



THE TEACHER

BecomingBabyAgain



[DATE]

[Company address]

Kathy had just turned 19 years old and had already graduated from college with her teaching certificate! You see her grandmother had home-schooled Kathy, just before she passed away. Kathy had entered the twelfth grade at fourteen years old while living at the state orphanage, graduated and received a partial scholarship at the local community college, but still was fifteen thousand dollars in debt with student loans! Working at a local restaurant, since she left the orphanage, Kathy had only been able to save about fifteen hundred dollars. She had sent out numerous résumés and been to several interviews for teaching positions but the small girl at only four feet six and a half inches tall and a petite 70 pounds did not seem to interest the people she had talked to in interviews. It did not seem to matter that Kathy had graduated in the top ten percent of her class with a major in art and a minor in education! Then just two weeks before school started she got the letter asking her to interview for a private school for girls just three hundred miles from her home! The interview was done over the phone and after a week's wait. Kathy got the job and prepared herself to move to her new town.

Kathy arrived by bus on Thursday morning, (her belongings had been shipped to her new house the day before). She was wearing a navy blue business suit, white blouse and high-heeled pumps. Kathy had put her long blonde hair up, carefully padded the padded bra she had bought and put on make-up trying to look as adult as possible, it was a real stretch for the small unbuilt girl.

Arriving at the new school by taxi, Kathy paid the driver and entered the school at the front entrance. Kathy knew that it was a private school for girl's kindergarten through till eighth grade. Also she had found out it was not a boarding school all the students lived at home with their parents. Kathy felt her personal hand luggage would be safe as she left it in the front hallway and went to find the headmistress office. As the young girl made her way further into the school a voice startled her. "Where do belong young lady and what is that on your face!" Kathy turned to see a heavysset woman, probably in her early forties glaring at her.

"Excuse me" said Kathy. "I was just looking for the headmistress's office?" The woman grabbed Kathy by the hand.

"Not like that you're not!" she yelled as she drug her in to the bathroom! Stopping at the washbasin she demanded, "Now wash your face this minute young lady!"

"Nooooooo!" yelled Kathy. "Leave me alone!"

"Don't you give me your backtalk young lady!" Grabbing the girl hard by the hand, she pulled her over to the sofa in the lady's room. Grabbing the bottom of the girls skirt she pulled it up, above the girls waist! "What the hell do you think you are doing?" yelled Kathy. The large woman pulled Kathy across her lap pulled her panty hose and panty's down around her ankles and began to spank the young girls behind. First Kathy screamed. Then, she started to cry while the large woman smacked her behind twenty times.

“Are you ready to wash that face now young lady?” Kathy sobbing on the lady’s lap nodded her head as the lady helped her to her feet. Kathy waddled to the washbasin rubbing her red behind and began washing her face anything to please this lunatic.

The young girl tuned on the water at the sink as she continued to rub her sore behind. Looking back at the lady she said “May I please fix my clothes ma’am?”

“Not until you get that face washed clean.” The young girl still crying began slowly washing her face. What had she done? Was there a rule against makeup? Just as Kathy finished the lady walked to her she fixed the girls clothes, and pulled the bobby pins out of Kathy’s hair as it fell to her shoulders.

“What are you doing dressed like this? High-heeled shoes, and panty hose? a child of your age?”. Kathy looked at the woman, finally realizing “but I am not a student” she thought. Then, the girl finally spoke up,

“I see you think I am a student, boy are you in trouble you big bully. I am Kathy Stevens, the new art teacher! I am going to have you arrested, for assault!” Stunned for just a second, the older woman looked down at the small girl. Composing herself, she grabbed the girl by the hand and dragged the stumbling young girl to the headmistress office. Kathy lost a shoe on the way.

Arriving at the headmistress office, they ran right in to the headmistress. She was a tall thin woman with gray hair and maybe in early fifty’s. She was wearing a gray skirt and black silk blouse. “What is going on Helen?”

“Jane” as soon as Kathy heard the name she began screaming.

“Jane! Are you Jane White the Headmistress here? I am Kathy Stevens and I want this bitch arrested!” Jane immediately grabbed the young girl by the ear and took her to the nearest corner, giving Kathy two hard swats to her already sore behind.

“Young lady! We don’t use language like that at the Hillary Bradshaw School for girls. Now you keep your nose in this corner, or you will get a spanking that makes whatever Helen gave you seem like tickling, do you understand!” Kathy just stood there and nodded, she knew she did not want another spanking. These people are nuts. Anyway, maybe if she minds them now, she can reason with them later. Jane motioned Helen to follow entered her office and closed the door. Meanwhile, the secretary Miss Vickie was sitting at her desk watching all this said “You better keep your nose in that corner young lady I have my eye on you.”

What seemed like hours but in reality only about twenty-five minutes. Kathy heard the door open and footsteps leaving the office. She did not dare look. A couple of minutes later, Miss Vickie said “Young lady! Ms. Jane will see you now she is waiting in her office. Hurry now!” The young girl entered the office “

Please take a seat young lady.”

“I would rather stand thank you....”

“Sit!!!” Kathy sat immediately but gently on the chair.

Ms Jane formally introduced herself and welcomed Kathy to the school formalities aside she began. “Young lady upon first seeing you I was not sure what I was going to do with you. I was and I am considering sending you back where you came from,” Kathy in a panic began to speak.

“But ma’am! I have no place to go back too! I quit my job and gave up my apartment.” The girl, feeling overwhelmed, began to cry.

“What did I do wrong?” Ms Jane walked to the young girl kneeled down an put her arm around the crying girl.

“Nothing dear. You did nothing wrong. Calm down and let Ms Jane think.” The headmistress then left the room, all the time thinking what am I to do with this *poor child*.

After thirty minutes, and several phone calls, Ms Jane returned to the room. Kathy was sitting quietly in her chair with her head down, no longer concerned with the spanking she had received, only the job she needed so badly. “Kathy sweetheart I have decided you can stay, but you will have to follow some very special rules.” Kathy sat there in the headmistress office, relieved that she was staying but wondering about the special rules? Ms. Jane sat down at her desk and smiled at the young girl. “Well young lady. Are you ready to abide by my special school rules?” How could Kathy answer? what were the rules she wondered? “Yes ma’am! I will do anything. I really need this job. It was my last chance to teach this year.” Kathy felt a shiver run down her spine. What had she agreed to? Why had she answered so fast? What choice did she have?

Ms. Jane smiled then nodded to the young girl. “Then let me explain the rules to you. Here at the Hillary Bradshaw School for Girls, we believed in strict discipline. Our girls are spanked on their bare behinds as needed, with hand, brush or paddle to maintain that discipline.” Kathy looked wide-eyed at the tall lady but did not say a word just continued listening. “Also, our girls are not allowed makeup, loutish jewelry or earrings. They are required to wear a school uniform. There is one other very special rule.” Ms Jane paused she was waiting for Kathy to say something. Quietly almost in a whisper Kathy spoke.

“What rule is that Ms. Jane?” Jane stood up from her desk and continued,

“for over 60 years, the number one rule at the school has always been: A wet bed at night requires diapers for a year. Wet panties during the day requires diapers during the day. All the parents agree to this before sending their girls here.” Kathy sat there stunned “but what does

all that have to do with me Ms Jane?" The headmistress walked over to the young girl and again began speaking. "We have three hundred girls in this school, two hundred and sixty of them wear diapers during the day, and, to the best of my knowledge, all of them wear diapers at night. You could be two hundred and sixty-one!" Kathy was so stunned she had a hard time thinking much less speaking but finally she spoke.

"But I am and adult I am nineteen years old. You couldn't you wouldn't make me wear diapers?" Ms Jane sat on the corner of her desk smiling.

"That depends on whether or not you can keep your panties and bed dry. I expect to treat you like any other child in my charge. You will teach three Art classes a day. Your teaching will tend to diaper changes and discipline, yours or your students as needed. You will not be required to wear a uniform but you will be dressed appropriately as a little girl should be. You will participate in physical education as a student and wear the uniform: a school T-shirt, diaper or white cotton panties and tennis shoes. Also, you will eat lunch at the students table you are assigned and you will mind and respect every real adult in the school, do you understand?" Kathy needed to think. This could not be happening! She was not a little girl, but, then, what could she do. She needed this job. The young girl simply nodded her head. She knew she had no choice.

"Now Kathy, about your living arrangements. I have made some arrangements for you to live with a friend of mine. She has been very lonely and is thrilled to have a little girl to take care of. Let me go see if she has arrived yet." As Ms Jane left the office Kathy began to panic. What a little girl to take care of? She just had to make sure she never had a single accident. Even the tiniest drop!

Kathy sat there quietly, thinking how and why could this be happening to her? Ms Jane returned follow by a tall blonde woman. She was quite a bit younger than Ms Jane, late thirties maybe. Kathy thought how pretty, and how big the woman was. She must be over six feet tall. She was wearing blue shorts, blouse and tennis shoes with her hair down to her shoulders, and she was smiling broadly. "Kathy. This is Vivian McDonald. Stand up young lady and say hello!" Kathy stood held out her hand.

"How do you do Ms McDonald?" Vivian smiled down at the girl, taking her hand in both of hers said,

"Fine sweetheart. My myn you are a lovely little girl aren't you?" Kathy stood there blushing. The two ladies were talking, something about Kathy not needing to be at school till Monday and getting her some appropriate wardrobe. Ms Jane looked at Kathy and said, "Now you mind Vivian, Kathy. We will see you Monday."

"Yes ma'am," said Kathy as Vivian took her by the hand and led her out of the school.

Arriving at the door of her car, Vivian opened the back door on the passenger side and told the girl to get in. As Kathy started to get in, she froze. On the back seat was a large baby seat. Vivian simply picked the small girl up and placed her in the seat. "Don't you think I am a little old for this ma'am?" she asked, frantically. Smiling, the lady started strapping the girl in and said,

"well if I thought that baby, I would not be putting you in it. Now, let's get home. It's past your lunch time." Fastening the buckle and checking to see if it was secure, Vivian walked to the driver's door, got in and drove toward her home. Arriving at her home, she helped the small girl out of her car seat, took her by the hand and led her to the front door and into the house. Right there in the living room Vivian said, "let's get you out of that silly big girl suit sweetie." She began undressing the girl. Without another word, she began to strip the girl down to nothing but her pink cotton panties. Turning the TV on the cartoon channel, Vivian said to the young girl, "now be a good girl and watch the TV while I make you some lunch." Kathy nodded,

"but can't I put some clothes on ma'am?"

"Why silly? Expecting company? Now sit and watch your cartoons!" Vivian walked into the kitchen dismissing the girls complaint like you would a three year old. Returning to the living room about ten minutes later, Vivian, without a word, reached down, picked Kathy up off the floor and sat her on her hip. She said, "Ready for some lunch baby?" Kathy trying to compose herself said,

"Yes, but I can walk ma'am." Again, the girls complaints were ignored. They entered the kitchen. Kathy turned her head to see where she was going to sit and spotted the high chair. As Vivian sat the girl in the chair, Kathy's temper exploded. "This is ridiculous! Why can't I just sit at the table?" the young girl yelled. Stopping what she was doing, a stern look came over Vivian.

"Young lady! Do you want your lunch or a spanking? Now calm down! I am getting tired of your mouth!" Kathy hushed as she was strapped into the high chair, and the tray was put in place. Placing a bib around the girls neck Vivian says, "I am sorry I yelled sweetie but you need to learn to mind." She then placed a very nice ham and cheese sandwich with chips in front of the girl. Kathy began to eat. She was starving, as Vivian poured some milk in a toddler's cup for her, and placed it on her tray. When Kathy had finished her sandwich and chips and drank some of her milk, Vivian asked her if she would like some chocolate pudding. Kathy nodded. Vivian got the pudding, sat down on a chair beside Kathy and began spoon feeding the small girl being sure to get some of the pudding all over the girls face. When Kathy had finished the pudding, trying to mind her manners, she said,

"Thank you for the nice lunch ma'am." Vivian smiled and took a wash cloth and began cleaning the girls face and hands very gently,

"Please sweetie, this is your home. Now knock off the ma'am call me mommy."

Undoing the tray and removing the strap from the high chair, the new mommy picked the small girl up, "Ok sweetie it's time for your nap and walked toward Kathy's bedroom. Kathy did not even argue, what was the use, and the girl was tired from her trip anyway. They entered a bedroom but it was not bedroom at all it was a large nursery. Kathy as wide eyed as she had been all day said,

"Ma'am... uhh mommy, this is a babies room" and she began to cry softly, as she studied the room. There was a large changing table, crib, diaper pail, in one corner there was large overstuffed chair. Kathy's concentration was broken as Vivian laid her on the changing table "This was my other babies room sweetie and now it's yours now does baby need a diaper for her nap, I won't make you but if you wet your crib Mommy will have to spank you a bit. Looking up at the lady Kathy's mind was going a mile a minute. She knew she had to hold out as long as possible and meekly refused. *Mommy* told the girl to sit on the floor and handed her a teddy bear "here sweetie is your teddy Mommy will be right back. Mommy returned about five minutes later carrying a bottle of milk in her hand

"Mommy please I don't want that no the girl began to cry "nooooooooooooo!" Mommy picked the child up from the floor still holding the teddy, and carried her over to the chair. As she sat in the chair Mommy said to the still crying girl

"Now, now baby needs her ba-ba to help her sleep " Cradling the child in her arms she pressed the bottle to Kathy's lips. Kathy clenched her mouth shut refusing the bottle. Mommy simply tickled her tummy and when Kathy giggled slid the bottle into her mouth squeezing some warm milk down Kathy's throat. Tasting the milk, Kathy thought to herself how sweet it tasted and began nursing on her bottle. Mommy just rocked her baby girl gently back and forth and hummed her a lullaby. Soon the bottle was almost finished and her little baby girl was sound asleep. Mommy shifted her in her lap and raising the girl up to her shoulder. Patting her back gently she burped the child wipe her mouth and carried her and the baby's teddy to their crib. Kathy opened her eyes for a second as mommy smiled and placed a pacifier in the girl's mouth. Kathy started sucking on the paci snuggled her teddy and closed her eyes again. Mommy smiling said "sleep tight precious" turned out the overhead light and left the room. The small girl lying there sucking on the paci almost a sleep thought to herself when ever had she felt so safe, with that thought she drifted off to a very sound sleep.

Kathy could see the sun shining through the blinds when she woke up the next morning and for just a moment she forgot where she was. She sat up in her crib realizing where she was. As she looked around the room she noticed things she had not before, the Mickey Mouse cartoon characters on the wallpaper. The large toy box filled with toys. Indeed even the mobile over her crib and the rocking horse in the corner. Kathy then noticed how dry the duvet was but how wet the sheets felt. Kathy threw back the sheets to reveal the little wet puddle she had made during that nap. She had to get out of there. She then stood up in the crib and looked over the crib railing wondering if she should just climb out? Kathy said, "Dammit I am not staying in here" and started to climb out of her crib.

“Baby girl what do you think you are doing “ Kathy looked at Mommy in shock how did she know? Mommy shook her head “no” and pointed at the baby monitor. She then placed her hands under the girl’s arms and lifted her out of the crib. “Young Lady you are never to get out of the crib without mommy understand” Kathy nodded as mommy placed her on her hip.

“Good girl, as for your language I am going to ignore it this once and only this once!”

“Yes Mommy” Kathy was then carried over to the changing table. Without making any kind of fuss, mommy pulled off the wet clothes and cleaned the area over with baby wipes.

“ Does baby want to make a poopy for mommy?” Being fairly regular first think in the morning Kathy nodded her head. Mommy turned and walked to the bathroom leaving Kathy lying naked on the changing table. Mommy returned carrying a pink porcelain pot with baby girl painted on the side. Kathy watched wide-eyed as she sat it on the floor, and then sat Kathy on it.

“Make a nice poopy for Mommy baby. The humiliated girl sat there staring up teary eyed as mommy watched. A little time past but nature did take over and Kathy did her business. Mommy stood the girl up wiped her bottom first with toilet paper then with a baby wipe cleaning her little bottom thoroughly Then she took a pair of very thick cotton panties with animal print on the outside and put them on the girl. Kathy felt how the thick the panties were and realized they must be training pants. “Now let’s get my baby girl some breakfast”.

Breakfast consisted of another warm bottle of milk (Which Kathy knew would inevitably make her wet again) and a bowl full of dry cereal. After that, she was quickly dressed in her teaching clothes, with a firm handing checking her training panties to see that they were still dry, and then they both got into the car for Kathy to be dropped off at school. She was dropped off in the car at the school gates, on among a crowd of many girls wearing very similar outfits but with a chorus of loud crinkling. Kathy even saw one girl engaged in conversation with some of her friends, stop speaking and crouch down to grunt a little mess into her diapers before standing back up and carrying on as normal.

Even before her very first lesson of the Day, Kathy felt the morning milk had already gone through her, and realizing that it was almost fate... She relaxed her muscles and let a long stream of hot piss seep into her training panties with a loud hissing noise. Those panties with such thin padding aren’t made to hold such a capacity, and after about 5 seconds, the piss was streaming down her legs and forming little pools by each foot. Kathy sighed and went to find the headmistress’ office again. She needed to ask for some diapers!