

Renée's Absolutely Awful Summer

Chapter Two – April 2024

"Hey! I can't HEAR you! What did I order, huh? What're you gonna be wearing the rest of this summer? Tell me, Renée!"

"D-d-d-diapers..." her blushing daughter murmured in response to her mother's strident command. Far off in the distance, she could almost hear the collective shiver of excitement from the readers at hearing those magic syllables. "Oh, *nooo...*" she went on, whimpering exactly as any cute protagonist should. "I'm, I'm gonna *hic!* have to wear *diapers...?!"*

"Ya better believe it," her mother assured her, dropping a plate full of steaming, blackened eggs and bacon before her. "Just like when you were a baby. Because a cute young lady who lays there in her bed and *pees* herself doesn't deserve anything less!" She plopped a giant glass of orange juice beside Renée's plate and shook her head at her daughter's pleading look of horror. "There's no other explanation, ya know. Ya want me to put ya back in diapers, just like when you were a baby. So, *dub* – that's exactly what I'll do!"

She grabbed the laptop and grinned savagely into the screen once more, then down at her daughter who was already obediently gulping down her charred breakfast and juice. "Don't worry, baby. I'm sure it'll be totally logical if I take away your adult underwear for the entire summer. I mean, so what if ya haven't peed yourself during the day? So what if you're my own adult dawta?" She patted Renée's head condescendingly. "I think ya *deserve* to be humiliated! And in fact, I want that so much that I'll happily change your giant, pissy diapers every day for the rest of the-"

She was about to expound at great length just how much she looked forward to humiliating her daughter – but mercifully, the narrator intervened once more. This time, with a neat little section break.

It was three o'clock, the narrator resumed in his lovely, dramatic voice, evidently more than a little smug over how he'd shut up Renée's annoying bitch of a mother. The warm, early summer afternoon was waning slowly to a close. The treetops stirred gently, swaying lazily in the late afternoon breeze. It was the sort of afternoon in which you would have simply adored lying in a hammock, sipping a raspberry lemonade and indulging in a steamy harlequin romance, while the birdsong and sunshine lulled you off to a horny, drowsy slumber. Just for example, it might be a copy of Pamela's Passion – that third-best-selling light novel of the previous summer, which I just so happen to have narrated with this rich and fruity voice

of mine...

He paused to let that sweet self-promotion sink in. But then, as if suddenly recollecting that his readers might be on the verge of clicking away to a hotter, less boring story, he cleared his throat. "Ahem! Well, anyway... um, it was on this afternoon that a sleek white delivery van pulled up to Renée's home..."

Oh, it did. And not two minutes later, a handsome young deliveryman stepped up the walkway, barely visible behind the mountain of cardboard boxes on his trolley. Perhaps in some other story he had a name. He might even have gotten some description of his rich brown eyes, or the super-trendy haircut that left the sides of his head shaven bald while a wild conflagration of hair bristled ever so handsomely from the top. But alas... here he was nothing but a stock figure, selected for the sole purpose of further humiliating the adorably cute protagonist.

"Hey, baby," Nameless Deliveryman called, grinning as he caught sight of the wide-eyed, diminutive Renée peeping out from the door. "Don't worry, I won't bite! I've just got a giant pile of boxes for you. Or actually, for your *Mommy*. Heh, you're way too little to sign for anything, right?"

At that jibe, Renée bristled.† "I am not! I'll have you know I'm entirely and totally legal! I'm twenty-one years old, you dork!" But unaccustomed as she was to having even the slightest hint of a backbone, five seconds she found herself lapsing back into abashed silence, wondering if her mom wasn't now going to punish her for talking back. After all, she wasn't supposed to have a mind of her own. And another embarrassing spanking *would* make the readers happy...

"Hah, totally. And I'm totally a real person and not a stock character whose sole function is to humiliate you!" Nameless Deliveryman sneered, gesturing at the boxes that he was now tossing onto the porch. "Speaking of which, why don't you take a look at what these boxes say? Hehe, I bet you're so small and stupid you can't even read what they say..."

Renée blinked, suddenly aware of the three-inch-high black letters blazoned across the sides of each box. DIAPERS. SUPER-BIG DIAPERS. FOR BEDWETTERS AND DUMB BABIES. Her stomach sank, her cheeks flaming with the humiliation that every perfect AB/DL protagonist was required to feel. "Umm... Oh. I... well... They're not for me, serious! I- I promise..."

"Sure they aren't," Nameless Deliveryman snickered, and now he was shoving the digital clipboard into her hand. "Go on – sign for the diapers that totally aren't yours, baby. Just make an X if you can't write yet. Or better yet, call your Mommy! Tell her she needs to sign for your GIANT

† Not visibly, of course. She wasn't a porcupine.

SHIPMENT OF DIAPERS."

Renée flinched. Took the stylus. And shakily, cringingly, drew a wobbly little X on the line.

"Thanks, *diaper baby*," the guy chortled, spinning his trolley about with relish. "Better waddle off and ask your *Mommy* to carry them inside. They're *way* too heavy for a little baby like you!" And with that, he flashed her one final grin... before neatly disappearing from the story.

Truth be told, they *were* way too heavy. Being such a small, cute protagonist, Renée's arms were as thin and weak as a pair of noodles. It was unfortunate for her, of course, since it meant she was stuck with an awful choice. She could either call her mother and endure whatever she was about to say and do... or she could leave them there on the porch with their giant, inky letters broadcasting to the entire neighborhood what had just arrived.

She chose the former.

Which meant that not ten minutes later, she and her mother were back in her bedroom where it had all started this morning. Her mother was huffing from exertion, grinning with savage anticipation. Beside the dresser stood the heap of cardboard boxes full of SUPER-BIG DIAPERS. And Renée knew that the time had come at last: the time that her increasingly horny readers had been dying to reach.

The time when she would cutely whimper and whine and cry while she was forced sadistically back into a giant, embarrassing DIAPER.

"No-o, Mom, please-" she began – but before she could do more than wring her hands in pretty, helpless dismay, the narrator intervened with a rumbly proclamation...

To be continued!