

# Miss Agatha's School for Lost Sissies: Chapter 11

By: CrissieBaby

\*SQUELCH!\*

It took every ounce of restraint housed in Matt's body not to throw up or pass out as his butt touched down on the damp center of Gemma's thoroughly sodden nappy. The wetness wasn't even the worst part of it. It was the lukewarm temperature of a diaper that's had time to cool that really emphasized just how depraved this entire situation was.

"Widen dose legs, siwwy! Jeez, ish wike chus never had a diapee change befo," said one of the two guards who had been ordered to perform the diaper-to-diaper transplant, kicking up a large cloud of misty, white powder as they liberally applied the sanitary substance to Matt's undercarriage, "Gotta make sure chus gets pwenty of powder so chus don rash."

Matt truly never thought that he'd miss having Marsha be the one to diaper him. She was at least somewhat considerate, unlike the guard who proceeded to apply fresh talcum in a very babyish and humiliating fashion. Eventually, the nightmarish powder job did come to an end. Not that Matt was given a chance to recover before the supremely squishy padding was lifted between his legs and mashed into his exposed crotch. An involuntary groan of disgust was forced from his mouth.

"Hehe, feels good huh?" said the other guard, believing Matt's groan sounded far more like a moan to their horny bab ears. While both guards wished they could tease their blushy baby to their heart's content, they also were well aware of the kinds of punishments Gemma liked to inflict on those who kept her waiting. Putting their immature thoughts to the wayside momentarily, they quickly began refastening the tabs, adding a dot of clear glue under each tape to prevent the tapes from slipping.

Meanwhile, the Queen Bee herself, Gemma, remained seated on her throne as she perused a stack of papers that were being held for her by another guard. A pair of reading glasses adorned the bridge of her nose as she carefully scanned the text on each page before letting it drop to the floor for yet another loyal subject to recover. "Ah! Here we are!" she said, holding the paper in her hands high and leaping to her feet in her new, mint-condition diaper, "You're in luck. There's a slumber party happening after school lets out today. It's invitation-only but it appears your little friend made the cut." She waved the paper around as she smugly looked down on Matt and his very yellow nappy.

And much like a doe-eyed pet, Matt's pupils followed each twist of Gemma's hand, as well as the paper held within it. He sat up the second that the final tape was in place, pushing past the guards and leaping to his feet. "Th-that's great!" he said, cracking the first genuine smile he'd made in several hours. He was so excited to have a clear idea of where to find Jessy that he barely registered the added mushiness that came with every step he took.

Feeling a tad sadistic, Gemma released her grip on the piece of paper and let it fall to the ground right as Matt was reaching for it. He didn't care as he instantly moved to retrieve the discarded page, blissfully unaware that Gemma was eying up his puffy, droopy bottom the entire time he was bent over.

"Now chu can finds chus friend!" said Theo, who had stuck Matt's side throughout his entire change. He turned to look at Gemma, viewing her as something akin to a Goddess in human form, "Fankooos, chus Highness." He lowered his head and dropped to a single knee.

While Theo flattered the Queen with performative pleasantries, Matt was reading through the list of names at lightning speed. His eyes turned as wide as dinner plates as soon as he spotted Jessy's name. Finally, his search had a clear destination...somewhat. Flipping the page over, it became clear that a key detail was missing. "Hey, this doesn't give a location. Where is this party taking place?"

Shrugging her shoulders, Gemma's smirk only grew. "I'm afraid you'll need an RSVP card for that kind of information. I did say that I MAY know something. I may be Queen but even I have my limits. You're the one who made a trade without a guarantee," she said, countering any argument Matt could conceivably come up with.

Closing his eyes and sighing heavily out of his nose, Matt's frustration grew to an insurmountable degree. "Pardon my French but that's complete and utter BULLSHIT!" he shouted, earning audible gasps from everyone except Gemma due to his blatant cussing, "Now, you're gonna give me the info you promised or so help me I will rip that diaper clean off your-" As he stepped toward the Queen's throne, his words were suddenly halted by a set of four guards rushing to hold him in place. He attempted to push them off but their overwhelming numbers were too much to counter on his own, and it wasn't like Theo was going to be of any help with the mortified expression he was wearing. After a few seconds of thrashing, he allowed himself to be subdued.

"Tsk tsk, Maddie-Baby. And here I thought you'd be a good sport," said Gemma, eating up the deliciously pitiful look on his face before turning her head away from him entirely, "Pity. Guards, show this brat and his buddy to the slide."

**\*SNAP! SNAP!\***

Having zero time to respond, the guards immediately got to work at the snap of Gemma's fingers, with all four guards surrounding Matt lifting him off his feet and carrying him toward the entrance of a tall tube slide. "H-Hey, let me go!" he said, his screams falling on deaf ears as they loaded him head-first into the slide and shoved him forward. A small "eep" escaped his lips as one of the guards' hands mooshed itself forcefully into the base of his wet diaper, followed up by several loud thumping noises as he haphazardly rolled down the twisty slide.

Theo, unsurprisingly, only needed a single guard to escort him, trailing behind Matt with his head hung. "I-I sowwy," he said meekly before turning to face the slide and willingly sending himself down. It was, by far, the saddest time he'd ever had going down a slide in his life.

“Oof! Ack! Gah!” shouted Matt as he arrived at the bottom of the slide and face-planted into the rough wood chips with his butt still lifted up on the slide. Unfortunately, that left him perfectly positioned for Theo’s feet to ram into, churning up the moist wadding, “Ugh! Get off!”

Theo retracted his feet and frantically scurried to get out from behind Matt. “Sowwy! Sowwy!” they said, feeling a tad anxious about what Matt might do if he got mad based on how easily he dropped a curse word.

“I-It’s fine,” lied Matt, preventing himself from blowing up on his sole ally within the confines of the gated play area. If he had the time, he’d waltz right back up to Little Miss Queeny and give both her and her guards a piece of his mind. However, he had far more important business to take care of than telling off some overblown brat, “Let’s just get out here.”

\*RIIIIIIIIIING!\*

In the midst of brushing wood chips off his dress, a familiar bell sounded off. He initially thought nothing of it, assuming it was just another class shift. But as several of the guards surrounding the playground began to break off, it became apparent something more was happening. “Theo, what’s happening?”

“Das da big bell. It lets us know when recess is over,” said Theo, completely ignorant of the amount of dread that his words filled Matt with, “C’mon! If we hurry, chu can get out of dat wet diapee first.” He took hold of Matt’s hand and rushed forward.

Matt’s hand did not follow, though, slipping from Theo’s grasp the moment Matt’s arm was fully extended. “N-No! M-Marsha...I mean, my Mommy was supposed to pick me up,” he said, flashing back to when Mommy Elena mentioned if Marsha didn’t pick him up before the playpen closed, he’d be sent to the nursery with the rest of the baby class. He needed to find a way to escape and fast, “Theo, is there somewhere I can sneak out?! A crack in the fence, an unguarded door, anything!”

Theo wasn’t sure what to say. He froze with fear as Matt placed his hands on each of his arms, locking him firmly in place. “Uhhhhh...I-I...not sure...” he said, his uncontrollable anxiety taking hold of him once again.

“Head on in kiddos! Playtime’s over! It’s time to have some num-nums,” announced Elena as loud as she could, applying additional pressure to the weight of Theo’s decision.

“Please...I...I’m so close. I don’t wanna lose him again,” said Matt, his voice taking a heavy downward turn.

Gulping hard, Theo glanced over Matt’s shoulder toward Mommy Elena and the other good Littles who were all lining up at the entrance to return to the nursery. Did he really have it in him to break a rule and help someone run away? He wasn’t sure it was something he could do, at least until he gazed back into Matt’s eyes. Feeling for a brief moment the passion Matt felt toward finding his friend, he balled his fist tight. “I-I fink I has an idea.”

TO BE CONTINUED...