

Renée's Absolutely Awful Summer

Chapter Five – June 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.

"I am totally normal. Yeah, of course! So totally plain and ordinary, you have no idea. I'm the sweetest and most sensible and vanilla babysitter you ever did see! Oh, and definitely, *definitely* not sadistic in any way. Not in the least!"

Why did Renée not believe this smiling woman before her? Why were the hiccups still cutely rising to her throat, bubbling up past the pacifier her mother had just jammed in there? Why was she still vainly trying to pull her 9.78 inches of skirt down over the monstrosously shameful diaper around her waist? And why was her bladder already beginning to dribble in panic at the sight of this old babysitter of hers?

Probably because she was an AB/DL protagonist. And as such, she knew full well that babysitters were required to be anything but normal.

"Oh, of *course* you are!" Her mom bubbled, beaming with all the delighted good will of a golden retriever who'd just found someone to give her nonstop head pets. "Agatha, you're an absolute lifesaver, you know that? Here I am with this big old baby of a daughter on my hands, and you turn up just in time! I can't take this pampers princess with me to work, you know. So if you really wouldn't mind..."

"I can be there every day, ma'am," Agatha nodded, her blue eyes sparkling with unspoken and not at all sadistic glee. "Keep her out of trouble. Feed her and change her and spank her and everything. Just like I used to do all those years ago."

She straightened up and gave a languid stretch, taking the words out of the narrator's mouth and giving her two listeners and the collection of unseen readers a good look at her lust-worthy assets. She was tall, of course. Blonde hair done up in a bun. G-cup breasts straining to escape from under her athletic top. And best of all, formidably strong arms that would have no problem whatsoever manhandling a poor, cute, whimpering little bedwetter into the most embarrassing situations.

That is, even *more* embarrassing than standing here in a grocery store with a baby pacifier in her

mouth and her giant DIAPER on display.

"And don't worry about the pay, either," Agatha continued, with a sideways leer that set René almost choking on a fresh spate of hiccups. "I *love* taking care of stupid little babies who can't be trusted to do anything for themselves. Hell, I'd torture- ahem, I mean, babysit!- little Renée here for free any day." She reached over and placed one dominating hand on Renée's petite head. "Ahem. Totally normally, you know. Not sadistically at all."

"Great, then it's settled!," beamed Renée's mother, with a loud sigh of relief. "Now, Renée, you should be thanking your lucky stars! Honestly, the only other option I had was to send you packing to daycare – and we know how embarrassing that would be, don't we? Go on, thank the nice lady! Tell Agatha how much you can't wait for her to be changing your diapers again!"

"*Mo-omhh*," Renée whimpered cutely around her new pacifier, as a flurry of hiccups threatened to choke her. "I- I don't-" She gulped, eyes bulging at the prospect of having to burble out those humiliating words. Sure, she knew she was an AB/DL protagonist – and that meant humiliating herself. But surely she could stall a bit- delay- give the readers even more delicious anticipation-

"Aww, she can't even talk right, huh? Well, no worries," Agatha chortled, fake sympathy ringing in every syllable. "I'm sure she'll be plenty talkative once I'm taking care of her! So talkative I'll probably have to shut her up. That's what I always do with a pathetic little crybaby *bitch*." She paused, recollecting herself. "Ahem! I mean, you know... *totally* nicely. Not at *all* sadistically."

"Of course not," Renée's mom smiled, totally oblivious to the lascivious sneer Agatha had given in the direction of Renée's visible – and increasingly wet – diaper. "Well, I'm headed off to work tomorrow at eight, so if you can be at our place by then, that will be great. Toodles!"

And off she trundled down the aisle, beaming in serene delight at her great good fortune. And also, of course, at the lovely load of babyish foods and supplies she was about to purchase for the wide-eyed, panicking young woman waddling beside her.

"Mommhhh," Renée managed weakly from the rear seat some fifteen minutes later. She was in the back seat, of course – exactly where all AB/DL protagonists inevitably ended up when being forcibly regressed. "I don' wike Agafha," she lisped from behind her pacifier, completely unaware of the fact that here in the safety of the back seat, she could have easily removed it. "I don' needh a babyfhidduh! An', an' fhee wahv meen dhoo me a wong dime agho..."

"And I'm sure you deserved it," her mom retorted back. "Now, listen, Renée: I don't wanna hear all

about who abused whom, and what kinds of questionable and morally dubious punishments she inflicted on you. Okay? Besides, the narrator won't like it if we start talking about when you weren't an adult, right?"

"Affirmative," rumbled the narrator far above them, a note of apologetic relief in his delightful, chocolatey voice. "It's really quite problematic, you see – even in flashback. With adult fiction, we'd really ask that you stick to times when this cute daughter of yours is completely and totally an adult."

"See? So that's that," Renée's mom nodded, glancing back into the mirror and smiling at the adorable picture her unbearably cute and totally adult daughter made with her bangs and pacifier and silly toddler outfit. "Why don't you hush up and be a good girl, hmm? Don't think about Agatha, and definitely not about her making fun of you all those years ago. Just suck on your nice new pacifier for us. Soak that diaper all you want. You're stuck in it now, you know! Might as well get used to it..."

At the command, Renée lapsed into cute and submissive silence. Her adorable lips worked silently on the pacifier as ordered. And then, mid-fellation, she paused.

"Uhhh... Mohmm?"

"Yes?"

"Whad habbened dhoo yow assent?"

Her mom paused – but before she could reply, she stiffened and jerked the car wheel sharply to the left. "Oh, sorry, baby!", she called back a moment later, having recovered herself and guided the speeding car back into the proper lane. "Almost hit a pothole back there!"

"Anyway," she resumed, with a sharp pursing of her lips and a glance in the rear view mirror at her expectant and very cute daughter. "Mind your own business."

To which Renée could only sigh... and lapse into submissive silence. Feeling a fresh burst of her breakfast apple juice leaking out, warm and wet, into her super embarrassing DIAPER.

(To be continued!)