

# Rumor Has It...

*by Cowkites*

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"Stop spreading rumors about me, Thea."

Thea Lace, college sophomore, stared down the senior that accosted her; a tall brunette named Marcie. "I have no idea what you're talking about," Thea lied.

Marcie huffed. She then scowled at Thea and stepped forward so that she was just a few inches from the younger woman's face. "You do. Who else on Earth would bother spreading a rumor about me liking you? As if I would. I have a boyfriend. And I'm way out of your league, twerp."

It was true. Marcie was valedictorian and widely regarded as one of the hottest women on campus. Thea, meanwhile, was an average looking blonde with little going for her aside from her being president of the board game club. The only reason anyone talked about her was the strange rumor that Marcie Ponder secretly wanted to be with her.

"Well, Marcie, I don't know about all this talk of a rumor; but it's pretty clear you want me. I will say though, if this is your way of asking me out, it's pretty cute."

Marcie laughed. "Wow. You're bold. What would possess me to do something so stupid?"

Thea grinned. She had a trick up her sleeve. The same trick she had used to spread the rumor so quickly: magic. "Maybe it's because I know your little secret. Not only that, but you know I'll indulge your perverted fantasies. Or at least, maybe you're just hoping I will. Be a good girl and I just might."

Marcie's jaw dropped. "Secret? What the fuck are you talking about?"

"You know...the naughty one you think about when your boyfriend can't satisfy you." Marcie slipped her hand behind her back as she spoke. She pulled a gnarled old wand from her back pocket and subtly flicked it in the air as she thought of what she wanted to make true. As soon as she did, magical energies invisible to everyone but a witch like Thea spouted from the wand and enveloped Marcie. Suddenly, a noticeable bulge appeared at Marcie's crotch. Even her loose-fitting gray sweats couldn't hide the bulk of the crinkly diaper taped around her waist. The plastic waistband of which poked out of her sweats and into view beneath her pink, college crop top. Marcie's mind was then filled with naughty desires. All of Thea's rumors were made true. Marcie was indeed in love with Thea. Her secret pleasure was real. Marcie just didn't know yet.

"W-What? My boyfriend satisfies me plenty!" Marcie replied. Her voice warbled, her confidence had lessened greatly, and a pressure built in her bladder.

Thea chuckled. So close to Marcie as she was, Thea grabbed the crotch of Marcie's diaper without any passersby being aware.

*Crinkle*

"But does he rub your diapers like you want, princess?"

Marcie froze. Her face turned a bright shade of red. She looked down slowly and gasped in horror as she was made aware of the thick bulk between her thighs. "Diapers? No! This isn't happening...I'm not..." Marcie stammered. She looked up at Thea and felt her heartbeat quicken. *I'm wearing a diaper! In the middle of the quad! Where's my panties?!* Marcie thought in a panic. She stumbled backward away from Thea and tried desperately to pull her sweats up to hide the diaper. The act only further accentuated her diaper bulge. "What did you do to me! I don't like diapers. I don't like you!"

"What did I do?" asked Thea. "You're the one that wanted to confront your crush in a diaper. Were you hoping I'd tease you? Call you a little baby and drop your pants in front of everyone? Would you rub your diapers later thinking about how I humiliated you?"

Marcie covered her face in shame. Some part of her knew it was true. Her sweats could easily be yanked down to expose her diaper. A diaper that would soon be soggy. Marcie's urge to use the bathroom went up by the second. The thought of wetting herself in front of Thea excited her. The padding at the front of her diaper grew tight and swaddled her parts in crinkly goodness. Nonetheless, Marcie denied it all. "No way! I came here to tell you to stop lying! I'm not into you. I don't want you to bully me! I'm not a baby and I don't want a diaper wedgie in front of the whole campus," she declared. That last sentence spilled from her lips seemingly against her will. *Did I really just say that out loud...* Marcie thought.

Thea giggled. "What was that last part?"

Marcie huffed. "I need to go potty. If you gave me a diaper wedgie, I'd lose control and soak my pampers in front of everyone!" As soon as she stopped speaking, Marcie covered her mouth. Never before had she said something so embarrassing. *It's like I can't control myself! This isn't me! Thea must have done something. She must have,* thought Marcie.

Thea, in fact, did do something. The spell she had used on Marcie grew in strength over time. Marcie was rapidly falling in love with Thea, diapers, and the prospect of being Thea's baby girl. That strong desire grew easier to see as Marcie slowly lost control. Her bra had disappeared and thus made her hard nipples plain to see beneath her thin top. Her diaper bulge expanded. The product of her diaper getting larger combined with her heightened arousal. Marcie was

completely unaware. She had buried her face in her hands from embarrassment. Some part of her hoped that Thea would take advantage of the situation and yank her sweats down to expose the soon to be soggy padding of her diaper.

"You can't hide it, baby Marcie," said Thea. "This is everything you ever wanted. Maybe it was you that spread the rumors, desperately hoping that they might come true." Thea circled Marcie. She gave a loud smack to Marcie's behind. Her diaper crinkled loudly. Meanwhile, Marcie's clothes began to transform. "So you dressed up like a big baby for me. You were so eager for me to get angry with you; for me to expose what a silly baby you are. But sorry, little girl. If you want your embarrassment, you've got to earn it by showing me how much you love soaking your pampers."

Marcie dropped her hands and stared, shocked at Thea. "Wuh-what?" she asked.

"Drop your *diaper cover* down to your ankles, put your paci in your mouth, and wet yourself," Thea commanded her.

"My...diaper cover?" Marcie asked, confused. She looked down to find her outfit completely transformed. Her sweats were changed into a pastel pink plastic lined diaper cover. Cartoon ponies decorated the garment and ruffles lined the back. Marcie's crop top had remained the same in cut, but its design had changed to the words "Mommy's Super Soaker" in sparkly bubble font. An oversized yellow pacifier dangled from her chest via a strap. Her sneakers were replaced with a pair of light-up pink Velcro shoes. And while she could not see it, Marcie felt the hair ties that held her hair in a pair of childish pigtails. "No! No, no, no...this isn't happening!" Marcie whined. She looked around, horrified at the thought of someone seeing her. To her dismay, several nearby people had stopped to stare. Some had their phones out. *I've gotta run away! I've gotta get away from Thea!* thought Marcie. She turned to run and got a few steps before being stopped in her tracks. Something held her back; a bright pink chest harness decorated in small white bells attached to a leash held firmly in Thea's hand.

"Ah ah ah!" Thea chided her. "Did you forget what mommy asked you to do? Should I give you a spanking, little girl?"

Marcie froze. The word "mommy" repeated in her mind again and again. She fixated on it and felt happiness build within her thoughts. Marcie struggled to fight it, but it was a futile effort. *She's not my mommy!* thought Marcie. *But...what's the point. Everyone can see me. They know I'm a big silly baby. I should just do what mommy says...be a good girl...No! Pull the leash! Run! I can--*

"Such a stubborn girl. Here. Let mommy help." Thea then slipped the pacifier into Marcie's mouth.

"Guh!" was the only response Marcie could muster. Meanwhile, her thoughts raced. *My paci! Now I'm already doing what mommy wants. She's...she's really in charge of me.* Marcie's thoughts became more obedient and less articulate. She unknowingly sucked noisily on the pacifier. *Just do what mommy wants...be a good baby...I'm a good baby...I love my mommy...* Drool quickly collected on Marcie's chin. Her bladder was full to bursting. She couldn't hold out anymore. It didn't matter what Marcie wanted. She didn't have the willpower to fight her urges. The thought of revealing her diapers scared her; but before she knew it, her hands gripped the waistband and tugged downward.

With her diaper cover pulled down to her knees, Marcie made quite the sight. Several professors even joined the growing crowd of students to watch. A blissful expression came over Marcie's face as the world around her seemed to fade out. All that went through her mind was thoughts of Thea and of her love of diapers. When her bladder finally released, Marcie practically moaned around her pacifier. She bent slightly at the waist and spread her legs as the diaper grew warm and soggy. A happy giggle escaped her lips while she watched. Marcie lifted her shirt to get a better view. It wasn't long before she had gripped herself through the soaked padding and began to massage her aching bulge. *Wha...what am I doing?* Marcie asked herself. *It feels so good. I like how it crinkles...crinkle crinkle crinkle...mommy...mommy...*

"Ma-ma..." Marcie babbled.

Thea smirked. Marcie was putty in her hands. A helpless, diaper soaking baby. "Yes, baby?" Thea asked.

"Diapie feel goooooood," Marcie mumbled. She waddled forward, her arms outstretched.

Thea stepped aside and watched as Marcie stumbled forward and nearly lost her footing. She looked like a toddler that hadn't quite grasped walking. "It'll feel even better once you show it off more," said Thea. "Maybe even make it messy. Mommy will give you knee bouncies!" Thea gripped Marcie's collar tight and led the confused young woman forward. "Your boyfriend would be in the library right about now wouldn't he?"

Marcie nodded, too blissful to care about the phones recording her every move.

"Perfect! Then you can show him what a good baby you are..."