

## Renée's Absolutely Awful Summer

### Chapter One – April 2024

When Renée woke that Saturday morning in late May, she had no idea that it was going to be the first day of a very, very crazy summer.

"Wha-a?" She sat up in bed, blinking down in confusion at the strange sensation around her bottom. If she was any other young woman, she might have pulled back the covers to investigate what horrible, shameful secret might be there. But she wasn't just any other young woman – oh, no. She had already realized that she was the protagonist in a kinky AB/DL story... and that meant she had to stop everything. Blink meekly into the middle distance, as if into the hungry eyes of the readers. And wait for the omniscient narrator to explain exactly what an adorable, lust-worthy character she was.

*You see (the omniscient narrator announced, in the most lovely, rumbly narrator voice imaginable) Renée was twenty-one years old and definitely, totally, legally an adult. This was absolutely true, despite the odd genetic tendencies that had stunted her growth and made her look no more than a mere sixteen. She had shoulder-length brown hair and brown bangs and brown eyes – and freckles, too, for good measure. Her bra size was 32A, her weight 111.5 pounds, her height four feet eleven inches, her shoe size 6W, her glasses prescription -3.00 -3.75, and her blood type A-positive. Her middle name was Dawn, her favorite color was lavender, the name of her favorite teacher was Ms. Stapleton, and the name of her first pet was Hank (the hamster). She was-*

The narrator paused, realizing belatedly that he might have given too much information too quickly. *Ahem, he announced, a trifle apologetically. That is to say, Renée was a super cute and super lust-worthy AB/DL protagonist. She was very short, you see, and her chest was flat as a teenage boy's. Oh, see those freckles? And those bangs? And did I mention how short she was? Again, totally legal and totally an adult! But yeah, she was pretty freaking ador-*

Renée impatiently pulled back the covers at last, and the narrator mercifully shut up. But oh, the horror! For what was she looking at with those cute, wide brown eyes of her? Not just the faded fabric of her favorite pajama bottoms. Not even Jerry, the tattered stuffed iguana that she slept with every night, now lying flat on his back like roadkill. Oh, no. It was a

GIANT WET PATCH IN HER BED!!!

"Oh my gawd!" shrieked her mother, who had suddenly and illogically appeared in her room. "My big adult dawta just peed her bed! Whaddya hafta say for yourself, girl? Huh? HUH? You think it's

funny, laying there and peeing yourself? I didn't think you was a frickin' *baby* no more, you know!"

The narrator began to interject with exposition – explaining something about how Renée's nameless mother was a stout, domineering, no-nonsense sort of parent – but his voice was drowned out as Renée's adorable little face crumpled immediately down into pathetic little wails. "I- I'm sorryy, Mom," she pleaded, blinking in chagrin down at the GIANT WET PATCH she was sitting in. "I didn't- I never-! I- *bic!* I never wet the bed be- *bic!* fore! Not even last semest- *bic!* -err..."

In case it wasn't obvious, Renée got the hiccups every time she was upset.

"Oh, be quiet!" Having put up with them for twenty-one years, her mother apparently found her daughter's hiccups anything but endearing. "Listen: I haven't the slightest reason why you might have developed a case of nocturnal enuresis during the last twenty-four hours. However, since I am stout, domineering, no-nonsense sort of parent, I have no intention of demonstrating paternal affection or ensuring that you receive proper medical attention. On the contrary, I firmly believe that my best course of action at this juncture will be to administer a painful, hopelessly outdated form of corporal punishment on a sensitive yet durable portion of your anatomy."

Simultaneously shocked at the unusual eloquence of her mother's diction, and cowed by the fierce glimmer in her eye, Renée could only gape, hiccuping intermittently in the cutest of ways. But not three *bics* had escaped her before her mother was ruthlessly seizing her arm and tugging her out of the bed with its GIANT WET PATCH. Down she yanked those soaked pajama bottoms. Down went the super-cute, soaked, white-and-blue flowered panties. And having sank angrily down onto the bed, she forced her totally adult but cutely submissive daughter over her knee.

*SMACK. SMACK! SMACK? bic SMACK. SMACK! SMACK? bic SMACK. SMACK! SMACK? bic SMACK. SMACK! SMACK!! bic SMACK. SMACK! SMACK!! bic SMACK. SMACK! SMACK!! bic SMACK. SMACK! SMACK!!! bic SMACK. SMACK! SMACK!!! bic SMACK. SMACK! SMACK!!! bic SMACK. SMACK! SMACK? bic*

Somewhere around the forty-seventh *SMACK* the narrator considered intervening. But, given how invested the readers seemed to be in the sounds, he declined to interrupt... lapsing into silence once more and watching in evident satisfaction. For all the while, Renée's smooth, naked legs flailed desperately under the assault, and her poor, reddening bum quivered under the merciless onslaught of her mother's sharp discipline...

"Outa ya bed, now," her mother ordered at last, her spate of violence having apparently allowed her to recover her usual inarticulateness. She propelled the sobbing, still-hiccuping Renée off her lap and rose to her feet, grimacing with all the good humor of a drill sergeant with hemorrhoids. "Strip

ya sheets. Get those smelly things off, 'kay? Go put everything in the wash. And then, assumin' you don't need me to do it *for* ya, you're gonna go march your pissy ass right into that bathroom and shower clean! Got it?"

"Uh-huuuhh," whimpered the contrite Renée, who began guiltily doing precisely that. Because it didn't matter that she was a grown adult with a mind of her own. She was an AB/DL protagonist, after all – and *that* meant she always did exactly what she was told. Even when it meant she had to strip stark naked and bundle up her soaking wet sheets and trot her adorably naked, red little ass down the stairs to the waiting washing machine.

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"Hey, I- I'm sorry, Mom," Renée managed once more when she reappeared fifteen minutes at the breakfast table. She was fresh from the shower and despite no longer being naked, she was looking cuter than ever with her damp bangs and her not-at-all juvenile Hello Kitty T-shirt hugging her cutely flat chest. But her mom was barely listening: not to her, not to the spring birds squawking outside the window, not even to the eggs noisily burning to a crisp on the stove. She was far too busy gloating into the screen of her laptop computer.

"Perfect, heheheheh! And free same-day shipping, too? Frick yeah! I'll take an entire *case* for that!"

Which is how Renée – the adorably cute yet doomed protagonist – learned of her humiliating and totally realistic fate. "Hey, pissy pants – gotcha covered now!" Her mother smirked, a not-at-all sadistic light gleaming in her eye as she thrust the computer toward her daughter. She ambled off to remove the smoking ruins of the eggs from the stove. "Everyone knows there's only one way to deal with a bedwetter, right? Right?! Go on – take a peep! Take a peep and tell me what I ordered-"

Renée stared – cutely, of course. Hiccured, even more adorably. And then in rising horror, mouthed the blood-curdling word.

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*(To be continued!)*

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