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.”