The doorbell rang and Sam jumped slightly. She watched Elizabeth get up and walk out to the hallway without any hesitation. Sam leaned forwards to look around the doorframe and as she did so she felt her bladder ache. Her diaper was still dry but after breakfast and the bottles during lessons she really had to go. She didn’t hesitate to relax her bladder causing a cascade of hot urine to leak out into the padding around her crotch.

As Sam wet herself Elizabeth walked back into the living room with Officer Jones just behind her. Sam was red in the face as she was greeted by the policeman, she didn’t want to let the others know what she was doing but it was hard to ignore the feeling coming from her waist. She stared off into the middle-distance as the warmth in her diaper spread up the front and back of the padding. She didn’t even notice that she was chewing on the pacifier making it bob up and down as if she was sucking it.

“I see things are going well here.” Officer Jones said as he walked in and sat down on the couch, “How’s things been going generally?”

“She’s been fine.” Elizabeth replied with a nod, “A few grumbles but otherwise I think she understands this is for the best.”

“I do no-” Sam exclaimed before being cut-off by Elizabeth loudly chiding her.

Sam’s face burned but she knew what she was supposed to do. With her head ducked low she raised her arm in the air.

“Yes Sam?” Elizabeth said patiently.

“This isn’t for the best.” Sam muttered as she pulled her pacifier out. She saw a thin line of drool going from her mouth to the bulb. She quickly stuck the soother back into her mouth.

“See what I mean?” Elizabeth said as she turned to Officer Jones, “She grumbles a bit but I think she’s learning.”

Sam resisted the urge to argue. She felt like she was pushing her luck as it was and she didn’t want to prolong or worsen her situation. When Elizabeth sat in front of the blackboard Sam had to continue with her “lessons” and answer in the same polite way every time. For some reason the already demeaning actions felt even more embarrassing.

Officer Jones didn’t stay long and he was soon excusing himself to go home. Sam was glad to see him go but knew it didn’t help her position at all. Thankfully the lessons were broken up when Elizabeth declared it time for lunch. Sam stood up with the expectation of being lifted out of the playpen but instead of picking her up Elizabeth simply pulled back the waistband of Sam’s shorts.

Sam was rather surprised but she didn’t pull away as Elizabeth’s hands prodded the front and back of the padding. Sam didn’t even realise she was getting a diaper check until Elizabeth was pushing the wet diaper stuffing against her skin.

“You’re wet but you’ll be fine till the end of lunch at least.” Elizabeth decided as she stood up again.

Wonderful, Sam thought sarcastically, I’ll just sit here in my wet diaper then. Sam would’ve much preferred a diaper change and some dry underwear but knew the decision was not up to her. The best Sam could do was continue using her diaper so she got a change relatively soon.

Lunch was a dull affair but Sam was delighted to be given the opportunity to feed herself. The sandwich was already cut up for her as was the apple that Sam quickly ate. She was given a bottle as well which she drank from, as she tilted the bottle up and sucked on the latex teat she simultaneously relaxed her bladder and wet herself yet again. She didn’t pay much attention to the warming of her crotch as she put the bottle down and let out a loud inadvertent burp.

With Sam locked into the highchair and given her food Elizabeth had excused herself out of the room. Sam certainly didn’t mind being left alone for a while, it was great to just have some time to herself even if it was in such disagreeable circumstances.

Elizabeth re-entered the kitchen just as Sam was finishing her bottle and she walked swiftly across the room to pick up the plate. Sam watched her silently wondering why she had changed into new clothes, she was even more confused that she had put her shoes on and was carrying her handbag. Was she going out?

Sam’s highchair was unlocked and she was lifted off the seat just a minute later. She was taken through to the living room and expected to be lowered into the playpen for either more lessons or playtime but she was sat on the couch instead. She saw a pair of childish shoes in front of her on the floor.

“What’s going on?” Sam asked as she felt her concern rising.

“I need to get some things from the shop.” Elizabeth said as she started slipping the shoes on Sam’s feet.

“You… You can’t take me out there.” Sam’s eyes were as wide as hubcaps.

“I assure you I can.” Elizabeth replied with an amused smile.

“Please!” Sam felt panic starting to overcome her, “I’ll stay here and play or something. I’ll do anything just please don’t make me go outside!”

“Don’t be silly.” Elizabeth said as the second shoe was slipped on and fastened.

“You can’t make me!” Sam shouted as she hit the cushions either side of her.

“Quiet!” Elizabeth’s eyes flashed threateningly, “Remember your manners. Which reminds me that you should still be practicing, consider it homework.”

The pacifier was brought out and pushed between Sam’s lips. It was attached to a pink ribbon that was clipped on to the front of Sam’s shirt. Sam thought about spitting it straight out but she didn’t want to anger Elizabeth right before she was taken outside, the potential for humiliation was almost infinite.

Sam raised her hands in the way that she had been taught when she wanted to speak. She saw Elizabeth ignoring her hand and pouted in frustration.

“No more questions from you.” Elizabeth said simply, “You’re to be a good girl today. Don’t forget that any misbehaviour will see you sent to jail, I have Officer Jones on speed dial. Do you understand?”

Sam nodded her head slowly as she felt her cheeks blazing red.

“That means I want you to be a quiet and sweet baby girl.” Elizabeth continued, “I expect none of this silly big girl stuff.”

Sam nodded her head again and let out a deep breath brought on by apprehension of what was going to happen next. She felt herself get picked up again and when Elizabeth’s hand went underneath her butt she suddenly remembered she was wet.

“You can wait till we get home for a change.” Elizabeth said as if she was reading Sam’s mind.

Sam didn’t like being kept in her wet underwear but she knew better than to complain as she sucked on her soother. Despite it’s name the pacifier was doing little to ease Sam’s nerves and when the front door was opened she let out an involuntary shiver.

Sam had assumed that Elizabeth was going to carry her tiny frame to the shops but it seemed Elizabeth had a better idea. Sam was lowered down and at first she was being set down into a chair but as straps were wrapped around her and buckled together she realised it was actually a stroller. Sam chewed anxiously on the latex teat in her mouth as she looked around at the metal frame around her, she looked up to see Elizabeth putting her diaper bag on the tray underneath the seat and taking hold of the handles.

A little whine escaped Sam’s mouth as she felt the stroller being pushed down the garden path and out on to the street. Sam’s eyes darted around as she nervously looked at the other people walking by, she felt completely exposed as her diapered crotch was pushed out in front of her. She was thankful for her shorts but also aware they could only do so much to hide the obvious padding underneath.

There were a lot of people out on the streets as Elizabeth pushed the toddler chair towards the shops. Sam kept expecting someone to point at her and start laughing but no one seemed to take even the slightest bit of notice. She had to reluctantly admit that she was the perfect picture of a baby girl no matter how much she hated the thought. At least it meant her humiliation was lessened slightly since no one was giving her a second look.

The quiet streets around Elizabeth’s house soon gave way to a high street with two rows of shops either side of a pedestrianised area. There were a lot of people here and Sam was worried about bumping into someone she knew, she didn’t know where she was but she had to assume she wasn’t too far from home. This was the sort of place students would frequent and any one of them might recognise the small woman from class.

Elizabeth steered the stroller into a nearby supermarket and Sam looked around as the natural light of the sun was replaced by the artificial lights of the store. Being around all these people only seemed to highlight how different Sam was, she felt more self-conscious than ever before. She was struggling to comprehend that she was out in public as a diapered baby. She felt hyperaware of every sense in her body.

The stroller was wheeled decisively into the store and left Sam in no doubt that Elizabeth knew what she wanted here. Sam saw people everywhere but most didn’t give her a second look, she almost found that more galling than if people had stared. Sam wanted to shout at everyone that this wasn’t normal and everyone should take notice but she bit her pacifier to stop herself saying anything. She wanted to avoid attention no matter how frustrated she felt. As she chewed on the teat she realised that to other people it must look like she was sucking happily.

Sam was pushed to the baby aisle and closed her eyes as she saw stretched before her shelves and shelves of diapers. When Sam felt the stroller stop moving she opened her eyes and saw Elizabeth looking along the line of infant diapers, Sam was left facing the padding and cringing. Either side of the stroller were other people shopping as if everything was normal.

“Which diapers do you like, baby?” Elizabeth asked loudly, “The ones with the funny animals or the ones with pretty princesses?”

Sam was blushing furiously as she looked daggers at Elizabeth. She knew she couldn’t speak or she would reveal the whole humiliating situation to everyone in earshot. The thought of choosing her own diapers was abhorrent but she had to choose before Elizabeth made this even more humiliating. She swallowed what little remained of her pride as she raised a shaking arm and point at the princess diapers. She didn’t really care which diapers she wore, her decision was purely random.

“Here you go.” Elizabeth said cheerfully as she bent down and placed the large plastic package on Sam’s lap forcing the small woman to hold on to the with her hands.

The stroller was now wheeled around the store with Sam blushing from behind the diapers she was forced to hold. She was almost certain Elizabeth was deliberately going as slow as possible to maximise the time this took. Sam shifted uncomfortably as she tried to hide her face, her padding crinkled underneath her butt for everyone to see and hear. Sam hoped she would get a diaper change soon because she was starting to get very uncomfortable.

Eventually Elizabeth wheeled the stroller to the checkout and despite walking around and looking at the shelves for a while she was buying nothing except for the diapers. Sam had the plastic packaging taken away from her and lifted up to the cashier who started ringing them up.

“A very pretty little girl you’ve got.” The young female checkout assistant said with a smile.

“Thank you very much.” Elizabeth replied, “She isn’t mine. I’m just looking after her for the weekend.”

“How old is she?” The young woman asked.

“Let’s ask her.” Elizabeth said. She bent down in front of the stroller and took Sam’s hands in hers, “How old are you, Sam?”

Sam didn’t know what to do. She couldn’t pull the pacifier out of her mouth and casually tell this woman that she was a fully grown adult, the cashier looked like she was about the same age as Sam which made this situation even more excruciating. Sam’s face was a deep red as she shyly raised her hand up and stuck two of her little fingers in the air.

“Such a clever girl!” Elizabeth praised Sam with an amused glint in her eyes.

Sam sunk back into the stroller as the diapers were put into a bag and then hung from the back of the push chair. Sam was wheeled out of the store feeling more humiliated than she had ever been in her life, she felt like a freak being put on display in front of everyone like this. She sulked all the way home with her arms folded across her chest.