**Disciplining Kelly**

**By Elfy**

“Hurry up and get dressed!” Beth exclaimed as she poked her head around the living room door.

Kelly was doing what she always did. She was sitting in front of the television and munching on some snacks, she didn’t move when her mom yelled at her and simply rolled her eyes. She took a big gulp of her soda and then let out a loud belch. Despite her unhealthy snacking choices she was actually quite small in terms of both height and weight. The thirty-year-old woman had spent half her life lying idly on this couch, it was almost permanently indented with her body shape.

“It’s just Craig.” Kelly scoffed when Beth’s head appeared around the door again, “It’s not like royalty is visiting. I don‘t know why you waste your time on him anyway…”

“That’s not the point!” Beth was almost frantic as she rushed around straightening pictures and clearing dust, “You know this is a big evening for us.”

Kelly huffed. She didn’t like Craig at all and the fact he was moving in was a major source of frustration for her. Craig was twenty-years-old, a decade younger than Kelly and yet he was dating her mom!

Kelly was unemployed and lived off her mother. She had no aspirations or motivation and that suited her just fine. She was happy living with her fifty-four-year-old mother and didn’t expect to ever move out. Kelly was delighted with the status quo which was why she was so annoyed when Craig came on to the scene. With all of her needs catered for she had no reason to go anywhere else and she wasn’t going to let her mom’s boy toy walk on to the scene and mess it all up for her.

Craig was so much younger than her mother and Kelly found it disgusting. The twenty-year-old was very well built and Kelly thought it was such a waste of muscle, he could have his pick of women and he chose Kelly’s mom of all people. The age difference was huge but that wasn’t the only thing that Kelly found distasteful. Craig was always moving or doing things, he always had little projects or jobs to do and he was the antithesis of Kelly. He was like a spinning top, he just never stopped.

“Kelly, please!” Beth was practically pleading with her adult daughter, “For me?”

Kelly finished her snack and slowly sat up causing crumbs to fall to the floor. She was very light and despite her lack of energy she sprang to her feet and left the room. She was halfway up the stairs when the doorbell rang. She paused and looked over her shoulder as Beth squealed in excitement and hurried out into the hallway.

Kelly continued up the stairs without looking over her shoulder even as her mom called her to go back down. She went straight to her bedroom which was at the furthest end of the hallway. She almost tripped over a box on the floor but that was hardly surprising because her room was a mess. Kelly didn’t believe in cleaning up since it would all just get dirty and cluttered again. She dropped on her bed and wished for a different life where her mom wasn’t going out with someone old enough to be her son.

After several hours of pretending not to exist Kelly was starting to feel hungry. She could smell cooking wafting up from downstairs and knew dinner was coming. Occasionally she would hear snatched pieces of conversation or laughter coming up and it did nothing to help her mood. She was in the mood where anyone else’s happiness caused her to feel miserable.

When Kelly was eventually called down for dinner she hadn’t got changed and was still in the stained clothes her mother had begged for her to change out of earlier. She walked into the dining room with a scowl across her face, there was a plate of food waiting for her and her mom sitting with Craig on the other side.

“Hello Kelly.” Craig said, “So good to see you. Was just starting to think you were hiding up there because of me!”

“Imagine that…” Kelly muttered sarcastically.

Kelly started eating just as it seemed Craig was about to propose a toast. She was keen to get this over with as soon as possible and certainly didn’t want Craig to feel welcome. Her greatest desire was that she would be a roadblock to the relationship.

“Your mother tells me there’s been some disciplinary problems.” Craig said halfway through the meal. He looked across at Kelly with a very stern look on his face, “She tells me you’ve been acting up a bit.”

Kelly shrugged noncommittally and continued to eat without looking up from the table. She didn’t really care what her mom or Craig thought of her behaviour. It was true, Kelly had always been a handful. When she had been at school it seemed like she spent more time suspended or skipping than actually in the classroom. Whilst she had never been in trouble with the law she was hardly a model citizen either.

“You are allowed to talk to me. I don’t bite, well, outside of the bedroom anyway.” Craig said with a little laugh. Beth nudged her boyfriend playfully and joined in the giggling as her face went red.

“Gross…” Kelly put her knife and fork down. Her appetite had evaporated.

“Oh, she does speak!” Craig acted surprised.

“Why don’t you just… go away!?” Kelly’s temper was getting the better of her and as the red mist descended, “Mom and I were fine before you arrived.”

“You’re acting like a child.” Craig retorted. The twenty-year-old was full of the confidence of youth.

Kelly was getting more and more annoyed. This man ten years her junior was coming in to her life and messing everything up. She couldn’t stand this disrespect for much longer. Her legs were shaking as she did her best to avoid a scene.

“Come on! You’re overreacting…” Craig snorted, “You must’ve had boyfriends, right? You know what goes on behind closed doors.”

“None of your business…” Kelly growled.

“She hasn’t been on a date in years.” Beth said to Craig, “I keep telling her to sign up for a dating app but…”

“Mom!” Kelly exclaimed in outrage. Her face flushed red.

“You’ve got to find yourself a man… or a woman. I don’t judge.” Craig chuckled, “You don’t want to live under you mom’s nose all your life.”

“Stop trying to change things!” Kelly angrily spat out. She knew Craig living with her would be insufferable but she didn’t think things would go this far south so quickly.

“Well, Craig wanted to talk to you about that, didn’t you?” Beth had been sitting quietly to the side but now she spoke up to distract her daughter who looked like she was about to lunge across the table.

“About what?” Kelly asked.

“We’ve been talking and there’s going to be some changes.” Beth said. She looked almost apologetic but stiffened up when she met Craig’s eyes.

“You are lacking in discipline.” Craig continued.

“What are the changes?” Kelly asked with a hint of concern. She hated change, “What’s going on?”

“It’s time for you to act your age.” Craig said, “You can help with the chores, you can get a job, you can start paying rent, you can-”

“Mom!?” Kelly turned to her mom in shock, “Are you just going to let him do this?”

“I think he’s right.” Beth smiled nervously.

“Whatever.” Kelly waved her hand dismissively and stood up. She looked at Craig, “Mom and I are happy with how things are. If you don’t like it you can leave.”

“Kelly! Come back!” Beth stood up and reached out but it was already too late.

Kelly stomped out of the room and up the stairs. Craig and Beth were left at the table looking at each other. Beth seemed shocked but Craig had a “I told you so” look, Kelly’s behaviour seemed to confirm everything Craig thought. When the sound of a slamming door echoed down the stairs Beth winced.

“I’m sorry.” Beth said quietly, “She doesn’t like change…”

“She’s thirty-years-old.” Crag replied as he picked at the last bits of food on his plate, “She has to grow up sometime.”

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Kelly huffed and puffed as she flopped on to her bed. She was willing to tolerate Craig marrying her mom despite how weird she found it but she couldn’t stand the idea of him bossing her around. She couldn’t believe he would come into their house and start changing everything. In Kelly’s opinion he had no right to tell her what to do.

For the rest of the day Kelly stayed in her room and only left it when she absolutely had to. She made sure to avoid her mother and soon to be step-dad, she was beyond annoyed by the pair of them for trying to make her do anything. When Beth had first said she was marrying Craig she had thought it was a joke but it was now clear they were serious. Kelly could only rest her hopes on the two of them splitting up as soon as possible.

When Kelly woke up the next day she resolved to make sure she didn’t change anything. She got dressed in some dirty clothes that were laying on her floor and then went downstairs to sit in front of the television just like she always did. She saw Craig poke his head around the door a couple of times as the hours passed but he didn’t say anything. Kelly smirked victoriously, when push came to shove he wasn’t willing to force her to change.

By the time dinner came around Kelly was feeling very confident and cocky. She strolled up to the dinner table feeling like the queen of the house again, she smiled across at Craig who remained silent and stone-faced. When they started eating it was in silence but with Craig and Beth sharing pointed looks.

“Did you do any job hunting today, sweetie?” Beth eventually asked.

“Nope.” Kelly replied confidently.

Kelly looked up from her food when she didn’t hear anyone saying anything. There was an air of tension and she was waiting for both Beth and Craig to capitulate. She had won, she knew and they would know it soon if they didn’t already.

“Right, the television is off-limits.” Craig said as he placed his cutlery down, “No more computer in your room either.”

“Excuse me?” Kelly’s eyes widened as she looked from Craig to her mom.

“If you’re going to live like a teenager you’ll have rules like one.” Craig replied easily, “You’re thirty-years-old for Heaven’s sake.”

“That’s ridiculous.” Kelly’s face scrunched up in disgust at the idea, “I refuse.”

“You can’t refuse.” Craig shot back, “If you want the computer and television then you’ll have to follow the rules.”

“This isn’t fair!” Kelly yelled as she stood up. She looked at her mother, “Tell him!”

“Honey, it would be a good time to start spreading your wings…” Beth smiled nervously.

“No!” Kelly stamped her feet on the floor, “This is bullshit.”

“Don’t swear!” Craig’s voice was full of authority, “You’re acting like a baby. Just do as you’re told and you won’t be punished. All we’re asking you to do is look for a jo-”

“I’m not a baby!” Kelly shrieked as she stamped her feet again.

“Right, I’m going to get that computer out of your room.” Craig said as he stood up, “You can get it back when-”

“No!” Kelly tried to block the door but the muscular and tall Craig had no trouble moving her out of the way.

Kelly looked anxiously at her mom who was still sitting at the table. She meekly shrugged her shoulders, she wasn’t a disciplinarian and had gladly handed those duties to Craig when they discussed moving in. Craig had made a point that Kelly had to grow up and although Beth agreed she had been unable to make it happen up till now.

When Kelly heard footsteps moving down the landing she suddenly realised what was happening and bolted out of the dining room and towards the stairs. She ran up the stairs two at a time and down the hallway to her bedroom. The door was open and as she turned the corner she saw Craig at her desk pulling the wires out of the computer.

“You can’t do this!” Kelly was on the verge of a full blown tantrum. Her eyes were watering her screechy voice was cracking with emotion.

“I can and if you ask me this is long overdue.” Craig replied. He may have been ten years younger but he certainly acted more like an adult.

Kelly tried to stop him but she wasn’t strong enough to stop him doing whatever he wanted. He simply batted her hands away as she tried to make the man stop. Kelly sat on her bed and started loudly crying, she looked over to the doorway to see her mom standing and watching anxiously.

“Here we go.” Craig said as he lifted up the computer tower, “You can have this back when you start acting responsibly.”

Kelly lost all control and dropped on to the floor. She felt so persecuted and oppressed and she just couldn’t deal with it. She hit and kicked the floor as she cried loudly. Craig looked down on his future step-daughter and was shocked, he knew she was immature but this surprised even him.

“We might need to go even younger. She’s acting like a baby.” Craig said dispassionately as he looked down at the thirty-year-old having a tantrum.

“She’s always been immature but I’ve never seen this…” Beth said in shock.

Kelly didn’t stop until long after the door had closed. She looked at the empty space where her computer had sat and felt anger coursing through her. The last words of her mother and Craig kept repeating in her head. She heard them calling her a “baby” and “immature.”

“They want immature, do they?” Kelly said to herself through clenched teeth, “I’ll show them immature. If they want to treat me like a kid I’ll make them regret it. They’ll beg me to take the computer back to stop me!”

Kelly laughed at her own deviousness. She stayed in her room for the rest of the evening and thought about the best way to get her revenge and prove her point.

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When Kelly woke up the next day her brain was already fixated on the events of the previous day. She saw the empty space where her computer had been and fumed. She would make them regret their actions and show them what immaturity truly looked like. She got out of bed and got dressed in the same clothes as the previous day.

Usually Kelly would go straight to the dining room table for breakfast in the morning but today she went straight to the television. It wasn’t long before Craig came to investigate.

“Now that you’ve slept on it are you ready to start acting like an adult?” Craig asked with his hands on his hips.

“Nope.” Kelly replied without looking away from the screen.

“I didn’t want to have to do this but you’re leaving me with little choice.” Craig sighed.

“What do you mean?” Kelly asked. This time she did look away from the television.

Craig walked across the room and turned off the television. He stood in front of it with his arms folded and a look of rigid determination. Kelly wasn’t sure what was happening but she had never had someone just walk over and turn off the television when she was watching something.

“No more television.” Craig said.

“You… You can’t just do that!” Kelly immediately exclaimed.

“I will continue to take away your adult privileges until you start acting your age.” Craig shook his head in disappointment at his future step-daughter.

Kelly was incensed. It was bad enough being told what she could and couldn’t do yet alone hearing it from someone so much younger than her. She didn’t like following rules in the first place it didn’t help when it was such a young man telling her what to do as if he were her senior. Kelly was beyond fed up with someone she saw as little more than a teenager telling her how to be an adult.

“Stop being a dick!” Kelly exclaimed angrily as she stood up and through her hands in the air. Despite standing Craig was still significantly taller than her.

“Go to your room!” Craig pointed to the doorway and the stairs beyond.

Kelly had other ideas. She marched out of the living room and started putting on her shoes. She grabbed a jacket and threw the front door open. It hit the small table and knocked over some of the picture frames.

“I’m leaving, Mom!” Kelly screamed down the hallway angrily, “And I’m not coming back to you kick out that prick!”

Kelly saw her mom’s shocked face appear at the end of the hallway just before she turned and slammed the door behind her. She marched down the garden path and on to the street where she started putting distance between herself and the house.

Craig watched from the living room window as Kelly stomped away towards the end of the street. Beth, who had heard her daughter shouting, hurried in to join him and looked out just in time to see Kelly disappear out of sight.

“Should we go after her?” Beth asked anxiously.

“No.” Craig replied assuredly, “She’ll be back soon. But we need to discuss what we are going to do when she gets back here.”

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Kelly walked through to the high street and sat down on a bench. She looked around darkly as multitudes of people went about their regular days. Kelly saw families laughing and joking as well as young couples holding hands. All of these people walking around and going about their days normally, none of them could understand Kelly and her problems. It was all Craig’s fault!

Kelly started to think about her options. She needed somewhere to go because she meant what she said about going back home, she wasn’t going back until her mom saw sense and kicked Craig out. Firstly Kelly considered family members who might take her in. Options were limited as a lot of the cousins she had grown up with had moved away or got families of their own. Kelly made a mental checklist of the few family members that were still around and started walking again. As she made her way past the shops she saw a homeless person sitting against a wall, his tattered clothes and dirty face said he had been there for some time. Kelly shivered, she couldn’t end up like that no matter what.

A couple of hours later as the time ticked close to midday Kelly was walking away from a house feeling more miserable than ever. She had knocked on all the doors of family members and found none willing to take her in. Friends weren’t an option because Kelly didn’t have any offline. Most of the people she had been friends with she had lost contact with years ago when they moved on with their lives.

Kelly found herself back on the bench in the high street looking at the homeless man from before. She had nowhere to go and she didn’t know what to do next. She was tired out from all the walking, far more exercise than she was used to, and hungry. She had no money on her and there was nothing in her bank account.

As time ticked on the sun slowly started sinking in the sky causing the shadows to lengthen and the temperature to dip. The smiling families and happy people were replaced with teenagers staying out late and more unsavoury types who scared Kelly. The homeless man still sat in the same place, he had barely moved a muscle the whole time and watching him started to seem like a look into Kelly’s own future.

Kelly’s mind flitted with images of herself sleeping rough years in the future. She imagined her tattered clothes and tattered hopes, she shivered as panic shot up her spine. She couldn’t live like that.

With the streetlights coming on and the darkness matching Kelly’s mood she started to slowly walk back towards home with her tail tucked firmly between her legs. She didn’t like having to swallow her pride but she had to admit when she was defeated. Maybe there would be some sort of compromise or maybe her mom had already kicked Craig out and was currently searching for her. The thought that she might’ve won swelled her heart with happiness.

It soon became obvious that Kelly hadn’t won anything. When she turned the corner to her street she saw Craig’s car sat on the curb outside her house. She felt disappointment and briefly considered turning away again but she knew there was nowhere to go. Kelly slowly walked up the street trying to drag the time where she had to face Craig further into the future. Eventually she reached the garden and as she opened the gate she saw the curtains move.

The front door opened before Kelly had even knocked. Craig stood in the threshold with Beth behind him, she looked very relieved to see Kelly. Kelly could barely look up to Craig as she was sure he was gloating in victory. No one said anything and the awkward tension grew as a cold wind blew through.

“Well… Can I come in?” Kelly eventually asked when Craig made no movement to get out of the way. She felt like Craig was prolonging the moment to make it more embarrassing for her.

“That depends.” Craig replied sternly, “Are you ready to apologise and live here under our rules?”

Kelly rolled her eyes and took a deep breath as she looked back down at the floor. She didn’t want to say sorry and she still believed everything she had said had been correct but she was also at a dead end, there was nowhere to go but back into the house. The rules about no computer and television until she looked for a job were crushing but maybe she could just pretend to look and get her privileges back.

“Sorry.” Kelly muttered.

“You’re going to need to do better than that.” Craig said, “Come on, a proper apology.”

“I’m sorry I swore at you.” Kelly’s’ fists were balling up. She absolutely hated this, “I’ll follow your rules and whatever else.”

Craig didn’t move for a second but then finally stepped back to allow Kelly inside. Kelly could see her mother was smiling but not looking up at her, it felt like something was going on and Kelly was being left in the dark. Sher took off her shoes and jacket but before she could head to the dining room Craig stopped her.

“Your mother and I have decided on some more drastic rules.” Craig said confidently, “You must understand that your behaviour is unacceptable. Don’t worry though, we can fix your attitude and get you on the right track.”

“What do you-” Kelly was interrupted as she suddenly felt Craig’s arms wrap around her, “Hey!”

“Be careful!” Beth pleaded to both her future husband and daughter.

Kelly automatically kicked out but was easily stopped. Craig was much taller and much stronger than Kelly who was easily held against Craig’s chest. Her legs and arms wrapped around him automatically out of fear of being dropped.

“What are you doing!?” Kelly hissed with embarrassment and confusion.

“I’m about to take you upstairs so I would stop trying to kick me unless you want us to fall down them.” Craig replied as if this was perfectly normal for him to be doing.

Kelly looked at her mother with wide-eyed confusion but she just quietly started following Craig up the stairs. Kelly felt so embarrassed to be manhandled like this and she had no idea what Craig was planning. Craig made it seem effortless as he carried Kelly down the landing to her bedroom door. He opened it up and only put Kelly down when they were stood in the middle of the floor.

“What the Hell are you doing!?” Kelly demanded as she regained her footing.

“If you are going to act like a child you are going to be treated as such.” Craig replied calmly.

“What does that even mean?” Kelly threw her hands up and looked from Craig to Beth.

Beth bit her lip as she pointed to the bed behind Kelly. Kelly frowned and turned around, there was a plastic bag from the local pharmacy on top of her sheets. She walked up to it and opened the bag as if there might be a bomb in it. What she saw made her feel like she had been sucker punched. She closed the bag straight away and turned to storm out of the room. Craig stopped her before she could reach the door.

Kelly had tears in her eyes as the image of what was in the bag was still seared into her mind despite only looking at it for a second. A smooth plastic rectangle blue in colour with a picture of a diapered waist stuck out like a neon sign and the word “diapers” was printed all over the packaging.

“Lay on the bed, Kelly.” Beth said softly.

“No!” Kelly couldn’t believe what was happening. She had tears in her eyes.

“It’s called regression therapy.” Craig explained, “Usually used on delinquent children. You’re a bit older than that but the principle is the same. You’ll be treated like the baby you’ve been acting like and you’ll learn to behave better in the future.”

“Mom, you can’t let him do this…” Kelly appealed to her mother.

“It was her idea.” Craig said whilst Beth fiddled with her fingers and looked at the floor, “Well, it was her idea to get you to be more mature. I came up with the rest.”

Kelly felt like her head was spinning as the events of the last couple of days caught up to her. Her breathing became shallow and her vision went blurry, she went to sit down on her bed but her legs gave way and she fell back as unconsciousness overtook her.

“Kelly!” Beth yelled as she covered her mouth.

Craig rushed forwards and put two fingers to the thirty-year-olds neck. He leant down and listened to her chest for a few seconds before straightening up again.

“It’s OK.” Craig said with a small smile as he hugged Beth, “She fainted but she’s OK. I think a combination of shock and not eating became too much for her.”

“Maybe we should forget this whole thing…” Beth suggested as she looked down at Kelly, “I don’t want to hurt her.”

“She’ll be fine.” Craig reassured his fiancée, “We talked about this. It won’t be easy but it’s best for all of us, especially Kelly. We should probably take this opportunity to put her in a diaper, we won’t get an easier chance.”

Beth sighed but nodded her head as both she and Craig started pulling out the diapers.

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Kelly felt consciousness coming back to her very slowly. It felt like she was deep in her own head and was surrounded by darkness with just a small window to the world in the distance. It slowly grew closer as Kelly felt her senses returning. She was confused, something had happened to cause her to be like this but for the moment it seemed impossible to recall. A feeling of anger came back to her, then embarrassment; emotions with no anchor to her memory.

Kelly’s memories returned like an explosion. She remembered being carried up the stairs by Craig, she remembered screaming and crying but most of all she remembered…

Kelly froze as she remembered exactly what had been happening. Her eyes opened slowly and she reached down with a single hand. She moved slowly and with trepidation, as her hand snaked past her belly button she felt the distinct papery waistband of a diaper. She drew in a sharp intake of breath and covered her mouth with her other hand. Her face was flushing red already and for a second she thought she might pass out again.

“Yes, it’s a diaper.” Craig’s voice came from somewhere off to the side, “And if you try to take it off you’ll be sorry.”

“W-What is happening?” Kelly couldn’t process everything. The padding between her legs was forcing her thighs apart and as she grew more aware of her senses she reached down to the main part of the diaper, it was very bulky. It crinkled under her fingers and she withdrew her fingers fearfully.

“You have been a failure as an adult.” Craig said sternly, “We, that is your mother and I, are going to be treating you like a baby until we think you are ready to grow up. I’m sure this is a shock to you but it will be good for you in the long run.”

Kelly already knew all of this having been told of it before she fainted but it was just impossible to recognise all this as real. This seemed so soundly in the world of fiction, it was like she had been sucked into some crazy horror film.

“I’ll let you get some rest.” Craig said, “But if I come back and find you out of that diaper you’ll be out of this house and on the street. You’re time as a freeloader is over. It’s time you grew up.”

Kelly’s head lulled to the side and her eyes just about managed to focus as Craig turned and marched out of the room. As if the closing of the door flicked a switch inside Kelly’s head the thirty-year-old woman closed her eyes and fell into a deep restorative sleep.

When Kelly opened her eyes again the sun was already in the sky. She felt groggy but realised she must’ve slept straight through the night. She felt better than the last time she woke up although the diaper and apparent treatment immediately jumped to the front of her mind. She rolled on to her side and heard the disposable crinkle loudly underneath her covers.

Automatically Kelly reached down with the intention of ripping the infantile underwear off but Craig’s words rang through her head and stopped her. She moaned and shifted into a sitting position, it was very early in the morning and Kelly wasn’t sure if anyone else was awake yet.

Kelly stood up and took a couple of steps. She froze and tensed up, the crinkling was out of control and it sounded incredibly loud. She quickly grabbed the closest clothes she could find and threw them on. The padding bulged out her pants but it was the best Kelly could do. She opened her bedroom door and stepped out on to the landing. There was definitely someone downstairs because Kelly heard a chair scrape against the kitchen floor.

Kelly walked unsteadily downstairs. Her mouth was incredibly dry and she wanted to both eat and drink. As Kelly walked into the kitchen she encountered both her mother and Craig in the room already. She wanted to leave but when Craig looked up from his newspaper at her she was certain he would want her to stay.

“Good morning.” Craig said as he ruffled the paper, “Need a diaper change?”

“No!” Kelly quickly replied with wide eyes. Her face glowed.

“Well come and sit down.” Craig continued without missing a beat, “You must be hungry.”

Kelly didn’t know how to act or react to anything that was happening. Was she supposed to just pretend everything was normal? Beth came over to her after a couple of minutes and left her some milky cereal and a glass of juice. It all seemed surprisingly normal. The elephant in the room was wrapped around Kelly’s waist and no one seemed to want to talk about it.

“Eat up.” Beth smiled and stroked the back of Kelly’s head, “We have a lot to do today.”

“We do?” Kelly asked quietly.

“Yes.” Beth nodded her head, “We have quite a bit we need to buy for your new, erm, lifestyle?”

“Look, I get it. I’ve been a lazy slob.” Kelly looked down at her cereal as she spoke, “Let’s forget all this stuff. I’ll look for a job and help out around the house and whatever else you want me to do. We can just forget about this ridiculous diaper stuff…”

“Honey, you’ve said all this before.” Beth smiled empathetically.

“But I mean it this time!” Kelly was exasperated. If she had known her mother was serious this time she might’ve actually done as she was asked!

“Eat up.” Craig said from across the table, “I’d like to get the shopping done before lunch if possible.”

Kelly took a deep breath and reluctantly took hold of her spoon to begin eating. She felt utterly humiliated but even worse than that was how trapped she was. After her attempt at running away the previous day she knew she had nowhere else to go. It really was Beth and Craig’s way or the highway.

Kelly was only allowed to leave the table when she had eaten all her breakfast and drank all her drink. She was feeling quite full when Craig and Beth started getting ready to head out. It seemed their tactic was to keep the momentum rolling so Kelly could never quite gain a footing, it felt like she was constantly falling and could never grab on to anything to stop herself.

“You aren’t going to take me out like this, are you?” Kelly asked nervously as she looked down at her waist.

“Of course we are.” Beth replied as she put on her most comfortable walking shoes.

“People will know…” Kelly whined nervously.

“Of course they won’t.” Beth reassured her daughter.

Kelly wished she could believe that but she could see her clothes bulging out and could still hear the crinkling despite the clothes she wore over her diaper. She was deliberately slow in putting on her shoes as she tried to delay departure as much as she could.

“Have you packed a diaper bag?” Craig yelled the question from the top of the stairs.

Kelly felt her breath catch in her chest as she felt the familiar rising heat of shame in her face. They were already being so casual about the most humiliating thing that could ever happen to Kelly, she hated how normal they were making it all seem. Her usual bad attitude had been drowned beneath the sea of shame.

“Yeah, it’s down here.” Beth replied.

Kelly finished tying her shoelaces and looked out into the hallway to see her mum holding up a duffel bag. The bag was light blue and had little cartoon pictures all over it. Kelly winced, it wouldn’t take a genius to work out what the bag was for.

“Come on, Kelly.” Craig said when he had come downstairs.

Everyone was ready and there was no logical reason to delay their trip any longer. Kelly sat on the couch wishing she could find that magical combination of words that would make all of this go away. She looked at Craig but didn’t move. The old Kelly would’ve told him to stick his punishments where the sun didn’t shine but even though so little time had passed it was like the diaper had sucked all of Kelly’s confidence away.

“Kelly…” Craig looked at Kelly with a look of determination, “It’s time to go.”

“You can leave me here.” Kelly suggested hopefully, “I understand the diapers and everything but I can wait here until you get back. We don’t ne-”

“Kelly…” Craig repeated.

“No! I won’t go! You can’t ma-” Kelly stopped talking very suddenly.

Kelly suddenly stopped as Craig marched across the room. He reached down and just as easily as the previous day lifted Kelly off the couch. She flailed for a couple of seconds as the younger man easily manhandled her, she was soon on her front laying over Craig’s knee. She teetered and felt blood rushing to her head as the back of her pants were pulled down to expose the padding underneath. She gasped as she realised she was mooning the room with her diaper.

Craig’s hand smacked against Kelly’s rear before she even knew she was getting a spanking. The second spank caused her to start wriggling in a desperate attempt to get off Craig’s lap but the younger man easily held her in place.

“You. Do. Not. Talk. Back. To. Your. Parents.” Craig punctuated each word with a spank. The sound of each hit echoed off the walls.

If Kelly hadn’t been reduced to tearful crying by this point she would’ve realised that Craig was describing himself as her parent for the first time. When he finally stopped punishing his future step-daughter he leaned back and looked down at the thirty-year-old with a shake of the head. Kelly hadn’t even noticed that the spanking had ended and she was still flailing and crying until eventually she managed to fall off Craig’s knees and on to the floor.

Kelly scampered away and crawled over to the doorway where Beth was now standing watching what was happening with shock. Kelly was still crying as she wrapped her arms around her mom and cried into her chest. She was like a little toddler who had been told off and was now running to the other parent for comfort.

“Come on, sweetie.” Beth said softly, “It’s alright.”

Kelly felt her mother take hold of her hand and start walking towards the front door. She stepped out into the sunlight as she continued to sniffle. She belatedly remembered the rear of her pants had been pulled down a little and she quickly pulled them back up causing the padding to get pushed closer to her body.

The spanking hadn’t particularly hurt thanks to the diaper but it had certainly humiliated the woman who was now marched to the car quite like a condemned person would be walked to the gallows. She pulled the door open and slipped into the backseat. Sitting on the diaper was no relief from the crinkling and feelings of thickness. She kept her eyes averted as Beth and Craig got into the front two seats.

The car started and as Beth fiddled with the radio Craig pulled away from the house and started heading towards the main road. Kelly didn’t know where they were going and she didn’t want to ask. At first she thought it might be the high street but they quickly drove past. The next obvious place they might be going would be the shopping mall but they turned in a different direction. Kelly frowned as she looked out the window, they seemed to be going away from all the commercial centres and out into suburbia.

“Should be just around the corner… Here we are.” Beth said as she looked out the window.

Kelly looked out of the window and was left more confused than ever. They were parked in front of a house that looked identical to all the houses either side of it. Kelly looked all around but couldn’t see a single store. Beth and Craig stepped out of the car and Kelly soon followed reluctantly. She stayed behind the others as they walked up a garden path.

The front door opened before the family reached it. They were greeted by a woman who seemed to be about Kelly’s age. She had a huge smile and held her arms out welcomingly. Kelly was left more confused than ever.

“You must be Beth!” The woman said as she stepped out and hugged Kelly’s mom.

“And you must be Terri.” Beth replied. Beth was less exuberant than this stranger but she smiled politely, “We were worried we were going to the wrong place.”

“Nope, you found us!” Terri seemed too enthusiastic. She looked past Beth and saw Kelly slouching behind them, “And this is your little girl!”

Kelly wanted to retort that she wasn’t a “little girl” but Terri was already wrapping her in a hug and excitedly babbling. She waved for the family to follow her inside the house which they all did. Kelly was the last inside and pulled the door closed behind her, she was just glad to be out of the public where she might’ve been seen. The reason for being here was still a mystery but Kelly was feeling increasingly nervous.

“Do you want a cup of coffee?” Terri asked, “Or do you want to just get everything and go. I promise I won’t be offended! I know how busy it can be looking after a brand new baby.”

“That sounds wonderful.” Beth replied with a smile.

Kelly followed everyone through the narrow hallway and into the dining room. To Kelly’s surprise she saw a highchair sitting next to the table but there didn’t seem to be any baby around. She sat down next to her mother with the highchair opposite her, it was very wide and tall for a piece of baby equipment.

“That’s a very nice highchair.” Beth said politely.

“Thank you. I built it myself a while ago.” Terri smiled as she looked over at the chair, “Had to teach myself woodworking but it was all worth it.”

“Oh, yes. Certainly it was!” Beth returned the warm smile.

Terri started to make the coffee whilst Beth and Craig admired the highchair. Kelly had her arms across her chest and her head down. She felt so ashamed about what she was wearing, it was even worse knowing that this stranger seemed to know her peculiar circumstances.

“I’ll call Diana down in a second. She’s been in the naughty corner for the last half an hour.” Terri threw out quite casually.

“Oh dear.” Beth replied.

“Don’t worry, she’s been MUCH better behaved since the treatment. Just a few slip-ups now and then and I have to let her know who is boss.” Terri chuckled as she walked over and placed the steaming mugs in front of Beth and Craig, “I haven’t forgotten about you, Kelly.”

Terri went back over to the fridge and grabbed something. Kelly was still looking down at her lap and so didn’t notice what was happening around her. She missed Craig and Beth sharing a knowing smile. What did this crazy woman mean when she said someone was in the naughty corner?

“Here you go.” Terri placed something on the table causing Kelly to look up.

Kelly’s eyes opened wide as she saw a pink translucent plastic drinking vessel placed in front of her. She looked from the baby bottle to her parents and back again, her shock was almost palpable and she had an almost instinctive reaction in pushing the bottle away. The pink plastic toppled over and though the amber teat meant it didn’t spill a couple of drops fell on to the table.

The reaction was immediate. Kelly had barely even pulled her arm back when Craig stood up and walked around to Kelly. He pulled the woman ten years his senior to her feet and bent her over the table. Kelly was in shock as her hands splayed out and knocked the bottle further away from them. She was about to demand to know what was happening when she was sent even further into shock.

“You do not act like a brat!” Craig said. His voice was quiet and yet harsh. Kelly suddenly felt her future step-father’s hand on the waistband of her pants.

“Wai-” Kelly stopped mid word as she felt her pants get yanked downwards exposing her big diapered bottom to the room. She felt as if time had stopped as her humiliating underwear was put on display.

The first spank caused Kelly’s already sore butt to send fresh waves of pain through her body despite the padding protecting her skin. She jerked forwards and the table was pushed slightly as Craig’s hand connected with her.

Craig delivered ten swift spanks to Kelly who had tears in her eyes by the end. She straightened up and pulled her pants back up with shaking hands. Sniffing back the tears she tried desperately not to start bawling like the baby she increasingly felt like.

“That’s good.” Terri’s voice broke the silence, “You’ve got a grip of the discipline already.”

Kelly swallowed hard and rubbed her eyes as Terri walked out of the room and to the foot of the stairs. Kelly felt a hand on her shoulder and saw it belonged to her mother, in anger she shrugged the hand away. The spanking had caused another problem for her, she realised she needed the bathroom and whether it was because she knew she couldn’t go or not the need was coming on fast and strong.

“Diana!” Terri called up the stairs from the hallway, “Come down and say hello to our guests.”

Kelly heard some hurried footsteps on the floor above them. The steps came down the stairs and then along the hallway. Despite everything Kelly was intrigued at who Diana was, despite her humiliation she looked over her shoulder to the hallway. Terri appeared a second later followed shortly by a young woman who could only have been Diana.

Diana shuffled into the room with her head bowed down and her long brown hair tied into long pigtails. She reminded Kelly of a mouse, she seemed to shrink from attention but when she looked up she revealed green eyes and a very feminine face. She was wearing a smile but something about it seemed a little off, like a doll with a smile painted on rather than genuine human emotion.

“Hello, it is a pleasure to meet you!” Diana gave a quick half-curtsey before stepping fully into the room and walking straight to the highchair.

Kelly gasped as she walked in and crinkled loudly. Kelly’s eyes dropped to Diana’s waist and could see it bulging out almost comically as she waddled up to her special chair and climbed in. As she turned to face the table Kelly could see that her smile was now bookended on either side by rosy cheeks. Diana was wearing a skirt and when she sat down her bulging diaper and plastic pants were exposed to everyone else in the room.

“I thought Diana was out of diapers…” Beth said in confusion.

“She is… for the most part.” Terri said as she walked behind her daughter and put her hands on the diapered girl’s shoulders, “Sometimes Terri acts up and when that happens she needs a reminder, isn’t that right baby?”

“Yes, Mommy.” Diana replied as she looked down again. She attempted to smooth out her skirt but couldn’t hope to hide her underwear.

Kelly looked at her parents and saw how they were staring admiringly at Terri and the “baby” and she felt a shiver run down her spine. It should’ve been obvious from the first time she saw Diana but this was what her mom and Craig had planned for her!

Clearly the punishments were already starting to fix Kelly’s behaviour as her first instinct of getting up and running away was quickly suppressed. She could still feel her stinging behind like a constant reminder of what would happen, she had already been spanked twice that day she didn’t know if she could take a third. Kelly simply sat quietly as Craig, Beth and Terri conversed about mundane topics.

“Shall we start moving stuff out to the car?” Terri asked during a lull in the conversation. Kelly’s ears perked up.

“Sure.” Craig smiled and stood up.

“Alright, the heavy stuff is in the garage. If Kelly wants to go with Diana to get some of the things upstairs it might be a good idea.” Terri said.

Kelly was about to open her mouth to speak when Craig agreed on her behalf. Kelly saw Diana slip down from her seat and walk around the table. She held out her hand for Kelly like a little girl waiting for her friend. Kelly saw the pointed looks she was getting from everyone else and stood up. She felt a pang in her bladder as she reached her arm out, she was getting desperate for the toilet.

Kelly took Diana’s hand and was quickly led out of the room. She looked back to her mom but she was already heading off in the opposite direction. Kelly was pulled up the stairs and thanks to Diana’s short skirt she was getting a real close up look at the plastic pants clad diaper underneath it.

The two women walked down the landing to one of the doors which Diana pushed open and stepped inside. Almost as soon as Diana was over the threshold she dropped Kelly’s hand and walked over to her bed. Kelly meanwhile was in shock at what she was seeing.

“Th-This is your room?” Kelly gasped.

“Yeah, just wonderful isn’t it.” Diana’s happy voice had been completely supplanted by sarcasm.

The room was certainly not what Kelly was expecting. The young woman in front of her must have been in her early twenties and yet the room she was standing in would be appropriate for a pre-teen girl. Everything seemed to be either pink or white, the bed was covered in sheets with pictures of unicorns all over. There was a children’s play castle in the middle of the room along with lots of dolls and other toys dotted everywhere. The curtains were a pink netting that was blowing softly in the breeze.

“I just don’t understand…” Kelly put one of her hands in her forehead. She wasn’t even conscious that she was squeezing her legs together a little to try to relieve her bladder ache.

“You must be new then.” Diana said as she opened a pink suitcase and started putting things in.

“New?” Kelly asked.

“To the regression therapy stuff.” Diana was folding some clothes and placing them in the case.

“Yeah, I am.” Kelly replied, “I don’t really understand what is going on.”

“You will.” Diana replied with a shake of her head, “It absolutely sucks.”

As Diana spoke Kelly felt her bladder reaching breaking point. She squeezed her legs together and let out a grunt. She saw Diana turn to look at her curiously, a small smile crept across her face. The smile looked a lot more genuine than the one at the table.

“Oh wow, you really are new!” Diana chuckled as she shook her head, “You haven’t wet yourself yet?”

Kelly could only shake her head as her face blazed with shame. She knew the toilet was close at hand and yet she was utterly unable to use it. Even if she could move without pissing her pants she knew she wouldn’t make it in time. Diana was walking over to her and she put her arm around Kelly in a comradely way.

“Just let it go. You’ll feel so much better afterwards.” Diana advised, “I wet myself just coming up the stairs!”

“I can’t…” Kelly grunted. The pressure was almost unstoppable and the choice to use her diaper was going to be removed from her very soon.

Diana placed a hand on Kelly’s lower belly. She slowly pushed against the bladder area and Kelly immediately felt the pressure increase past her control point. She gasped as her straining bladder muscles finally lost the fight.

“No!” Kelly gasped as she felt a sudden rush of heat enter her padded pants.

Kelly was horrified as she began to wet herself. The urine that had so strained her bladder now poured uncontrollably out of her body and into the disposable diaper. There was the faintest hiss as the pressurised pee fired out of her. The padding soaked up the accident brilliantly and Kelly could feel the warmth on her skin moving up both the front and back of the diaper. She felt certain she was going to leak but the diaper managed to hold it all in. By the time she had stopped wetting herself Diana had walked back over to continue to pack things. Kelly stood stock still in stunned silence.

“Feel better?” Diana asked casually.

“H-How could you?” Kelly gasped. She was desperately not trying to move as the puffed up padding rubbed against her body.

“It gets easier.” Diana said very casually, “Soon enough it’ll seem normal. Well, almost normal.”

“I don’t want it to be like that!” Kelly stomped her foot on the floor angrily. She regretted it quickly as the thick padding rubbed against her thighs. She looked over at Diana who was now filling a backpack with some teddy bears, “What are you doing anyway?”

“Packing stuff for you to take home.” Diana said quite casually.

“I don’t want any of it!” Kelly quickly replied.

“Well your Mommy and Daddy want you to have it all.” Diana shrugged, “Besides I don’t use it much anymore.”

“Why not?” Kelly asked with a frown, “You’re still wearing a diaper, right?”

“I don’t usually wear them now.” Kelly could see that Diana was feeling quite embarrassed, “Only when I’ve been naughty.”

Kelly could see that her parents were planning to put her through the same thing Diana had been through. She looked at Diana and felt like it was a vision of her future, a shiver ran down her spine but the fear and anger she had been directing towards Diana suddenly evaporated. Kelly needed to know more.

“How long have you been doing this?” Kelly asked much more softly.

“A few months.” Diana replied vaguely, “I lost my job because I kept turning up late. Mommy said I needed to learn responsibilities and then a week later all this started.”

“Months…” Kelly repeated breathlessly.

“It’s hard but you’ll get used to it.” Diana smiled, “Now come and help me take some of these bags down.”

Kelly reluctantly walked forwards and found that her accident had caused the diaper to swell up considerably. She tried to press her thighs together and walk normally but it was impossible and she was forced into a slight waddle. There were five bags laden with toys and supplies that had to be taken down but Kelly and Diana made it in one trip. The front door was open and when Kelly looked outside she saw the family car being loaded with some big boxes. She almost felt like crying.

“Looks like you’re in for the long haul.” Diana muttered. She looked happy, no doubt she was relieved to see so much of the baby equipment being taken out of the house, “Let me give you a word of advice. Don’t fight it, do as you’re told and it will all be easier for you.”

Kelly almost subconsciously reached behind her and felt her painful rear end through her diaper. She was sure her butt was bruised in some way after all the spanking. She sighed and nodded her head even as a tear rolled down her cheek.

“Good luck!” Diana called after Kelly as the second girl left the house and started walking towards the car laden with bags.

Kelly slowly approached the car in her freshly wet diaper and although she knew no one would be able to tell the way everyone looked at her made her very self-conscious. She dropped all the bags in the open trunk of the car and then slipped into the backseat, it was now very cramped back there with big boxes taking up a majority of the seats.

Kelly kept looking at Diana by the front door as the car pulled away from the curb and the family started their way home. The woman in the backseat wondered just how far this was going to be taken and whether Diana’s advice to give in to it would actually help.

“Weren’t they lovely?” A beaming Beth in the front passenger said as she looked at the other occupants of the car.

“They certainly gave us a lot of ideas.” Craig agreed.

Kelly just waited the journey out in silence. The wet diaper pushed her legs apart distractingly and she hoped she would be changed sooner rather than later, sitting in your own rapidly cooling pee was not her idea of fun.

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Once the family had finally arrived at home Kelly was the first to get out of the car. She had hoped to slip away quickly but she was soon called back by Craig who gave her some boxes and bags to carry into the house. Kelly hated this, it was like she was participating in her own punishment, she might as well have been locking herself up in a prison cell.

Kelly put everything she was carrying down in the living room and as she stood up straight she heard her mom and future step-dad going up the stairs. She was starting to feel desperate for a diaper change now but was loathe to ask for one. No matter how uncomfortable she felt asking for a change would make things even worse, she would probably die of embarrassment. She reached down and tried to pull the plastic padding of the diaper away from her skin a little to give her poor diaper area a break.

After half an hour of standing around and debating what to do Kelly finally realised she would have to go upstairs and ask the most embarrassing question of her life. She slowly walked out of the living room and up the stairs as if she was walking to the electric chair. She could hear banging coming from her bedroom and was at once upset that her parents were changing things and unsurprised. When she pushed opened the door to her room she almost immediately burst into tears.

“What are you doing to my room!?” Kelly whined petulantly.

“Your room?” Craig replied as he screwed two pieces of wood together, “I wasn’t aware you paid rent. Does she pay rent, Beth?”

“She does not.” Beth replied as she folded up some clothes. Kelly could see right away they were baby clothes sized up for adults.

“Oh, well she must do all the chores then?” Craig suggested sarcastically, “The cooking, cleaning and everything else…”

“She doesn’t do that either.” Beth replied. A thin-lipped smile crossed her face.

“Stop it!” Kelly exclaimed as she stamped her foot on the floor.

“Well if you don’t do anything to earn the room then it can’t be yours.” Craig concluded.

Kelly felt like she had every right to be annoyed. Her room was in a state of being taken apart, her desk had been taken apart and so had her bed. In their places were semi-constructed furniture, Kelly didn’t know what the new stuff was but she had more than a passing idea that she wouldn’t like it. As the other two adults got to work she remembered why she had first come up and the question she had to ask was only getting harder.

“Mom, can I talk to you?” Kelly asked as she held the door open and indicated the landing.

“I’m kind of busy, can it wait?” Beth replied.

“Well, it’s just… I kind of need… I had to…” Kelly stuttered as she became increasingly flustered. She could feel herself going red in the face.

“Spit it out.” Craig said impatiently.

“I… I… I need a change.” Kelly finally muttered ashamedly.

“What was that?” Beth asked over the sound of her hammering in a nail, “You have to speak up.”

“I need a change.” Kelly said a little more loudly but this time her voice was drowned out by Craig ripping open a taped closed cardboard box.

“What?” Beth said again.

“I need a diaper change!” Kelly had grown frustrated and as she lost her temper she yelled right into a lull in the noise.

Kelly immediately went red in the face and covered her mouth with her hands. Saying the words made it all so real and as Craig and Beth looked up at her she felt as if the diaper was twice the size it already was.

“Alright, give me a second…” Beth said as she moved away from what she was working on.

Kelly tried to avoid Craig’s indecipherable stare as she waited for her mom. She watched Beth cross the room and look through some of the assorted bags they had brought home with them. Kelly regretted asking for a change now, maybe it would have been less embarrassing for her to wait it out until she was changed anyway. Maybe she could’ve leaked, the thought of ruining some furniture because of this punishment made her smile.

“Ah, here it is.” Beth eventually said, “Terri said Diana just loved this.”

Kelly severely doubted that claim. She felt that no matter what was in that bag Diana wouldn’t have loved it. She anxiously waited and watched as Beth pulled out a big folded over… something. It looked almost like a blanket but was thinner and shinier. Kelly was a little confused until it was unfolded and laid on the ground. She belatedly realised her mother had brought home a changing mat.

“Down you get.” Beth said as she pulled a fresh diaper and some wipes out of the chest of drawers, “This will have to do until we get your new changing table set up.”

Kelly winced and felt physically sick at hearing she was going to have her own changing table. Her mind went back to Diana’s room, the thought that she herself would be living like that soon felt impossible.

The changing mat was bright pink and had a shiny surface causing it to crinkle just like Kelly’s diaper. It was very plain but it’s intended use was clear for all to see. Kelly slowly sat down next to the mat and then reluctantly lifted herself on to the changing area. As she lowered her butt she felt the thick padding squeeze beneath her.

Kelly laid back and was swiftly undressed until her diaper was all she had on. She felt her mother’s hand press against the padding and let out a whine of embarrassment. She covered her face with her hands and begged for this to be over.

“Oh, stop your whining.” Beth said as she pulled her hand away, “Honestly, you’d think you were the only adult to have wet themselves.”

Whilst Kelly was sure she wasn’t the first to have this happen it didn’t make her feel any better. She looked between her fingers to see Beth standing up and walking over to the bags. She moved some things around before pulling out some baby wipes and a new diaper. Kelly had been expecting the worst but she had her breath taken away when she saw the new disposable.

“Oh, not one of those!” Kelly whined. She could feel the tears coming.

The diaper was clearly one of Diana’s. The padding was a bright pink and covered in little pictures of princesses, it looked twice as thick as the diaper she was currently wearing. Despite Kelly’s protestations Beth knelt down between the legs of her daughter, she was smiling as if this was something she had always wanted to do.

Beth pulled the tapes off the front of the diaper and Kelly felt the incontinence pants slacken. Her sensitive skin which had been warmed by her pee now felt the cool air causing her to shiver. The front of the diaper was lowered and Kelly went back to completely hiding her humiliated face.

Kelly heard some rustling and then was shocked by a feeling of coldness on her crotch. The thirty-year-old jumped and almost rolled off the changing map with the suddenness of the baby wipes. Kelly felt her mother grab her leg to keep her still as she wiped up the stale urine.

Beth dropped the used wipes into the open diaper and then pulled it out from under Kelly. It was less than a minute before the new diaper was unfolded, slipped under Kelly and taped tightly closed. Kelly could immediately feel that this was worse than what had come before it. When her mother stood up she tried to close her legs together and was embarrassed to find how much her legs were kept apart.

“There we go.” Beth said when she patted the new diaper, “Here, take this bag of toys and go play in the living room.”

Kelly slowly climbed to her feet with her face as pink as her padding. She felt totally embarrassed but took the bag from her mother without complaint. She got dressed and walked out of the room with a loud sniff to head downstairs.

“We’re already making progress.” Craig said softly as he put his hands on Beth’s shoulders as they watched the daughter leave, “Do you see how much more compliant she is? This’ll all be over before you know it.”

“I hope so.” Beth replied with a sigh, “Come on, we have a bunch of things to build before bedtime.”

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Kelly sat downstairs with her bag of toys and wondered how things had got out of control so quickly. She stayed in the living room with the door closed and every time she heard footsteps she tensed up in fear. The footsteps carried on past the door each time and at one point something heavy seemed to be dragged through towards the dining room.

Kelly hadn’t opened or even looked in the bag for toys. She had dropped it in the centre of the room and gone to sit on the couch, she watched television and tried to avoid moving or looking at the huge diaper between her legs. The pink padding felt many times more noticeable than the previous one.

After a couple of hours Kelly needed to pee again. She whined in frustration, the toilet was so close and yet she couldn’t use it. She knew how uncomfortable it could get to hold her bladder so she did the only thing that seemed to make sense. She stood up off the couch and took a deep breath.

Kelly had to force her bladder to relax and then felt the rush of urine rushing down and out of her body. It was embarrassing to be fully dressed and peeing but she forced herself to keep going until she was empty. The padding greedily absorbed the piss and barely expanded at all, she was shocked at how easily it coped with her wetting and how much capacity it had.

Once it was all over Kelly sat back down. The urine soaked padding pressed up into her erogenous zones and she shivered. She didn’t really know what she should do now. She could ask for another diaper change but she wasn’t sure her fragile ego could handle it and she expected her parents would deny her since the diaper was clearly capable of more use.

“Dinner!” Beth called down the hallway a little later.

Kelly heard footsteps coming closer and then the door to the living room opened. Craig looked in sternly and Kelly immediately stood up before she gave the younger man a reason to punish her. She felt her diaper hug her as she moved and the wet padding rubbed backwards and forwards against her skin.

“Good girl.” Craig praised his future step-daughter as she waddled past.

Kelly made her way down the hallway to the kitchen area. As soon as she walked through the doorway and saw the dining table she felt her body and brain freeze. Her chair had been taken away and replaced by a large highchair. The pink painted wooden seat with a plastic tray stood out sharply in contrast with the normal wooden chairs. Kelly belatedly realised her mouth had dropped open the moment she had seen the horrible new piece of furniture.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?” Beth said with a smile, “It was Diana’s spare highcha-… Where are you going?”

Kelly’s fight or flight instinct kicked in and she immediately turned to run back down the hallway. She couldn’t bear to see the embarrassing seat and she wanted to get as far away from it as possible even if she knew it was inevitable.

Kelly reached the bottom of the stairs before she was grabbed by Craig. She froze in place as she was pulled back into the hallway by her arm.

“Where are you going?” Craig asked, “It’s dinner time, silly girl.”

“No!” Kelly exclaimed, “I’m not sitting in that chair! I’m not a baby!”

Kelly was one step away from a full on tantrum as she was pulled into the kitchen. She looked at the chair again and felt a fresh shiver of dislike run down her spine. She could see leather restraints around where the ankles and wrists would be, it made the chair even more sinister.

Craig’s arms were strong but Kelly managed to stop him from putting her into the seat. She fought and struggled until Craig suddenly stopped. She thought she had won but was quickly disabused of that notion when she was bent over the table instead.

“No! Not again!” Kelly protested as she pre-emptively winced.

Kelly was spanked yet again with the diaper providing only the barest of cushions for her poor bottom. She winced as the first spank landed and sent stinging heat across her skin. She teared up immediately as if it was a learned reaction to the punishment and then started sobbing as the first few spanks landed on her. The diaper seemed to amplify the sound of the smacks even if it lessened the impact, the spanks echoed around the kitchen and seemed to make it all feel much worse.

Looking to the side Kelly saw her mother watching proceedings. She had her hands on her hips and was shaking her head in disappointment. Kelly wished she would stop this crazy punishment and tell Craig to get out but it was clear she agreed with what was happening. As the spanks rained down Kelly could only think about doing whatever it took to avoid more of these dreadful punishments.

Kelly yelped like a puppy as each spank landed before her kicking and flailing finally subsided. When the final spank had finally landed and Craig stepped back there was an embarrassed silence. Kelly picked herself up and without looking at anyone or saying a word she dropped back into the seat of the highchair. She winced as her tender rear stung on contact with the wooden seat.

“You’re going to wear out my hand like this.” Craig joked as he pulled the tray into place and then went to his seat.

Kelly’s bottom lip protruded as she looked down at the tray and wiped the tears out of her eyes. She remained silent when Beth placed her food in front of her, she saw the bowl and felt her heart sink. Kelly didn’t even need to ask what the steaming mush was, she knew it was baby food. She felt foolish for thinking she would be given anything else.

When everyone started to eat Kelly sadly picked up the small plastic spoon and turned the unappetising food over. She glanced up to see Beth and Craig eating a delicious looking lasagne, how she wished she could be in one of their seats.

“If you don’t want to feed yourself I can always do it for you.” Beth said after a couple of minutes when Kelly hadn’t started eating.

That threat spurred Kelly into action and despite not feeling hungry she dipped the spoon into the food and started chewing the exceedingly sweet infant mush. It actually didn’t taste as bad as she expected though it didn’t compare to her mother’s wonderful cooking. She had taken Beth’s cooking for granted so often.

Kelly shovelled the food down in an attempt to end the meal as quickly as possible. She had been given a bottle of milk as well and it was as she picked it up that she relaxed her bladder again. A small shiver went down her spine as the urine pooled around her privates and warmed her red buttocks. It felt so obvious but no one else seemed to guess what she was doing. Despite it seeming to remain a secret she still flushed with embarrassment.

Eventually the bowl was empty. Beth didn’t let Kelly out of the seat until she had scraped up as much of the food as she could and swallowed it. By the time she finished the mush she could almost feel it slushing around in her tummy, she felt quite full despite the less than solid nature of her dinner. She picked up the bottle that was nearly empty and fully drained it as her bowl was taken away.

“See, you make such a big fuss about these things but it’s not so bad.” Beth smiled, “We should’ve done this years ago.”

Kelly contented herself with the milk she was drinking and used it as an excuse not to respond and get in more trouble. When she had finished the drink the tray was unlocked and moved to the side. The thirty-year-old woman scooted forwards on her padded backside and slipped down to the floor. She didn’t have a chance to think before her hand was taken by her mom who led her back into the living room. Craig followed a few moments later, he had taken a backseat to watch his future wife with Kelly and felt very happy with how she had done.

Beth and Craig cuddled up on the couch as they turned on the television whilst Kelly was sat on the floor in her wet padding. She looked up at the people she was forced to recognise as “mommy” and “daddy” as if to ask what she should do.

“Play with your toys, baby.” Craig said as he nodded his head towards some of the baby activities lying around on the floor.

Kelly looked around with a scowl. Although she was keeping up the thorny exterior she was internally battling over what to do about her diaper. She could ask for a change but the amount of shame she felt that bring would crush her, they must know she was wet but they didn’t seem to be doing anything about it. Kelly didn’t know if they were waiting for her to say something or not.

Feeling her sore behind still complaining about the punishment it had received Kelly reached over and pulled a couple of the dolls on the floor towards her. Despite her embarrassment she started playing with them to avoid more spankings. This seemed to satisfy Craig who put his arm around Beth and started watching the television.

With little to occupy her mind Kelly found that her listless fiddling with the dolls soon morphed into a little game. She pulled over more of the dolls and started trying to craft a story with them, it wasn’t exactly the most compelling drama in the world but it filled the time and Kelly found herself getting absorbed in her creations more and more. It was like a creative spark in Kelly’s brain that had been previously extinguished by her laziness had sprung to life. As she played and acted out her scenes she remembered back to when she used to write stories in her younger days, she couldn’t remember why she had ever stopped.

“I think it’s bedtime for a certain baby girl.” Craig stood up and stretched as he looked towards the clock.

Kelly looked over to the clock as well and was shocked to find that she had been on the floor and playing with her toys for two and a half hours. It had positively flown by which both surprised and scared Kelly who suddenly realised she had been laying on her front on the floor flashing her wet diaper to her mom and future step-dad as if she had no shame in the world. For someone who tried to keep a stony exterior up for the world she felt ashamed to have dropped it like that.

“But it’s so early…” Kelly whined as she sat up.

“Come on.” Beth shot her daughter a warning look.

Kelly sighed and with rosy cheeks she stood up and reluctantly followed Craig out of the living room and up the stairs. As Kelly looked up at her mom’s boyfriend she felt her fists ball up in anger. In days gone by her frustration would’ve boiled over and she would’ve hit Craig or ran away, now she simply relaxed and meekly followed the stronger man.

“I’m glad you’re accepting this treatment.” Craig said idly without turning around, “It makes this whole thing easier on all of us. Apparently Diana put up quite a bit more fuss before she submitted, it was very hard on her poor mother.”

Kelly shook her head in disbelief. This certainly wasn’t easier for her than what had come behind it and she resented the accusation that she was “accepting” anything however true it might be. Just like with her balled fists, in the past shed would unleash a tongue lashing on the person antagonising her, now she just followed quietly and kept her thoughts to herself. Whether she realised it or not she was being moulded by the changes in her life. She didn’t like to think that she was accepting this all easier than Diana, it made her think she should be putting up more of a struggle.

“Will you need a diaper change before bed?” Craig asked. He placed special emphasis on the dreaded “diaper” word.

“Yes…” Kelly muttered in embarrassment.

“Hmm, well we shouldn’t be surprised. You’ve been in that one for quite a while. I’m sure you’ve been tinkling into it. Maybe you’ve left a little present for me. Have you? Have you left a little poo poo parcel for Daddy?” Craig chuckled.

“No way!” Kelly’s eyes bulged and she felt a shiver go down her spine as she imagined that particular humiliation, “I’m NOT doing that! Ever!”

“I’m afraid, baby girl, your body will almost certainly disagree with you.” Craig said as he pushed open Kelly’s bedroom door.

“I promise you I will never do th-” Kelly was in the middle of adamantly defending her honour when she walked through the doorway to her bedroom and was forced into silence.

Kelly was left speechless as she looked at her room. It couldn’t be her bedroom, surely there was no way her bedroom had been transformed so completely. Her eyes swivelled and everywhere she looked she saw things that made her sink further into shock. It was like she had just walked into Diana’s bedroom. Her place of privacy and solitude had been changed totally.

Her bed had been modified and was now surrounded by bars on three sides. The white bars had a musical mobile hanging above it and the fourth side that didn’t have bars had a large white wooden headboard adorned with ornate pink flowers.

On the wall to the side of the improvised crib was a long table with baby blue padding along the top of it. Shelves under the changing surface were filled with diapers, baby wipes, talcum powder and assorted other baby items. The changing table took up a lot of the room and the thought of being picked up and placed on it made Kelly feel sick.

The worst part about these changes was how it signalled how long term the diapers were going to last. Kelly knew her Mom and Craig wouldn’t go to all this effort if they were planning for the diaper treatment to end any time soon. The furniture represented a horrible permanence that made Kelly feel despairing of her situation.

“Hop up on the table.” Craig said as he indicated the changing table, “Hopefully it won’t collapse. Your Mommy and I followed all the instructions.”

“Instructions?” Kelly repeated rather breathlessly. This didn’t seem like the kind of thing you bought at a regular flat-pack furniture shop.

“Yes, Terri was kind enough to give us some written instructions when she gave us the table.” Craig said.

Kelly stepped forwards and stood to the side of the changing table. The padded surface was quite high and it would be awkward for the diapered woman to climb up and on to. She stood to the side and wondered how she could clamber up whilst maintaining any of her battered dignity. Clearly she hesitated too long as Craig walked over behind her and placed both hands under Kelly’s armpits. Kelly yelped as she was lifted and sat on the edge of the table, her diaper squished underneath her as she was sat down. She laid back as Craig started to prepare the change.

Kelly wished she had taken more time to talk to Diana when she had the chance. Maybe the other woman in her position could’ve given her some tips to get through this or at least give her Kelly some idea of what to expect. The endless shocks were not doing Kelly any good at all.

“You certainly did wet yourself.” Craig said as he stood at the foot of the table and looked down at the wet diaper, “What a big baby.”

Kelly bit her tongue to stop herself retorting and stoically stared up at the ceiling as if it was the most interesting thing in the world. She felt the tapes on her diaper being pulled away and the front slackened dramatically when the last tape was pulled free. The front of the padding was lowered and Kelly blushed furiously even though her future step-father had seen her like this before when she had fainted.

The wet touch of the baby wipes made Kelly shiver. She automatically tried to squeeze her legs shut to protect herself from the cold but Craig just pushed them open again, he wasn’t going to be stopped until he was certain Kelly was completely clean. There was nothing sexual in the wiping, Kelly wasn’t in the least bit turned on and Craig was clearly only doing this as part of the change. In some ways the coldness that commanded Craig’s movements made what was happening all the worse.

The used diaper was pulled out from underneath Kelly though her relief from padding was brief. A new diaper was opened, it’s crinkling filled the air, and it was slipped under Kelly’s raised butt. The thirty-year-old woman felt another involuntary shiver go up her spine as she felt the padding caress her body.

Some baby powder was sprinkled in the new diaper before the front was lifted up and over Kelly’s crotch. She felt the last few moments of fresh air against her sensitive parts before the padding encased her and was taped tightly closed. She felt Craig tap her twice on the side of the leg, she sat up and dangled her feet in the air. Before she could drop down to the floor she felt Craig lift her up quite effortlessly and sit him on her hip.

“I can walk…” Kelly muttered through clenched teeth.

“It’s quicker if Daddy carries you.” Craig replied as she gave the girl’s diapered rear a couple of quick pats.

The pats reminded Kelly of the spankings she had received and she instantly stopped her complaining. She was placed in her crib and the rails were lifted and locked into place. She turned around to investigate the white bars but found them to be very sturdy.

“The release for the crib is down here.” Craig indicated a small lever with his foot, “You aren’t to use this except for emergencies and by that I mean anything short of the house burning down means you don’t get out of that bed, understood?”

Kelly was gripping two of the bars as she nodded her head slowly. Craig nodded his head too and started to leave. He paused halfway across the room and walked over to the far wall. Kelly saw him reach into a plastic bag but she didn’t see what he was grabbing until he straitened up with a pink teddy bear in his hand. With a wide smile he went to the crib and placed the cuddly toy against the headboard next to the pillows.

“Your Mommy will be up with a bottle in a bit.” Craig said, “Sweet dreams, princess.”

Kelly felt humiliated by everything that had happened and laid down underneath her blanket. She covered her whole body with the white bedding and tried to ignore the now familiar feelings and sounds of the diaper between her legs. After a few minutes she heard her bedroom door open and, just as promised, Beth walked in. Kelly didn’t pull the cover off of her head but heard her mom reach the crib and pause. Kelly assumed she was looking down at the curled up form of her daughter before she reached through and placed a bottle next to the pillows.

“Have a good night.” Beth said quietly, “If you need Mommy or Daddy just cry.”

Kelly scowled underneath the cover and didn’t lower her blanket until she heard the bedroom door close again. Kelly pulled her head out from the cover and looked around to make sure she was alone. She got up on to her knees and immediately tried to bend or move the bars, they were stubborn and resisted her hardest efforts. Kelly had never been the strongest woman but now she wished she was a bodybuilder so she could’ve got out of the toddler bed. She reached through the bars to where the release sat on the floor. She couldn’t get close enough to push down on it, she was well and truly trapped.

Kelly sat back down in a huff. She put her chin on her balled up fists and let out a deep tortured sigh of frustration. She didn’t feel tired as it was still so early but she had nowhere to go and nothing to do, all she could do was lay down and try to ignore the constant crinkling. From downstairs Kelly could hear Beth and Craig laughing. Realistically she knew their mirth was caused by something on TV but it felt like they were sharing jokes at her expense.

Kelly had no idea how long she had been lying down before she fell asleep but it must have happened at some point because she woke up to the early morning rays of sunlight. She yawned widely as she sat up and looked around at her crib. For a glorious second after regaining consciousness she had forgotten about everything that had happened but it all returned to her cruelly shattering her bliss.

Feeling thirsty after her long sleep Kelly picked up the bottle and as much as she despaired of using it she put the teat between her lips and sucked. The juice inside was now warm but it did it’s job of quenching Kelly’s thirst as she sucked down all the liquid in the baby cup.

It was as Kelly put the bottle down that she felt a feeling that she had been dreading from the first time she had woken up in a diaper. She had been very aware that she hadn’t pooped since this all began but it was clear that this would soon change. Her heart dropped as she felt the fullness of her bowels and the twisting pain running through her intestines.

Kelly had no way of knowing what the time was but it was clearly very early and she couldn’t expect to be let out of the crib any time soon. Even if someone did come to let her out of bed it wouldn’t help all that much since she was certain her parents wouldn’t let her use the toilet, she suspected that just asking would result in a fresh spanking to her still sore rear end.

The pressure within Kelly steadily grew as she tried to ignore her body. She focused her mind on other things from counting the number of different toys that were now around the room to individual hairs on the teddy bear she had been left with. She didn’t really care about the answers but was desperate to use them as a distraction from her internal feelings.

“Come on, come on…” Kelly didn’t know what she was waiting for. All she knew was she couldn’t give up to her body whilst locked in a crib like a baby. Maybe there was still hope to convince her parents to let her use the toilet. Her desperate mind clung on to the faintest of hopes. She wasn’t a religious woman but in that situation she prayed to every God she could think of to get her out of this predicament.

Kelly was becoming increasingly anxious. To try to keep from messing her diaper she relaxed her bladder and felt the warmth splashing around inside her padding. Her idea was that relieving the pressure in the front might help with the back but that didn’t seem to work at all. Kelly was biting her lip and scooting on her knees up and down the mattress as she tried to resist the inevitable. The warmth spreading through the front of the diaper only seemed to make it more inviting.

Kelly had no idea how long she had been holding on but sweat was breaking out on her forehead and her foot was shaking nervously. The end was coming and she had no way of saving herself. She had never been this desperate before and as she felt gas leave her involuntarily she felt her control slip just that little bit more. Her hated diaper increasingly seemed like a great place to push out her waste into.

It was with a whimper and a moan that Kelly finally lost her battle. She didn’t make the decision herself but her body decided it had had enough. Her exhausted sphincter relaxed and opened at the same time as her bowels tightened and squeezed.

Kelly gasped and froze with one hand on the rails to her side and the other on the headboard. Her wide eyes stared down at her empty bottle and teddy bear as she felt a lump start to push out of her body and into her underwear. The turd surged forwards uncontrollably and she could feel the tip of it hit the back of her diaper. As it inched out of her body it spread in all directions pushing the rear of the padding out and away from her body. Halfway through pushing the log out of her body it stopped with the diaper unable to move anymore. There was only one thing Kelly could do.

“Ugh…” Kelly pushed down and stuck her butt out.

The stick of poop pushed out inch by inch until it had fully left her body. She felt her delicate hole closing as the crap dropped into the seat of her diaper. She shivered at the slimy sensation and a tear dropped down her cheek. She didn’t want to continue this humiliation but she knew there was more in her bowels, it would be better to dirty this diaper more and leave the next one clean.

Kelly gave up any pretence of adulthood as she squatted low and screwed up her face in a mixture of effort and disgust. She held her breath and pushed down with her tummy muscles there was a slight gurgling sound in her bowels before several small and soft turds dropped into the diaper. She grunted slightly as the sticky mess pushed the back of the padding out and spread over her butt. It was the most disgusting and humiliating feeling she could ever remember and even when she had finished pooping the humiliation stayed with her.

Kelly’s face was bright red as she let out a deep shuddering breath. She looked around at the room that had been turned into her nursery and wondered how it had come to all this. With her diaper so full she didn’t know what she could do next. Her legs were starting to hurt but she couldn’t sit down, all that would happen if she sat or laid down was a considerable worsening of her situation.

“Hello?” Kelly tentatively called out. The thought of being seen like this by Craig and Beth was mortifying but it was her only way out of the situation. There was no answer.

It could be a long time before Kelly was let out of the crib. She had no idea what time it was nor what the other adults had planned for her. She felt a wave of panic and despair wash over her, she didn’t want to stay in this mucky diaper one minute longer than she had to. The smell was already starting to pollute the air around her and she gagged as she tried to find some fresh air.

As Kelly leaned her forehead against the bars of the crib the memories of the previous night came back to her. She remembered the very last thing that was said to her by her mother.

“If you need Mommy or Daddy just cry.” Beth had said as she left the room.

Kelly felt so humiliated that she had already started to break down into tears. She took a moment to steel her nerves and then a deep breath. It had been many years since Kelly had been an actual baby crying for attention but in the circumstances it came back to her surprisingly easily. She let out all the emotions she had been fighting to bottle up, all the anger, sadness and frustration poured out of her as she wailed like a fussy baby for their mommy.

As soon as Kelly started crying she couldn’t stop. She threw her shame to the side like a blanket and cried loud enough that she was sure she was being heard. It wasn’t long before she heard hurried footsteps coming to her door. When it opened Kelly saw her mother standing in the doorway, she looked concerned as she walked in to see her diapered daughter.

“Sweetie, what’s wrong?” Beth said as she walked into the room. She got to within a couple of steps of the crib before suddenly stopping and sniffing the air, “Ah, I see…”

Kelly wiped her eyes as her mom walked over and dropped the side of the crib. As soon as the bars were down Kelly reached out and wrapped her mom in a tight hug. She felt so gross and sorry for everything she had done leading up to this moment but she was totally done with these disgusting games, she had to end the treatment before this could ever happen again.

“Mommy, I’m so sorry!” Kelly wailed as her wailing descended into great sobbing hiccups.

“It’s OK, baby.” Beth replied as she patted her daughter on the back, “All babies make mud pies in their diapers.”

“I… I can’t do this anymore!” Kelly sobbed, “I’ll change. I really will!”

“I know, baby.” Beth said softly as she separated herself from Kelly, “I’m sure you’ll be much better when we finish this.”

“We need to stop now!” Kelly exclaimed as she wiped at the snot coming out of her nose.

“Craig thinks it needs to continue.” Beth said as she helped her daughter out of the crib.

“No!” Kelly grabbed hold of one of the bars, “I’m not doing this anymore! You can’t make me poop myself like this!”

“Kelly…” Beth’s voice was full of warning, “You need to calm down so we can change that messy diaper.”

“You can’t make me!” Kelly was beyond reasoning. Every movement caused her poopy diaper to rub against herself and it only served to stiffen her resolve.

“I was really hoping you wouldn’t make me do this.” Beth sighed and looked down at the floor. She shook her head.

Beth switched directions and instead of trying to go to the changing table she swung around and sat on the edge of the crib instead. The sudden change of direction caught the distraught Kelly off guard and as she stumbled Beth was able to pull her down over her lap. Kelly let out a loud whine as she kicked her feet out but either Craig had been given Beth some lessons on spanking or she had been keenly observing because her arm went straight across Kelly’s back and held her down.

“No, wait!” Kelly desperately exclaimed, “I’ll be good! I’ll be good!”

Kelly’s bulging rear was up in the air as she hung over her mother’s knees. She had to put her hands down on the floor to stop herself toppling off. As she stabilised herself she felt a hand come down on to her diaper with a lot of force. The poop inside splattered against Kelly and smeared all over the padding. It was like a bowl of custard falling to the floor and squirting everywhere, the poop in the diaper would have spattered everywhere if not for the elastic leg bands.

Kelly let out a whine as her lumpy rear was spanked flat. Every time her mother’s hand contacted her diaper she felt the mess within spread even further until she was sure it was everywhere. She was sure the poop must be leaking out of the diaper with such punishment to her rear but somehow the plastic padding managed to contain everything.

After five spanks Kelly felt the familiar tears brimming in her eyes. She started sobbing as she was punished like an unruly toddler yet again. She felt like a baby and didn’t think it was possible to be more infantilised, being spanked in her messy diaper whilst over her mother’s knee on the edge of her crib, it was like a nightmare that she couldn’t wake up from.

Kelly grunted and sobbed with each spank from her silent mother and felt her ass getting sore again. The diaper and the poop provided little cushion against such harsh blows and soon the now familiar stinging feeling of corporal punishment returned. The thirty-year-old woman kicked out her legs and tensed her buttocks in useless attempts to mitigate some of the punishment.

“Stop!” Kelly cried out in between sobs as the tears started pouring down her face, “I’ll be a good girl! I really will!”

Beth didn’t seem to care about Kelly’s exclamations as she continued to spank her daughter. Kelly was left with no doubt about how powerless she was in this situation, she was going to be punished until her mother decided she was done. The lack of control made her shiver and made it even harder to control her emotions. It had indeed been a very traumatic morning.

“You do not tell us when your punishment is over.” Beth said. Her voice was very calm but was punctuated by small grunts as she brought her hand forwards against Kelly’s rear end.

Finally the last spank was given and Beth’s hand remained against the padding that had started to fall apart under the intense attack. She pushed her fingers into the diaper and massaged the skin underneath. She waited until Kelly’s crying had died down to a quiet sob before helping her back to her feet.

“Punishing you is punishment for me too, I don’t want to have to do it.” Beth said with a soothing voice as she pulled her daughter into a hug and gently rubbed her backside, “So are you going to be a good girl for me now? Are you going to listen to Mommy?”

Kelly’s cheeks were flushed red and she was still taking shuddering breaths from her crying but she nodded her head nonetheless. At this point she felt so gross she was just desperate for a change, a new diaper sounded like heaven compared to the partially destroyed swampy mess she was currently standing in.

“Right, well I think this is going to take more than some baby wipes.” Beth said as she stood up, “Let’s get you a bath.”

Kelly allowed her hand to be taken and followed her mother out of her room. The fresh air of the landing was a surprise, she hadn’t realised quite how much her bedroom had been contaminated by the smell from her underwear. The bathroom was a short walk away and once inside Beth immediately opened the window.

“Stand in the tub.” Beth instructed.

Kelly stepped over the side of the bath with crinkles that seemed amplified by the small space and stood in the centre of the tub nervously. Beth reached forwards and took hold of the tapes, she seemed to brace herself for what was about to happen as she pulled them off the padding. The diaper sagged a little more with each one and then became a heavy weight in her hand.

Kelly looked down as the diaper was pulled away. She gasped as she saw the brown mess covering the whole of the padding, the smell grew so bad she almost retched. Some of the poop stuck to her body still fell down into the tub.

“Phew, let’s get you cleaned up.” Beth said as she balled up the messy diaper and taped it closed.

Beth turned the faucets and after a small delay water started coming out of the showerhead. It was cold but Kelly thought it was almost worth it to jump under the water straight away, instead she waited as the water warmed up. The cold water flowed around her feet and the poop that had fallen off her body was picked up and washed down the drain.

Kelly stood meekly in the tub with her arms folded over her breasts. She was blushing so hard she was sure that if the room had been pitch black she would’ve lit it up with her face alone. She watched as her grimacing mother took the showerhead and tested it against her hand, when she was sure it was warm enough she turned the water on to her daughter and turned the pressure up. The sticky mess was slowly washed off by the water to land in the tub and get washed away.

“I haven’t had to do this since you were a baby.” Beth said with a grimace as she picked up a sponge to aid with the cleaning, “Well, the first time you were a baby at least.”

Kelly could only stand in place as the water blasted her clean. Once her front had been cleared of all dirtiness she was told to turn around which she did whilst trying to avoid the little lumps of poo that hadn’t yet found the drain. The only way she could stop herself from bursting into tears was reminding herself that it was nearly over and she would soon be clean again.

“Bend over.” Beth commanded.

It was embarrassing for Kelly to do but she leant as far forwards as the wall would allow and felt the water blast her rear. The water was very soothing after the spanking earlier and she could only imagine that her butt was very red. She even had to pull her cheeks apart to allow Beth to clean deeply and completely.

Once Kelly was finally able to stand up again she felt very relieved that she was free of the poop that had coated her private areas. She was now given a more general shower, she sat down in the tub as her mother moved the showerhead around to wash her. Kelly just sat still as she was soaped up and washed clean, in some ways it was very relaxing.

“Such a nice and calm girl.” Beth idly praised her daughter.

Kelly remained still and closed her eyes as her mother used shampoo on her hair. This reminded Kelly a lot of her early childhood when her mother would wash her hair just like this, it was as if nothing had changed. Her hair was rinsed clean and once the last of the soap disappeared down the drain the water was turned off.

“Doesn’t that feel better?” Beth asked as she put the showerhead back, “Out you get.”

Kelly stood up obediently and stepped out of the tub and back on to the floor. She was quickly wrapped in a towel which was rubbed against her by her mother. She winced as Beth started to rub her buttocks and jumped away from the hand.

“Sorry, baby.” Beth said quietly, “Nearly done.”

Kelly was forced to stand there until she was fully dried after which the towel was pulled away leaving her naked once again. She was led out of the bathroom and shivered in the comparatively cold air of the landing. Kelly felt a fresh flush of embarrassment as she saw Craig closing the door to the main bedroom, he looked over with raised eyebrows. Kelly ducked her head and tried to get into her room as soon as possible.

 “She just had first poopy diaper.” Beth said cheerily from behind Kelly.

“Aww, how precious!” Craig praised in the high-pitched voice reserved for babies, “What a good girl!”

Kelly was filled with fresh embarrassment as she ignored her future step-father and walked into her room. Beth followed a few seconds later and footsteps on the stairs indicated Craig was heading down to the living room or kitchen.

Without complaining or doing anything that might result in further spanking Kelly jumped up on to the table and laid back. Beth walked over and pulled out a fresh diaper from the stack underneath the main changing surface. She unfolded it quickly and laid it on the table, Kelly’s legs were lifted in the air and the padding was slipped underneath her.

Kelly sighed with bitter disappointment as the new diaper was taped on to her. She wanted to argue and fight but knew better, instead she dropped off the side of the changing table with her new diaper crinkling in the quiet room. She wasn’t left wondering what she would be wearing that day for long as Beth walked over to the closet. It seemed that she knew exactly how she wanted Kelly to look and quickly pulled out one of the worst dresses Kelly had ever seen.

“This is just darling.” Beth enthused as she held the dress out, “It will look absolutely wonderful on a cutie-patootie like you!”

Kelly shivered and almost drew blood from how hard she was biting her tongue. This had to be the most awful dress that her mother could find, where she even got it from Kelly had no idea. On a small child it might’ve looked cute but on a fully grown adult it would look absurd. Kelly didn’t wear dresses at the best of times, she never liked the feminine look all that much.

The pink satin was garish to say the least and looked like it could light up a room with how bright it was. The pink was broken up by pink frills around the hemline and the holes where the arms came through. Just above the lacy hemline was a series of little white ducks embroidered on to the dress and looking like they were swimming all the way around. On the chest was a large piece of white fabric that had even more frills around the edges.

Kelly wondered if there was anything she could say that would save her from this awful garment but it was like a tightrope and the slightest wrong thing would see her over someone’s knee yet again. With a desperate sigh of resignation Kelly raised her arms in the air and allowed the dress to be pulled over her head. She felt the soft fabric get pulled down over her body and closed her eyes until Beth had finished adjusting it.

“It doesn’t even cover my…” Kelly stopped herself before her complaining got herself in trouble.

“Your diaper?” Beth finished her daughter’s sentence, “It’ll make it easier to check you.”

Kelly sighed but didn’t say anything more. She bowed her head and quietly left the room with her mother right behind her. Breakfast was served in the highchair with Kelly eating quietly whilst Beth and Craig conversed, they acted like Kelly couldn’t understand them and she was fine with that since it meant she could keep quiet.

There was one more nasty surprise that day and it happened right after breakfast. Kelly had to wait patiently to be let out of the toddler chair before she could drop back down to the floor. Her diaper crinkled loudly and distractingly as she toddled away from the kitchen, her plan was to go back up to her room and hide out but her parents had other plans.

“Could you go into the living room, baby?” Craig called down the hallway, “We wanted to spend a little time with you today.”

Kelly wanted to shout back that she was not a baby and was going where she damn well pleased but she took a deep breath and did as she was told instead. She pushed the living room door open and immediately saw why her soon to be step-father wanted her to go in there. She looked down at a large circle of white metal bars that zig-zagged to prevent escape. A small gate was currently open as if welcoming Kelly inside. On the inside of the fenced in area there were a lot of toys and activities scattered throughout as well as a magical kingdom play mat. The dominating feature was a large pink and light purple plastic castle populated by little fairy figures and other magical beings. It was sickeningly girly.

“Your Mommy and I put all this together whilst you were asleep.” Craig said as he walked into the room. Kelly jumped when he touched her shoulder, she hadn’t heard him coming, “Beth said you always wanted one of these castles when you were younger but never had the money for it. Better late than never, eh?”

Kelly was speechless. She had wanted one of those castles but that was decades ago, she was thirty now and there was surely no way anyone could expect her to play with these baby toys. She felt Craig’s hands on her shoulders pushing slightly to guide her into the playpen. She stumbled forwards and walked reluctantly into the pen and heard the gate close behind her.

When Kelly sat down in front of the castle she had to make sure she was cross-legged to stop the bottom of the dress riding up. Her padded bottom sat on the play mat and crinkled loudly. It wasn’t long after sitting down that she felt her bladder complaining. Knowing there was no alternative for her she relaxed her bladder. A spurt of warm pee shot into the diaper and then a second later she flooded herself, the diaper swelling up as it absorbed her urine. She blushed and tried to act natural but could see Craig giving her a knowing look.

The rest of the day passed without too much more drama. Kelly sat in her playpen and “played” though she was really only keeping up appearances for her mom and Craig who wanted to see her acting like a little girl. She wet her diaper several times and was changed when needed. She stayed quiet all day and by the time she was put to bed she sighed in relief at not bringing any more punishments down on herself.

When Kelly woke up the next morning she stared up at the ceiling and sighed in depressed resignation at her continuing second babyhood. She didn’t even attempt to hold on to her bladder when she felt a small need to pee, it didn’t seem to matter.

“Good morning!” Beth walked in without knocking and walked straight over to the crib.

Kelly grunted but didn’t say anything. She only belatedly forced herself to sit up and swing her legs out of the crib as the side came rattling down. She dropped on to the floor and felt the wet diaper rub against her, she only realised just how wet she was when gravity took hold of her underwear.

Kelly walked over to the changing table and awkwardly started to climb up on to it without a word. With one leg up on the surface and the other on the floor she felt her mom’s hand on her rear helping her up. The saturated padding felt like a wet sponge and it would’ve been unmistakable to Beth just how wet her daughter was. Kelly only realised she hadn’t been checked and it had just been assumed she needed a change as she laid down on the changing table.

Beth hummed happily as she pulled the tapes off the diaper. Kelly waited impatiently as she was exposed and wiped clean of the urine that remained against her skin. The old diaper was soon pulled out and dropped in the diaper pail at the end of the table. Kelly felt her thighs get tapped a couple of time and she lifted her hips, when they came down a fresh diaper was underneath her. It was all feeling very routine for Kelly who was disconcerted by how quickly it had become somewhat normal to be laying on the changing table.

Once the new diaper was taped on Kelly was allowed to hop off the table. Just like the previous day she waited to see what she was going to be wearing for the day. Just like everything else she had no say in what was happening, all she could do was stand by as all the decisions were taken out of her hands.

Kelly was actually happy when she saw what her mother had picked out. A yellow shirt with a denim skirt that went up over her chest and back with straps going over the shoulders. The skirt was even a little longer than the one Kelly had worn the previous day. She smiled and was almost eager as she held her arms up to put the shirt on.

“There we go.” Beth smiled once the shirt overalls had been put on, “All set for your trip to the dentist.”

“My… My what?” Kelly repeatedly blankly.

“Your dentist appointment.” Beth replied with a smile that faltered after a couple of seconds, “I told you about that didn’t I?”

Kelly was in shock and shook her head quickly. She was biting her bottom lip and suddenly the new outfit didn’t feel as good. For hanging around the house it would’ve been great but now that she was supposed to go out she felt more exposed than ever. This had to be some kind of cruel trick, there was surely no way she would be expected to go out like this!

“I can’t!” Kelly shook her head again, “Reschedule it or something.”

“Kelly, it’s too late to move the appointment, it’s in an hour!” Beth chuckled, “You wouldn’t want to inconvenience the dentist, would you?”

In truth Kelly didn’t give a damn about the dentist and how put out he was. The dentist didn’t even enter her thoughts as she subconsciously reached down to feel how far down the dress went, she patted the diaper underneath and shivered. Without making any conscious decision she started to run through all the permutations of things that might happen that would expose her underwear. She shivered as she imagined all the worst possible situations.

“Come on, we need to get some breakfast in you before you go.” Beth said as she took her daughter’s hands.

Kelly felt like she was trapped in a whirlwind as she was led out of her room and down the stairs. Her initial happiness at the relatively adult outfit had completely changed to dread about where she would have to wear it. The highchair in the kitchen was all set up as usual and as Kelly seated herself the tray was swung closed locking her in place. It was like a well-oiled machine, as the tray clicked into place Craig brought over some mushy oatmeal and a bottle which he placed on the tray.

“Eat up.” Craig said as he tussled Kelly’s hair.

Kelly picked up the pink plastic spoon and scooped up some of her breakfast. She lifted the cutlery up to her mouth and began eating. As the thirty-year-old sat in the highchair chewing there was a lot of activity around her. Both Beth and Craig were getting things ready and making sure they had everything they needed, it almost like they forgot about Kelly as she ate her food.

There was a slight pressure in Kelly’s bladder and she relaxed to relieve herself. She barely even gave it a second thought as urine dribbled into the padding. The creeping heat felt nice against her skin even if she was loathe to admit it.

Kelly wasn’t allowed out of the highchair until she had finished all the cereal and milk. As she was let down from the chair she heard her stomach rumble as it digested all the food that had been given to it. Kelly followed the other two adults down the hall where everyone started putting their shoes on. In the hallway, with the walls close together, Kelly became distinctly aware of how loud her diaper was. Each step and movement caused the plastic to fold and crinkle. How much her mind was amplifying the sound she couldn’t say but it felt extremely obvious to her.

Kelly slipped on her trainers and was just about to tie up the laces when she was stopped. Craig leaned down in front of her and without a word grabbed the laces himself, Kelly went red and looked at the wall as her shoes were fastened for her. It didn’t seem like her parents wanted to give her the option to do anything for fear of messing it up.

As soon as the shoes were fastened Beth opened the door. It was like a production line, as soon as one step was finished the next one began. Kelly realised she was being whisked along so quickly she hardly had a minute to think about what was happening yet alone fight back. Kelly was taken to the car and as she stumbled along she reached down to try and smooth her skirt, she was very worried about her clothing riding up and being seen.

Kelly was anxious to get into the car where she would be hidden from the neighbours. As soon as the back door opened she slid inside and pulled it shut. As Kelly put on her seatbelt she found it impossible to hide the diaper between her thighs as her skirt rode up.

This would all have been so impossible just a few days ago. Kelly couldn’t believe how quickly she had gone from her usual cocky self all the way down to where she was now. She never thought anyone could tame the wild spirit she was proud to have and yet now she was being proven wrong. Craig had come in like a wrecking ball and knocked Kelly down several pegs, his discipline had broken Kelly’s resistance faster than she could ever expect.

Beth and Craig got in the front seats and soon the car was pulling out of the driveway and on to the road. Kelly felt silly being taken to an appointment by her mom and future step-father. At thirty-years-old Kelly had obviously been going to her appointments alone for a very long time, all of a sudden she had not one but two chaperones.

The journey wasn’t a long one and soon the car was pulling up in the small car park. Kelly was reluctant to get out of the car but soon she was stepping out into the sunlight. The car park was quiet but that wasn’t a surprise, the dentist office wasn’t very big with only two dentists and their nurses working there.

Kelly was the last of the family to go inside and she looked around nervously as he mom and Craig went to the reception desk. Kelly looked around and saw a lot of people looking back. Apart from her diaper she was starting to appreciate just how childish her outfit was, no one was dressed like her except for a baby girl being held by her mother. As surreptitiously as possible Kelly reached down and tried to pull the skirt part of her clothes down, she felt exposed.

“Please take a seat. The dentist will call you in soon.” The receptionist’s cheery voice was audible throughout most of the room.

Kelly walked along and sat down on a chair in the middle of an empty row. The chairs faced each other across some open space and there were some people looking across at her. It was hard to keep the diaper hidden in such a situation but Kelly did her best to pull her skirt down to cover herself, she knew she was acting oddly and the people on the other row of seats were frowning in confusion.

Nervousness filled Kelly and she couldn’t stop fidgeting. She felt so exposed and every time she saw other people looking her way or whispering to the person they were with her brain immediately assumed they knew her horrible little secret. She almost obsessively flattened her skirt against her diaper as she tried to hide it. Her hands trembled anxiously and she was feeling increasingly emotional, it was taking all of her willpower not to stand up and run away. Her parents were calm in comparison, chatting away and reading the provided magazines.

The nerves were getting worse and Kelly was practically in tears as she sat in the seat. She felt her bladder twinge and she immediately relaxed to feel a dribble of pee into the front of her padding. She didn’t even think about it until it was happening, as soon as it stopped she felt her need to run away become overpowering. She felt her mind made up and she stood up as she looked to the doorway.

“Kelly?” A young woman in a nurse’s uniform looked up from the clipboard at the edge of the waiting room.

Kelly’s mom and step-father stood up either side of Kelly and all of a sudden she was trapped again. Kelly was walked around the chairs and over to the nurse who was smiling politely at her. The padded woman felt like a prisoner as she was led down the corridor with a parent on either side of her acting as guards.

Kelly saw the door to the outside and as much as she wanted to make a run for it she meekly continued following the nurse. The nurse pushed open a door and Kelly turned to see the dentist’s chair and all the scary equipment around the room. Sitting in the corner at the back in front of a computer was the dentist that Kelly had been seeing for most of her adult life. He looked up and seemed a little surprised to see three people coming in behind the nurse.

“Hello, Kelly.” The dentist said as he stood up, “Any problems? Just a check-up?”

Kelly meekly nodded her head as the Dentist stepped forwards and pushed the large light and equipment stand to the side. He indicated that Kelly should have a seat and she took a crinkly step forward. She turned to see Beth and Craig smiling as they walked to the side and sat down.

“I normally see my patients one-on-one…” The dentist said as he looked at Beth and Craig.

“Oh, it’s fine.” Craig replied, “We’re her parents.”

“But Kelly is…” The dentist started.

“We’ll stay out of the way.” Beth smiled.

The dentist looked like he wanted to continue questioning things but thought better of it. He was already behind schedule with a waiting room full of patients. It was just a check-up so wouldn’t be a big deal to just get it over with.

Kelly kept her hands on her skirt as she slipped into the chair. She looked around in paranoia as laid back and felt the chair rising up. She was on edge and could feel her heart pumping blood around her body very rapidly, she was still feeling flighty like a nervous bird who thought a predator was near.

The chair suddenly started tilting backwards. Kelly’s eyes flew wide and she felt her skirt starting to ride up exposing the nappy underneath. She scrambled to hold her skirt back but it was very difficult, as the dentist moved the rig over the chair she was suddenly and completely overwhelmed by panic.

Quite suddenly from everyone else’s point of view Kelly started scrambling. She slipped off the side of the chair with a face that seemed to radiate the anxiety she felt, she landed on her knees and quickly got up on to her feet as the dentist exclaimed in surprise.

Kelly bolted for the door but as she pulled it open she felt an arm wrap around her waist. She gasped as she scrambled for the hallway but couldn’t move, she knew it was Craig holding her back. In all the commotion Kelly could hear her mother apologising to the dentist and nurse who were beyond confused.

“I’m sorry, she’s been very difficult recently.” Beth was saying as if Kelly was a toddler throwing a tantrum.

“What is it… Is it dental anxiety?” The dentist asked with a frown, “That’s fairly normal…”

Craig was too strong for Kelly and eventually her grip on the door failed and she stumbled backwards back into the room. The situation was crazy inside the small room and when Kelly looked up to see the dentist she could see he was eyeing the phone, she wondered if he was planning to call for help.

As Kelly looked over she suddenly felt herself get bent over the counter. Her eyes went wide as she realised the thing she had tried to keep hidden was now exposed to the dentist. Her short skirt was hiked up showing the discoloured and wet padding underneath. She screwed up her eyes knowing what would happen next.

Kelly only had to wait a second before she felt a hand firmly smack against her rear. She let out a yelp of surprise as she was pushed forward slightly on the counter, she was thankful that her diaper acted as a cushion against the punishment.

A second spank came down and she could feel her skin inside the diaper turning red. Both her cheeks were stinging from the spanks which came down, she could already feel herself getting bruised and saw just like her previous punishments.

Tears sprung from Kelly’s eyes at the humiliation of this punishment in front of people who thought she was normal. The spanks never hurt as much as the embarrassment that accompanied them. She could imagine the dentist and nurse watching this in shock as she grunted and tried to stop from crying.

“You. Do. Not. Run. Off!” Craig punctuated the words with spanks. Each one made Kelly yelp as she jerked forward.

“Can someone tell me what is going on in here?” The dentist asked over the tumult.

The spanking stopped and Kelly felt her future step-dad’s hands leaving her body. She remained bent over with her diaper pointing out into the room. She wanted to melt away so that she wouldn’t have to face the humiliation she had just endured. She slowly reached back with her hands and pulled her skirt back down over her padding, as she slowly stood up she felt the disposable underwear crinkle.

“I’m sorry, Kelly here has been acting out recently and we’re trying to instil some respect in her.” Craig was explaining the crazy situation.

The dentist looked from person to person as if trying to work out what was happening. He seemed utterly confused but also realised that it wasn’t really any of his business. Kelly was pouting and one of her hands was rubbing her diaper whilst the other wiped at her eyes.

“Are you OK?” The dentist asked Kelly.

Kelly nodded her head.

“Will there be any more trouble?” The dentist continued, “I don’t want any of this craziness when I’m working on your teeth.”

“She’ll be good.” Craig answered for Kelly, “She’s always good after being corrected.”

Kelly kept her eyes on the floor but stepped forwards and sat on the dentist’s seat. After a couple of seconds the dentist moved forwards and the seat raised back up. Kelly was in a laid down position as the chair tilted back, her skirt rode up again and this time she forced herself to remain still. She saw the dentist look down at what she was wearing before he quickly recovered his composure and looked back up again.

“OK, let’s get to work…” The dentist said, “Open wide.”

Kelly was reeling from how surreal everything was. Just a minute ago she had been bent over a counter and spanked and now she was getting her teeth checked. Her mind was struggling to keep up with everything she was experiencing. As her teeth were checked she realised just how serious Beth and Craig were about reforming her behaviour, they were willing to punish her in public and she had to make sure that never happened again. She would have to be the one thing she had been resisting for a very long time. She would have to be a good girl.

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*Two Months Later…*

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Kelly was sitting in her crib feeling the usual boredom that happened after she woke up as she waited for someone to come and let her out. Her routine had been set in stone for quite some time and she knew exactly what was expected of her, any deviation from her expected behaviour was met with a spanking which quickly brought her back into line. She felt a strange pride that the spankings had become a much rarer occurrence. It had taken a while but she now wanted to be a good girl more than anything.

The rebellious and lazy streaks had been slowly but surely defeated to be replaced with the sort of little girl any parent would be proud of. Kelly used her diapers, played with her toys and did as she was told and in reward she was given praise and avoided punishment. She sometimes felt ashamed that she had been “tamed” so easily but those thoughts disappeared as soon as Beth or Craig appeared. Harsh words had been replaced with cuddles, the TV remote had been replaced by toys and fast food was now baby food.

From outside of the bedroom-cum-nursery there was frantic movement and lots of activity. Today was a very special day, something that Beth and Craig had been working on for the last few months and something Kelly had been dreading. The wedding was finally happening and Kelly could do nothing but go along with events, she had developed a need to do what Craig and Beth wanted even if it was against her own wishes. Much to Kelly’s chagrin her role for the upcoming nuptials was as a flower girl, embarrassingly for the thirty-year-old all the other flower girls were children. She balked at such a public display of her regression.

The bedroom door eventually opened and Kelly saw her mother hurrying in. She was still in her dressing gown with her hair in curlers and her make-up only half completed, she rushed in without even looking towards the crib and started pulling out the supplies needed for a diaper change.

“Come on, we have to be quick today, baby.” Beth said as she walked over in her slippers and stepped on the release for the side of the crib.

Kelly knew better now than to argue. She desperately wanted to be left at home or at least treated like any other guest at the wedding but these weren’t options. Like a small child she had been told what her role was and there was to be no discussion about it. The most she could do was pout in the same way a toddler would.

Kelly waddled across to the changing table and quickly hopped up on top. She had barely even laid down before her mother was pulling the tapes off the diaper and lowering the front. The familiar touch of the wet wipes still made Kelly jump before she got used to the cold temperature. She was thankful that her wet diaper wasn’t messy as well, it was a low bar.

A new diaper was soon placed underneath Kelly and the front was pulled up to cover her crotch again. She spent the whole time looking at the ceiling and thinking about how the day would go. All the family and friends she had been trying to avoid would be there and would see her. She hoped she could get through this without her embarrassing secrets being revealed but she had her doubts.

To Kelly’s surprise she was dressed in her regular adult clothes, she hadn’t even been sure she still owned them but they were hidden away at the back of the closet. She was taken downstairs and hurriedly fed breakfast whilst everyone rushed around in preparation for the nuptials. Kelly was like just another piece of furniture and no one seemed to take any notice of her. She was still drinking her bottle when she was dragged from the highchair and taken out to the car.

The drive to the church was a short one and Kelly felt butterflies increasing with every rotation of the wheels. Maybe her nerves were having a strong effect on her but halfway to the church she felt the front of her diaper quickly warm as she relaxed her bladder muscles. She didn’t even react as she flooded her padding, she had long since given up keeping tabs on her diaper usage, that was something for her parents to worry about.

“Go through there.” Beth said as they got out of the car. She was pointing to a side door just inside the lobby, “That’s where the flower girls are getting ready.”

Just like that the soon to be wed couple walked away leaving Kelly looking at a closed door. Against her better judgement she did as she was told and walked forwards, she gave the door a quick knock and then pushed it open. The door was very heavy and she had to really push to get it open enough to slip in.

“Oh, I’m sorry this room is for the flower girls only.” An elderly lady turned to the door to say.

“I… I am one of the flower girls.” Kelly practically whispered.

Kelly looked around the room and saw to her embarrassment that all the other girls were children. Most of them were very young with a couple who looked like they were pre-teen then there was Kelly who was thirty-years-old and couldn’t look more out of place.

“You’re Kelly?” The elderly woman asked as she looked at her notes.

Kelly nodded. She noticed the other girls were looking at her strangely and the oldest amongst them, a tall brunette who appeared to be around twelve-years-old, was grinning smugly. Walking into the room Kelly saw the dress she was going to wear, it was clearly meant for her because it was the only one that would fit an adult.

“OK girls, time to get dressed.” The old woman said cheerily, “The ceremony will start soon. You’re all going to look gorgeous.”

Everyone started getting their identical dresses off the hooks on the wall. The dresses were a light green in colour with big puffy shoulders, in truth Kelly didn’t like them very much but they were chosen by her mother.

Kelly looked around and saw the other girls pulling off their clothes and getting dressed without a second thought. The old lady saw Kelly’s hesitation and nodded her head as if to encourage her to get on with it. Kelly felt fear flooding her body, she had desperately wanted to avoid anyone knowing about her diapers and yet she was going to have to expose it in front of a bunch of excitable and giggly children.

“Is there a private room I could go into?” Kelly asked the older woman quietly.

“I’m afraid all the rooms are in use.” The old lady replied, “It’ll only take a minute.”

Kelly wanted to explain why she didn’t want to get undressed here but she couldn’t work out a way of doing it without it being humiliating. Even worse, her hesitation meant that her fellow flower girls were all fully changed and waiting. Her diaper clung to her hips like a ball and chain and felt heavier than ever, Kelly’s anxiety started to spike.

Kelly’s shirt and pants were the only things giving her any modesty and right then they felt like a flimsy defence. Kelly pulled her shirt over her head at a time when most of the children seemed distracted, as soon as she dropped it she roughly pulled the dress over her head. Her heart was beating very quickly as she felt the long dress drop down and cover her up. The waistband of her diaper had definitely been shown but as Kelly looked around it was unclear if anyone noticed.

With the dress covering her up Kelly was able to pull her pants down without revealing her diaper. She was pleased about her ingenuity but as her hand brushed against the underside of the padding she realised just how wet she was, ideally she would be getting changed about now but that was clearly out of the question.

“You all look adorable.” The old lady smiled at each of the girls in turn, “Now put on your shoes and tiaras. Hurry girls, I think they’re about to start!”

Kelly joined the scramble to grab a tiara that she sat on top of her hair and then slipped her feet into some very elegant shoes. When she looked in the mirror she felt a strange mixture of embarrassment and pride at how good she looked. She couldn’t believe she was about to walk down the aisle with all these children as if she was one herself. She thought about all the guests who were sitting and waiting, she thought about how they would stare and whisper about the thirty-year-old doing a child’s job.

All the girls lined up at the door as the elderly woman leaned out waiting for the signal to go. Kelly was in the middle of the children and she felt her nerves reaching an apex. Just like at the dentist’s office she wanted to just run away. This was a big test for Kelly’s new found discipline and she didn’t know whether she should be pleased that the thing keeping her in place was the worry of potential punishment.

As they all stood in nervous anticipation Kelly felt another pang in her bladder. Just like in the car she released into her diaper as soon as she felt the need and felt the padding swell slightly as it absorbed her urine. She was starting to get worried about the capacity when she felt the flow finally stop. She knew her waddle would be very pronounced now but there was nothing she could do as they were suddenly being waved out into the church.

“Alright, off you go. Remember to smile!” The old woman handed a small basket of petals to each person as they passed.

Kelly nervously left the room with her small basket and soaked diaper. As they walked into the main area she saw all the heads on all the pews turning to look. At first everyone was smiling as they saw their daughters and nieces come out throwing flower petals into the aisle, the looks turn to shock and confusion as the much taller Kelly walked in. She was very aware of how much she was crinkling as she walked between the packed pews.

At once Kelly could see the faces change. She did her best to smile as she waddled awkwardly up the aisle. She could hear people whispering and asking what was going on. Kelly could only keep walking and try to get this over with as soon as possible.

When the flower girls reached the front pulpit they stood slightly off to the side. Kelly was very aware that every eye in the room was turned her way, even the priest was staring. Her face was a dark red and she felt so warm she was sure she was sweating.

Just when Kelly thought she might be overwhelmed the wedding march started and every head turned towards the entrance again. Kelly saw her mom walk in looking beautiful in a long flowing white dress.

Kelly was just admiring how beautiful her mother looked when she felt a pang of pain from deep in her bowels. Her thoughts instantly returned to herself and her own issues. It was like her body was programmed to embarrass her as much as possible.

“Not now… Not now…” Kelly muttered to herself desperately.

Kelly saw the nearest girls look around to her with confusion on their faces. Kelly couldn’t let anyone know about the sudden crisis in her body so she tried to force a smile back on to her face. As her mother finally locked hands with her soon-to-be husband Kelly felt a rumble go through her guts like an earthquake. Her legs trembled a little as she tried to clench herself closed.

To Kelly this must’ve been the longest wedding she had ever had to endure. It felt like the ceremony dragged on and on as the pressure in her bowels grew increasingly intense. After months of barely giving a second thought to her toilet habits her ability to hold everything in seemed to have diminished slightly.

Kelly couldn’t hold on forever and her padding was seemingly inviting her to let go just like she usually did. As the couple began to exchange vows Kelly could no longer stop her body. She was horrified to be in front of so many people like this but it wasn’t like she could just slip away, that would only bring more attention on herself.

Kelly had girls in front and behind her. She turned herself so she was basically sideways to the others, it looked a little strange but would be better than just pooping in their face. She wasn’t paying much attention to what was being said now as she tried to separate her legs under her dress a little. The diaper crinkled slightly but in the large room it echoed around a little, Kelly blushed a little harder but didn’t think anyone noticed. The idea of trying not to poop herself didn’t even occur to Kelly who had been trained to use her diaper whenever and wherever she had to.

As slowly and covertly as she could manage Kelly bent forwards slightly and stuck her rear out behind her. She focused on looking at a spot high up on the wall and with a red face she pushed down. She was thankful everyone was turned to the couple getting married but it still felt like she was on stage and performing a humiliating play for everyone.

Kelly felt her little hole opening up as she forcibly evacuated her bowels. She was aware that she was screwing up her face slightly as she felt a firm log push out, it emerged and pushed out against the padding in the rear of the diaper before being pinched and dropping. The turd nestled into the seat of the disposable, the padding sagged down even more than before.

With balled up fists Kelly took another breath and pushed again. Her grateful bowels opened and two soft lumps quickly dropped on top of the log that was already in there. A further push produced a slurry of very soft poop which seemed to fill a lot of the space in the padding. She was finally done but knew she had absolutely filled her underwear. The one positive was that the diaper was so wet it had been hanging down so most of the poop wasn’t pushed against her.

Kelly didn’t feel any relief over what she had just done. Her anxiety was high and remained there as she took stock of her situation. She was still stuck standing in front of a large audience in her very poopy diaper and it felt inevitable that humiliation was coming. The smell inside the diaper slowly started leaking out and Kelly was horrified when the girls either side of her started to frown and look around as their noses wrinkled.

Kelly felt the temperature rising in her face and she was desperate to get out of the church as soon as possible. The girls were now looking at her, they had seemingly located the source of the increasingly awful smell and even more of the flower girls were turning to look at Kelly. All the thirty-year-old could do was look steadfastly forwards and pretend she didn’t notice that a growing number of people knew she had filled her pants.

It seemed like the ceremony was finally winding down and it wasn’t a moment too soon for Kelly who had noticed the people in the pew nearest her were looking her way. The girls around her had backed away and were whispering to each other, it didn’t take a genius to know what they were talking about.

“Thank you for coming everyone. It means the world to us.” Craig was addressing the assembled crowd with a broad smile, “We have a reception booked at the community hall so if you want to follow us to celebrate you’re all invited!”

There was general applause as everyone started getting up to head out to their vehicles for the party to come. Kelly couldn’t hang around at the back of this increasingly stuffy room with her stink slowly creeping out over everyone around her. Without a second thought she ran forwards and pushed her way against the crowd. She ran straight out to her parent’s car which was thankfully in the corner of the car park.

Over the next several minutes Kelly stood half-hidden next to her parent’s car as she watched the new husband and wife receive the congratulations of all their guests. She was still in her flower girl dress and as people walked out to the vehicles that waited for them she saw many of them turning to look at her, some muttered behind their hands. Kelly pretended not to notice but it was pretty difficult. The last people to leave the church were Beth and Craig themselves.

“You were in a hurry.” Beth said as she came over, “You didn’t even get changed, you must really like the flower girl dress.”

Kelly didn’t say anything. She was like a deer in the headlights as the newlyweds advanced towards her. It was only when they had reached the car that they sniffed the air. Kelly turned her blushing face towards the ground and sniffed back the tears that were threatening to spill down her face.

“Oh dear…” Craig sighed as he stepped into the car, “Come on, we’ll change you at the reception.”

“You… You aren’t going to do it here?” Kelly asked quietly.

“I don’t think the next people to come here would be too keen.” Craig chuckled, “How would you feel if your special day was ruined by the eau de Kelly’s diaper!”

“What do you mean?” Kelly asked. She was awkwardly trying to pull the diaper away from her skin as she looked around.

“There’s another wedding in about half an hour.” Beth said as she put a hand on her daughter’s shoulder.

Sure enough Kelly looked up and could see that as the guests from her mother’s wedding left more cars were pulling in for the next one. As cars drove away Kelly could see more than a few people staring at her.

“Come on.” Craig called out again, “Unless you want to stay in that diaper even longer.”

Kelly hated the idea of getting into this car and going to reception like this but as more and more people turned up to the church it became less of an attractive option. The rear passenger door was opened by Beth who then got in the front passenger seat. Kelly took a deep breath and bent over to climb in. She held herself above the seat for a few seconds before slowly lowering herself down. She winced and grimaced as she felt herself sinking into the waste. The poop spread out and Kelly gasped as she felt it pressing against the leg bands of her padding, she wasn’t sure if the underwear had managed to contain everything.

Craig and Beth both rolled down their windows as the smell of excrement started to spread through the car. Kelly felt like her diaper was in an emergency condition, it had already been soaked before she had pooped and now it felt like she was almost swimming in her own waste. This was a disaster and Kelly was sure that news of what she had done would spread throughout the whole party by the time they pulled up in the car park. She was on the verge of tears as the car drove through the streets.

With each small bump in the road Kelly felt the pile of poop in her diaper shift and move as it mushed against her skin and oozed into all the cracks and folds of the padding. She was constantly grimacing as the stink wafted up and out to fill the car.

With the reception still five minutes away Kelly felt the slightest twinge in her bladder and like dozens of times before she just let it go without thinking. She felt the warmth trickling into her disposable and run down between her legs. She barely gave it a second thought as she tinkled into her underpants like a little baby. It didn’t seem any different to the many other times she had wet herself but she soon felt a very unwelcome feeling.

“Oh no…” Kelly muttered so quietly the excited newlyweds in the front couldn’t hear her.

Kelly looked down and saw her worst fears confirmed. The diaper had been pushed beyond it’s limits and now warm urine was coming out of the leg holes and settling in the seat. The dress underneath Kelly’s butt was quickly getting wet and Kelly had no idea how to stop it. She reached down and put one hand up her dress to feel the wet spot that was growing even as she finished peeing.

Craig and Beth had no idea what Kelly had done as they talked happily about their dream ceremony. In the back seat Kelly was sitting in her own puddle and had no idea what to do. She thought about telling the happily married couple what she had done but her shame kept her mouth shut. The contrast between the two adults in front and the adult baby in the back had never felt so wide before. It was like a chasm of difference.

Kelly could feel her pee spreading across the seat and soon a furtive look to the side showed a long trickle emerging out from under her and running across the seat. She tried to bat at it with her hand as if there was anything she could do to get rid of it but it was already soaking into the fabric of the seats.

“Are you OK back there?” Beth asked from the passenger seat. To Kelly’s relief she didn’t turn to look behind her.

“Yes!” Kelly answered very quickly and emphatically.

“You looked adorable with the other girls in that dress.” Beth continued, “I can’t wait to see the pictures.”

Kelly was barely paying attention. She was fighting a war to prevent the spread of her accident and she was losing badly. The fabric underneath her was absolutely sodden and the seat underneath was getting equally wet. She had almost forgotten about the poop that covered her diaper such was her distraction with hiding the leak. It was always going to be impossible to hide what had happened forever but that didn’t stop her futile attempts to delay the inevitable.

“Looks like we’re the last ones here.” Craig said suddenly.

Kelly looked up and out of the window. She felt her breath escape her as she looked out at all the guests standing around waiting to welcome the happy couple. There was no escape now and as the car pulled into the car park and stopped Kelly took what felt like a final deep breath that contained a sob.

Beth and Craig stepped out of the car to cheers and applause. Kelly stayed where she was as if she was a chameleon who could just blend in and disappear. She saw her parents gesturing to her, they wanted to walk into the party with her, it would’ve been touching if the situation hadn’t been so dire.

“Come on…” Craig started walking towards Kelly’s door when the diapered adult remained seated, “You aren’t going to spoil our big day by being a brat.”

Kelly winced as the door was pulled open. Craig didn’t immediately spot the problem on the backseat but as he pulled Kelly off the seat the full extent of what had happened became apparent to everyone.

Kelly reached behind her to try to cover the wet spot on her rear but it was a futile effort as the spot seemed to encompass half her dress. She looked at the back seat she had vacated and realised things were worse than she had imagined. The seat was soaked and it was clear it would take a lot more than a quick scrub to clean it up.

“My car!” Craig exclaimed as he looked at the urine seeping into his seat.

“The dress!” Beth exclaimed equally loudly as she walked around and saw the rear of the dress, “These are only rented!”

“I’m… I’m…” Kelly wanted to apologise but in the glare of so many people she froze up. More than anything she wanted to be carried away from here and changed.

“Why didn’t you tell us!?” Craig demanded.

“I didn’t know!” Kelly cringed as she admitted the lack of attention she gave to her own toiletry habits.

“If you think you won’t get a spanking just because it’s my wedding day you have another thing coming!” Craig angrily took Kelly’s arm and brought her to the rear of the car.

Kelly shouted for him to stop but it was pointless because if Craig had made his mind up she knew there was nothing she could do to change it. She struggled as she was bent over the trunk of the car, she could feel her dress being lifted up and over her diaper revealing the crinkling underwear to the wedding party who gasped.

Kelly was crying before the first spank landed but when it did she was surprised. It hadn’t been Craig that landed the first blow on the thirty-year-old’s rear.

“Bad girl!” Beth called out as she brought her hand back again, “Naughty girl!”

Before Beth’s second spank came down Craig landed a blow on the other side of the diaper. As soon as his hand left the plastic Beth spanked again. Kelly jerked forwards with each spank and felt the diaper squelch against her, more urine mixed with some of the poop she had deposited in her diaper ran down her leg as she cried harder. The pain was minimal but the humiliation was off the charts. Her poopy rear faced the crowd of people who were all watching the punishment in shock.

The spanks came rapid fire as Kelly closed her eyes and put her face down against the metal of the trunk. Each smack caused an echoing noise that reverberated around the car park, even the birds seemed to have stopped chirping to watch.

“I’m sorry, Mommy!” Kelly yelled out almost hysterically, “I’m sorry, Daddy!”

The spanking kept going and Kelly could feel the tortured padding in the rear of her diaper starting to give up and crumble. With the protection gone the spanks became more potent and Kelly’s ass started to redden under the repeated spanks. She was sure she would be left with some bruises when all was said and done.

Kelly started wailing as the humiliating public spanking finally ended. By the time the final spank landed she was a snivelling mess. The diaper, like her dress, was ruined and Kelly felt like she would never be clean. Worse than the lack of physical comfort was the emotional humiliation received by such a public embarrassment. She didn’t want to be a little girl but right then and there she wanted to hide behind her parents and have them take her somewhere safe. She wanted to be cuddled, changed and taken home.

The silence from the crowd that had watched this humiliating experience was just as bad as if they all actively laughed at Kelly. The thirty-year-old woman was finally able to get off the car and let the dress drop behind her. The padding and it’s messy contents only seemed to aggravate Kelly’s bruised behind.

“I’ll get her changed.” Beth said as she took her daughter’s hand, “You go and welcome the guests.”

“Are you sure?” Craig replied, “You don’t want to get your dress dirty.”

Kelly just wished one of her parents would take her. She didn’t care which one changed her as long as someone got her out of public and into a fresh diaper as soon as possible. Kelly was led by her mother who assured Craig everything would be fine, she took the diaper bag and turned towards the hall. As they walked towards the large hall Kelly could see all the wedding guests watching her as if she was a circus sideshow freak being walked around for everyone’s enjoyment.

The guests parted like the Red Sea before Moses as Kelly waddled uncomfortably forwards. No one seemed to want to get within a few feet of the stinky woman and she could feel herself dripping and leaving a trail as she went through the doors. The bathrooms were mercifully close by and Kelly was taken straight into the disabled one. The door was closed and it felt like a weight lifted off Kelly’s shoulders.

“Get that dress off and climb on to the changing table.” Beth said simply.

Kelly did as she was told. The dress had been ruined and felt frankly awful to pull up and over her head. The soaked material that had been caught under her butt in the car was now dragged up her back leaving a cold wet trail that made the woman shiver. When it passed her head she got a strong smell of her accident. Her pee smelt very strong and she was sure it would stick to her until she could take a shower. She dropped the soiled garment on the floor, it landed heavily and with a splat.

“I’m not getting that deposit back.” Beth remarked grimly as she saw the horribly stained dress.

“Sorry.” Kelly mumbled apologetically.

“It’s fine.” Beth said though from the tone of her voice it was clearly not fine, “I guess I should’ve known better than to expect you to tell us when you needed a change.”

Kelly felt even worse which she hadn’t thought possible a couple of seconds ago. It seemed like her own mother didn’t even expect her to know when she needed a change. If she hadn’t already felt so emotionally drained she would surely have burst into tears on the spot.

Kelly laid back on the changing table for the long process of having her diaper area cleaned. As she was slowly wiped she could hear people filing past the bathroom and into the hall for the party that was soon to start. She tried to ignore the laughter and obvious fun the guests were having as she was taped into new padding. This was surely her rock bottom.

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*Three Months Later…*

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Today was the day Kelly had been looking forward to and dreading in equal measure. She was sitting on the edge of her crib with the side down. She was checking through the pink *Hello Kitty* backpack for all the supplies she needed. She felt so nervous and yet excited as she bit her nails and looked at the full length mirror on the opposite side of the room.

Kelly’s long hair had been tied into braided pigtails with pink ribbons that matched her bag tied near the bottom. Her white t-shirt had “Princess” written on it in glitter and little pastel hearts, a shirt Kelly had picked out herself. She was naked from the waist down but that was about to change.

A couple of weeks after Beth and Craig’s wedding Kelly had been sat down and asked if she was ready to grow up. It didn’t take the diapered woman long to enthusiastically say yes which led to the start of her potty training. Her control hadn’t slipped too badly but Craig had decided it was her mentality that needed training more than her body. When she was a good girl she was given time out of diapers and allowed to use the toilet but when she was naughty she was promptly put back in the thicker diapers and expected to use them.

Kelly perfected being a good girl. She always did as she was told now and trusted that her Mommy and Daddy knew best. It was because of this that she was now sitting in her room before her first day of college. Craig had always been keen for Kelly to get some more education before finding a job and now she was going to do as they asked.

Standing up Kelly walked across the room. It was still strange for her to feel nothing but empty air between her legs after so long with padding there. Today was a big day for her and as she walked across to her chest of drawers and pulled the top one open she smiled at an unfamiliar but very welcome sight.

Instead of the diapers that were normally packed in Kelly’s top drawer there was now a whole different type of underwear. Kelly reached in and rubbed her hands over the panties that had replaced the smooth plastic diapers. The brightly coloured panties were all themed towards *Disney* princesses and other female characters.

“Kelly! It’s time to go!” Craig’s voice called up the stairs.

“I’ll be right there, Daddy” Kelly replied as sweetly as she could.

Kelly dug around in the panty drawer and pulled out a pair lime green underpants that had a picture of Ariel from *The Little Mermaid* smiling on the front. Kelly stepped into them and pulled up between her legs. This was the first time she had worn “adult” underwear in months and she felt oddly proud. She was certainly determined that she would repay her Mommy and Daddy’s faith in her by keeping them clean and dry.

Over the panties she wore a short pleated skirt and she quickly pulled up some knee-high socks that had pink frills at the top. When she looked in the mirror she saw a young girl on their way to their first day of school.

Kelly picked up her backpack and slipped her arms through the straps. She nervously looked around at her room one last time for anything she had forgotten and then hurried down the stairs. Craig was waiting at the bottom and smiling just as much as his little girl. Kelly saw a pair of shoes at the foot of the stairs, it wasn’t a pair she recognised.

“I bought you some new shoes for your first day.” Craig said with a smile as Kelly sat down on the bottom step. He noticed that Kelly, so unused to acting like an adult, was sitting with her legs apart showing the childish underwear underneath.

“Oh, Daddy, I love them!” Kelly enthused.

The shoes completed her little girl outfit. They were a pair of black Mary Janes common to little schoolgirls in uniform around the world. They fit over her socks perfectly and once buckled up they hugged her feet wonderfully.

“Did you remember your pull-up?” Beth asked as she came walking down the hall with a pink box.

“Yes, Mommy.” Kelly replied as she stood up, “But I won’t need it!”

“I hope not, sweetie.” Beth smiled and held out the pink box, “Your lunch.”

Kelly blushed a little as she took the lunchbox. Just like her panties the box was *Disney* themed and had a picture of the famous *Magic Castle* on it. It was very pretty and when Kelly clutched it she could feel the sandwich, drink and fruit inside rattling around.

“Thank you, Mommy.” Kelly said bashfully.

“Time to get going.” Craig said as he pulled the front door open.

Kelly jumped forwards and wrapped her mother in a big hug. She felt so many emotions but as she prepared for her first day of college she felt incredibly grateful to both Mommy and Daddy.

“Have a great day.” Beth said before planting a kiss on daughter’s forehead, “Be good.”

Kelly finally let go and stepped out to the car. She sat in the back seat and clutched her lunchbox on her lap. Craig got in the front seat and started the engine, as they pulled out of the driveway Kelly turned to wave at her mother out of the back window. Was it her imagination or was Beth crying?

The journey took about half an hour and as they got near the college Kelly could see all the young people making their way towards the large old buildings. She felt the butterflies in her tummy double as the car got closer. Craig stopped the car right outside the main entrance and turned to the backseat where Kelly was nervously sitting.

“Are you ready?” Craig asked.

“I-I think so.” Kelly replied nervously.

“You’ll be fine, sweetie.” Craig said, “Your mother and I are very proud of you.”

Kelly smiled and then took a deep breath as she opened the car door and stepped out. She looked around and saw some people turn to look her way, she knew that despite not being in diapers she still looked like a little girl to most people. As she saw more people looking at her she started to feel increasingly nervous. She was just thinking about getting in the car when Craig pulled away from the curb leaving her alone.

Kelly looked around whilst biting her lip. She was trembling slightly as her body fought the fight or flight response. She started chastising herself for ever thinking she could do this, it was only a few months ago she was embarrassing herself in front of everyone there was no way she could go from that to this in such a short amount of time. She should just run away, she needed somewhere to hide, she needed…

“I love your outfit!” Kelly heard a sudden voice from next to her.

Kelly turned to the side and saw a young woman who couldn’t have been older than her mid-twenties. She had short blonde hair and was a little taller than Kelly. She was looking Kelly up and down with a big friendly smile.

“Th-Thank you.” Kelly replied quietly. She could feel her cheeks flushing red.

“The younger look is so in right now.” The woman said, “My name is Charlotte.”

“I’m Kelly.” Kelly replied with a nervous smile.

“You’re new here as well?” Charlotte asked, “What are you studying?”

“Erm, business studies.” Kelly answered.

“No shit!” Charlotte looked surprised, “Excuse my language! I’m doing the same course! Do you want to go in with me?”

“Sure!” Kelly smiled. Suddenly the nerves were disappearing. Was she really making a friend this quickly?

The two women walked together into the college with Kelly feeling like every step represented one closer to adulthood. She wanted to do well with herself but, more importantly, she wanted to make Mommy and Daddy proud.