

An AB Discovery Book

Kita's Short Stories

A feast of ABDL/LG wonder!



written by

Kita Sparkles

Kita's Short Stories

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by

Kita Sparkles

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- Creative Cupid -

I see your hand reaching for another piece of candy, quickly popping it into your mouth and smiling innocently by the time I turn to look at you. You're hoping against hope that I did not see, as you've already had more candy than I said you could have, but since it is Valentine's Day and it is after dinner, I smile and pretend I did not notice. I do, however, put the lid back on the candy and carry it to the refrigerator.

You pout a bit at this, then wiggle a bit in your seat, causing a crinkle that you know I can't resist.

"Do you need a change?" I ask.

From the look on your face, I know the answer before you say it.

"I dunno. Maybe."

This is your answer when you are hoping I will check you like a baby.

"Well, I guess we better check the baby girl and see," I say, pulling you to your feet and tugging the back of your pajama pants and diaper out in the back to see. "My goodness, Fairy Baby, you're soaked! You couldn't tell?" I ask, playing along.

I can see the smile tugging at the corners of your mouth, a giggle hiding just under the surface, as you give an expansive shrug.

"I guess you'll just have to check more often," you tease.

"Oh, really?" I pull you right into a tickle, taking less than two seconds to dissolve you into giggles. You're still giggling as I grab the basket of extra diapers and changing supplies we almost always keep under the coffee table (despite our cats' curiosity). Once, we forgot it was there and one of our visitors saw it. De-babifying a house is always more work than expected. Good thing you came up with the babysitting excuse so quickly. Well, your sister *was* babysitting you earlier that day, and she did use that basket of supplies. If I were to say it aloud, you would probably point out that it was on more than one "baby" in fact, so I don't voice my memories.

Instead, I make swift work of sliding your pajama pants down and undoing the tapes on your diaper. You smile up at me innocently as I remove the wet diaper - the very heavy wet diaper - from under you.

Creative Cupid

"Extra chocolate makes you wet more, I think," I tease, and you poke your tongue out at me cutely. I grab a Huggies Baby Wipe to clean you up, and then slip another diaper under you, before reaching for the baby oil.

The baby oil is your favorite part, I know. I've even tested you a few times by moving the baby oil out of the basket in the Living Room just to see if you would notice. You always manage to slip it back into the basket before your next change.

This being Valentine's Day, I use a liberal amount and rub it into your skin. You smile widely and your eyes close, and soon you are completely relaxed. After a few minutes of this baby oil massage, I sprinkle baby powder and pull the tapes snug on your diaper.

"No more?" you ask, a little pleadingly.

I smile. "I have a feeling you'll end up needing one more change before bed anyway," I answer.

I turn before you can poke your tongue out at me again, carrying the diaper with me to throw it in the diaper pail and wash my hands. I hear you crinkling as you walk behind me into the bedroom.

When I come out of the bathroom, a strange sight greets me.

"Well, what have we here?" I ask. Standing before me is a little creature with long red hair. She wears only white wings and a disposable diaper and is carrying a makeshift bow and arrow.

"I'm Cupid," the creature tells me.

"Really? I thought Cupid was a boy," I say.

"Look, buddy, if all you did all day was run around in a diaper and shoot people in the butt with arrows, they would get your gender-confused too," she says. I choke back laughter as she adds, "Besides, you don't have much room to talk, *Vickie!*"

"So why is Cupid in my house?" I ask, ignoring the last remark for now.

"I've been sent to help you find the woman of your dreams."

"Penelope Cruz?" I ask.

Cupid frowns. "She's taken!"

"Oh - ok." I act disappointed.

Creative Cupid

"The way we do it is for you to tell me what you want in a woman," Cupid tells me.

"Ahh - I see," I say. "Well, she'd have to be a Christian. Open-minded, though, not one who is really strict and everything." Cupid nods at this. "And, she would have to be understanding. She would be someone who is thoughtful, and who wouldn't look down on me because I am an LG. Hopefully, she would use it to her advantage."

Cupid looks thoughtful about this, and I continue. "But she wouldn't be afraid to voice her opinion, and wouldn't just pretend to agree with me about everything either. She'd have to be her own person, but still feel like she needed me to complete her, just like I would feel I needed her to complete me. Last, she would be someone who always pushed me to be the best I can be, but also complimented the small accomplishments along the way."

"Well, I think I know just the person," Cupid says, readying her arrow and pointing it at me. "Now, this will just take a second, and..."

"Actually," I say, quickly pulling the arrow from your unsuspecting hand, "I think I know just the person!"

"Wait!" Cupid says. "That's my job. I'm s'posed to..."

"No problem!" I tease. "I just gotta get her on the bottom with this arrow, right?" I look at the "arrow" and notice you have made it from a wooden spoon - how ironically appropriate!

"Umm - meep!"

You run back to the bedroom as I take a light swing with the spoon. I run into the bedroom to chase you and don't see you anywhere. You have forgotten the crinkling of your diaper though, and I do hear you sneak up behind me from behind the door.

You have been very creative tonight and used something I'd have never expected. Another thing about the "woman of my dreams" - she is full of surprises. For your creativity and work - and even using a costume (though not *quite* as "interesting" as the Genie costume you wore once...) - I pretend not to hear you crinkling up behind me.

Suddenly you make your move, lunging and grabbing the spoon from me. Before I can do anything else, you swing it and it makes a loud whack as it smacks my bottom.

"I thought so!" you giggle. "Daddy's wearin' diapers!"

Creative Cupid

I catch you then before you can get away, and a tickle war ensues, so much so that we finally even collapse onto the bed. I gain the upper hand and get the spoon away from you long enough to give you a wallop on the bottom with it as well, knowing you'll never feel more than a small bump through your diaper.

"Well, I guess it's sealed now. We've both been shot by Cupid's arrow. We're stuck with each other now," I say. Even as I say it, I know I was struck by Cupid's arrow a long time ago.

"I guess so," you repeat, pretending to be resigned to it. Your pajama pants have slipped down during the tickling war, and I note that I was right - you are going to need another diaper change tonight.

I reach for the changing table that is nearby and grab another diaper for you. In a little while, you have been changed and got that longer baby oil massage you wanted earlier. I think you are just about asleep when suddenly you sit up and say, "Daddy?"

"Yes, Libby?" I respond.

"Remember what you said, about how your dream woman would use you being LG to her advantage sometimes? Does that mean you would like her to baby you, too?" Before I even form an answer in my mind, I smile as I see you reach for the pile of larger diapers that are stored on the changing table.

Happy Valentine's Day!

- The Yard Sale -

Chapter 1

Every year when I was young, my family would make a trip during the summer to visit family in Pennsylvania. I was never quite sure just *why* we did this since much of the time my Dad spent complaining that they never came to see us, so why should we go to see them? On top of that, they would sit there and talk about their vacations to Florida or wherever, while he was wasting his time visiting them. But we still went every year nevertheless.

I liked going there because I would get to see my cousins. The funny thing about that was, that I had no boy cousins while I was growing up. There were three boys that were born to my mother's sister, and two boys to my Dad's sister, but they were all already adults and were more like uncles - those that I saw at all - not someone I could play with. I had nine girl cousins that were still kids. My sister, Tracey, who was four years older than me was also always there. I had an older brother as well, but he stopped making the trip with us a few years before when he started working.

This particular summer, I was thirteen. We were visiting my mother's brother's family, though he was actually away at the time. Aunt Patti had three daughters - Tricia, who was 14, Misty, who was 11, and Sheila, who was 7. Clothing had been passed down through the three girls, but now that Sheila had outgrown some clothes, Aunt Patti decided to sell the old clothes in a yard sale. People were always buying baby and toddler clothes at such sales.

I remember that we were helping her set it up, laying out clothes on tables. Some of the clothes were dresses and such that came out of Sheila's closet, now giving her much more room in it, and some clothes came out of boxes my aunt had stored in her attic. As I opened one box, I saw several rows of cloth diapers neatly folded and stacked, and along the side, there was a whole stack of plastic panties. There were several "awws" from the girls as I drew these items out, first two stacks of white cloth diapers, then a stack of nursery print, and finally, one by one I pulled out the plastic panties. There were pairs in every color of the rainbow, a few with lace and ruffles, and many with nursery prints. For some reason, these items really excited me, and I hoped the girls couldn't tell.

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I had enjoyed an interest in diapers for as long as I can remember. Even when I was four and my mother was taking care of my baby cousin I was jealous and wanted to wear her diapers and drink from her bottle. When I was 10 I found a cloth diaper in one of my dresser drawers and began pinning it on myself in bed at night. I would put it back in the morning. But after only a little bit, my mother one day decided to clean out my dresser and my diaper was gone. I had also got hold of one of my sister's baby doll bottles once and played with it, but eventually, she put many of her baby dolls away, opting instead for collector's dolls, and with them went the bottle.

As we unpacked the rest of the boxes, my eyes kept wandering back to those stacks of diapers and plastic panties. Finally, I opened the last box, and in it was a big surprise! As I pulled it open, there were more diapers and plastic pants, and even a row of disposable diapers, but these were much bigger than the baby diapers.

"Oh!" my aunt laughed. "Those were Misty's. She wet the bed until she was nine, and she had to wear diapers every night. When she stopped, I just took everything we had left and put it in that box. There must be all kinds of stuff in there."

Misty was so embarrassed and begged her mother not to put these items out, as her friends might come by the sale and know the diapers had been hers. Tricia and Sheila were none too convinced that their friends wouldn't think they were theirs either, and my aunt finally relented, telling me to close the box back up and put it back in the attic.

I did as she said, but once in the attic, the temptation became too great. I looked around to make sure no one was coming, then pulled the box back open!

My heart was racing, though I didn't really know why. I just knew I had to get another look at those diapers. I pulled the box flaps back open, and stared, enticed by the stacks of babyish articles. I stepped to the attic window and peeked out - everyone was still busy in the yard.

Looking back in the box, I decided I just *had* to wear one of those diapers. I pulled out a thick disposable diaper, pulled my pants and underwear down, and sat on the diaper. After looking in the box again I noticed some baby powder, so I went ahead and used some of it. Then I pulled the diaper tight and taped it in place with the tapes on it.

Not being accustomed to diapering at all, I of course didn't do the best job. Stray edges of plastic stuck out of the diaper, and it was a little loose. I wanted one more thing from the box though and reached in for a pair of plastic

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panties. Every pair in there was very girlish, but I didn't care. I pulled on a pink pair that had lace ruffles at the waist and leg openings. All the diapering supplies were a perfect fit for me.

I flexed my legs after getting the plastic panties pulled up over my diaper, and feelings of ecstasy washed over me. Then I heard someone come into the house downstairs, so I quickly pulled my underwear and pants up over the diaper. It was a little bulky looking, but I figured I could get away with it and rushed down the stairs.

My fourteen-year-old cousin, Tricia was in the kitchen when I got downstairs. "You were up there a long time," Tricia said. "What took so long?"

"Umm, I had to go to the bathroom," I lied, thinking fast.

It wasn't a *total* mistruth. I did feel a bit of a need to go to the bathroom right now. I knew it was believable that I was doing that since you had to go through the bathroom to get to the attic.

"Ahh... the sight of all those diapers made you think about it," Tricia stated.

Misunderstanding her at first, my mouth dropped open. "Huh?" I said.

"Seeing the diapers made you have to go to the bathroom," Tricia restated.

"Ohh!" I had thought she meant seeing the diapers made me think about wearing one. "Yeah. Yeah, that's what it was."

Wow, that was so lame, I thought! I hope she didn't see through it.

As I turned to go outside, I noticed Tricia was staring at the bulge in my pants, though she didn't say anything. Dang, it was too late now to go take the diapers off. I couldn't even use the bathroom excuse since I claimed I had just gone. I would just have to hope no one would think I would really put on a diaper.

"Here, have some tea," Tricia said before I could get out. She had already poured a glass of iced tea for me, so I drank it down quickly, then headed back outside.

Once outside, my sister, cousins, and I went back and forth between playing Frisbee and helping people who came to the yard sale. The baby items did indeed sell very quickly.

As was usual with me, the iced tea I drank went right through me and straight to my bladder. Normally it wouldn't be that bad, but compounded with

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the fact I already had to go, it became almost unbearable. I tried to hold it for a while to make it look natural, but I ended up waiting too long. At one point, I jumped to catch the Frisbee and ended up tripping when I came back down and landed on my butt. The hard fall was too much for my bladder, and I immediately felt my diapers flood with warm pee.

If I had thought the feeling of wearing diapers was good, this was a hundred times better! I felt a warm tingling feeling spread across the front of the diaper, across the middle, and finally into the seat. I stood up and looked down at myself. There were no visible leaks in front so I thought I was okay, although I was going to have to figure out a way to get out of the wet diaper soon.

We went back to playing, and I eventually forgot about it, though I could still feel the wet feeling. Then, after being in the wet diaper for about 20 minutes, I turned around to pick up the Frisbee and heard a peel of giggles from Misty behind me. As I said, I really wasn't thinking about the diaper anymore, so I wondered what she was giggling about. She ran over to my aunt and whispered something in her ear.

My aunt looked at me.

"Sweetheart." I hated it when she called me that. "Could you turn around for a minute?"

Thinking this was something to do with Misty that they didn't want a boy to see, I nonchalantly turned around with my back to them.

"Yep," Aunt Patty said. "There is no way to get that pattern naturally. The only way you can get wet spots like that on your bottom is from a leaky diaper!"

My eyes went wide, and I turned to look over my shoulder at my pants. I couldn't see it all, but I could see the tops of two wet spots - the diaper had leaked out of the legs in the back. Now my heart was racing again, but for a completely different reason than before. This time it was from fear. I was so embarrassed, and I couldn't even come up with an excuse for why I would be wearing a diaper at all, let alone a *wet* one.

My mother walked toward me and I could see she was very upset with me. She reached out and undid my pants, pulling them and my underwear down right in front of my cousins, aunt, and sister. I blushed bright red standing there with the diaper and plastic pants exposed to them. My cousins and sister were giggling at the spectacle, and seven-year-old Sheila began chanting.

"Timothy is a baby, Timothy is a baby!"

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"I can't believe this!" my mother yelled at me. "Did you actually steal these diapers?"

I tried to come up with something. It wasn't like I could claim I wasn't wearing them, or that these diapers had come from somewhere else.

"I didn't steal them," I tried. "I just borrowed them to see what they feel like!"

"Borrowed them?" my mother answered. "Borrowed? I'm pretty sure your aunt isn't going to want that wet diaper back! Besides, you didn't ask if you could borrow them, and borrowing without asking is the same as stealing."

The logic parents have when they are angry is appalling. Did my mother really think I would *ask* if I could wear a diaper? Just like when they ask you, "*Do you want me to spank you?*" How are you supposed to answer that? "*Oh yeah, Mom, I was just thinking about that. Would you please?*" Or, "*Don't you know if you hit your brother with that it will hurt him?*" Gosh, really? "*I'm not Jimmy's mother, I'm your mother.*" Wow...I'd have never figured that out on my own. Is that why I call you "Mom"?

I heard Tricia say something about my "*pretty plastic panties*", and Sheila had changed her chant to "*Timothy is a baby GIRL*", but I didn't really pay much attention to that, as my mom grabbed me by the wrist and dragged me toward the house. I had to step out of my pants as I was tripping over them, and was now just walking in the diaper and plastic panties. Just before my mother dragged me through the door I heard one more teasing comment from Sheila.

"Uh-oh... is the naughty little baby girl gonna get a spanking then?"

All the girls laughed at that one.

Chapter 2

Once inside, the lecture really began. I didn't even hear most of what my mother said because my mind was in overdrive as I tried to decide if what my cousin had asked was really going to happen. My fears were confirmed as finally my mother sat down on the couch, and pulled me down over her knees. Now I really *did* feel like a naughty baby, with my bottom up in the air and my feet and head dangling from my mother's lap in this position. Worse yet, I felt her tug the diaper and plastic pants down in the back so my bottom was bare.

WHAP!

The sting of the spanking was multiplied since my bottom was a bit tender after being in the diaper.

WHAP WHAP WHAP!

My mother intensified the spanking. Before long I felt the tears start running down my face, and then I started to cry out loud. I knew everyone outside could hear the spanking and me crying as well.

"I'm sorry!" I yelled. "I'm sorry! I'll never wear diapers again!"

I began to kick my feet as the pain from the spanking put me past the breaking point.

"Oh yes you will wear diapers again," my mother told me as she gave me a last couple of smacks on the thighs. "Since you wet that diaper, it just proves you really do need them. You're going to wear diapers for quite a while!"

I couldn't believe it. I had wanted to wear diapers, but not like this. My mother stood me up and walked me to the corner.

"You put your nose in that corner and don't you move!" she said. "And no rubbing!" She smacked my bare bottom again, which I had been rubbing to try and take the sting away.

I heard my mother go back outside, and a minute later, Tricia came running in. She took one look at me in the corner with the diapers pulled down and my bare red bottom sticking out, and burst out laughing. Then she continued up the stairs as my mother came back in.

I was stealing quick glances behind me to see what was going on. My mother had brought in a baby blanket that had been out on the table for sale. She

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also had a basket of things but I couldn't tell what was in the basket. She spread the blanket out on the floor, and presently my cousin came back down carrying the box of diapers from the attic.

"Here they are, Aunt Ida," she said, setting the box down. "I also found some baby powder, and I brought you a couple of baby wipes from the bathroom."

"Thank you," my mother said, and then spoke to me. "You can come out of the corner now, get over here." I went over to the blanket. "Lay on your back," she instructed.

Tricia backed away to a nearby chair, and sat down, obviously hoping to get to watch. My mother didn't say she couldn't, and I started to cry in humiliation.

My mother pulled down my plastic panties.

"Such pretty panties," she said to me. "I guess you must be a baby girl. We'll just have to find some more appropriate clothes for you. Until then I guess you can just wear your diapers. It's summer anyway."

Tricia looked like she was about to say something, then changed her mind. She didn't want to alert my Mom that she was still in the room watching, just in case she shouldn't be there. I tried to say something, but my mother reached into the basket and grabbed something, then stuffed it in my mouth. I realized it was a pacifier.

The pacifier really did have a calming effect and I began to suck on it. My mother removed the wet diaper, much to Tricia's delight, then grabbed the baby wipes and cleaned me up. She pushed my legs way up in the air and powdered my bottom, then slipped a new diaper under me. She then let my legs down, powdered my front, and pulled the diaper up tightly between my legs. She taped it in front, then pulled a new pair of plastic panties from the box. These were pink and had little hearts all over them.

"There," my mother said, talking as though I were really a baby. "Baby has a nice clean diaper now."

She then turned to Tricia and asked her to take me back outside while she cleaned up a few things inside. Tricia took me by the hand and lead me back outside. I noticed the way my mother diapered me felt much better since it was snug instead of loose, but it felt funny with all that padding between my legs and I had to walk differently. I realized I must really look like a big baby now, as I toddled outside in the diaper, T-shirt, and pacifier in my mouth.

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Of course, Sheila immediately went back to her teasing of me as soon as I got outside.

"Aww... does the baby girl feel better now that she has a dry diaper?" she asked. When I didn't answer, she kept talking. "Probably not, since she has a red bottom under it!"

All the girls giggled at this.

It also didn't take long for word to spread around the neighborhood about the "big baby". People were coming to the yard sale, and as they left they would tell others about me. Especially other kids. They would come by and tease me, and finally Misty, feeling sorry for me, began to shoo them off. Misty was the only one who felt sorry for me though, as Sheila kept up her steady stream of teasing, and my sister and Tricia took to playing with me as though I were a real baby.

One lady who came to the sale was particularly impressed.

"Well," she said, upon seeing me. "That is exactly what I need. My daughter wets her bed every night, and I can't fit her into baby diapers anymore."

My aunt went and got several of the cloth diapers and a couple of pairs of plastic panties from the box to sell to the lady. She left an ample supply for me, however.

By the end of the day, much of what had been put out had sold. They set about to close up the sale, but not before Tricia pointed out that they had not sold the playpen yet, and perhaps it could be put to good use now.

"We wouldn't want the baby going out in the street while we are getting this cleaned up," she pointed out. So I was then made to climb into the little pink playpen and watch as they cleaned up. All the leftover baby items - and there weren't many left - were placed aside for me.

"Let's have supper outside," my sister suggested.

All the other girls thought this was a wonderful idea as well. Normally I would also be all for this, but I wasn't sure what the girls had in store for me this time! I hoped my mother would want me to stay inside, but this was not to be. In fact, my humiliation was increased as they put a highchair up for me.

I got to eat regular food - hot dogs and French fries - but my sister and cousins cut it all up for me, and I had to eat with my fingers. When they decided I wasn't eating fast enough, they began to feed me themselves. I had to wear a

The Yard Sale

pink-trimmed bib with "Mommy's Darling" printed on it as I ate, and I had to drink a bottle of milk as well.

When supper was finished, Tricia took me into her lap and got another bottle of milk which she fed me as she held me. Eventually, the other girls wanted to try this as well, and Tricia passed me to my sister, who then held me in her lap as Sheila fed me the bottle. Sheila had finally stopped teasing me and was beginning to just accept me as being an actual baby. Misty, meanwhile, was still casting apologetic glances my way.

Not long after my second bottle, I again felt the need to pee. This time I didn't even think twice about wetting the diaper. I knew there was no way I would be allowed out of it, so I relaxed and wet the diaper as I felt the need. A few things happened because of this.

First, I began to enjoy wearing the diapers. It didn't feel half bad to be in a dry diaper, especially since it was padding my sore bottom. It was what I had wanted to try in the first place anyway. Since I wasn't panicking this time when I wet the diaper, I could assess how it felt. A warm tingling rushed from the front to the back of the diaper, and I liked that as well.

The second thing that happened was that it became apparent my diaper was wet. The color-changing strip that ran down the middle of the diaper changed, plus the diaper seemed to become thicker and heavier.

It only took a couple of minutes before Sheila giggled and called out, "Aunt Ida, the baby needs a diaper change!"

"It's time for *her* bath anyway," my Mom said as she came in, emphasizing the word "her".

Sheila giggled and asked, "Can I watch?"

As my mother made me get up and follow her to the bathroom I was not worried. I knew there was no way she would let my little cousin, who was half my age and had probably never even seen a boy naked watch her bathe me.

"No," my Mom said. I smiled, but then my smile froze as she went on. "You can *help* me bathe her!"

"But *Mom*, she's only *seven*!" I whined.

"And you are only a baby," my mother said to me. "Babies don't complain about who bathes them." By now my other cousins and my sister were clamoring to get to help as well. "And seven is quite old enough to learn how to bathe a baby," she went on, leading me into the bathroom.

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The girls followed along behind, with lots of giggling.

"Now, girls, Sheila asked first," my mother told them. She turned the water on in the tub, then went on, "You can watch, but she gets to help this time. There will be lots more baths for the baby."

Inwardly I groaned. *Lots more baths? How long was she planning on treating me this way?*

I didn't have long to contemplate it as she reached out and pulled the plastic panties down, instructing me then to step out of them. She then undid the tapes on one side of my wet diaper. Then she reached over and undid the tapes on the other side, and the diaper fell to the floor with a wet thud. All the girls now giggled as I was naked from the waist down in front of them. Sheila and Misty also watched with great interest, and somewhere in my embarrassment, I wondered if I was the first boy they had ever seen naked.

"She doesn't look like any baby girl I've ever seen," Sheila commented.

"Why is that?" my mother asked her. Sheila considered what to say for a minute, then finally settled on, "Too much hair."

"Oh, we can fix that," my mother said. "We really need to, so she will be easier to clean when she has her diaper changed, and so she doesn't get diaper rash quite so easily. Tricia, do you have any extra razors?"

Without missing a beat, Tricia hopped up from her vantage point on the floor and got a pink razor from the medicine cabinet, as my Mom tested the temperature of water in the tub and added a bit more warmth. Sheila had already dug into the cupboard under the sink and added some bubble bath. As my mother tended to the bathwater, Sheila took hold of the bottom of my shirt and pulled it up over my head and off. Then my mother picked me up and put me in the bathwater. I hadn't realized she still could still lift me and so I was caught off guard by this.

My mother picked up a washcloth and showed Sheila how to wash me, then sat back and watched as Sheila went to work. She started with my neck, since my Mom did my face, showing her how, and washed down my shoulders, arms, and hands, then did my chest and my back. If I could close my eyes and forget it was a little girl half my age giving me this bath, it would not have been bad at all. It felt nice to be bathed, especially as she washed my back.

Then she did my tummy, and then reached down and got one of my feet, lifting it up to wash my foot. It tickled, and I giggled.

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"Oh, you like that don't you?" Sheila said, using a voice like you would really use with a little girl. She tickled my feet more, and I giggled more. Finally, taking a lesson from a real baby, I splashed her.

Sheila didn't think this was quite as funny as everyone else did. My mother had to bite her lip to keep from laughing as Sheila dried her face off, and scolded me, telling me if I splashed Sheila again I would get another spanking. The first spanking I had that afternoon was still fresh in my mind, and I settled down quickly to avoid another one. But, the worst was yet to come.

"Okay, let Tricia shave her now," my mother instructed.

She admonished Tricia to be careful, noting that it might be hard to explain why I needed stitches. I listened with wide eyes.

"Awww..." Sheila was disappointed her turn was over, but she backed up and took Tricia's seat on the floor as Tricia knelt down beside the tub and got a good lather on her hands. She then lathered my legs and began to scrape away with the razor.

I hadn't had hair in these places all that long, and I watched embarrassed as it all easily fell away, making me look once more like a baby. I also wiggled, unable to control my twitching as she ran her fingers and the razor over my most sensitive area.

"Be still!" Tricia admonished me. "You don't want to make me cut off anything important, do you?"

My eyes widened and I tried to sit stiller as she finished. When she was done I had to get on my hands and knees as Sheila came back and washed my bottom.

The smell of baby powder filled the air after Sheila dried me off, and I realized she was putting lots of baby powder on me, "*Just like Mama used to do for me,*" she explained. Tricia got the baby oil, and then my mother showed the girls how to diaper me in one of the large-size diapers.

Caught between ecstasy, the comfort of being cared for, and the humiliation of being babied, I wasn't sure what to think. I was afraid, though, that I was beginning to like this, as the diaper was taped tightly. Like it a *lot*.

Chapter 3

As I was led from the bathroom freshly bathed and diapered, I noticed Tricia had disappeared. In a minute, she returned, carrying a short pink nightie with her.

"This is Misty's, but it will fit her," she said, slipping it over my frame when my Mom said it was okay.

It was short, pink, and frilly, and only hung low enough to cover about half my diaper. Tricia also had a pink diaper cover with lace across the bottom that would match the nightie perfectly. This cover was different from the others I had worn and snapped on over my diaper easily.

They took me to a mirror then so I could see how much like a baby girl I now looked. What I saw almost made me cry, but I stopped myself, knowing it would only make me look more like a baby.

"There are lots of dresses and other clothes of Misty's that will fit," Tricia said. "You were saying you needed to find more appropriate girl's clothes for her," she explained to my mother. "And there are also some dresses that don't fit me anymore but don't fit Misty yet. Those should fit her too."

"Wonderful!" my mother said. "We'll find out tomorrow how they fit. Right now we have to get this baby to bed!"

I looked out the window and saw it was still light out.

Now I have an early bedtime too, I thought with a sigh.

There was no clock anywhere for me to see just how early. With a sigh, I began to trudge toward the Living Room since I had been told before that I would be sleeping on the couch.

"Not that way," my mother said, stopping me. "Patti, is that surprise for the baby done yet?" she called.

"Yep! All done," my aunt said, emerging from the girls' bedroom.

Tricia giggled. "I just saw it. It's adorable!"

I looked from face to face, wondering what in the world they were talking about. I was taken into the girls' room and saw. I large pink crib with wooden bars waiting for me, complete with nursery print sheets, and a bumper

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pad. I looked at the print as I climbed in, and saw it was diapered bunnies, pink of course.

"Thank your Aunt for putting this crib up for you," my mother said as I climbed in.

"Thank you," I grumbled.

Quickly I got a loud smack on the diapered bottom. It didn't hurt, but it made me jump.

"Tell her like you mean it," my mother ordered.

"And with baby talk," Sheila added with a giggle. I looked at my mother and she nodded.

Inwardly I sighed. Outwardly I said, "Tank yew fo my pwetty cwib, Aunty Patti!"

"Aww - how sweet," my aunt said. She leaned into the crib patting the front of my diaper and gave me a kiss on the forehead. "You're very welcome, sweetie. You should be in here with the girls anyway. Now you have a good night and sweet dreams, your first night as a little girl."

Each of my cousins, then my sister, and finally my mother then kissed me goodnight, and my mother wound up a musical mobile that was hanging above the crib. It had stars and dolphins on it, and played "*Beautiful Dreamer*". As they left the room, Sheila switched on a nightlight that wasn't needed yet but would when they came back to go to bed themselves.

Though the sun was just now setting, the day's events had obviously taken their toll on me, and soon I was fast asleep, sucking on the pacifier that Misty had snuck in to me a few minutes later.

Chapter 4

I woke around 9:00 pm when Sheila was sent to bed. She came into the room and looked toward me. I kept my eyes closed and pretended to be asleep until I heard her start moving around again. I opened my eyes then to see what she was doing, and saw she was undressing for bed.

Seeing a chance for a little revenge, I waited until she was down to just her panties before saying quietly, "I see London, I see France..."

"Hey!" Sheila jumped into her bed and hid herself under the covers. "I'll tell!" she threatened.

"What are they gonna do?" I asked. "I'm just a baby girl who happened to wake up. "You'll probably get spanked for waking me up!"

Sheila's mouth dropped open, and she was about to retort, but then she seemed to realize I was right and accepted it.

"Can't I even have some privacy?" she asked.

"You sure weren't worried about *my* privacy earlier!" I said, still a bit annoyed.

"What privacy? You're a baby." Sheila looked at me for a minute. "It wasn't me who gave you that punishment. And besides, who was it that put on a diaper and wet it in the first place?" I blushed and was happy she wouldn't notice in the dark. "Why did you do that anyway?" she went on.

I shrugged. "I dunno. I just wanted to try it and see what it felt like, I guess."

Sheila's eyes widened, and she grabbed her pillow to muffle her giggles. After she got herself under control, she looked at me with her head cocked to one side, with an almost coy look.

"Well?" she asked, "How *does* it feel? Do you like it?"

I blushed even more and unable to answer, simply nodded my head. This brought more high-pitched giggling from Sheila into her pillow. I shut my eyes quickly as my Aunt appeared in the doorway.

"Sheila! Settle down in here!" she said. She was quiet for a minute and I felt her looking at me. "You better not wake up the baby," she warned Sheila. "If you do, you'll get a spanking."

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Sheila quickly stopped her giggling and lay down. My Aunt left, and Sheila stayed quiet. Presently, I heard her breathing slow and deepen. I was still awake a few minutes later when Misty was sent to bed. Misty looked at her sister and quickly ascertained that she was asleep. Then she tiptoed over to my crib. I opened my eyes.

"You're still awake?" she whispered.

"I slept a little, then Sheila woke me up," I admitted.

Misty rolled her eyes. "She was supposed to be quiet so she wouldn't wake you up," she whispered apologetically. "You should have cried or something. That would have got her a spanking. After all the teasing she has done to you, she deserves a good hard spanking."

"And have her tell the whole neighborhood how she got to give me my bath?" I pointed out. "No thank you."

Misty shook her head. "I wouldn't let her do that," she promised.

She stepped back from the crib and started to pull her shirt up. I closed my eyes, then even turned around in the crib. I wanted her to know I appreciated the way she was treating me.

After a minute she said, "You can turn back around now." When I did, she was wearing a short dorm shirt. It almost covered the tops of her thighs. "That was sweet of you to turn around," she said. "Thank you."

"It's 'cause you are nice to me," I told her. "How come you don't tease me like the other girls do?"

"You forget who those diapers belonged to," she replied. "I know how embarrassing it can be to be put into a diaper. It's only been two summers since I've been out of them myself." She climbed into bed with Sheila. "And that crib was mine then too," she confessed.

The idea of Misty wearing diapers and sleeping in the crib flashed into my mind, and my hormones picked up. Then I realized she was my cousin, and I really shouldn't be thinking about her like that, so I let the idea pass out of my mind. Soon, I fell back asleep.

Chapter 5

Wearing diapers was doing weird things to my sleeping pattern. I had not heard my sister and eldest cousin (Tricia) come into the room during the night after I fell back asleep, but since I had gone to sleep so early, I woke up before anyone else.

Since there was no clock, I wasn't sure of the time. I could tell it was early by the lighting outside. The sun was still somewhat low. I could hear the birds singing, but there was a quietness all about the house.

Before long, I realized there was going to be a problem. Every morning when I got up, I would have a bowel movement. This morning was no different, except this time I could not simply get up and go to the toilet. Not only would I get in trouble for getting out of the crib, but I also knew that I was supposed to do this in my diaper.

I turned red just thinking about it. I even considered holding it, but what good would that do? It would just make me uncomfortable, and eventually, I would have to go anyway. And it would probably be a lot worse when I finally did go.

Try as I might, I could not go while lying down. I finally had to get up in the crib and sit on my heels to go. I pushed a little, and it came out in my diaper, smooshing against the inside of the diaper and spreading through the seat. A hot stream of pee soaking my diaper in the front and middle immediately followed it. Gingerly I lay back down in the crib. I did not like this sticky, mushy feeling in the back of the diaper and wished for a diaper change, even with the embarrassment that came with it. I lay this way for a few minutes, then fell back asleep in my messy diaper.

When I woke up again, the girls were awake and getting up. My sister sniffed the air.

"Phew," she said, wrinkling her nose. "What *is* that smell?"

Tricia - who did not wake up well - pulled the covers up over her head as she answered, "I think a certain baby needs a clean diaper!"

"Yuck!" My sister looked at me. "You actually pooped in it?" I didn't answer, but my face (and the smell) gave me away. "That's gross!" she exclaimed.

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Just then my mother came into the room. "Mom," my sister said. "He actually pooped in his diaper!"

"Well, that is why *she* is wearing diapers," my mother said, smiling. "Girls, while this diaper punishment is going on, I want you to refer to the baby as "she" and "her". She must want to be a baby girl since she wore pretty ruffled plastic panties. All her other clothes will be girls' clothes too, and we are going to do her hair in a girlish style."

She then turned to leave, after setting down a diaper, baby wipes, and baby powder. "Girls, will one of you please change her diaper?"

"Eww!" My sister took a step back from my crib.

"Don't look at me," Sheila said, although no one was.

"Oh, for heaven's sake." Tricia had pulled the covers down and gotten out of bed. "Give me that. I'll change his... umm... her... diaper."

Tricia changed my dirty diaper, and it was not quite as embarrassing as earlier changes since the other girls left the room. She sent me out to breakfast in just my diaper then with a swat on my diapered bottom as I left the room. I jumped from the loud sound as she swatted me. She giggled.

"Just like a real baby!"

There was the high chair set up at the table, and a bib tied around my neck as I was fed baby cereal wondering quietly when they got that. No big surprise there. I began to wonder if a baby's life was really this boring. The diapers and attention were the only good part. And the diapers weren't that great when they were dirty. Sheila seemed to recognize my boredom with it all.

"Maybe we should take the baby somewhere," she suggested. My eyes widened. I'd much rather be bored.

"Yeah!" Tricia and my sister both immediately chimed in their agreement. Even Misty couldn't hide her interest in this idea.

"Mom, can we take her to the playground?" Tricia asked.

Aunt Patti looked at my Mom, who agreed. "Just put some clothes on her first," she told them.

"Misty, go get one of your outfits," Tricia instructed, as they herded me into the bathroom and began to wash my face and brush my teeth.

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Misty went to her room, and to her credit, she brought in a pair of overalls. There was no way they could be mistaken for anything but girls' clothes with the flowers on the pant legs and butterfly on the back pocket, but they were actually something I would not die of embarrassment wearing.

Unfortunately, Tricia was not about to have that. "My word, do you know how hard it will be if we have to change her diaper if she's wearing those?" she asked. "Here, you take over washing her neck and behind her ears, I'll go get a good play dress for her!" At least Misty didn't scrub as hard as Tricia had been.

Tricia came back with a short sundress for me. It didn't even come to my knees, and I was sure if I bent over without thinking it would show my diapers to anyone who happened to be watching. Then again, with the way the girls were going, it may not be a surprise to anyone who saw that I was diapered. Tricia also held up a diaper bag with Winnie the Pooh on it.

"Look what I found!" she said. I had an inkling she had already planned this earlier, as it was already packed with diapers, baby wipes, baby powder, and God only knew what else.

"And it gave me an idea," she said. "We can't call her Timothy, and we can't keep calling her *'the baby'*. Let's call her Winnie!"

A picture of the little girl from *The Wonder Years* flashed into my mind. At least she was cute. A picture of her in diapers flashed into my mind, and I smiled without noticing. Misty mistook the meaning of my smile. She put her hand to her mouth as she giggled.

"Oh my gosh! I think she *likes* it!" she giggled.

I started to shake my head in protest, but Tricia said, "Of course she likes it. It's her new name! Winnie!"

She tickled me, making me giggle, and pretty much sealing my fate to have this new nickname.

The girls got me dressed in a pair of girl's sandals (Tricia's) besides the sundress and diaper and were able with a little work to get my hair into pigtails. Tricia went about putting some make-up on me, just a tiny bit, which softened my features considerably. A look in the mirror confirmed that I could pass for a young girl of Sheila's age easily.

Outside I saw a new humiliation awaited me. The girls decided that I needed to be pushed in a stroller to the playground. I felt silly sitting in the stroller since I just managed to fit in. My legs bent somewhat upward, giving the

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entire world a good view up my dress to my thick diapers. I tried to tug the dress down to cover this, but there was just not enough fabric. I tried to put my knees together, but the diaper was too thick. I tried to complain about the situation, but Tracey popped a pacifier in my mouth. Not pleased about this, I sulked and sucked on the pacifier.

The playground was a couple of blocks away. Lots of people in town got a good look at the teenage baby as the girls pushed me in my stroller to it. There were other kids on the playground once we got there as well, ranging in ages from babies to 16 years of age or so.

The reactions of the kids on the playground were as varied as their ages. Most of the older boys just snorted in disgust and ignored us altogether. Younger boys and girls made fun of me, calling me "diaper baby" and such. I think most of them were not even aware that I was really a boy, except for a few who had seen me the day before. They added "sissy" to the chants. Most of the toddlers just accepted me as one of them, if a bit larger, and didn't give much thought to my babyish attire.

One girl who was about 5 asked if I were a bedwetter like she was. "I have to wear diapers for it too," she confided to me in a whisper, pulling the top of her shorts down to show me.

The reaction of the girls aged 11 and up was worse since they decided this was "too cute", and they all wanted a chance to play with the big baby. For over an hour I ended up sitting on a blanket, subjected to games such as "pat-a-cake", "peek-a-boo", and tickling. Finally, Misty had had enough and she took me by the hand and led me over to the swings.

The swings were fun for a while, but there was a problem in that while swinging my dress would blow up and reveal my diapers. This got some of the teenage boys watching since many of them thought I was a real girl. I tried the slide and ended up with either everyone trying to steal looks at my diapers when I climbed the steps or having my dress slide up and reveal it when I slid down. The way I had to spread my legs on the teeter-totter was definitely not hiding anything. However, I did have loads of fun on the merry-go-round and had no end of people - mostly girls - willing to push it for me. I even lost track of my cousins and sister for a while, as there were so many others willing to take care of me. Misty, however, was never too far away.

While I played in the sandbox, I was confronted by twin girls of about 7 or 8 who decided to team up on me in a tickle war. Mostly I didn't really mind being tickled, but this time I had been noticing that a couple of baby bottles I had

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been fed already had caught up with me. As I giggled and struggled under their tickles, I was suddenly aware of a warm stream tingle as it ran through my diaper. The girls must have been able to tell from the expression on my face, and one of them went to get Tricia.

I was very worried when Tricia came over, carrying the diaper bag. But, thankfully, I was not to be given the horrible humiliation of being changed publicly. Tricia took me to the girls' restroom and changed me on a counter there while Misty, Sheila, and my sister stood outside the door to make sure no one tried to enter.

While my sister and Tricia stayed at the playground to watch me, Misty and Sheila went back to the house and got some lunch for us. We sat at a picnic table when they came back, and I was allowed to eat real food, but Tricia fed it to me in small bites. I also wore a bib and had two bottles filled with Kool-aid. Once I had eaten, several of the neighborhood girls were allowed the privilege of feeding me my bottles.

One observant girl who was about 12 watched me as she fed me the bottle, and finally declared, "I knew it! You're a boy, aren't you? I can tell because I can see your Adam's apple when you swallow." I blushed, and she laughed and said, "Don't worry cutie. I won't tell. I'm Candace, by the way."

"I'm Timo... Winnie," I said shyly.

"Like the girl on *The Wonder Years*," she said. "Too bad your hair isn't as long as hers. I bet you'd look really cute with braids. As it is..." she reached in her purse and dug around for a minute. "I think these will be cute."

She clipped two little barrettes in my hair. Each one had a little baby bottle on it. Though embarrassed, I thanked her. Then I contentedly drank the rest of my bottle quickly so that she would not have to relinquish me to someone else.

I would have been content to stay longer now that I met Candace, but Tricia decided it was time for us to go home, so she packed up my diaper bag and got me in the stroller, and we headed home. Later that evening, Misty told me she had a present for me. She put a piece of paper in my hand. I looked down and saw some numbers scribbled on the paper, and looked back at her questioningly.

"That," she said with a smile and a wink, "Is Candace's phone number. Not sure why, but I thought you might like to have it... Unk!" the last sound she emitted as I hugged her tightly.

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Chapter 6

The next morning when I awoke I realized I would have to mess in my diaper again. This was for me the worst part of my diaper punishment. As I pushed into the diaper, I realized that I was alone in the room and that someone was getting lectured.

"I can't believe you have started wetting the bed again!" my Aunt Patti yelled. "And with your sister in it with you! Am I going to have to put you back in diapers again, like your cousin?"

A small voice answered quietly and I couldn't hear what she said. It was Misty, I realized.

"I don't care," my Aunt replied to whatever Misty had answered. "Only babies wet the bed, and babies wear diapers. I don't know if you are just jealous of the 'new baby', or if you are having an actual relapse, or what, but you had better believe that we will not make any exceptions on the use of diapers for it! And furthermore, since you had an accident in bed and Sheila had to suffer for it as well, she is going to be the one to spank you!"

There was a short silence, then I heard the unmistakable sound of a bare bottom being spanked and Misty crying.

"Now you go stand in the corner in your room, while I decide whether or not to just put you back in diapers right now!" my Aunt told her.

Misty came quickly into the bedroom, her face red and wet with tears. She was naked from the waist down, and as she stood in the corner I saw that her bottom was as red as her face.

As she got herself under control, I ventured a whisper. "Did you have an accident?"

Misty stole a quick glance toward the door. Everyone could be heard out in the kitchen, and if anyone came back to the bedrooms they would easily be heard before they got there, so I was not worried. Nevertheless, Misty turned her face back to the corner before shaking her head no.

"I did it on purpose," she whispered back.

"What? Why in the world would you do that?" I asked.

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"Same as you," she said. "Curiosity. Also, I remembered what it was like. Sure, it's embarrassing, but it is kinda nice too. Diapers feel good, don't they? And aside from the teasing and some embarrassment, you had fun yesterday. I was watching. I could tell. And I guess in a way, I also did it to keep you company. I didn't want you to have to do this alone. I sure never knew she'd let Sheila spank me though!" She sniffled again and rubbed her bottom.

We heard footsteps in the hall, and I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep as someone came into the room. The person went over to Misty, and I opened one eye to see it was Tricia. She looked at Misty's bottom and sighed.

"She really let you have it, didn't she? Jeez, who would have thought a seven-year-old could spank that hard?"

"She was pretty mad," Misty said. "She thought she did it at first. She was scared she was going to be diapered and begged me not to tell on her. Then when she found out it was me she wasted no time in tattling on me!"

"Little tattle-tale should be taught a lesson," Tricia said, shaking her head. "And she teases way too much too." She took Misty by the arm and led her to the bed, telling her to lay on her stomach. "Mom said to get you out of the corner. And to..." she sighed. "I'm really sorry, Misty! She said to diaper you as well. You'll have to wash the bedsheets and hang them on the line outside to dry, and you're not allowed to wear anything over the diapers until the sheets are clean and back on this bed."

Misty sighed and nodded, then sighed again, this time contentedly as Tricia started to massage baby lotion into her sore bottom.

"At least you'll have some padding when you sit down..." Tricia giggled. She sniffed the air then. "And after I get you diapered I think there is someone else in this room who needs a diaper change, isn't there?" she asked, turning her head quickly toward me and catching me watching. I blushed and nodded emphatically.

Tricia had Misty stand up, then lay down again on her back over an open diaper. I was watching Misty's face, and apparently so was Tricia.

"Seriously, Misty?" she exclaimed. She looked from Misty to me, then back at Misty again. "You both actually *like* this stuff, don't you?" Misty and I looked at each other, which was a mistake, then both burst out in giggles.

"Oh wow!" Tricia said. "Why? I can't believe you two!" She shook her head and finished diapering Misty.

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Misty got up from the bed, looking extremely cute in the diaper, and set to work stripping the bed, while Tricia put the crib side down and changed my dirty diaper.

"You have the same blissful look on your face when I change you as she gets when she is diapered," Tricia said, shaking her head in disbelief again. "So much for this being punishment for either of you two! You better not let anyone else find out."

"Oh! Right!" Misty said. She put an ultra-morose look on her face as she left the bedroom with the bedsheets.

"She's good at that," Tricia said, indicating Misty's forlorn expression. "You better get good at it too if you don't want to be found out!" she said, giving me a playful smack on the back of my clean diaper.

This sent me scampering off the bed and into the hall as well, behind Misty. I couldn't help looking at her cute diapered bottom as she waddled in front of me.

"Look at the two big diaper babies!" Sheila giggled from the kitchen. To my surprise, my Aunt reprimanded her.

"Sheila, that's enough," she said. "You've done nothing but tease your cousin. You're not going to do the same to your sister, and you're going to stop doing it to your cousin, or you won't like the consequences."

Sheila quietened down but shot a look in our direction like it was our fault she got in trouble. Misty put the bedclothes in the washing machine while I was fed breakfast in the highchair. As soon as I was done eating, I was put on the couch to finish my bottle, and Misty was put in the highchair for her baby feeding.

Tricia searched and found two lilac blouses, each adorned with a ribbon bow on the neckline. She put one on me and one on Misty. Next, she showed us two denim jumpers. She put one on me and told Misty she could have hers once the sheets were clean and the bed remade. My hair was brushed, and Misty's was brushed and put into two long pigtails, making her look like a five-year-old.

Even I had a hard time not giggling when I saw Misty outside putting the sheets on the clothesline. It was a little high for her so she had to stand on her tiptoes to reach the line. This made her blouse come up far enough to reveal her entire diaper. From her eleven-year-old look yesterday to what she was now was such a glaring difference! Of course, I supposed the difference in me was even more marked.

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Sheila, of course, wasted no time in getting outside to tease Misty some more. Now she was sneaking up behind Misty and smacking her diapered bottom loudly. Misty looked like she wanted to kill her, but she knew she was in enough trouble already.

My aunt was also watching her youngest daughter's antics, and she was not happy. She finally called Tricia over and whispered something in her ear. Tricia giggled and nodded her head, then asked if it was okay to take my sister along. My aunt and mom both said okay, and they both left. I had no idea where they were going.

About an hour later they returned, and it looked like they had been to the grocery store since they had some paper bags with them from IGA. I expected my aunt to put the bags in the kitchen and unpack the food, but instead, she immediately carried the bags back to her bedroom. I wondered about it a minute, then shrugged it off, there was no way I was going to find out what was in the bags from the playpen I had to sit in.

I did hate being in that playpen, but I guess that was Mom's way of also grounding me. At least I could see out the window. Not that there was all that much to see – just the yard and the sheets as they dried in the sun and the breeze. Misty had already come back inside and had been banished to the crib in the bedroom. I wasn't sure if this was to keep us apart since we were being punished, or because the playpen was big, but not *that* big.

At dinner, I got to sit in a regular chair to eat, although I still got a bib and a baby bottle. This was because Misty was treated to the highchair. Sheila took Misty's spoon and put some applesauce on it.

"Open wide, baby Sis," she giggled. Misty complied, only to end up with half of the applesauce dribbling down her chin. "Uh-oh, good thing baby has a bib!" Sheila remarked with more giggling.

"Sheila!" my aunt said sternly. "This is your last warning."

"What?" Sheila defended herself. "I'm just feeding the ba..." The look on my aunt's face made her realize she had better stop. "Sorry," she mumbled, going back to her own food.

She brooded and pouted the rest of the way through dinner, digging her hole even deeper, and I could see she was also thinking about revenge, which would surely put her in more trouble than she ever wanted to be.

After we finished, Misty went and got the sheets and took them back to the bedroom. While she was going back, my aunt stopped her and gave her a big

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waterproof mattress protector. “Put this on the bed first, just in case,” she told her.

That was it for Sheila. “What? No way, Mom, how come I have to sleep on a plastic sheet when Misty wets the bed? It isn’t fair!” she shouted.

“Sheila! You know better than to use that tone of voice with me!” my aunt told her. “I was hoping not to have to resort to this, but you leave me no choice. You’ve been asking for it all day.” She took Sheila by the arm and dragged her into her own bedroom.

Misty quickly retreated to the girls’ bedroom to put the sheets on the bed, and Tricia went to help her and put her jumper on over her diaper once she finished. I could see they both had small, almost unnoticeable but still satisfied smiles.



“Ouch! Ow! I’m sorry! Stop, please Mommy I’ll be good!”

Sheila’s pleas, mixed with her crying and the sound of sharp smacks which could only be produced by a hairbrush on a bare bottom could be heard from the bedroom, even through the closed door. Then I heard, “Nooooooooo!” and the sound of her crying even more. I wondered what she was crying about now since the spanking was over.

Misty and Tricia came out of the bedroom, Misty now dressed in the jumper and looking like my twin. When she sat beside me, I noticed I could see her diaper as she sat down and made a mental note to be careful when sitting from now on. Tricia looked like she already knew what was happening to Sheila, and I also could see that my sister had the same look.

Tricia must have told Misty in the bedroom, because Misty leaned over and whispered in my ear, “Wait ‘til you see this!”

Just about then, the door opened and my aunt led Sheila out. Sheila’s jeans were gone and I thought for a second she was in her panties, but then I realized that she had been dressed in Pampers Baby Diapers. Later I learned that was what Tricia had been sent to the store for – baby diapers for Sheila.

The Yard Sale

“Now you can see what it is like for your sister and cousin,” my aunt told her sternly.

Sheila sniffled as my aunt picked her up and put her in the playpen, in front of us all. Now the only one with her diapers visible was Sheila.

Before bed, Misty and I were both allowed the privilege of private diaper changes, even if mine was done by Tricia and Misty’s by my sister). Sheila, however, had her diaper changed on the living room floor in front of everybody. As embarrassed as she was when I saw her in her panties, this must have been ten times worse.



The car stopped suddenly, shaking me from my memories.

“Come on, let’s get your diaper changed,” my sister said to me, undoing my seatbelt, and lifting my skirt to see just how wet I was. “Wow, you really need to be changed, too.”

She was right. My diaper was on the verge of leaking. I looked around and realized we were at a rest area on the highway.

“Are we there yet?” I asked my mother, sounding every bit the part of a toddler girl.

“Another hour or so,” I was told. I tried to go back to the memories of two summers ago, but the vividness of the memory was gone now. The last summer I wore underwear, I thought wryly. I couldn’t even remember what it felt like to wear underpants now, and I didn’t think I really wanted to remember that anyway.

“Do you think Misty and Sheila still wear diapers?” I asked for what must have been the twentieth time. We hadn’t seen them since that summer.

“I told you, I don’t know,” my mother answered. “Your aunt didn’t say, and I never really thought to ask about it. She does still have a crib for you to sleep in though. You’ll just have to wait until we get there to find out.”

The Yard Sale

And so I waited through the next 60 miles of highway, which of course are always the longest, sucking on my pacifier and finally nodding off. And when I awoke... was I really awake, or was I dreaming? For we had pulled into the driveway and I saw my three cousins playing in the yard. But I did not see two diapered girls in the yard... I saw three.

- Anniversary -

"So, what do you want to do for our anniversary this year?" I ask you while we eat breakfast.

"I dunno," you sigh, staring at your plate.

You've been staring at your plate, playing with your bib, and wiggling in your seat for the last ten minutes. I think it is probably a sign that you need your diaper changed, even though I just changed you when we got up.

Just then you jump down out of your chair and head for the kitchen sink with your plate. As you pass by, I lift the back of your skirt.

"Hold on a minute," I tell you, tugging at the back of your diaper.

"Hey!"

You try to make an angry face and give your *"menacing glare"*, which really just makes you cuter. You hate it when I check your diaper like that, but it is one of the few things I'll continue to do even though you don't like it. You know this and have never said anything about it, so I often think you probably don't hate it as much as you act like you do, but it is important to show me that you don't have to always be treated completely like a baby.

"Well, if you don't tell me when you need to be changed, I'm going to have to check, aren't I?" I comment, patting the back of your slightly wet Pampers. "Although this one can take a little more before you need to be changed."

You poke your tongue out at me before going on to the sink and dumping in your dishes. You return and get mine as well. I made breakfast, so you'll be washing the dishes. We don't have a specific schedule for this. We both like to cook, so it's usually just whoever gets to the kitchen first and asks the other what they want to eat who cooks. Although often when you know I am feeling LG, you'll "make" me go put on one of my dresses and be your little helper, meaning we will both cook and we will both do the dishes.

"Well," I say, coming back to the point at hand, "I have the day off. We could go swimming."

You wrinkle your nose a little and shake your head. "It's not hot enough. And besides, neither of us really likes to."

Anniversary

That's true; I like it even less because I don't really know how to swim. I never go in water over my head. I do like hot tubs though, but probably not in early September.

"We could go hiking," I offer.

"After all the rain, it's likely muddy," you counter.

"We could just stay home all day and I could baby you," I tease.

You tease right back with, "We'll probably do that tomorrow anyway since that football game is on you want to see!"

That's one interest we don't share. I love to watch football, especially college football, and it bugs you during those months that they play it.

I catch you as you come back to the table to wipe it off, and pull you into my lap. "I won't watch football today," I tell you.

"There aren't any games on today," you answer.

"I think Louisville plays tonight..." You give me an accusing look. "Just because I know that doesn't mean I was going to watch it!" I defend myself. You look somewhat appeased, but still somewhat suspicious. I decide not to mention that I programmed the DVR to record it anyway.

"We could go shopping," I say.

Your face brightens a little. "Can we go to the book store?" I nod. "And Best Buy?"

I smile. There are few women who play video games, and even fewer who can or will build their own computers. Of those, what are the chances of finding one who is AB? I've been blessed with most likely the only one in existence. Usually, it is the guy trying to get the girl to go to Best Buy!

"Of course," I say.

You jump up. "I'll just go get my purse!" you say.

"What about the dishes?"

"Oh..." You look at the sink.

I laugh. "There's plenty of time. I'll help you with the dishes, then we'll change that diaper before leaving." You smile and go to the cupboard, pulling out a very lacy apron and handing it to me for doing dishes, then giggle as I tie it on.

Anniversary

We finish the dishes quickly, then I take you back to the nursery for a diaper change. I lay you on your back on the changing table and reach underneath to grab both a Pampers size 6 and a size 7, which we bought just a couple of weeks ago.

"What are you doing?" you ask, looking at the two diapers.

"Changing your diaper," I say simply.

"Why two diapers?" you ask.

"Well, we're going to be out for a while. You want to cut down on changes, don't you?"

"I... suppose," you answer, eyeing the two diapers uncertainly.

I know that even a double diaper is not going to hold you all day, and I have a diaper bag already packed, but I know a double diaper makes one feel all the more babyish. It's impossible to forget you are diapered when you are wearing two of them, and if one were to watch closely, they could even detect a slight "diaper waddle" from the person wearing them.

I push your skirt up out of the way and strip you of the wet diaper. Normally I would let it go for another wetting, but since we are going out... Next are the baby wipes, cleaning you gently, but well. I linger awhile with the baby oil because that is your favorite part. You always get this dreamy expression on your face when I use the baby oil during your diaper changes, and because of that your changes often last longer than they probably should. Before the diaper is a dusting of baby powder, and then I pull the first diaper up through your legs and fasten it snugly. I then tear a few holes in the covering of it and lift you up to slide the slightly larger Pampers size 7 under you. I pull that diaper up and fasten it like the first, and you flex your legs experimentally.

"There!" you say after a moment, sitting up.

"There," I agree, picking you up and setting you on your feet on the floor. "Are we ready now?"

"I don't think so," you answer.

"What else do we need to do?" I ask, arranging your skirt so your diaper won't be visible to the whole world.

You reach over and tug my jeans down a bit, exposing my underwear. "Where are *your* diapers?" you ask, poking your tongue out at me for the second time today.

Anniversary

You bring this up so little, I am not about to pass it up when you do.

"You think I should wear them?" I ask.

"I think you'd better!" you say decisively, leading me to the bed by the hand. While the changing table will hold you, it is not going to hold my weight, so my changes are on the bed, one a changing pad, which you are now spreading out.

"I'll help you," you say with a smile. You spread out an adult diaper, which you line with one of your Pampers, tearing the covering the same way I did with yours. You help quite a bit. In fact, you do the whole diapering, with me only having to lift up while you powder me and reposition the diaper. I have one pair of jeans with plenty of room in the waist and seat, and you bring them over for me to wear. You also bring one of my longer T-shirts so I can mostly cover the diaper.

Finally, we are off to the store, diaper bag in the car with us. You think I didn't notice you smuggling an extra adult diaper into the bag, but I did.

We go to Best Buy first, where I get you a DVD of some movie you have been wanting to see, and you get a season of Punky Brewster for me. Then we go to the bookstore and you find a graphic novel to your liking. I spend much of the time engrossed in a new novel by John Saul. I have to bite back a smile at your annoyed look when the cashier suggests that the graphic novel you are buying might be *"a bit old for you, sweetheart."*

Holding hands, we leave the bookstore and walk through the mall. I suggest we go out to eat, and you agree.

"I've been feeling like Mexican lately," you tell me.

"That's funny. You don't look Mexi..."

"Don't even use that lame joke," you cut me off before I can finish. I just grin.

As we walk toward the door, I pull you down a corridor before we get to it. "Where are we going?" you ask.

"Ohh..."

You've seen my destination - the family restroom.

Sure enough, I take you inside, happy that I decided to carry along the diaper bag after all. A few teenage girls leaving the ladies' room look at us incredulously as I close the door behind us and lock it. I spread the changing pad

Anniversary

out on the fold-down changing table for you, and lift you up onto it. This time, I just put you in a single diaper. Your double diaper is pretty soaked by now, but we'll be home before you need another change.

Before we leave, you insist on checking me as well, and decide that I need a change. Instead of a single diaper, you put me in another double diaper, citing the effects of Mexican food on my digestive system as your reasoning for this.

We leave the mall and make the drive to Los Nopales, one of your favorite places. I usually choose Olive Garden, but that's a few towns over, and besides, I save that for my birthday. In the restaurant, I order for you, but I know that you want chicken enchiladas and you smile your approval. I would like to use the bib or the bottle I brought in the diaper bag, but have left it in the car and wouldn't want to embarrass you too much.

We don't order dessert, because we have chocolate cake and ice cream at home. There, I can put the bib on you, and I do, as well as put your drink in a baby bottle. You offer me to go to the bedroom and exchange my pants for a short skirt, which I do happily. My diaper sticks out under it, but that's okay since we are home now. The only person who should bother us this late would be your sister, and she already knows we both like to wear diapers. She's even babysat us a few times.

After our dessert, we watch a little TV, but we are both getting sleepy now, so I pick you up and carry you to the bathroom. Before we end the day, you will need a bath and a full massage with baby oil, and of course a new diaper for the night. Perhaps I will pin you into cloth, this being a special occasion. You point out a specific pair of plastic panties - something you almost never do, preferring me to choose for you, but then I see you have chosen my favorite pair to see on you.

Our relationship is a giving one. Even in your sleepiness, you have thought about my happiness in just a small gesture, and the small gestures are all it really takes. There are some rough spots and not every day can be a fairy-tale-come-true-day like this anniversary has been, but in the end, when we focus on each other, we can get through anything and come out on top ... together.

- Eat 'n' Run -

You pretend to pout as I pull the thick diaper up between your legs and fasten it. This is humorous, as it is such a quick change from the look of bliss you had on your face as I massaged you with baby oil just seconds ago.

"I dunno why you want me to wear this silly costume anyway," you complain, although I am pretty sure you do know why.

"It'll be cute," I explain, simply.

"Cupid was a boy, you know," you go on, ignoring my feeble explanation. "That means that *you* should be the one to..."

"Cupid should have been a girl," I cut you off. "Girl cupids are much cuter. See?" I hold up a cute valentine for you to see.

"I don't look like that," you remind me.

"I know. You're much cuter."

You think about that for a minute, almost smile, and then seem to get suspicious and think maybe I am just trying to pacify you. It takes long enough for you to go through this thought process that I am already pulling the short dress over your head.

"People are gonna see my diaper," you say now, looking distastefully at how far up your legs the hemline falls.

"Not if you're careful," I reply. You are rarely that careful and I am pretty sure people will see your diaper, but I don't think it will matter anyway. "Besides, Cupid wears a diaper. It wouldn't be plausible if you didn't wear a diaper."

You roll your eyes, but before you can launch into a debate about how the original Cupid didn't really wear a diaper, I fit your wings on your back. "You liked this costume last year."

"Last year I only wore it at home. And you had your own cute diaper cover, which I don't see you rushing to put on right now!"

"We could always go with the other dress," I say coyly.

The other dress I am referring to is the one you wore last year, which shows off the diaper with no problem at all. You recognize this as a subtle warning and allow me to attach your wings and hand you your bow and arrows.

"I should shoot you with one of these," you grump.

"Too late. I'm already in love with you. Besides..." I give you another warning, maybe not as subtle this time, "I don't think this Cupid wants to go to the couples dinner with a sore bottom." I hold my hand out, and you take it and allow me to lead you to the car.

Going to this dinner wasn't really my idea. The church decided to have a Valentine's Day couples dinner, and as the preacher and his wife, we were just sort of expected to be there. I suppose it wouldn't have taken that much to get out of it, but it wasn't really that big of a deal. It only took a couple of hours out of our day, and besides, it could be fun. You didn't mind the New Year's party once we got there, even though I made you go as Baby New Year.

You fidget a bit in your seat as we drive to the restaurant. "Anything wrong?" I ask.

"No..." you answer a little too quickly. Any other time, I'd probably check your diaper as soon as we were out of the car, but as we pull into the parking lot I can already see Ms. Jerome and her date just getting out of a car. You are already very sure she knows you wear diapers (even though you can never remember her name for some reason), so I decide not to give you more reason to worry.

This is supposed to be fun, after all. As much as you pout or complain, it is mostly for show. We've been together long enough that we both know it but go through it anyway, because that is what we like. No one else's opinion really matters.

We go into the restaurant, and back to the private room we reserved. I note that you pull me towards two chairs that are about as far from Ms. Jerome and her date as we can possibly be, and I hope she does not notice this. I do realize you don't like how she has taken your size (and probably my choice of clothing you in some cases) as an excuse to think of you and treat you very much like a child, but we wouldn't want to snub anyone. Well, *I* wouldn't, anyway.

You take all the jokes good-naturedly, including when the waitress asks if we will need a bib or high chair. I can tell that many of the people who have come aren't really very surprised we did this. I wonder how surprised they'd be if they knew how often you dressed like this at home. I also wonder if anyone has caught a glimpse of your diaper yet. In some ways, I feel this may have been a bit

of a mistake, as I would feel a bit of jealousy if anyone did notice your diaper, considering where they would have to be looking to see it. Besides, the short dress, and the way you have to wiggle every so often, are not doing me any favors in being able to concentrate on anyone else's conversation.

This is why I suggest we leave so soon after dessert. We aren't the first couple to leave, but we aren't going to be the last this time like we usually end up being.

"Hate to eat and run, everyone, but we need to get going," I say, pushing my chair back. A few of the older couples smile nostalgically.

Instead of driving straight home though, I first drive up one of the roads that are nearly always uninhabited and pull off the side. You, who up until now weren't even paying attention to where we were going, suddenly look around and say, "What are we doing here?"

"You've been in that wet diaper a bit long and I don't want to wait any longer to take care of it," I tell you, getting out of the car and coming around to your side.

"What? But Daddyyyyy - you can't change me here!" you say, but you get out of the car obediently when I unbuckle your seat belt and take your hand. I open the back seat and you notice the diaper bag laying on the floorboards. A look of suspicion crosses your face, and I can tell you are wondering just how long I have been planning this.

I lay the changing pad across the back seat, and you climb in on it, leaving the bottoms of your legs hanging out over the seat edge. Then I lift your dress hem and change your diaper right in the back seat of the car. You are very nervous, but I can tell that you enjoy it as well, and the only car that passes us, fortunately, does not come along until I have already helped you stand up outside the car again. The passenger gives us a strange look as the car passes.

We arrive back home, and I see you heading straight for the fridge and the candy I gave you earlier today. Normally I wouldn't let you have chocolate this close to bedtime, but I make an exception since this is Valentine's Day. You think you've slipped by and got away with something as you keep peering out of the kitchen to see if I notice you at the candy.

I go into the bedroom and root through a dresser drawer, looking for something special. Finally, I find it and lay out on the changing table two very special pairs of plastic panties you bought for us last year, as well as two sizes of diapers, and I wait for you to come to bed.

