that a girl like yourself would have trouble adjusting to a lifestyle of proper manners. They just don’t teach respect for your elders in America like they do in France,” she explained.

“Now,” she continued. “I do admit, I am shocked that a girl your age would be unable to control her bladder or bowels for just a few short minutes. But at the same time, I should have known a girl like you would be highly immature in some key areas. It’s not your fault. You can’t help it if you were never properly potty trained,” she said.

I felt Madame Lola reach underneath me and carefully sit me up against the wall. As my bottom hit the carpet, I cringed as the mess in my panties smeared against my butt and probably stained my dress even more.

I wiped the tears out of my eyes and looked up at her. “Does that mean you’re not going to kick me out tonight?” I whimpered.

Madame Lola rubbed my shoulder and let out a small laugh. “No, my dear. I wouldn’t do that to my sweet angel Susie. After all, like I said, I did expect you might be chronically underdeveloped in some area of your behavior.”

I turned and hugged her with everything I had. “Thank you so much, Madame Lola!” I said. I just wanted to be on her good side again.

“There there,” she said. “Of course, my dear. But to be clear, I do need you to promise that from now on, you will comply with *all* of my rules and expectations *fully* without *ever* disrespecting me or back talking me again. That includes accepting disciplinary measures if and when I deem them necessary. Especially if I’m going to take the time to treat your underdeveloped toileting issues,” she explained in a firm voice.

I nodded. My heart started beating a little faster when she mentioned ‘discipline,’ but I figured anything would be better than getting kicked out at this point.

“What’s that?” She asked me.

“Yes Madame Lola. I’ll be extra good from now on,” I said.

“Good girl,” she said, then began dabbing and cleaning my face with a wet wash cloth. I found the act humiliating yet comforting.

Madame Lola stood up and looked down. “Now my dear, since you’ve finished throwing your little tantrum, are you ready to come downstairs and finish properly washing the dishes?” She asked me in a gentle tone.

I nodded and she helped me stand up. I cringed as the mess in my underwear shifted and dripped down my thighs again. She started walking me toward the stairs.

“But... Madame Lola. Can’t I get cleaned up first?” I asked in a pathetic tone.

Madame Lola burst out in hysterical laughter. “Sorry little Susie. I’m afraid not. First, because the rules of the house are that your personal time, such as lavatory use, comes after you finish your chores. And second, it’s important for your potty training that you spend some time in your messy accident so that you learn the consequences of failing to hold your bladder,” she explained. “After all, if I let you get cleaned up now, I doubt you would really understand the full consequences of your actions.”

I bristled in silent horror at Madame Lola’s condescending lecture. I couldn’t believe that she didn’t think I had ‘learned my lesson’ enough. But

I knew better than to argue with her at this point.

Instead, I let her guide me down the stairs back to the kitchen. Every step squished the mess in my panties even more, causing me to bow my head in humiliation.

I thought about the irony of how humiliated and ashamed I was earlier from just wearing my juvenile pink dress.

It was nothing compared to the feeling of wearing that same dress with soiled, yellow-brown panties squishing and shifting around my bottom.

THE 'CHANGING ROOM'

I reluctantly followed Madame Lola as she led me back to the kitchen sink. I filled it with soapy water, donned an apron and long, yellow rubber gloves (per Madame Lola's insistence), and got back to work re-cleaning every dish.

As I cleaned, Madame Lola stood next to me with her arms folded, carefully inspected every dish I finished washing. She sent several back to be scrubbed again until they were absolutely spotless.

It was humiliating and exhausting to have to clean in my disgusting, smelly, soiled panties. But I was thankful that at least I no longer had to suppress my painful urge to use the bathroom like I did before.

When I finally finished the last dish, and Madame Lola gave her approval, I was just elated to be finished. I did resent being subjected to Madame Lola's obsessively high standards. But at the same time, I had to admit that in the process, she ended up teaching me how to clean dishes better than I had ever cleaned dishes before. And I was thankful to still have a place to sleep tonight.

"Alright my dear. Very good. Now let's go get you cleaned up," Madame Lola said. She took my hand and guided me out the kitchen.

I didn't know what she meant by, '*let's*,' but I figured she was just going to take me upstairs and finally unlock the bathroom for me.

When we got up the stairs, I turned left toward the bathroom.

“What are you doing, my dear?” Madame Lola said.

“I thought you said I could get cleaned up?” I replied.

Madame Lola laughed again. “Yes, my dear, but little girls who have accidents in their panties don’t clean up in the lavatory. Come,” she insisted.

I followed Madame Lola down to the other end of the hallway, deeply unsettled by her statement. At this point I was desperate to finally remove my soiled clothing and take a shower. My legs were chafing from my pee-soaked panties and the feeling of walking around in a pink dress with a stain on the back from my accident was driving me mad.

Madame Lola stopped in front of a pink door at the end of the hallway with the words, “Changing Room,” painted on it.

“I didn’t expect to have to open this door while I hosted an *adult* boarder. But I suppose it’s true what they say... Once a nanny, always a nanny,” she mused as she fiddled with the lock.

I had seen the pink door from down the hallway earlier and thought it was a bit strange. I figured a ‘changing room’ was part of some French custom that I wasn’t familiar with. It wasn’t until Madame Lola opened the door and pulled me into the room that I understood...

The first thing that hit me was the nauseating amount of bright pink covering every possible surface, just like in my bedroom.

Then, I noticed there were stacks and stacks of what I recognized to be disposable diapers of every size and variety piled from floor to ceiling.

A closer look also revealed that there were countless cloth diapers, plastic pants, onesies, and all sorts of other babyish accessories, also in a wide varieties of sizes, stacked along with the diapers.

There was a large diaper disposal bin, shelves of babyish toys and clothing, and a row of plastic ‘potty chairs’ along the wall.

And finally, in the center of the room, there was a large diaper changing table—complete with a pink plastic changing mat covered with ponies and princesses, as well as several shelves beneath it filled with every conceivable wipe, ointment, powder or accessory one might need for even the most difficult diaper change.

The whole room smelled sickly sweet of baby powder and dirty pampers. I was simultaneously awed by how tremendously well supplied the room was, overwhelmed by how abrasive the babyish aesthetic was, and deeply confused why she had brought me in here.

I finally realized that I had walked into a *diaper* changing room.

“Come on, my darling Susie. Time to hop on the changing table,” Madame Lola said to me as she finished snapping latex gloves on and patting the diaper changing table.

“What?” I stammered. “Why?”

Madame Lola laughed. “My dear. Any caretaker knows that when potty training a difficult learner like yourself, it’s important that the only way you be cleaned and changed after an accident is on the diaper changing table. It helps you understand how infantile your accidents are and helps you to remember that access to the lavatory is for big girls only. If I let you use the lavatory to clean up, you won’t understand why soiling yourself is so infantile.”

I was stunned. “Please, Madame Lola, I’m sorry I had an accident. I promise it won’t happen again. Just please, let me go clean myself up,” I begged.

Madame Lola sighed, then turned to me. “Susie, this is your last warning. Now I’ve been very generous answering your questions. I can tell you’re surprised by my house rules regarding toilet training, and I’m trying to be patient. But I would also say that if you feel uncomfortable with me having a say about your toileting, you should have thought of that before you soiled yourself on my carpet.”

I blushed and stared down at my stained crotch, deeply embarrassed to be reminded again about my infantile accident.

“Finally, Susie,” Madame Lola continued. “We’ve already discussed how disrespectful your back-talk is and I am through putting up with it. I’m not excited either to have to clean up the filthy mess you made between your legs. Not to mention that you soiled the brand-new dress and panties I lent you.

“However, I’m willing to do it because I know that if I don’t, you’ll never learn. So, if you don’t come over here and put your butt on this changing table so I can clean you up, if you continue to disrespect and disobey me instead, I will have to march you right out my front door and out into the cold. And I’m sure you’ll have quite the time trying to convince a stranger on the street to lend you *their* clothes once they realize you’ve soiled the ones you’re in now.”

I felt a tear drop from the bridge of my nose and I realized I was crying. I knew she was right. I did agree to follow her rules. I just couldn’t bear to face the indignity of having a grown woman clean up my filthy mess. On a *diaper changing table* of all places.

But I realized I didn’t have a choice. And faced with letting Madame Lola clean me or being put out on the street to freeze, it made no sense to let my sense of pride stop me from agreeing to her demands.

“Yes, Madame Lola,” I said through quiet tears as I walked toward the diaper changing table.

I went into a sort of auto-pilot as Madame Lola unbuckled my shoes and put them in the corner. “Arms up,” she said. I complied and I felt her grab the bottom of my dress and pull it straight up over my head.

I immediately and instinctively used my hands to cover my fairly small tits. My flat chest had always been something I’d been embarrassed about and added to my overall immature look for my age.

“Oh, calm down, Susie,” Madame Lola said with a laugh. “You’ve got nothing there to be modest about. You’ve got the chest of a pre-pubescent

boy.”

Her words stung. I knew she was right, but I kept my hands over my nipples out of modesty all the same.

Madame Lola turned the pink dress in her hand and found the yellow and brown stain on the back of the dress from my accident. She took a whiff, then held her nose and waved the air in disgust.

“Pee-ew! Had I known you were going to soil the dress I leant you, I would have had you wear protection before putting it on!” She said. “I won’t be making that mistake again.”

My face burned red hot with shame.

Then, to my surprise, she put her hands beneath my armpits and effortlessly lifted me up onto the diaper changing table. I cringed with embarrassment as my soggy panties squished against the crinkly, cool plastic of the changing mat, and I felt so vulnerable that she could lift and maneuver me so easily.

“Now, go ahead and lay back so Nanny can get you changed,” she coo’d as she pushed me back onto the diaper changing table. “I suppose I told you to call me Madame Lola, but Nanny might be a better fit now, given that’s what kids I put on this table usually call me,” she teased.

I felt her cool fingers reach under the waist of my tights and start to peel them down my legs. I would have resisted, but my hands were still practically glued to my chest to protect my ever more eroding modesty.

As Madame Lola rolled the seat of my tights past my butt, I felt the remaining contents of my mess splash onto the changing mat. “Yucky!” She said with a laugh. I was mortified but stuck in a sort of humiliation paralysis.

After peeling the tights all the way off, Madame Lola stretched the seat of the tights out and inspected them as I laid practically naked on the table.

“I don’t think these yucky stains are gonna come out. Especially because I don’t just see yellow stains, I see a brown stain, too,” she said in a teasing

tone.

She held the tights up to my face to look at. “What do you think, Susie? Do you think the stains you left in the tights I gave you are gonna come out?” She asked.

“No, Madame Lola,” I said, closing my eyes and trying to disassociate from the intense humiliation.

I then felt her hand land on the cold, pee-soaked panties dandling over my crotch, causing me to yelp. “And these panties, which were still freshly laundered just over a couple hours ago, and are now so putrid yellow and brown, I doubt they’ll ever return to their original white state. What do you have to say about these?”

I felt her fingers massaging the moist cotton into my crack and pussy as she spoke. “I’m sorry I soiled and ruined my panties, Madame Lola!” I blurted through my tears.

I felt Madame Lola’s cold fingers reach under the waistband of my panties, and I heard her audibly ‘tsk’ and shake her head as she slowly peeled them off my crotch.

“Naughty, naughty, stinky, dirty, naughty little girl,” she chided under her breath as she pulled them all the way down and off my legs.

I didn’t know what I was more horrified by—my naked pussy, now exposed in plain sight, or my yellow and brown stained panties, which she was closely inspecting.

She shook her head as she inspected my panties as if terribly disappointed, then looked back at me in judgement, then dropped the panties in the nearby trash can.

“You know what?” Madame Lola said. “You know what would prevent you from ever soiling any of my expensive clothes again?” She asked.

I watched her turn and suddenly peruse the huge stack of diapers on the shelf. To my horror, she pulled down a rather large diaper and turned back in my direction.

“If I put you in a disposable diaper. A plasticky, crinkly, large, embarrassing, diaper,” she said as she walked toward me with the diaper in her hand. She began to unfold the diaper and crinkle it in her hands as if to menace and humiliate me as much as possible.

“What do you think of that, Susie? Doing all your poopies and peepees in your diaper right in front of everyone? Relying on your nanny to change your stinky messes every single day? Running around with a soggy, poopy bottom, just like a toddler? Is that what you would prefer?”

“No, please don’t!” I shouted. “Please don’t make me wear a diaper! I promise I won’t have another accident,” I pleaded.

I felt like I had already been humiliated and infantilized more than I ever thought possible since I had set foot in Madame Lola’s house that day. I couldn’t imagine being forced to wear a *diaper* instead of being allowed to use the toilet.

Madame Lola laughed and held the fresh diaper up to my nose. It smelled like baby powder. “Aww, what’s wrong, little Susie? I thought you liked peeing and pooping outside the bathroom? Isn’t that why you made a mess in my hallway? Why don’t I put you in a diaper so you never have to worry about going to the bathroom again,” she said with an evil smile.

“Please, Madame Lola, I promise I won’t have another accident. I promise I’ll be good,” I begged. I was sobbing at this point. I felt like anything would be better than be forced to wear an actual, babyish diaper.

Madame Lola took a step back, looked down at me and laughed. “Oh, calm down, Susie. I’m not going to make you wear a diaper,” she said.

“You’re not?” I said in a whimpering voice.

“No. Not yet. I just want you to understand what’s at stake if you don’t take potty training seriously,” she said.

I watched her fold the diaper back up and put it back on the shelf. I couldn’t help but feel relieved.

“I’ll take it seriously, I promise,” I said. I still didn’t know what she meant by potty training, but I never intended to have another accident like the one I had had earlier again anyway, so I didn’t see how it mattered.

Madame Lola came back to the diaper changing table and pulled out a tub of baby wipes. I let out a small shriek as she pulled my knees apart and stared down at my exposed crotch.

“Calm down, Susie. It’s nothing I haven’t seen before,” she lectured as she wiped my thighs and vulva with the cool wipes. I had to admit, it felt sort of nice to get cleaned up.

“Besides, if you think this is embarrassing,” she continued, “Think about how embarrassing it’s going to be if you have to lay on this table with a poopy load in your diaper.”

I cringed at the unimaginable thought.

“So, I advise you take potty training seriously. For your sake and mine,” she said as she continued wiping me down.

“Yes, Madame Lola,” I said.

I squealed once again as I felt her grab my ankles and lift my legs straight into the air, just like if she were changing a baby.

My eyes widened as I felt her use her finger to wipe deeper and deeper into my butt crack. “Alright, let’s see... yes it looks like your little ‘brown mistake’ looked worse from the outside than it actually was,” she said as she cleaned my butt cheeks.

I was speechless with embarrassment.

She then began to scrub my sensitive butthole with the baby wipes, causing me to yelp. I was relieved when she pulled her hand away. I was starting to worry she was going to penetrate me with her fingers.

“However, it is concerning that your flatulence would leave such a stain. Susie, when was your last bowel movement?” Madame Lola asked as she looked at me, still holding my feet in the air.

“Uhhh...” I was shocked and mortified by the question. I couldn’t believe how invasive this woman was being. “I don’t know,” I said, too embarrassed to answer.

She looked at me for a long moment, as if stunned by my ignorance. Then she shook her head. “I see. Well that explains a lot, doesn’t it? No worries, I’ve dealt with cases like yours before. But let me just take a manual inspection to confirm,” she said matter-of-factly.

Before I knew what was happening, Madame Lola dipped her fingers in some Vaseline and suddenly began to insert her finger into my buttock.

I shrieked and pulled away. “No don’t!” I shouted as I sat up and retreated into the corner of the changing table.

It was just too much. I had always been too terrified to put anything up there myself. I couldn’t imagine letting this stranger do it.

“Young lady!” She said, staring at me as though I had just punched a member of her family. “What on earth do you think you’re doing!”

“Please don’t! I’m really sensitive there,” I said.

“You’re ’sensitive’ there? That doesn’t surprise me, given how little control or knowledge you have over your own bowel movements,” she said with her hands on her hips.

“But guess what?” She continued. “You can either behave yourself so I can take a look down there and identify just how disordered your toileting habits are, or I can put a diaper on you right now and we can forget about potty training all together,” she said with a stern expression.

I felt trapped. I was terrified of her penetrating me in that way. But I couldn’t imagine possibly wearing a diaper.

I took a deep breath and sighed. “Okay. But just... be gentle,” I whimpered.

Madame Lola rolled her eyes and sighed as I scooted back down onto the diaper changing table before her.

I felt her suddenly grab my hand and pull it over my head, and before I knew what was happening, I realized she was strapping my hands to the table over my head!

“What are you doing!” I shouted as I tried to pull my hand back down. I tugged as hard as I could without any luck—the straps she had used seemed to be medical grade.

She effortlessly grabbed my other hand and strapped it to the top of the table in just the same fashion. Then she pulled a rather wide strap over my belly and secured my midsection down as well.

“I didn’t know that you were going to be unpredictable on the diaper changing table, Susie. It looks like I’m going to have to keep you strapped down for your safety,” she explained.

I tried to tug and wriggle at my confines, but it was no use. I felt about a hundred times more claustrophobic and helpless than I did before.

Then, before I knew what was happening, I realized she was wrapping something around each of my ankles. I heard a strange clicking noise, and I watched Madame Lola extend a strange metal bar out from the side of the table that folded and bent over my feet.

She swiftly locked my ankles to the bar, and I realized what it was for. I watched helplessly as Madame Lola maneuvered the bar up and over the table, raising my legs into the ‘diaper’ position once again.

Madame Lola locked the bar in place above my body, forcing me to lay back with my legs vertical and spread out, giving her total access to my bare ass and pussy.

I frantically tried to kick and pull my feet away, but just like my hands, they were secured far too well for me to resist. My bottom was now Madame Lola’s to do what she pleased with.

“Wait! Madame Lola, stop! Please! Wait!” I begged and pleaded.

“Oh, calm down, Susie,” she said as she dipped her fingers in the tub of Vaseline again. “Trust me when I say that by refusing to relax, you’re just

making it harder on yourself,” she said with a smirk.

“Unnnnggghhhh,” I helplessly moaned as I felt Madame Lola’s finger locate and push deep into my anus.

I closed my eyes and tried my best to ignore what was happening. I could feel her pushing her finger in deeper and deeper inside of me, then twisting and wiggling it around.

The sensation of her penetrating me was so intense and unique. It was like I was pooping in reverse.

As she pushed her finger into me, pulled it out, and pushed it back in, I felt more and more vulnerable. It felt so humiliating to experience this woman exerting so much power over such an intimate part of my body, and there was little I could do about it. It wasn’t even clear to me what she was trying to accomplish.

“Well, first of all, I can tell that you’re quite tight for a girl your age,” she said as she continued to nonchalantly jam her finger back and forth into my anus.

“And second, you appear to be quite backed up down here, which is no surprise, given how poor your toileting behavior is in general,” she said. I let out another involuntary moan.

“But no worries,” she continued. “I should be able to help loosen your hole through the course of your training.”

Before I could ask her what the hell that even meant, I let out a small shriek as I felt her jam a second finger into my hole.

As she forced her second finger into my resistant anus, she began to twist and widen her fingers, causing me to moan even harder as she stretched me out. I realized I now understood what she meant by ‘loosen my hole.’

Finally, to my great relief, she pulled her fingers out of my ass. I sighed with relief as I gasped for breath.

Madame Lola peeled her latex gloves off and dropped them in the trash next to the change table. "As for you being backed up, I had planned to give you an enema tonight anyway, just to make sure we had a good foundation for your potty training going forward," Madame Lola said nonchalantly.

I was still so overwhelmed by my vigorous fingering, I barely processed that she mentioned she was going to give me an enema!

I only had a vague idea of what an enema even was. I certainly had never actually *had* one. I was horrified by the notion, but at this point, I felt powerless to protest. I hoped that maybe she would forget about it.

I felt Madame Lola clean my bottom a final time with a cool wipe, presumably to eliminate any residue that might have escaped due to her 'inspection.' She then began lowering the bar my feet were attached to back down to the table.

"Alright, my dear, all done. Now that wasn't so bad, was it?" She said as she unclipped my hands and feet from their straps.

Part of me wanted to scream in her face over the question, yet I also hoped that that was the final time I would ever have to lay on the diaper changing table again. So, I stayed quiet.

Madame Lola then untied the large strap holding my midsection down, finally allowing me to sit up. I brought my knees to my chest and scooted against the wall as I watched her look for something in one of the cabinets in the room. I was still in a daze of humiliation and shock.

I felt my gut gurgle, and I came to enough to realize that Madame Lola's 'inspection' down there had stimulated my need to poop. But I didn't have much time to think about that before Madame Lola returned.

"Alright, let's get your new undies on little Susie," she said as she held up a pair of underwear.

The underwear were bright pink and covered in childish rainbows. They seemed super thick and bulky, and upon closer inspection, I realized they were even lined with plastic.

I gasped. If I thought the previous underwear I was forced to wear were juvenile, this was certainly the most juvenile pair of underwear I had ever seen in my life! I finally recognized them as a pair of thick, padded ‘training underwear’ that toddlers wear!

“I can’t wear those!” I shouted.

Madame Lola rolled her eyes. “Susie, what part of ‘potty training’ don’t you understand? Little ones in potty training wear ‘training pants’, silly.”

“But you said I wouldn’t have to wear diapers!” I shouted.

“You think these are diapers?” She asked incredulously.

“They have plastic in them! They’re so thick they might as well be!” I said back.

Madame Lola glared at me. She then dropped the training pants and turned around.

“Fine then! If you don’t see the difference, I might as well put you in diapers!” She said as she walked back to the stack of adult-sized diapers.

“Wait!” I said, panicking. “I’m sorry! I didn’t mean it! I’ll wear them! They are better than diapers!” I pleaded.

Madame Lola turned back to me and stared again. “You’re really testing my patience, Susie,” she said.

“I’m sorry, Madame Lola,” I whimpered. “I’ll be good.”

Madame Lola rolled her eyes and approached me with the training pants again. “I swear, Susie, you’re fussier than the one-year-olds I nanny,” she said.

She held the training pants out with the legs open, and I realized she wanted me to step into them.

I climbed off the changing table and put each leg through the embarrassing, babyish training pants. A chill went down my spine as she slowly lifted the

confining and humiliating garment up my legs and over my crotch. I felt like I was a one-year-old being dressed again.

Madame Lola stepped back, and I reached down to inspect the thick, humiliating garment stretched thick against my pussy. I wanted to cry about the fact that my adulthood seemed to be melting away. It felt like I was being turned into a toddler again more every minute.

Madame Lola grabbed my hand and walked me out of the changing room.

* * *

AS I FOLLOWED Madame Lola out of the changing room, I felt the cool breeze on my naked body and I covered my nipples with my hands again, still self-conscious about my nakedness.

However, as we walked down the hallway, I had to admit, even though the training pants were unbelievably bulky and humiliating, let alone the fact that they were all I was wearing, they were, without a doubt, still less embarrassing than an actual diaper.

Madame Lola opened the door to my room and pointed me in. "Alright, my dear. It's almost seven. Why don't you stay in your room and I'll come and collect you when it's time for your bath."

"Wait... Madame Lola. Don't you have some more clothes I can wear?" I asked, remembering how there were no other clothes to wear in my room.

"Susie, I'm not going to give you another dress to dirty right now. I just told you it's almost time for your bath. If you didn't want to run around the house naked, you shouldn't have soiled yourself in the dress I gave you earlier today," she said in a stern tone.

I blushed at the reminder of my accident and nodded my head in defeat. I trudged into my room, naked but for my pink training pants.

"And Susie, since you've been having so many behavior problems today, I'll be locking your door, so I know you won't be getting up to trouble,"

Madame Lola said.

She turned to leave. My stomach let out a loud gurgle, and I suddenly remembered that I needed to use the bathroom again.

“Wait!” I shouted just before she closed the door.

“Yes?” She asked.

“Madame Lola, I uh... I have to use the water closet,” I said.

Madame Lola crossed her arms and gave me a look of disbelief. “Again? You just soiled yourself less than an hour ago.”

“I’m sorry,” I said. “But I do.”

“For number one or number two?” She asked me.

“Uhh...” I said, blushing.

“Susie, do you have to do another *peepee*? Or do you have to do a *poopoo*?” She asked impatiently.

“Ummm...” I mumbled again. I was still too embarrassed to say.

“Susie, part of potty training is learning how to identify your bathroom needs properly. You won’t be using the lavatory if you can’t ask properly.”

“Poopoo!” I shouted.

“That was a nice try, but you know it was an inappropriate way to speak to me. Go ahead and try again,” she said.

I sighed. “Madame Lola, I need to do a poopoo,” I said. My bowels rumbled again as I said it, making the words even that much more embarrassing.

“Ah huh. Well thank you for telling me, Susie. Now, the other part of potty training is learning to hold it. So now that you’ve told me, you can practice holding it until I return,” she said.

“When will that be?” I said, deeply frustrated by her answer.

She glared at me. “Not for a long time if you have another outburst like that, young lady!” She scolded. “Now I expect you to behave yourself until I return.”

I nodded my head and stared down at my feet as she left and shut my bedroom door behind her, locking me in.

My stomach grumbled again, begging for release, and I realized I now needed to empty my bladder again as well.

I grabbed the handle of my bedroom door to see if I could open it, but it wouldn’t budge, confirming that she had indeed locked me in from the outside.

I was left to stand naked in my thick, pink, babyish training pants in the middle of my nine-year-old princess room, feeling utterly defeated as I waited to be allowed to use the bathroom.

I walked over to my bed, collapsed and curled into a ball. I figured I was going to have to just hold it again. I prayed I wouldn’t have a repeat of what happened after dinner.

At least, I told myself, it was still better than being forced to wear a diaper.

THE ENEMA AND THE POTTY CHAIR

I laid in my princess bed for what must have been at least a couple hours. I wished I could just fall asleep and forget about the day, but unfortunately my aching bladder and rumbling bowels wouldn't permit it.

Finally, I heard the door open.

"Okay Susie, it's potty time and bath time," Madame Lola said from the doorway. She was now wearing a large, bright yellow apron that said, 'Nanny Knows Best,' on it.

I leapt up, eager to finally get a chance to use the bathroom.

I walked past Madame Lola and ran to the bathroom in the hallway. I turned the door knob, only to find out, to my dismay, it was still locked.

"What are you doing?" Madame Lola asked me.

"I uh... I thought you said I was permitted to use the water closet, now, Madame Lola," I said, doing my best to maintain 'mannerly' behavior.

Madame Lola laughed. "Silly girl. That's the grown-up's lavatory. That's not where little ones in potty training do their business," she said.

Madame Lola grabbed my hand, and once again, I got a bad feeling about where she might be taking me.

Madame Lola led me down the stairs, past the kitchen, and down a hallway of her home I hadn't even yet seen. She stopped at a door with a sign that said, 'Training Room.'

I remembered a similar sign outside the 'changing room', and I grew even more nervous.

Madame Lola opened the door, and as she pulled me in, I realized my trepidation was warranted. I gasped as I looked around at what was inside...

Babyish pink and blue ceramic tiles lined the floor and walls. The sink was about half as tall as an ordinary sink, and the free-standing tub in the corner was also much smaller than usual. I realized the bathroom was clearly made for toddlers, and it looked like it had been pulled right out of a pre-school.

Just like the diaper changing room upstairs, the bathroom's decor was filled with babyish prints, as well as all sort of posters, cartoons, and explanations for babies about how to use the potty.

For example, "Pants come down before you wee wee!" And slogans like, "Every day without diapers is a day to be proud!"

There were shelves full of strange accessories, such as laxatives, butt plugs, and most notably, a large red enema bag hanging from a stand.

And finally, most concerning of all, I realized there was *no toilet*.

At least... no adult toilet. Instead, sitting in the middle of the bathroom was a tiny, pink, plastic 'potty chair', clearly for toddlers.

Madame Lola stood behind the potty chair and crossed her arms. "Alright, darling, time to do your business."

"Where's the toilet?" I asked.

"Toilets are for big girls, sweetie. Little girls in potty training use their potty chairs instead," she said, pointing to the plastic potty chair.

"But why?" I asked.

“Well, first of all, experience has shown that little ones in potty training can get intimidated by big girl toilets. And it’s important you get some practice on the potty chair first, just so you don’t have another accident. Second, Susie, it’s crucial that we start with the basics when it comes to your potty training so I can diagnose exactly where your development lapsed,” she explained.

My stomach grumbled again. I was getting desperate. The idea of sitting on the potty chair seemed utterly impractical and humiliating, but I didn’t know how much longer I could hold it.

“Okay, fine,” I said, approaching the potty chair.

I looked at Madame Lola, waiting for her to leave. She didn’t budge.

“Aren’t you going to let me use the toilet?” I asked.

“I am,” Madame Lola said with a perplexed expression.

I opened my mouth again, but before I could clarify that I wanted her to leave, she stepped behind me.

I felt her cool fingers underneath the waistband of my thick training pants, and before I could protest, she slid them all the way down and off my legs.

“Wait!” I said as she confiscated my only article of clothing, leaving me totally naked.

“It’s okay, dear. I should have known you were incapable of pulling your own underpants down to use the toilet. I suppose I mistakenly assumed you were much further along in your training than you are, so my apologies,” she said as she tucked my only clothing into a pocket of her apron.

I instinctively covered my crotch and nipples with my hands. She took a step back and stared at me again.

“No, I meant... aren’t you going to leave so I can go?” I asked in a trembling voice.

Madame Lola burst out into a fit of laughter. I was shocked.

“Sorry, my dear Susie. Maybe when your training has progressed, but for now, I’m going to need to supervise your toileting to make sure you don’t have any bad habits I need to correct,” she explained.

I was mortified. I felt my stomach grumble, but I knew that there was no way I could do it. There was no way I could sit on this tiny potty chair and take a shit in front of this woman. It was a humiliation I just couldn’t bear to submit to.

I looked down at the potty chair, then back up at Madame Lola. I took a deep breath, and for lack of a better plan, I announced, “Okay, never mind, I don’t have to go after all.”

I knew I couldn’t hold it much longer, but I figured anything was better than being forced to use the bathroom while she watched. Even if it meant running out of the bathroom naked in hopes that she left the downstairs bathroom unlocked.

Madame Lola stared at me. “You no longer have to go?” She asked suspiciously.

“No, Madame Lola. I’m sorry I wasted your time,” I replied.

“Ah huh. I see,” she said, then let out a sigh. “Well, it’s hardly any surprise to hear, if I’m being honest. It’s clear that your toilet skills lack even the most rudimentary consistency and self-control. It’s no wonder you suffer from both sporadic soiling and ferocious constipation simultaneously,” she lectured.

It felt so humiliating to have her make those kinds of statements about me, but I didn’t care at this point. I just needed to get out of there.

I started walking toward the door.

“Where do you think you’re going?” She asked, stopping me in my tracks.

“I said I don’t have to go,” I replied.

“Young lady, you have not been dismissed from your toilet training session,” she said.

“Well... can I go?” I asked, suddenly needing to cross my legs to keep my bladder at ease.

“No, you may not,” she scolded.

Before I knew what was happening, Madame Lola closed the bathroom door and latched it shut with another padlock from her pocket.

My heart started to pound. I didn't know that she was going to lock me in with her, and I had no idea what she had in store for me.

In the corner of the room, there was a strange, purple, padded bench-like object. I didn't think about it until Madame Lola walked over, pulled the bench from the wall, and patted it with her hand.

“Come lay belly down. Legs on each side, dear,” she said.

“Why?” I said, starting to freak out.

Madame Lola glared at me. “Susie, I promise, what we're about to do can either be *slightly* unpleasant, or *extremely* unpleasant, depending on whether or not you cooperate. Now, do I have to ask again?” She said.

I was terrified, but her threat was compelling. I slowly approached the bench, trying to understand what the heck was its purpose.

I noticed there was a drain in the floor behind the bench. I also noticed there were padded boards below each side of the bench.

I slowly climbed over the bench and began to kneel down. I realized that the padded rails were for my knees and shins to rest on. I was now straddling the bench with my exposed pussy and anus hovering just above the padding.

“Now just go ahead and bend forward,” Madame Lola said as she put her hand on my back and pushed me forward. “And slide that bottom down to the edge. Good girl,” she said as she guided me into position.

I suddenly realized that my legs were spread, and my naked ass was now sticking up and out. I got a chill as I realized that I had just willingly exposed my naked rosebud for Madame Lola to do with what she pleased.

But before I could sit up again, I felt Madame Lola swiftly pull a large strap over my back and fasten it below the bench. I realized she had just strapped me down to the thing!

“We don’t want any repeats of what happened on the changing table,” she said with a smile.

I panicked and started reaching behind my back with my hands, trying to undo the strap holding me down.

SMACK—she slapped my wrist, causing me to freeze.

“Young lady! I expect you to keep those hands behaved, otherwise I can tie those down as well,” she scolded.

I was terrified, but found the idea of having my hands tied down even more unsettling.

“Yes Madame,” I said reluctantly, trying to calm down and keep my hands beneath me. I still didn’t know what was going on.

I heard her walk over the sink and start running some water. I looked and realized she was filling up the red enema bag.

My stomach immediately summersaulted with dread. I vaguely remembered her mentioning an enema earlier. The idea of an enema sounded scary in the best of times, let alone when I was strapped down with my ass fully exposed. Not to mention that I already desperately needed to go number two!

“Madame Lola,” I said in a shaky voice. “Are you going to give me an enema?”

“Yes, my dear. It’s how we train little girls to have a bowel movement when they don’t know how to have one themselves,” she said as she finished filling the bag with water.

“Wait!” I blurted. “Please, wait, don’t do this! Or before you do it... please, just let me use the potty!”

Madame Lola pulled a wooden chair over and sat down next to me. “Susie, you already had a chance to use the potty, remember?”

“I’m sorry! I was lying when I said I didn’t need to go. Just... please let me use the potty. I’ll go in front of you, I don’t care at this point!” I pleaded, tears in my eyes. I couldn’t bear the idea of getting ‘penetrated’ and ‘filled’ while I already had to go so very bad.

“Aw, I know dear. It’s so hard to do your poopoo’s by yourself without Nanny’s help,” she coo’d. “Trust me, Nanny is just trying to help.”

I felt Madame Lola’s gloved hand land on my ass, and I let out a loud fart. It was a symptom of my nervousness and ever-increasing need to ‘go’.

“Oh, pee yew! Gassy baby,” Madame Lola teased. My face turned bright red. I felt like I was losing more and more control.

Then it happened.

I felt the long, hard, rubbery enema nozzle push straight and hard into my butthole.

I gasped. My bowels started churning again just from the nozzle’s penetration.

“Please, please!” I begged.

“Hush now,” she said. “I’ve given countless girls much younger than you enemas, and not one of them has fussed as loud as you are right now,” she said dismissively.

I looked over my shoulder and saw her start squeezing a rubber bulb dangling from the nozzle inside of me.

Before I realized what was happening, I felt my already violated sphincter getting stretched out wider and wider as she pumped the bulb. I realized she was inflating the head of the nozzle!

“Please! Madame... stopppp,” I shrieked and moaned.

“It’s for your own good, dear,” she said as she rubbed my naked bottom. “Your little butt hole is so tight, you’ll have an easier time with your bowel movements in the future if I help stretch you out. There... that’s good,” she said.

I felt like I was being rammed wider than I’d ever thought possible. I desperately tried to relax my sphincter, but every movement I made only squeezed my hole against the nozzle, making the implement feel that much more invasive.

And that’s when I felt it.

A warm, intense pressure in my already constipated bottom.

I realized that the enema had begun. I moaned as I felt the unstoppable flow of warm water start to push deep into my ass.

At first, I felt curious at how strange the sensation was. But curiosity quickly faded to feelings of helplessness and humiliation as my bowels began to ache with more and more intense cramps.

“Madame... please,” I moaned. I instinctively tried to push the nozzle out, as if taking a poop, but my sphincter was jammed wide open and gravity was working against me.

“Please! Madame! Madame!” I shrieked. I reached my hands toward my butt behind me to try and pull the nozzle out myself.

“Uh oh, let’s keep babies little handsies out of the way,” Madame Lola said. She swiftly grabbed my hands and cuffed them to the bench above my head, making my situation and feeling of helplessness even worse.

Now there was nothing I could do but take it.

It felt like I had to poop worse than I ever had to poop in my life, and knowing that Madame Lola was the one causing the sensation against my will as I laid naked before her, made it all the worse. I felt like I was suddenly being subjected to the most extreme, intimate and sustained penetration I ever could have imagined.

I felt Madame Lola begin to rub my back and coo. It only made my humiliation more intense.

I twisted and moaned, praying for it to be over as my animal desire to defecate felt more intense than I thought possible. I prayed for the flow of water to finally cease.

Finally, after what seemed like ten years, but was likely just five minutes, I heard the flow of water slow to a stop.

“Alright, all done,” Madame Lola said as she rubbed my back.

I was left now with just waves of cramps as I twisted and moaned on the bench. “Please take it out, Madame,” I begged. “Please let me use the toilet.”

“Sorry, little angel. What we’re doing is teaching you how to recognize when you have to make a poopoo from now on. That way we don’t have a situation like earlier when you told Nanny you had to go, but when Nanny brought you to the toilet, you didn’t know how,” she said as she rubbed my back.

I cursed myself for lying. For letting my stupid dignity and pride prevent me from going potty when I had the chance.

“Tell Nanny what it feels like,” she suddenly demanded.

I took a breath. “It feels like I have to do a poo poo, Nanny,” I said through gritted teeth.

“You have to do what now?” She asked.

“I have to go poopoo, Nanny!” I shouted again.

“Good girl. Good girl,” she said as she rubbed my back and squeezed my butt. “Why don’t you say that a few more times, just so Nanny knows you understand what it’s like to have to make a poopoo in the potty from now on,” she demanded.

“Nanny, I have to make a poopoo. I have to make a poopoo in the potty, Nanny,” I repeated over and over again.

Were I not so dominated by my desperate desire for relief, I would have recognized it as the single most humiliating moment in my life.

Finally, when I felt like I was about to have a total breakdown, I felt the nozzle in my ass start to deflate.

“Okay, little girl. Time to do your poopoo’s for Nanny. Just remember, if you let any of your icky poopoes out before you make it to the toilet, you’ll lose toilet privileges altogether,” she said in a soft voice.

Eager to finally experience release, I clenched my butt cheeks as tight as humanly possible.

I gasped as she pulled the plug out of my ass. I prayed that I wouldn’t lose control before she unstrapped me from the bench.

I felt her unstrap my back, then my wrists. Then, like an animal freed from a cage, I leapt to my feet.

I ran over to my pink potty chair, squatted my bottom down, and moaned with orgasmic relief as I let my exploding bladder and bowels pour into the tiny pink potty chair below me.

“Unnnngggghhhhh,” I involuntarily shouted as I squeezed my eyes shut and pushed harder than I ever had before. The relief was so intense, I felt like I had been transported to another dimension.

When the first wave finally came to a pause, I opened my eyes and caught my breath. I realized I was dripping with sweat.

Then, before I knew what was happening, I felt another uncontrollable wave push out of my bottom. I squeezed my knees to my chest and grunted.

The sound of my flatulence and waste splashing into the small pool below me was undoubtedly as loud as it was disgraceful. But my body was on autopilot now, and I was too taken by my mission to notice the noise of my primal urges.

Wave after wave possessed me as I performed the most naughty and humiliating trip to the toilet in my life, right in front of Madame Lola’s

scrutinizing face.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, I realized I had drained every last bit of fluid there was to drain. I took a breath and decided I was finally finished.

I looked up to see Madame Lola staring at me with a sinister smile. “Do you feel better after doing your poopoo’s in the potty, little Susie?” She asked me.

My whole body immediately went red hot with utter embarrassment.

I suddenly realized that I was squatting over a princess potty of my excrement that I had just loudly passed as she watched every second of it.

“Yes, Madame Lola,” I whimpered.

“You’re not going to complain about using the potty chair anymore, are you little one?” She teased.

“No, Madame Lola,” I replied.

“That’s right. Because you just showed me you know how to use it. And Pee-ew, did you ever! I think you’ve just done the stinkiest potty I’ve ever smelled! And I’ve changed a lot of very stinky diapers,” she teased as she held her nose.

My face went even hotter with unbearable shame. The intense relief I felt from using the toilet quickly transformed into abject humiliation as I realized what I had just done.

I started looking around for the toilet paper. I badly just wanted to get cleaned up and leave. It was nowhere to be found.

“Alright, little one. Come back over to the bottom bench,” Madame Lola explained, patting the purple bench again.

“What? Why?” I pleaded.

“Because, silly, your bottom’s all stinky from your poopoo’s. Nanny’s gotta wipe you up so you don’t get your undies dirty,” she explained.

“I can do it myself,” I pleaded.

“Alright, Susie, I’m not going to argue with you about this. You can either go to bed with a poopy bottom, or you can let me wipe you up,” she chided.

I knew there was no winning with this woman. I slowly stood up and cringed as the cool air hit the mess on my bottom.

I walked, bow-legged, back over to the bench. I carefully kneeled down again and exposed my soiled bottom to Madame Lola.

To add insult to injury, Madame Lola pulled the large strap over my back again, holding me down while she began to wipe me.

“Yucky, yucky,” I heard Madame Lola say as she dragged wet wipes through my butt cheeks. “What a stinky, poopy mess you made. Yes, you did. Yes, you did.”

I wanted to cry. I couldn’t believe how utterly humiliating my day was. I knew that Madame Lola was relishing in my submission, of stripping me of my dignity and treating me like a toddler, and it made me feel all the worse.

“Alright dear, Nanny’s cleaned all your poopies up. Good job!” She said.

I felt her unstrap me from the bench and help me stand up. She walked me over to the sink and ‘taught’ me how to wash my hands by singing a juvenile song.

“This is how we wash our hands! Wash our hands. Wash our hands! With poo poo in the toilet, we wash our hands! A good little girl!” She sang.

“Alright, little one. Time for your bath,” she said. I stood in the corner of the bathroom wiping my tears away as I watched Madame Lola draw a bath for me in the childish tub.

* * *

WHEN MADAME LOLA called me over for my bath, I was still on auto-pilot from the intense humiliation of my enema and subsequent voiding.

In the bathtub, I let Madame Lola clean my every nook and cranny without putting up any resistance. She hummed a nursery rhyme as she scrubbed me with a washcloth, making me feel even more little.

When she declared that I was clean, she lifted me out of the tub and dried me off with a warm towel. She helped me step back into my diaper-like training pants, then took me by the hand to the kitchen.

In the kitchen, she presented me with a large glass of warm milk, which I again put no resistance to drinking.

Then, she brought me back up to my princess room and tucked me into bed for the night. I heard her lock me in my bedroom again as she left, leaving me alone for the night.

I closed my eyes, and as I began to drift off to sleep, I slowly reached down to my thick, humiliating training underwear. I cringed from how trapped I felt in them, and all the humiliating memories of my day came flooding back—wetting myself in the hallway, getting cleaned up and penetrated on the diaper changing table, receiving and expelling my enema on my ‘potty chair’.

I started crying again, this time even harder.

It felt like my old, adult life had been totally taken away. The maturity and freedom I once took for granted had been replaced with the utmost humiliation and scrutiny at the behest of a woman who seemed determined to turn me into a helpless and pathetic toddler.

And as if my subconscious mind made the decision to take over and appease Madame Lola, I quietly lifted my thumb to my mouth and began to suck.

I fell into a deep sleep shortly thereafter.

MADAME LOLA'S SECRETS

Madame Lola carefully finished applying her bright red lipstick in the mirror. *Today could be the day*, she thought to herself with a smile.

It had been three weeks since she met Susie, her new boarder, and Madame Lola couldn't have been happier about Susie's progression.

Or rather... Susie's *regression*.

Madame Lola finished getting dressed up and confidently marched toward Susie's room to wake her up for breakfast. She unlocked Susie's door and walked in.

Susie immediately sat up in bed. "Nanny, I didn't mean to! I don't know how it happened," She shouted.

Madame Lola smiled to herself. This was the fourth out of the last five nights that Susie had wet the bed, proving to Madame Lola that her plan was progressing perfectly.

Of course, Madame Lola didn't know for sure whether it was the routinized bathroom denials, the anal stretching, the warm milk, what she started slipping in Susie's warm milk, or just Susie's overall psychological regression, that led to Susie's now consistent night time accidents. But Madame Lola knew it didn't matter, what mattered was that she was getting the results from Susie that she needed.

“Susie!” Madame Lola said, feigning outrage. “Nose against the wall while I inspect your stinky mess!”

Madame Lola watched Susie reluctantly climb out of the soaked sheets of her ‘princess’ bed. From the moment Madame Lola had laid eyes on Susie, she had thought she was adorable. The fact that Susie was now naked—except for her adorable, now soaking-wet training pants—made Susie absolutely stunning in Madame Lola’s eyes.

Madame Lola knew that every day she got to continue controlling and regressing Susie was one of the best days of her life.

“Yucky, yuck!” Madame Lola pronounced dramatically as she sniffed and felt the puddle of urine Susie had woken up in with her hand.

“I can’t believe how badly you soaked your bed last night! I could smell your icky pee pee from the hallway!”

Madame Lola turned and stared at Susie quietly whimpering in the corner with her yellow-stained trainers. It was the most incredible sight she could imagine.

Save, of course, for Susie to be in a *diaper* that yellow. *Soon*, Madame Lola thought to herself with a smile.

Madame Lola walked over to Susie and pulled Susie’s waistband out to look down at her adorable butt crack. She squeezed the crotch of Susie’s thick, urine-soaked training pants, then the butt. Madame Lola relished the warm, wet feeling of Susie’s messy training pants beneath her fingers, and the way Susie squirmed as she fondled her in her stinky mess.

Most of all, Madame Lola loved the way Susie trembled with shame before her. Susie had no idea that these accidents she was having were precisely due to Madame Lola’s secret plans.

“Tsk, ts,” Madame Lola said as she massaged and fondled Susie’s privates through her wet trainers. “I offered to let you wear a diaper last night, Susie, and you refused, yet you wet yourself anyway,” Madame Lola lectured.

“I know, I’m sorry, Nanny!” Susie whined.

Madame Lola smiled at Susie calling her Nanny again. Madame Lola hadn't mandated that Susie switch nomenclatures, which made it all the more satisfying to see her naturally prefer to start using it.

"I just... I don't know how this happened!" Susie whined through her tears.

"I know how it happened, Susie," Madame Lola replied. "You decided that getting your diaper changed was inconvenient for you, without a single thought about how inconvenient it is for me to have to clean up the filthy, stinky mess you consistently leave in your bedsheets due to your inability to control yourself! Well I'm sick of it!"

"Please don't make me wear diapers, Madame Lola!" Susie pleaded.

Madame Lola smiled again. She loved the way that Susie dreaded, absolutely dreaded, the notion of wearing a diaper. In fact, it seemed more and more that Susie *didn't* want to wear diapers as much as Madame Lola *did* want her to wear them.

Which, to Madame Lola, made the prospect of putting Susie back in diapers full-time infinitely more delicious.

That's because, to Madame Lola, taking an adult like Susie and regressing them alllll the way to the point of relying on Madame Lola to change their diapers was the most intoxicating and erotic thing she could imagine.

She couldn't wait to change Susie's first messy diaper. The look of abject humiliation and shame on Susie's face as Madame Lola would look down at her on the table and change her into a crinkly, infantile garment was magical just to imagine. A white badge of shame. Of control. Of power.

Madame Lola felt her pussy getting wet just thinking about it.

Of course, she could never let Susie know that was her intention. She knew that the shame and humiliation she hungered to see on Susie's face would only be there if Susie blamed herself for her diapered and humiliating condition. Susie needed to believe Madame Lola would be diapering her as an unavoidable chore due to Susie's personal toilet failures.

Madame Lola knew she needed to continue to be patient. She was playing the long game, and it would all pay off soon enough.

“We’ll have to see,” was all Madame Lola said to Susie’s plea to not be put back in a diaper. “Now come, let’s go get you changed.”

* * *

MADAME LOLA DRAGGED Susie down the hallway and into the diaper changing room.

Madame Lola loved the subtle look of abject terror Susie always gave when walking into the diaper changing room. She loved leaving Susie in a constant state of shame and suspense about whether she would be leaving the changing room with bathroom privileges or not.

Madame Lola hoisted Susie up onto the change table and strapped her down like usual. Strapping all of Susie’s limbs to the table had always been excessive, but Madame Lola thought it was important to cement the feelings of helplessness Susie felt on the diaper changing table by denying her the most minimal of dignity while on the table.

As Madame Lola cleaned Susie up from her night time wetting—removing her soiled training pants and commenting how ‘stinky’ they were, wiping Susie’s sticky thighs and butt with baby wipes, sprinkling baby powder “just in case,”—Madame Lola saw the glazed-over look in Susie’s eyes that she had been looking for.

It was the look of a little one who now accepted their humiliating and infantile treatment on a deep, subconscious level. A little one who accepted, in a major and important way, that they were incapable of tasks as basic as cleaning up their own accidents, and that they now *relied* on Madame Lola, whether they wanted to or not.

Madame Lola smiled. She now knew today was the day.

Madame Lola swiftly lubed her finger up, then plunged it deep into Susie’s rectum for her ‘inspection’—an act Madame Lola had successfully gotten

Susie to accept as a 'normal' part of getting cleaned up.

Sure, Madame Lola enjoyed the sensation of fingering Susie as she laid back, bound and helpless to whatever 'exploration' Madame Lola wished to do with her.

But Madame Lola's grooming served a far more important purpose. That is, because Susie had become so accustomed to the anal 'inspections,' Susie didn't even notice that today, Madame Lola pushed six wax suppositories into Susie's already quite backed up colon.

Madame Lola knew it was crucial for her plan that Susie only experience the effect of the suppositories, yet have no possible idea the cause.

Madame Lola finished depositing the suppositories, then turned and walked back to the large stack of diapers behind her. She took her time looking the diapers up and down. She knew Susie was watching her intently and in terror.

Madame Lola picked out a super thick, pink diaper from the shelf and made her way back toward Susie. She relished the look of dread in Susie's eyes.

"Alright, Susie. That's it. Last night, I told you, you could start wearing a diaper to bed and I wouldn't penalize you for waking up wet. But you insisted that you didn't need one. And surprise, surprise, you absolutely soaked your training pants again this morning," Madame Lola scolded.

"I didn't mean to!" Susie whined from the diaper changing table.

"I'm sure you didn't! But that's not the point. Because now I'm beginning to believe you have no desire to take your potty training or the accidents you cause seriously. And I'm sick of putting in the effort with you only to be disrespected by your complete lack of effort and self-control," Madame Lola scolded.

Madame Lola began fluffing the diaper dramatically in front of Susie's face.

"So, Susie, I'm done trying. I'm going to put you in this diaper and keep you in diapers until I decide you're ready to try again. Which, by the way,

probably won't be for a very, very long time, given your incredibly poor toileting behavior," Madame Lola pronounced.

"Please don't put me in a diaper, Nanny! I don't want to wear diapers! Please Nanny! Please!" Susie began screaming and uncontrollably wailing on the diaper changing table, just like a baby, much to Madame Lola's pleasure.

Madame Lola paused, then took a step back. She loved to hear Susie beg to not be put back in diapers. It was music to Madame Lola's ears. She knew that every time Susie begged and pleaded and sobbed, it would only make her ultimate diapered state that much more humiliating.

Madame Lola folded her arms, stared at Susie, and feigned hesitation. "Hmmm," she said. "You really don't think you need diapers, do you?" She asked Susie.

"No, I promise!" Susie said through her tears.

"Hmmm.... Well okay, Susie. I'll give you one more chance. One more chance to prove you don't need diapers. How does that sound?" She asked.

"Yes! Please!" Susie shouted.

"Alright, Susie. If you can make it through today without having another accident, I won't make you wear diapers," Madame Lola explained.

"Okay! I won't, I promise!" Susie shouted.

"But!" Madame Lola added. "If you do have an accident, Susie, I'm not just going to put you in diapers temporarily, I'm going to put you in diapers permanently. As long as you live under my roof. Because Susie, if you can't go without having an accident for just one day, today, it will prove to me that there is no hope that you will ever be successfully potty trained."

Madame Lola was secretly thrilled to be finally making this speech. She had rehearsed it in her head many times in preparation for today.

"And to be clear, Susie, if I put you back in diapers, toilets, even your training potty, will be permanently off limits. If I decide that I have no

choice but to put you back in diapers permanently, you will be using those diapers fully,” Madame Lola lectured.

Susie’s eyes went wide. Madame Lola knew that she had rattled Susie to the core with her threat, and that the rules of their agreement were perfectly clear. Susie gulped, then made her decision.

“Okay, fine!” Susie said. “I’m not going to have another accident, Nanny! I promise! Just please, please don’t make me wear diapers!”

Madame Lola smiled. It was exactly what she wanted to hear.

“Alright, Susie. If you insist. Just remember though. Today is your last chance to prove you don’t need diapers,” she said with a devious smirk.

* * *

MADAME LOLA UNSTRAPPED SUSIE from the diaper change table, dressed her in a new pair of humiliating pink training underwear, and brought her back to Susie’s bedroom to dress her for the day.

The shift to Susie not even getting to dress herself was a slow one over the past three weeks.

It started with Madame Lola bringing Susie clothes every morning and watching Susie get dressed ‘to make sure everything fit.’

It then progressed to doing Susie’s hair and makeup. i.e. pigtails and bright red cheeks.

Soon, Madame Lola was putting every article of clothing on Susie by hand, doing it by force when necessary if Susie objected to the humiliating and juvenile outfits Madame Lola picked out—just like she would dress a toddler.

Today was no exception, as Madame Lola put Susie in a school girl outfit with an unbearably short skirt that gave quite a bit of visibility to her childish, pink, printed training pants.

Madame Lola then walked Susie downstairs just as the doorbell to the house rang.

Right on time, Madame Lola thought to herself with a smile.

“Who’s that?” Susie asked, freezing on the stairs.

Madame Lola expected Susie’s reaction. In fact, she welcomed it.

The whole time Susie had been staying with Madame Lola, Madame Lola hadn’t had a single guest over, a blessing Susie took for granted. After all, Susie had yet to have her humiliating potty-training secret exposed to any strangers.

But that was about to change.

“Oh, didn’t I tell you? That’s my friend Jackie coming over with her son, Elijah. We’re all going out for Sunday brunch together today,” Madame Lola explained in an innocent tone.

“You didn’t say anything about this!” Susie shouted, still frozen in terror on the steps.

“Oh, calm down. Elijah is actually about your age, so it’s perfect,” Madame Lola explained, dismissing Susie’s uncomfortableness.

Madame Lola continued down to the front door and opened it. Outside, Madame Lola’s similarly aged friend Jackie stood on the porch with her 18-year-old son Elijah.

“Hello! Good to see you again!” They all greeted each other enthusiastically with hugs and kisses.

As Madame Lola helped Jackie and Elijah in, she looked up to see Susie running back up the stairs toward her room.

Madame Lola secretly smiled. She knew Elijah was extremely handsome for his age, and that Susie was probably embarrassed out of her wits.

“Susie! Where are you going? Come down and say hi to our guests and get ready to go out for brunch!” Madame Lola shouted up the stairs.

“I’m okay, Madame Lola. I’ll stay at home!” Susie shouted back as she reached the top of the stairs.

“Not one more step, young lady!” Madame Lola shouted. Her voice was so intimidating that Susie froze near the top step.

“You absolutely will not disrespect me and my guests like this! You can either come down right this instant and apologize, or I can drag you back down and put you over my knee in front of them, and you can eat your brunch with a sore bottom,” Madame Lola shouted.

Susie remained frozen, and much to Madame Lola’s delight, she could even tell from the bottom of the stairs that Susie was blushing.

“One! Two!” Madame Lola started counting.

“I’m coming!” Susie said, turning and coming down the stairs. Much to Madame Lola’s delight, Susie was bright red.

“I’m so sorry about her, she’s probably just shy around Elijah. She’s very immature, and so she’s still extremely shy around boys her age,” Madame Lola explained to Jackie and Elijah as Susie approached, humiliating Susie even more.

“Oh, it’s no problem,” Elijah said.

“Yes, she does look extremely immature for her age,” Jackie added. “If you hadn’t said that she was Elijah’s age, I certainly would not believe it,” Jackie added.

Susie burned even hotter as Madame Lola held her by the shoulders, practically displaying her to her friends.

“Elijah, you wouldn’t be attracted to a girl that immature, would you?” Jackie asked.

“No Mom, are you kidding!” Elijah added.

Everyone laughed except for Susie, who was clearly mortified.

Madame Lola walked everyone to the living room, where Jackie and Elijah sat down on the couch.

Susie, however, tried to hang back in the kitchen. That's because she was trying to avoid exactly what Madame Lola intended for Susie to do next.

Madame Lola brought Elijah and Jackie drinks, then, to Susie's utter horror and dread, Madame Lola brought Susie's pink little potty chair from out of the corner and put it in the middle of the living room.

"Susie! Time for your tinkles!" Madame Lola called out.

"Oh my gosh! Lola, I didn't know she was still potty training!" Jackie said as she looked at the potty chair.

"I know, it was a surprise to me too if I'm being honest. But you know what I say. A Nanny's work is never done," Madame Lola replied. "Susie?!" She called out again.

Predictably, Susie stayed hiding around the corner.

"Ewww!" Elijah said out loud. "She pisses right in the living room?"

"Elijah!" His mom chastised. "You went potty in the living room in one of those too at one point."

"Yeah, but I wasn't eighteen!" Elijah said.

"Yeah, you're right," Jackie replied with a laugh.

"Susie!" Madame Lola shouted. "I'm not asking again!"

Susie slowly poked her head around the corner, her face beet-red as Jackie and Elijah stared at her. "I don't have to go," Susie said in a soft voice.

Madame Lola laughed loudly. "I've heard that one before. Butt on the seat. Now!"

"But Madame Lola..."

"Susie! You can either put your butt on that seat right now, or our little deal is off. Don't think for a second I won't take you back upstairs and put you

in diapers this instant!” Madame Lola shouted.

Susie hung her head with defeat and slowly trudged into the living room.

“Ewww, she wears *diapers*?” Elijah said loudly.

“Well clearly the goal is for her *not* to wear diapers anymore,” Jackie added. “Hence, the *potty training*.”

Susie walked toward the potty and stood next to it. She hesitated, clearly far too embarrassed to use it in front of these new strangers.

Madame Lola smiled. She knew that Susie’s bowels were probably churning like crazy from the laxative suppositories she had inserted a short time ago.

After all, Susie’s constipation was by design as well. Madame Lola had purposefully went from nightly enemas for Susie over the last three weeks to not a single enema in the last three days.

She knew Susie would hold her stool out of embarrassment, and the way Madame Lola made Susie’s colon dependent on an enema for release only assured her constipation all the more.

The result was a highly constipated young Susie, who, when she lost control, would lose it worse than she ever had before.

But Madame Lola knew that Susie would not be losing control yet. The suppositories were far from reaching their maximum effectiveness, and she knew that Susie would never willingly go through the act of pooping in front of a hot young boy her age.

At least... not intentionally. *Not yet.*

“Well?” Madame Lola scolded as Susie continued to hesitate. “We don’t have all day!”

Everyone in the living room watched with a sense of perverted fascination as Susie lowered her training pants beneath her skirt down to her ankles.

Susie then slowly sat down on the pink potty chair, hugged her knees, and closed her eyes.

The room went dead silent.

Finally, after a minute, the faint sound of splashing urine echoed in the potty chair. "Alright, I'm finished," Susie said as she opened her eyes and stood up.

"Oh no you're not!" Madame Lola shouted. "That's not how this works young lady, and you know it. I don't care how embarrassed you are about sitting on your potty in front of Elijah," she scolded. "You can sit that butt right back down until I tell you otherwise."

Even more humiliated and defeated, Susie pulled her training pants down once more and sat down again.

"Sorry about that," Madame Lola said to her guests. "It's just that it's important she spend at least ten minutes on the potty before we go. Otherwise, she'll likely have an accident."

"Oh, it's no problem," Jackie replied. "I remember how difficult potty-training Elijah was."

Madame Lola and her friends chatted each other up with small talk as Susie sat before them in her humiliating position for another ten minutes.

Of course, Madame Lola knew that these 'potty training' rituals she enforced upon Susie were about doing precisely the opposite of preventing accidents. In fact, Madame Lola was deliberately 'un-potty' training Susie.

By subjecting Susie to a grueling schedule of sitting on the potty chair for ten minutes every two hours for weeks on end, in addition to the enemas and the anal stretching, Madame Lola was in fact *weakening* Susie's bladder and bowel control.

That, combined with the arbitrary way Madame Lola prevented Susie from using the bathroom when she needed to, she was almost assuring that Susie would have the accidents that she did.

And of course, today was no exception.

Finally, after ten minutes, Madame Lola stood Susie up, wiped her butt with wet wipes in front of her guests (making sure to comment and show Susie the state of her heinie by showing her the color of the soiled wipes), and having Susie carry her full toilet over to the 'big kid potty' so she could see what happens when she's ready to use and flush a real potty one day.

When they were all finally ready to head out the door, Madame Lola could tell from Susie's expression that she was already extremely humiliated.

Madame Lola grinned. Susie had no idea that her day's humiliation was just getting started.

THE UNFORGETTABLE BRUNCH

*A*s Madame Lola drove Susie, Jackie and Elijah over to the restaurant for brunch, she could see signs that her plan was going to work.

First, she noticed the way that Susie was rocking in her car seat in the back of their mini-van.

Then, she noticed the special shade of crimson Susie's face was turning.

Finally, she noticed the farts Susie was letting out, which of course Madame Lola would point out to her guests and immediately apologize for her, "Rude and gassy baby back there."

Elijah and Jackie found Susie's childish behavior cute, and even offered to help run her tummy or give her a spanking if it would help, much to Susie's further embarrassment.

When they all got to the restaurant, Madame Lola made sure to sit in the same booth with Susie—with Susie on the inside of the booth, against the wall. She wanted to make sure Susie couldn't make any sudden runs for the bathroom.

When the food came, it was no surprise to Madame Lola that Susie said she wasn't hungry. After all, Susie was visibly clenching her tummy with her hands—an observation Madame Lola purposefully kept to herself.

Madame Lola was only all the happier to cut up Susie's pancakes and force her to eat them, bite by bite, despite her undoubtedly churning bowels.

"Nanny... I gotta go to the bathroom," Susie muttered midway through the pancakes Madame Lola was forcing into her mouth.

"What's that?" Madame Lola asked.

"Nanny, I have to go to the bathroom?" She said a little louder, clearly self-conscious about Jackie and Elijah overhearing.

"Do you have to do pee pee or poo poo?" Madame Lola responded, loud enough for the whole restaurant to hear.

"Poo poo," Susie said, gripping her dress, clearly trying to stave off her cramps.

"What was that?" Madame Lola asked.

"Nanny, I have to do a poo poo!" Susie shouted.

Everyone at the table immediately erupted in laughter at Susie's humiliating statement.

"Sorry, Susie, you know potty training means holding it till Nanny says it's time to go. You had your chance to go back at the house and you chose not to relieve yourself there, so you'll have to wait," Madame Lola replied.

Susie clenched her eyes shut, clearly concentrating with all her might in order to avoid losing control.

"My god, she is a handful, isn't she?" Jackie said.

"Yeah, I didn't think she would be having this many bathroom issues, but you weren't kidding," Elijah added.

Madame Lola continued joking with her friends about Susie's babyish state as she continued force-feeding Susie pancakes.

When they had all just about finished their meals, Madame Lola noticed it out of the corner of her eye.

First, Susie's face turning even more red.

Then, her legs lifting her butt slightly over her seat.

And finally, quiet grunting.

It was exactly what Madame Lola had planned for.

But Madame Lola stayed silent, knowing that it would be best for someone else to point it out first. Elijah did exactly that just seconds later.

"Ew, what's that smell?" Elijah asked.

"What is it, dear? Oh... oh god... I smell it to," his Mom replied. "Maybe Susie farted again?"

"No wait... Mom, look! Look at Susie! I think she's pooping her pants!" Elijah shouted.

Madame Lola turned and dramatically stared at Susie in shock and disbelief. "Susie! What on earth do you think you're doing! Answer me!"

But Susie couldn't answer. She was too overtaken by her primal and humiliating act. She was too busy completely losing control.

Elijah and Jackie jumped out of the booth in disgust and stood up. Elijah stuck his head under the table to try to get a look at Susie's rear end.

"Ewww! Look! She's doing it! She's standing up to poop her pants! Susie's pooping her pants right now, right in the booth!" Elijah shouted loud enough for the whole restaurant to hear.

Heads around the restaurant all started looking and gathering. "Ew, it stinks!" Elijah shouted again.

Madame Lola got out of the booth and glared at Susie as she 'did her business' in the corner of the booth.

"Young lady! If you are going to poop your pants in the middle of breakfast, you can come right out of that booth and do it in front of all the people

whose breakfast you're ruining with the stench of your pooppy mess!" Madame Lola loudly scolded.

Madame Lola grabbed Susie by the arm and yanked her out of the booth. As she pulled Susie out, Susie left a large brown smear on the plastic booth beneath her.

When she got out of the booth, Susie immediately squatted down right next to the table as the whole restaurant watched.

Susie grunted loudly as she started farting uncontrollably and pushing out a massive, pooppy load into her ill-equipped training pants. It didn't take long for a stream of hot piss to pour down Susie's legs and into her shoes as well.

"Little Susie pooppy pants! Little Susie pooppy pants!" Elijah teased and shouted as Susie debased herself in the eyes of dozens of strangers.

"I would say that you're being unfair, Elijah, but sometimes it is appropriate to call a spade a spade. Can you believe she told me this morning she didn't need diapers?" Madame Lola said to Elijah as he pointed and laughed and held his nose.

Madame Lola then yanked Susie's skirt up so that everyone in the restaurant could get a clear view of massive brown loud Susie deposited in her trousers, as well as the bright yellow stain that defined the front of her pants.

"You naughty girl! Naughty, naughty baby! Stinky, pooppy, naughty baby!" Madame Lola chastised as Susie finally finished pushing out the last of her horrible mess.

As Susie came back to reality, it dawned on her what she had just done, and she was paralyzed by waves of abject and total humiliation.

Madame Lola continued holding the back of Susie's skirt up and shouting apologies to the whole restaurant. "I am so, so sorry everyone! I really should never have let this pooppy baby out of her diapers!"

Madame Lola then walked Susie out to the parking lot, back to the car.

Susie had to walk bow-legged as the filthy mess sloshed around between her thighs and spilled down her legs.

When they got to Madame Lola's van, Elijah and Jackie decided to take a cab home instead. "I understand, I wouldn't wish this little one's poopy stench on my worst enemy," Madame Lola said, rubbing salt in the wound of Susie's humiliation.

Madame Lola laid down a towel in her van's car seat and pointed Susie toward the seat. Susie instinctively hesitated, but Madame Lola just pushed her down into her seat anyway and strapped her in.

"It's good you be forced to sit in your mess, Susie. After all, now that you'll be returning to diapers, you'll have many more poopy messes to sit in, believe me!" she scolded and shut the door.

As Madame Lola drove Susie home, she looked in the rear-view mirror at Susie's quiet expression of abject humiliation. She could tell that Susie was in a trance of total powerlessness and submission.

Madame Lola smiled. She knew that Susie had reached the final stage of her regression.

* * *

MADAME LOLA PICKED little Susie up in her arms out of the back seat of her van, purposefully smushing her poopy mess further into her crotch.

She carried Susie inside, up the stairs, and right into the diaper changing room.

When she laid Susie down on the changing mat, the filthy mess in Susie's training pants splashed and squished in a giant mess around her bum.

But Susie hardly reacted to the sensation.

She also remained docile as Madame Lola used a pair of scissors to cut Susie's training pants off, explaining to Susie that, "She won't be wearing anything but diapers ever again anyway."

Susie didn't react or protest as Madame Lola cleaned Susie up with wet wipe after wet wipe. Nor did Madame Lola have to tie Susie down in order to see if her bottom was, "fully evacuated," with another one of her penetrating fingerings.

Finally, Susie was as docile as a sleepy infant as Madame Lola brought the thickest, fluffy pink diaper over and wrapped Susie up in it.

Madame Lola dressed Susie in some very thick rubber pants, then pulled a pink dress over Susie's head that made her diaper extremely visible, and made Susie look like a two-year-old.

Madame Lola then put a dummy in Susie's mouth, which Susie also started sucking without complaint.

Madame Lola picked up her newly diapered Susie and carried her out of the room. Madame Lola looked back at the name of the room again—"Changing Room."

She laughed as she held her new, diapered baby in her arms.

*Susie thought it was a diaper changing room. But the truth was, it was a **Susie changing** room.*

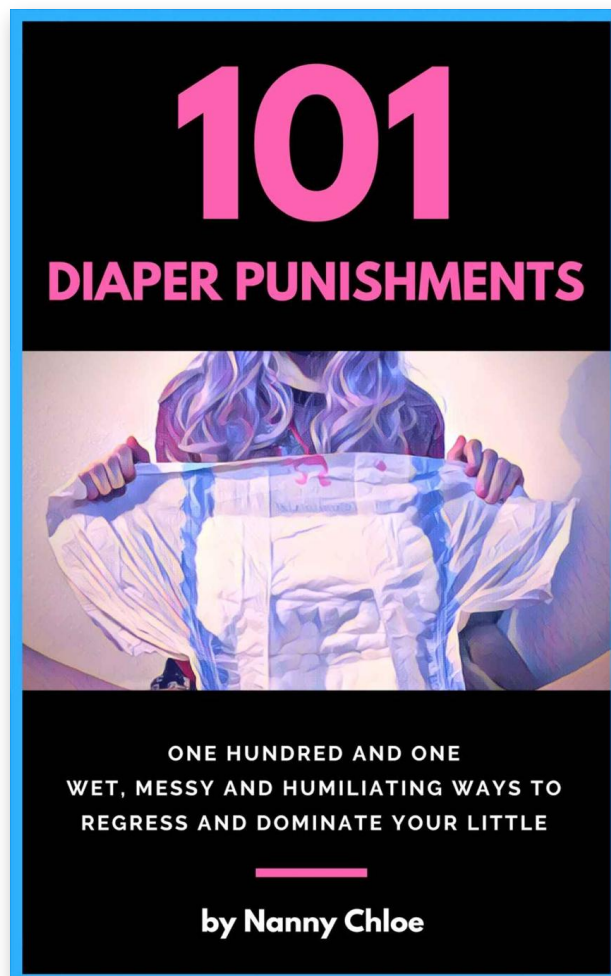
*Susie had successfully completed her potty training. Her **reverse** potty training.*

And Madame Lola had successfully changed Susie into her new, permanent diaper baby.

It was exactly what Madame Lola had always wanted. She couldn't be more thrilled.

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.”

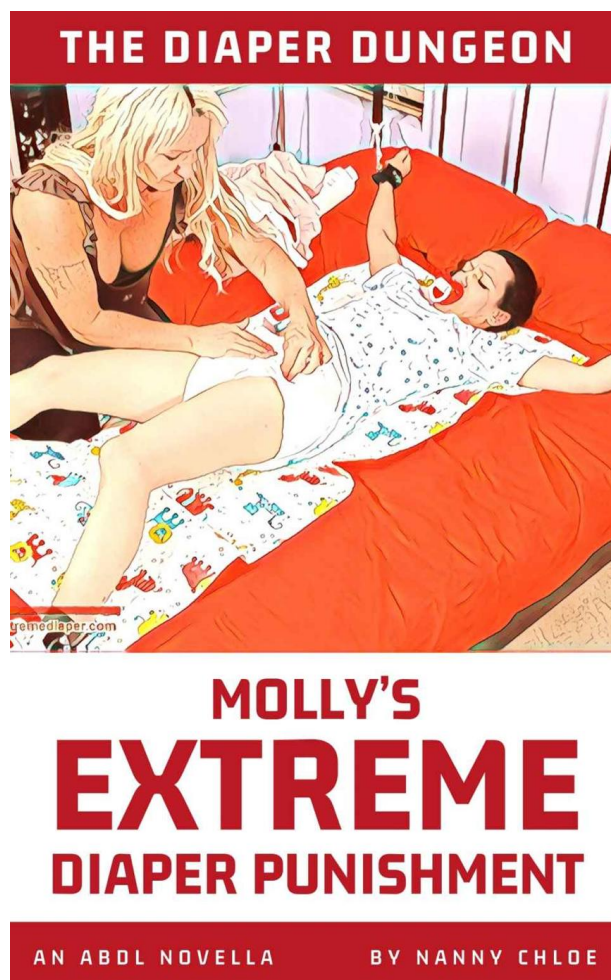
- *Mistress Marywell*

“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.



DIAPER PUNISHED BY MOM'S FRIEND CAROL

NANNY CHLOE

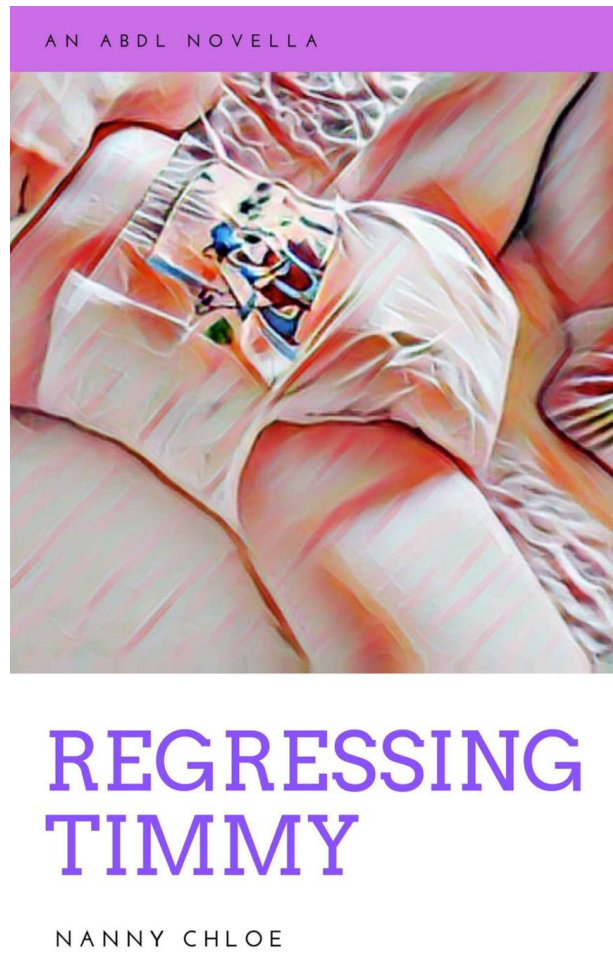
Diaper Punished by Mom's Friend Carol

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...



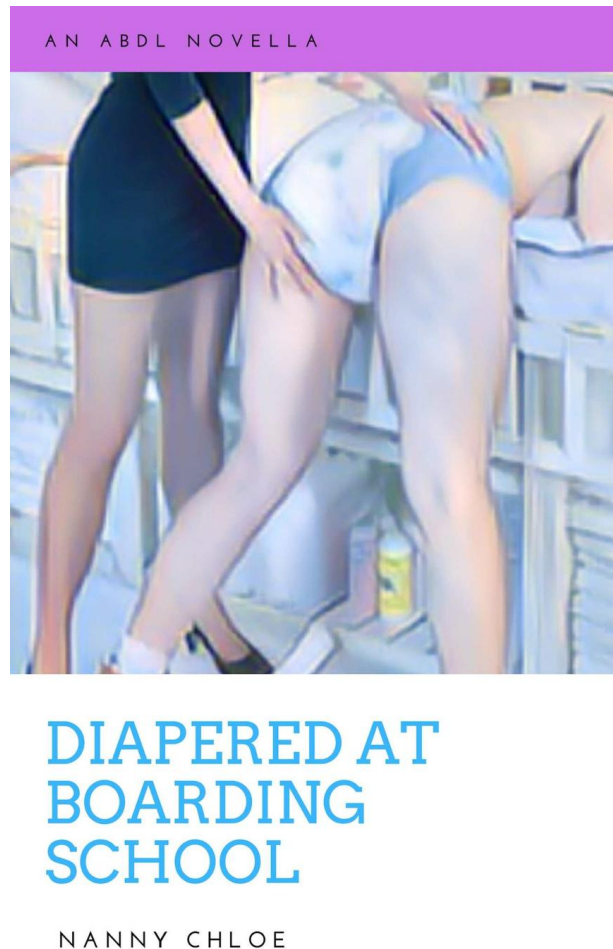
Regressing Timmy.

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.



Diapered at Boarding School

On the first day of school back from Summer break, Sarah is expecting it to start like every other year. But to Sarah's surprise, her parents drop her off at a special boarding school that is far more strict than she can imagine.

When her teacher doesn't allow her to leave to use the bathroom, instead calling her up for a spanking, Sarah discovers new meaning to the words 'classroom discipline.'

After losing control in front of the whole class during her spanking, Sarah is forced to pay the price. Marched through the school hallway with soap in her mouth, Sarah is then personally diapered by the headmistress -- And it's even more humiliating than she could have imagined.

Sarah is then sent back to class. Unfortunately for Sarah, she then loses control in a much bigger way than ever before...



SANDY & THE DIAPER ASYLUM

NANNY CHLOE

Sandy & The Diaper Asylum

It's the end of Summer, and Sandy is hoping to be on her way to Summer Camp. But instead, she's dropped off at a very special institution...

When she tries to escape, the head nurse makes short work of her bottom with a heavy spanking.

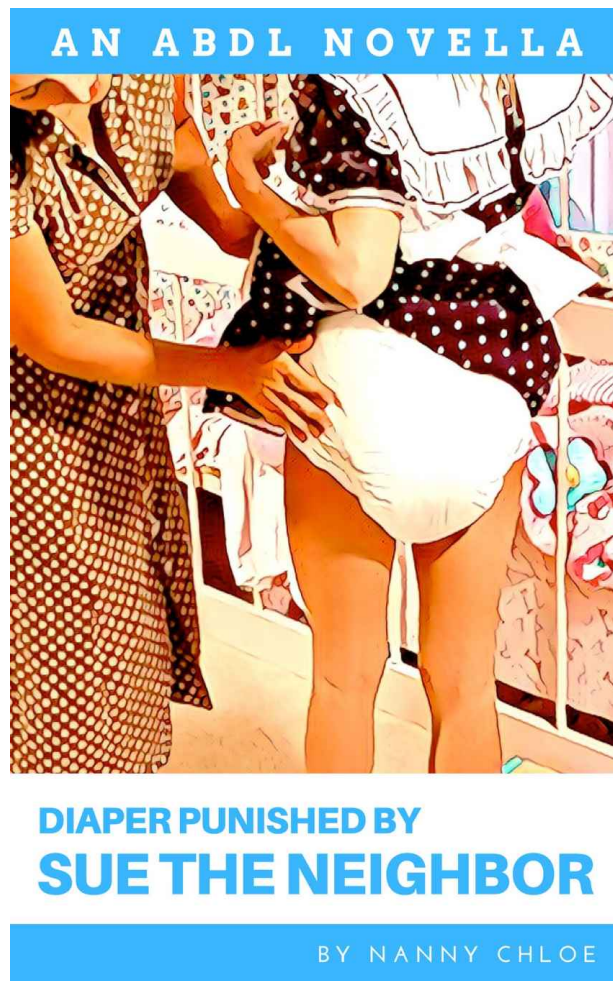
Then, as punishment for her misbehavior, they lock Sandy in a straightjacket and deny her a bathroom. Soon Sandy has no choice but to lose control... And for that she'll pay a very hefty price.

When Sandy's accident is discovered, she's given a very special, humiliating diapering by the ward nurse herself. The straightjacket makes it all that much worse.

Then Sandy is transferred to the asylum nursery and locked in a small crib. Unfortunately for Sandy, that's when her need to use the bathroom again becomes overwhelming.

When Sandy finally lets go, her Nurse ensures this soggy bottom will be one she never forgets.

Finally, the nurse then decides its time for Sandy's ultimate punishment, and Sandy learns new meaning to the phrase, "Diaper Domination."



Diaper Punished by Sue the Neighbor

When Aiden finds out the old lady next door—Sue—is going to be looking after him while his parent goes out of town, he is not happy.

After all, Sue is totally overbearing and treats Aiden like he's still in kindergarten!

But when Sue comes over, Aiden finds out she has very little patience for his bad attitude.

One punishment leads to the next, and before Aiden knows it, Sue has him back in diapers and begging for his next change!

AN ABDL NOVELLA



FORCED TO WEAR DIAPERS BY THE
BRATTY BABYSITTER

BY NANNY CHLOE

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.

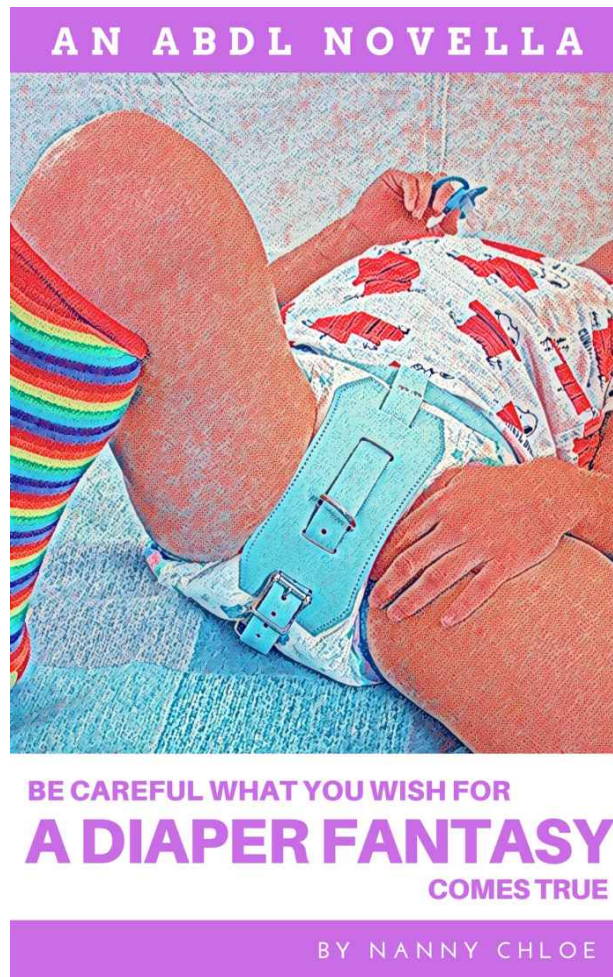
First, by making Tyler wear pull-ups.

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!

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. :)

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