

Renée's Absolutely Awful Summer

Chapter Three – May 2024

Note to readers and moderators: this story features strong ageplay content, in which consenting adults choose to act in babyish ways. Like ALL my writing, every character in this fictional story is an adult over the age of 18.

"No-o, Mom, please-" Renée began again, wringing her hands in pretty, helpless dismay. She'd just heard an assenting grunt from the narrator somewhere above them, which meant that her story was live. Her readers were back. And she was once again poised to plunge into the depths of babyish humiliation.

Her mom cackled, seizing one of the boxes and tearing it open. "Aww, whinin' and cryin' like a little baby, huh?" she sneered, clearly relishing her daughter's pathetic pleas. "Don't worry! Ye're gonna be back in a diaper soon – right where a pottypants crybaby like you belongs!" And amid the titillated murmurs from the invisible readers, she drew a giant folded diaper out from the box. "Now shut up and strip down," she grinned. "Your Mommy's gonna get busy unfolding this, nice and slow. And when I'm done, yah better be naked and lying flat on the bed!"

Renée gulped. But she was an AB/DL protagonist, and she couldn't possibly disobey. And so she sniffled... and whimpered cutely... and began slowly stripping down in preparation for her humiliation. Because everyone knew that the only right way to put a diaper on a young adult woman was to make her strip stark naked.

Renée's mom returned her attention to the diaper in her hand, letting out a long, low ripple of laughter. "Oh, yes," she murmured, fingers caressing the sweet, sweet surface of the disposable diaper with all the tender affection of a lover. "So *thick*. So *embarrassing*. So loud and crinkly and *babyish*!" Her fingers tugged it gently apart, the thing unfurling like a cotton-and-plastic Transformer. "Mmm, so soft..." she breathed, and now her fingertips stroked ever so seductively along the velvety blue interior. "You won't be able to help *loving* how this feels, will you? So soft, so warm, so amazing..."

She was practically entranced now, eyes glassy with sudden longing. Through her, the invisible and voyeuristic readers indulged their own carnal desires, thrilling at the image of her stroking the soft and ever-so-humiliating garment. "MMmmuuhh... Oh, fuck, I love this so much," she breathed aloud, and the invisible readers sighed rapturously in agreement. *Yes, yes, it was so amazing! So*

intense, so wonderful, so sexually-

"Ahem." The narrator interjected, a trifle uncomfortably. Renée's mom started out of her trance, her glassy eyes blinking awake, then shifting down and meeting the questioning gaze from her daughter, lying cute and naked and ever so submissive on the bed. "Oh! Ah, hehe. I was just... preparing it..."

"Anyway. Oh, yes! Time to put this awful, disgusting DIAPER on you, you silly bedwetting *baby!*"

"Nooo..." Renée wailed, even as she obediently lifted and allowed her mother to slip the totally awful and not at all lust-inducing garment beneath her. "Oh, no! It's so embarrassing! Whatever will I do?!" "Hahahaha! You're going to wear it because your Mom is *making* you wear it!" Her mom cackled with all the theatrical villainy of a wicked witch of the west. "Besides, you know the law of all AB/DL stories! If yah act like a baby, I'm legally obligated to *treat* yah like a baby!"

Renée whimpered cutely, even as she obligingly spread her naked, completely hairless, completely realistic thighs at her mother's touch. "But I don't wanna be a baby!" she protested, watching passively as her mother began dousing her crotch with the giant bottle of baby powder that had magically materialized in her hand. "I'm totally an adult, remember? A totally legal twenty-one-year-old who just happens to look like a naive sixteen-year-old..."

"An adult *baby*," her mother retorted – then drew silent. For the momentous time had finally arrived. The quiet, aroused shifting from the readers was intensifying. She had just finished dumping approximately 138 grams of certified talc-free baby powder over her daughter's immaculately hairless crotch. And it was clear now that there was only one final step before Renée was forced completely and irrevocably back into babyhood.

A step, incidentally, that involved a far higher than usual number of sentence fragments.

She reached down. Tugged the open diaper upward. Slowly, languidly, with all the elaborate exaggeration of a porn actor. Her hands slid along the white plastic surface, pressing it firmly against her daughter's powder-smothered pussy. "Oooooohhhhh yyyeeeeeesssss..." she murmured, her voice distorted by the slow-motion effect that the narrator had helpfully switched on. Her hands tugged again, pulling the thing tighter and drawing it inexorably down around her daughter's cute and waiting hips. Down slid the side flaps. Out came the tapes: adhesive, wide, and impossible to readjust. Fingers tugged the first one up... brought it up and over the front panel... pressed it into place as deliberately and fiercely as a lover inserting a cock. The second followed, tighter still. The third, cinching the thing around Renée's passive and super-slim waist. And the fourth, sealing the young woman into the powdered prison that she most definitely did not want or deserve.

Renée shuddered – not so much at the thick DIAPER she now wore as at the suppressed groans of sensual delight from the invisible readers. Ugh, really? Maybe if she tried a different tack – tried being totally blasé...? "Oh, no." she remarked calmly, sitting up and staring down over her cutely flat, naked chest at the thick bulge between her thighs. "I guess I must be a baby now. Only babies wear diapers, and I'm wearing a diaper. Well, guess there's nothing else to do..."

"No!" Her mom was visibly upset at her daughter's sudden acceptance: so upset that she tugged her upward from the bed in chagrin. "That's not how this works! Ye're supposed ta be *embarrassed*! Ye're a grown woman, and your mom just put ya in a DIAPAH! Oh, how humiliating! Can our readers even imagine how horrible that must be? Oh, *no*! Ye're obviously feeling so pathetic and silly now! Ooh, just think how awful it will be when yah have tah, yah know..."

"Oh, you mean... urinate?"

Renée paused, suddenly recollecting what she'd completely forgotten: that she'd just happened to chug down an entire gallon of grape juice earlier that afternoon. "Aww... I guess you're right-" she began – but even as she spoke, the plot's requirement was taking over her body. She stiffened. Blinked down with a cutely naive expression of surprise on her cute face. And watched as her formidably oversized bladder – which had until this exact moment forgotten to exist – suddenly awakened and realized that its time for relevance had finally come.

The wet trickle burst out between her legs with all the force of... well, if not Niagara Falls, then at least of Malanaphy Spring Falls in Bluffton, Iowa. Powerless to do anything against the sudden and complete lack of continence that the story required, Renée stood there in meek, adorable, bowlegged silence, blinking her cute brown eyes down at her predicament. The hissing rush of her completely uncontrollable bladder echoed through the room at approximately 88 decibels. The thick white garment swelled hugely between her naked thighs, its surface turning a dramatic shade of yellow for no apparent reason. And by the time the entirety of her five-thousand-milliliter bladder had finished emptying into her diaper, it was swollen and hanging between her legs with all the ponderous, gracefully swaying weight of a bowling ball in a plastic bag.

"See? Ye're just a big, dumb baby," her mother sneered triumphantly, and took her daughter by the hand. "Come on. Hygiene doesn't matter. Let's go have suppah!"

Which is how poor Renée ended up waddling her way through the evening, dressed in nothing but her enormous and well-soaked diaper. It was embarrassing, obviously: sitting there like a naked baby with her bloated and visibly soiled diaper on display. But both her mom and the narrator seemed to be in a hurry to get to bedtime, and so she followed suit. By eight she began to prepare for bed: which meant that her mother led her back to the newly-made bed and repeated the

process.

"See? So humiliatin'," she exhorted, dumping a fresh load of powder into the equally fresh diaper. "Remembah, I can't have my adult baby of a dawta peeing her bed! Now, let's get this on you and I'll tuck you in. I'll even tell yah a bedtime story, *baby*..."

Indeed, she did: for the first time since Renée could remember. Once she had pulled on her pajamas – pausing long enough so the readers could admire the image of her poor pajamas bottoms straining and sliding up over her heavily padded bum – she slipped between the covers and blinked submissively up through her bangs at her mother. "I'm not a baby, Mom," she maintained with a cute little petulant pout. But her mom just laughed. "Oh, yes you are! Now, let me tell you a story. It's about a young woman who wakes up one day and finds that she's become a dumb, helpless, bedwetter who will never, ever again wear panties..."

That's how Renée fell asleep that first night in diapers: listening to the taunts of her totally normal and definitely not psychotic mother, crooning on about how she was going to become such a wet, helpless baby for her...

Which was, of course, totally not foreshadowing.

(To be continued!)