

A Lesson Not Soon Forgotten by Cowkites

Rebecca glowered at the textbook before her. She remembered hating learning algebra, but eventually getting over it as the material had begun to make sense. The twelve-year-old girl she was tutoring, Hannah, was in a similar situation; but Rebecca lacked the patience and the kindness to give the girl the same time and effort her own teacher had given her.

The majority of their sessions were usually filled with Rebecca's sighing and snippy comments on the younger girl's inability to make sense of the homework. It was clear that Hannah was making the best of the situation, but Rebecca cared not; she was eighteen-years-old, an honors student, and a beautiful young woman that could be doing far more important things if not for her parents' insistence on her learning to work.

Sitting beside the younger, dark-haired girl, Rebecca absentmindedly watched over her shoulder as she once again forgot a fundamental rule in showing her work.

"No, Hannah, erase it. Do it again."

The younger girl looked up at her, a look of confusion in her big, brown eyes, "What did I do wrong?"

Rebecca groaned aloud and wrestled the pencil from her grasp easily as she erased the last ten minutes of her work, "Do it again, but this time pay attention; honestly, this worksheet is elementary...like all your work. I don't understand why you're having such a hard time." Rebecca tossed the pencil back on the desk and resumed her leisurely supervision with a sigh.

Returning her pencil to the worksheet, Hannah fumed for a moment as she stared at the problem. While she genuinely was having difficulty with the problem before her, the problem to her right she could easily solve. The older brunette has always been rude to her, and while Hannah could understand occasional frustration, it seemed as if Rebecca always had an attitude. Her most recent comment to Hannah was the last straw. Gathering what rudimentary powers she had learned over the past year, Hannah whispered her first spell.

Rebecca suddenly felt light-headed; feeling a wetness on her chin, she wiped it with her sleeve and was surprised to find drool on her hoodie. Hannah was staring at her expectantly.

"W-what?"

It almost seemed as if the girl was stifling a smile, "Can you *please* help me? I just don't get it..."

Rebecca scoffed and pulled the worksheet over to herself, "Maybe we should ask your parents to hold you back a grade, I mean really..."

The words on the page looked the same as the ones she had seen before, but she felt as if she used to be able to make more sense of them. Doing her best to ignore the younger girl to her left, Rebecca reaches for the algebra book and flips to the chapter that pertains to the worksheet. Finding herself using the book to help her solve the problem rather than as a tool to help Hannah, Rebecca secretly breathes a sigh of relief as she eventually solves the equation before her.

God I'm rusty. I really thought this stuff was easy. I'm gonna have to refresh myself on this stuff before our next meeting.

"There, simple. That make sense?"

Rebecca watches as Hannah looks over the problem, scratching her head as she does so, "Well, I think the answer is right...but how did you get it?"

Rebecca opened her mouth to answer, but quickly found that she didn't know.

What's going on! This is the easiest stuff; I just solved it! I know this. Something isn't right here. Why does my head feel so odd?

Once again, Hannah was looking a little too happy. Wiping her chin again with her sleeve, Rebecca scowled at the younger girl, "What's so funny? I just solved the problem, of course I know how I got it."

Looking cowed, at least for the moment, Hannah began to chew on her pencil; a nervous habit Rebecca had observed before, and had once had herself back when she was a younger more awkward girl.

"Could you show me? You're my tutor...and you're really smart."

Rebecca suddenly felt as if she was the butt of some inside joke, but she would be lying to herself if she said she didn't feel a sudden flare of pride at that last comment.

"Well, alright." Feeling surprisingly benevolent, Rebecca pulled out her pen and placed it to the paper.

Hannah watched with delight as Rebecca was obviously struggling with remembering how to solve a simple algebra equation. She wasn't strong in the ways of magic like her aunt was; she had intended to turn Rebecca into a complete idiot as a means of payment for her cruel nature, but her own stunted abilities had caused the older girl to merely lose an undetermined amount of her intelligence each time she cast the spell. Upon hearing the words, Rebecca would immediately forget that they were spoken and would stare blankly at wherever she was looking

before; by the time she snapped to, she had usually begun to drool on herself which Hannah found to be a nice touch.

Judging by her tapping on the paper and her chewing on the pen cap, Hannah could tell Rebecca was nervous. Their intelligence was equal now, if not a bit somewhat in Hannah's favor. She wondered if Rebecca could tell.

Rebecca could feel herself sweating bullets now; she was very close to admitting to the girl she was tutoring that she couldn't even solve one problem in her homework.

Was her work just harder this week? No...this is my handwriting. I solved it...didn't I? I have to divert. Find some way out of this...

Hannah nearly giggled aloud as she spoke the words once more; she was the smarter one now. An eighteen-year-old dumber than the twelve-year-old she's tutoring; the thought was too hilarious.

"Too hard?"

Rebecca stared in horror as Hannah took a tissue and wiped the drool off her chin, "Maybe we should start with something easier? Do you know what a variable is?"

Wait...aren't I the tutor? Why am I drooling so much? Is she teaching me algebra? I'm in high-school. I'm an honors student! Why don't I know what a variable is?!

Wanting to speed up the process Hannah began to speak the words again; however, Rebecca cut her off halfway, scrutinizing her with a deathly glare, "What are you murmuring over there you little runt? Are you making fun of me?!"

Rebecca went to stand but Hannah caught the aggressive young adult off-guard and pulled the her struggling into her lap. Despite the gap in size and age, the constant casting of the reduce intelligence spell combined with her abrupt standing had rendered Rebecca dazed and easily overpowered by twelve-year-old Hannah. Reduced to kicking her legs weakly in Hannah's lap, Rebecca cried out in surprise as she felt a stinging slap to her exposed rear.

Hannah had flipped Rebecca's skirt up onto her back and had yanked the striped panties firmly up the older girl's crack, fully revealing the older girl's pale butt cheeks, "I've had enough of your attitude! You're supposed to be the adult tutoring me here, but all I see is a whiny child." With a few quick slaps to Rebecca's round cheeks, she had reduced the older girl to whimpering and desperately trying to block the blows with her hands. Hannah easily secured the girl's wrists together with one of her hands and continued the assault, causing Rebecca to blubber and kick harder.

Keeping her hand poised above Rebecca's backside, Hannah cast the spell once more before spanking again; she then repeated the process twice. Rebecca still had fight in her, but it was greatly overshadowed by her pathetic crying; then, abruptly, Rebecca suddenly stopped moving.

"No, no, no, nooooooooo. Plea-ee-ease...! I'm...I'm...!"

Rebecca freed her wrists from Hannah's grasp and her hands quickly shot to her crotch. Tears and spit alike dripped from her chin as she began to openly sob; her body went limp in Hannah's lap and the younger girl suddenly understood why. She could hear what Rebecca was doing, she could feel it in her lap, see it dribbling to the floor.

Rebecca, the actual adult, high-school honors student, and Hannah's tutor had just wet herself during her spanking for a tantrum. Hannah hadn't even cast a spell for this; life was just this fortuitus.

Hannah spanked the older girl one last time before allowing Rebecca to free herself. Her entire demeanor had changed; looking nervously at her feet, Rebecca was sniffing and fidgeting as Hannah stood and grabbed her by the hand.

"First you decide to throw a little tantrum because you don't understand the work, and now you ruin my clothes and my carpet by wetting during your spanking. Are you proud of yourself?"

Not looking her in the eyes, Rebecca shook her head 'no'.

"Well I'm going to show you what happens to little girls that like to pretend they're grown up."

Rebecca looked shocked at this. She attempted to pull away, but another intelligence reduction spell caused her to space out long enough for Hannah to easily drag her across the hallway and into the bathroom.

Rebecca had always acted as if she was above the majority of the situations she was in. Her tutoring sessions with Hannah had been far from helpful and had it not been for Hannah's reluctance to try out her magic, she might have put an end to Rebecca's insufferable attitude far sooner. While Hannah knew she was young, she also knew that she was no nuisance; many people, her age and older, complimented her on her well-behaved nature.

As Hannah led the red-cheeked Rebecca to the center of the bathroom, she thought to herself about how much more fitting their relationship was now.

"You are going to stay right here and remain silent until I return with a change of clothes, do you understand?" Rebecca remained silent, but nodded vehemently in agreement when another spanking was threatened.

While she wanted to ditch Hannah and leave this embarrassment behind, there was no way to explain what had happened today.

I could say Hannah peed on the carpet and hide my panties; that might be believable...but why am I so stupid? Surely I'm smarter than this; I'm an honors student! How can I possibly explain this? Oh god...if someone walked in right now.

Rebecca looked down to her crotch and lifted her skirt slowly. She could feel the wetness, but the sudden sight of just how soaked her panties were what really drove her situation home. Even the tops of her knee-high socks and the fringe of her skirt was wet. Rebecca had wet herself whilst she was being spanked like a child, by a child; was there any lower place to fall?

Hannah reentered the room and found Rebecca absentmindedly staring at her own underwear a pained expression on her face.

"Alright, time to get you out of those wet clothes." Hannah held a bundle of pink and pastel colored clothing; on her wrists she had a couple more hair ties than before as well. Rebecca paid little attention to these details.

Too humiliated to do more than follow instructions, Rebecca rid herself of her shoes, her socks, and her skirt. She handed them all begrudgingly to the younger girl. Next came her blouse and, at the behest of Hannah, any earrings and accessories as well. Eventually, Rebecca stood wearing only her soaked underwear and her bra; and those she refused to remove.

"Your underwear too, come on. We don't have all day young lady."

Hannah could see Rebecca gaining back a bit of her old ways. The older girl tapped her foot and crossed her arms, "Young lady?! Listen here, *little girl*, if I wanted to I could spank you for *your* attitude, do you understand? I don't even know why, I'm putting up with this shi--"

Rebecca fell immediately silent as Hannah glared at her before turning and locking the bathroom door, "Would you like to apologize for your language and your behavior, or would you like another spanking?"

The smirk on Rebecca's face was washed away with yet another cast of the spell. Her legs growing weak at the knees, the high-school honor student's lips bubbled with spit before she stepped back and took a seat on the closed lid of the toilet. She stared blankly ahead as Hannah repeated the question.

"I-I'm sorry." She finally managed after a few seconds.

"Panties and bra off. We need to get you out of those wet clothes already."

Finding her mind surprisingly blank, Rebecca did as commanded; peeling the wet fabric from her crotch and down her legs. Next she went to her bra and found her fingers stumbling around the fabric.

“Now, Rebecca.”

She looked at Hannah angrily, “What did you do?”

Hannah smiled as she reached underneath a cabinet and pulled out a container of baby-wipes, “What are you upset about now?”

“Don’t patronize me! What did you do to my bra? Why can’t I get it off?”

With an ease and grace that stupefied Rebecca, Hannah deftly walked around to her side and easily unhooked the strap of her bra.

“It’s okay. You can admit when you don’t know how to do something. Now stand up.”

With strength that surprised her, Hannah grabbed Rebecca by the arm and lifted her back onto her feet. Taking a baby-wipe she ran the cold cloth over Rebecca’s crotch and thighs, much to the older girl’s embarrassment. Rebecca was surprised by how uncomfortable she felt; she usually prided herself on her beauty, but standing here now in front of Hannah like this made her feel like a naughty child, not a proud adult.

Grabbing the pile of clothes, she set them beside the sink and pulled a brightly colored rectangular shape out from among the pile and opened it in front of Rebecca. Stretched in front of her was a pull-up decorated with cartoon princesses and ponies.

“There is no way in hell that you are putting me in that.” Rebecca laughed aloud.

Who does this girl think she is? My babysitter? Does she think she’s playing house? Cute...

Rebecca yelped as her left butt cheek was slapped, “Were you thinking that to yourself this morning too? ‘There’s no way I’ll ever be caught wetting myself and crying during a spanking today.’ Do you remember that? You wetting yourself like a baby all over the place. I’m not putting you in pull-ups for fun; you need them obviously!”

Rebecca opened her mouth to deliver a scathing reply, but instead her voice caught in her throat and she stammered for a moment before feeling her eyes grow wet.

Oh god...don’t cry. Just do what she says...

Looking away, Rebecca allowed one foot then another to be guided into the pull-up. She felt her lip quivering as it was pulled up past her thighs and secured snugly around her waist. Looking down at the disposable underwear she found a part of herself amazed that these pull-ups didn't fit her too tightly like she thought they would, but instead fit her as if they were intended for someone her age to wear them. They were snug; comfy, though she would never admit it; and crinkled as she moved her hips slightly.

From the corner of her eye, she could see Hannah pulling loose the next piece of clothing: a pastel pink t-shirt featuring multiple cartoon princesses and poofy sleeves; the word princess covered the chest in glitter.

Feeling surprisingly pitiful, Rebecca kindly pleaded with Hannah, "Please don't make me wear that..." Hannah ignored her, however, and soon the aggressively juvenile shirt was pulled over her head. Even though it fit her chest surprisingly well, the shirt came short to her waist by a few inches, leaving her belly button completely exposed.

Hannah handed her a pair of matching pink, frilled shorts next, "I'll let the 'big girl' see if she can put those on."

With a scoff Rebecca stepped into the cutesy shorts and pulled them up her legs. They were tight and did little to hide the outline and the trim of the pull-up underneath. Placing her hands on her hips, Rebecca smirked at Hannah; a look of confidence restored plainly on her face, "Well? Who's the little girl now, huh? I put on my shorts didn't I?"

"Yes, and I'm very proud of you, Rebecca; but let's put them on the right way this time, shall we?" Hannah shook her head and chuckled as she tugged the backwards shorts down Rebecca's legs; her tutor was dumber than she thought.

After pulling the shorts up, correctly this time, and helping Rebecca button them; she brought the older girl in front of the mirror. Rebecca was the average height for her age, but with Hannah's naturally tall frame and the babyish clothing; Rebecca was beginning to think the tables had turned on her. She no longer felt at all like the adult.

Preoccupied with trying to hide her padded status by pulling down her shirt, Rebecca didn't notice as Hannah began to pull her hair into pigtails. It wasn't until a pacifier was being pushed into her mouth that Rebecca again looked into the mirror at herself.

An oversized toddler looked back at her. Her breasts were still large, and without a bra on her nipples showed through the princess shirt easily, but with the princesses, the pigtails, the pacifier, and the pull-up, Rebecca felt as if she was the one in need of tutoring.

More like babysitting...

“There! Don’t you just look lovely?” Hannah tugged upward on the waistband of the pull-up and fussed with the various articles of clothing as Rebecca fidgeted and absentmindedly sucked on the pacifier in her mouth.

I can’t believe I’m doing this! ...although...sucking on it is kind of comforting...

“Now, I need to get back to my homework and you, baby girl, have some toys to play with.”

Toys?! I don’t care what she says, I’m not some dumb baby!

Rebecca flinched from Hannah’s grasp and drew back, intent on letting the younger girl know exactly how she felt, “Hannah, I’m not a baby! I’m not going to pway with toys!” Rebecca fumed at Hannah’s giggling. She couldn’t help the lisp; she was sucking on a pacifier. “Somefinn’s happenin, I’m nah thupid!” Rebecca made to pull the pacifier free of her mouth, but instead hooked her finger around the ring attached to it and left it there, “You i- somefinn oo me, i-n’t you?!”

Hannah crossed her arms and cast a satisfied look Rebecca’s way, “Honestly, Becky, your imagination is really running rampant today. C’mon, let’s go put you down for a nap.” Rebecca slapped at the offered hand, “My name is nah Becky! It’s Webecca!”

The overgrown toddler before her was beginning to annoy Hannah; it was time to make things much more manageable.

“Alright, little-miss-pee-panties, it’s time for a pop-quiz. If you fail, I want to stop hearing all this ‘big-girl’ nonsense.”

Rebecca said nothing for a moment, a look of genuine thought on her face.

“Buh wha if I win?”

Hannah smiled as she took Rebecca by the hand, “Well then I’ll let you wear some training panties; and if you can keep those dry for a while, then we’ll go out and get you your first pair of big-girl panties, okay?” Rebecca practically skipped out of Hannah’s grasp; she was eager to get to Hannah’s room and ‘prove herself’.

Hannah will see! The look that’ll be on her face when I keep my panties dry! What kind of panties should I get? Kitties?! Kitties...kitty panties? Training panties...? Wait...w--

“Becky, sit over here.” Hannah seated herself in the center of her room next to a piece of paper and some crayons on the floor. She patted the carpet next to her and motioned for Rebecca to come over, “If you can finish your homework, you can be a big girl.”

Her train of thought derailed once more, Rebecca approached wearily, “Kay...buh my name’s nah Becky...” As she seated herself, Hannah placed her arm around her and pulled her into a motherly hug, “There’s no need to worry, baby, I pulled it from your backpack; you’ve already done it...you just need to sign your name.”

...this is so easy! I’ll show her...she’ll make me a big girl again...no more pull-ups...

Grasping for her favorite color of crayon, Rebecca moved slightly from Hannah’s grasp and crawled to the page, giddy to rid herself of her new padded underwear.

Pressing the pink crayon to the page with her writing hand in a fist, the paper bent under the pressure and into the carpet. Nearly tearing the page in her difficulty, she ended up scrawling a large ‘j’ in the page before pausing momentarily. Hannah kept her excitement to a minimum. She knew the face Rebecca was making well; it was one she had seen many a time babysitting.

Baby Becky needed to go potty.

Hannah stroked Rebecca’s hair gently and scratched her back as she chanted her spell. Whatever intelligence the poor girl had was dwindling to nothing under her dutiful touch. Rebecca’s body tensed for a moment before relaxing greatly, a loud fart issuing from her padded rear as she noisily sucked on the pacifier in her mouth.

...oh...that felt so good...guess I must be gassy...d-did Hannah hear? Did I ju--

Hannah tapped the paper before her, distracting her like the child she so resembled, “Finish your name, baby. Do you know how to spell ‘Becky’?”

Rebecca scowled at her before drawing a half circle at the top of the ‘j’ that was far angular than it should have been. She grunted and closed her eyes, raising her butt in the air and farting loudly again.

Sounding almost drunk Rebecca giggled behind her pacifier, “Of course I can spewl my name!”

Hannah cooed as her once haughty tutor farted again loudly and finished the first letter:

‘B’

“Good girl Becky! Can you get the rest? ‘E, C, K, Y?’”

Did I just...?! DAMMIT! She’s making me think funny...feel funny...I’ve had enough of this!

“I wan another twy! My name is WEBECCA!”

Hannah studied the angry girl before her. Her infantile demeanor had lessened and it looked like she had managed to stop her humiliating gas. She was so close; Hannah need only distract her.

“Rebecca’, maybe you’d like to play with some blocks? Show me how smart you are! Can you get them in the right holes?”

Rebecca turned baffled to see a small assortment of toys behind her, among them was a set of blocks and a wooden structure with shaped holes. Clutching the sheet and crayon with her fist, she turned and walked on her knees to the blocks before sitting on her padded rear in front of them. The thought of ‘how had they shown up?’ quickly turned to ‘how does this work?’. Rebecca looked from the beginning of ‘Becky’ scrawled like an illiterate child on her homework to the blocks that utterly stumped her. Desperately trying to position herself so that Hannah would not see, she attempted multiple times to fit the square peg into the triangle hole, not certain as to what she was doing wrong.

Babies can do this, Rebecca! Babies! You’re not a baby...you’re a bi--an adult!

Hannah cast another rudimentary manifest spell and summoned a TV on the wooden table behind Rebecca. With a flick of her wrist, a remote appeared in her hand. The TV flickered on and the high pitched squeals and neon colors quickly grabbed Rebecca’s attention, quickly causing her lost interest in both her name and the blocks.

Adults can watch cartoons...my sister wears big girl panties and she watches cartoons...but...she’s younger than me...right? I wuh-wear pull-ups?

Hannah watched as a line of drool slowly began to drip from Rebecca’s chin down to her princess shirt. With ease, she reached over and grabbed the sheet from the distracted older girl, “Well, it looks like you’ve failed; looks like you are, in fact, just a little girl who doesn’t even know her basic shapes or how to spell her name, not the big girl high-school honors student you keep claiming to be.”

Rebecca looked as if it was taking all her might not to look at the television screen. Turning her head, Rebecca’s eyes were wide open as she looked from the paper to Hannah.

“-uh...b-buh I was’n done yet!” She attempted to snatch the paper from Hannah’s grasp, but ended up just falling face first into the carpet instead, clearly upset, “I was gonna be valuh...dic...”

Oh no...don’t tell me, I don’t even know the word anymore...the principal told me I was a shoe in...

Hannah just smiled and gently grabbed Rebecca by the armpits, lifting the girl to her knees, then assisting her as she stood. Taking her by the elbow, she led the distraught Rebecca to a

chair she had conjured only moments ago when Rebecca had been so enthralled by her cartoons. Placing the older girl in the chair, Hannah returned to her homework, "You're to stay in that corner until you can admit and start acting your age, Becky."

Rebecca looked down at the ridiculously small chair she had been forced to sit on; a small, brightly painted wooden stool that was so low to the ground that Rebecca's knees came to her chest as she sat in it.

What does Hannah want from me? I've done everything...I'm not even getting mad about the name thing. I'm not a little girl...I just had an accident...just cause she's babysitting me doesn't mean she can treat me like a baby...wait...wait, no that's not right...is it?

Like a scared child, Rebecca turned her head slowly; she could see Hannah dutifully doing her homework. On the floor next to her were two bags: one yellow bookbag which Rebecca remembered being Hannah's (Rebecca's was never so juvenile), and a large pink bag with a strap. It sat open near Hannah's feet. Baby powder, wipes, and large cartoon-print diapers were among its visible contents. A tag on the strap indicated that it was: 'Becky's Diaper Bag.'

Where did my backpack go? When did that diaper bag get here? It-it's not mine...but...she used those wipes on me earlier...does that mean those are my diapers? No...it was just an accident! I don't want to wear diapers! I'm not a baby!

Hannah looked from her homework to her clock across the room. She still had plenty of time to finish up her work with Rebecca, but she would need to move things along soon enough. Luckily for her, the older girl was already spiralling, and as Hannah turned her attention to the distraught Rebecca another loud fart sounded from the stool where she sat.

Rebecca was eyeing the diaper bag, a distraught look on her face; completely oblivious to the stomach cramps that plagued her currently, "Becky turn around. No cartoons until you do as you're told!"

Rebecca looked at her, a look of determination that melted as soon as she realized the word cartoon was spoken to her. Hannah watched as the older girl blatantly refused to turn around but instead turned toward the TV. She smiled; mentally distracted was just what she wanted. Hannah turned back to her homework.

She doesn't even know I'm watching TV! What a dumba--! What a...a...stupid-head!

From the corner of her eye, Hannah watched as Rebecca leaned in the direction of the TV, her pull-up sticking further out the back of her cutesy shorts. Still gassy, the girl grunted once more before a look of utter shock crossed her face. A look of pure satisfaction on her face, Hannah pretended not to notice.

*Wha--, did...did I just. No...no...no. I'm gonna poop. I have to get to the bathroom.
Oh...gosh...po--poopy.*

Rebecca sat in the stool, conflicted and keeping an eye on Hannah. If she were to make a run for it, she needed to be discreet at first. She needed to get some distance before Hannah noticed.

I used to run track! I can run. She's just a big kid...

Feeling another cramp hit her, she decided to go for it. Preparing herself mentally, Rebecca bolted off the stool.

Hannah watched with glee as Rebecca stumbled off the stool groaning and holding her rear end. She waddled forward as quick as she could before tripping on a block and falling face first in front of the door. While she couldn't see the older girl's face, she could tell from the whimpering that her tutor was on the verge of crying, and she could see why. Judging by the wet spots around her thighs, Rebecca had just wet herself again.

"No..." Rebecca managed to push herself back to her feet and continue to waddle quickly out the door. Hannah followed, intrigued to see where this would go.

Hannah found Rebecca in the bathroom. She stood crying, her hands desperately trying to unbutton her shorts as she held her stomach. Rebecca looked up, looking surprisingly hopeful.

"Elp ee. Eed oo otty! Annah pease."

With mock concern, Hannah hugged the sobbing girl and patted her rear end. She cooed as she stroked her back, "Baby? What's the matter? I can't understand you with that paci in your mouth." Rebecca attempted to break free of the hug, to try and grab the pacifier in her mouth or to spit it out, but nothing would work. She felt her body work against her; no matter her own complete humiliation, she sighed with relief as with one final push she began to mess her pull-ups.

I...I pooped my pull-ups. I'm still doing it...I...I can't stop it. I'm...imma baby...Becky baby...?

Hannah consoled the older, whimpering girl as she finished filling her pull-ups. She could feel the heat and weight of the 'accident' as she patted the girl's bottom. The pull-up could barely contain the mess and there was no doubt in Hannah's mind that these shorts would need to be washed diligently. Baby Becky needed to be put back in diapers.

Reducing Rebecca's intelligence further as she walked the waddling girl back to her room, Hannah began to mentally prepare the other spells she would need to finish Rebecca's attitude adjustment.

Her adult like demeanor gone from her, Rebecca sniffled as she squatted in front of the TV. Hannah could hear the older girl's childlike giggling as she laid out the contents of the diaper bag next to her, "Come on, Becky, time to get you changed."

Rebecca turned sharply, an angry look on her face, "No! Nuh-uh no diapies! Nah baby! Becky big girl!" Hannah sighed aloud as she stood and grabbed the girl by the hand. Her struggling was weak and a quick spank to her messy rear caused the older girl to nearly burst into tears.

Nooooo...Becky...Re-Rebecca...big girl...big adult...don't let Hannah...baby yo--

Rebecca grew silent as she watched Hannah pull the messy disposable down her legs. A look of disgust crossed her face before she whimpered loudly. Hannah wiped her down, undressed her and pulled the naked, older girl across the baby blanket she had placed on the ground.

"You know 'Rebecca', if you had just been nice, this wouldn't have happened. You could have just treated people with respect...acted your age...but now..." Rebecca was gone, the drooling idiot on the teddy-bear print blanket before her was named Becky and she needed to be put in diapers before she had another accident. Hannah took her time placing the thick princess-print diaper underneath the girl's butt. She powdered her liberally, and took time to elicit giggles from Rebecca through tickling as she began to chant the spells that would finalize Rebecca's diapered fate.

"...now you're just a diaper messing burden aren't you? You'll need someone to feed you, to bathe you...you'll even need someone to wipe your little bottom; yes you will!" Rebecca gurgled in excitement at the babytalk and the tickling.

Diapie feels good...I wuv my mommy...Hannah big girl...me dumb baby...

"Baby. Me baby!"

Hannah smiled as she conjured a onesie in her hands. Making sure Rebecca didn't see her magic was no longer a concern so long as she was convinced of her infantile nature. It was difficult getting the older girl in it, but snapping the crotch closed to Rebecca's 'Baby Princess' onesie was well worth it.

"Does baby Becky like her diapers?"

The girl assented absentmindedly as she rolled to her stomach and crawled to the blocks on the ground. Letting her pacifier finally fall free of her mouth she put the circle block between her lips and sucked on it noisily, gurgling as she did so.

"Does Becky like being a baby?"

Rebecca nodded. Her eyes now fixated on the TV across the room.

“So...tell me baby, is your babysitter Hannah smarter than you?”

Rebecca spoke around the block in her mouth, “Uh huh!” Reclining onto her back she raised her feet in the air and began to play with them. Losing interest in the block, she spat it out and began to pull her toes to her lips.

Pulling her phone free of her pocket, Hannah began to record, “So who’s a big dumb baby girl?”

Rebecca made to sit up but instead fell to her side. Looking directly at Hannah and the phone she answered with giddy excitement, “ME! Becky dumb baby girl!” Rebecca then began to suck on her toes much to Hannah’s delight.

“Awww! You’re absolutely adorable Becky. I can’t wait to show this to your mommy and daddy!”

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Wha-What...am...I...doing...? Hard...to...think...Rebecca. REBECCA. Have to snap out of it...my toes...I’m sucking on them...like...like a big baby! They taste good-no, funny...no, smart gir-women...who are honors...honors students...valuh...valedic...I am going to be valuh...dic...taurian...smart women...don’t suck their dirty toes!

...

Oh no...I pee-p-pissed myself...two times-twice. I...oh gosh...oh god...I pooped myself...Hannah changed me ‘cause I pooped myself!

...

Cartoons...funny cartoons...nice to watch...make Reb-Becky happy! NO! Rebecca no like...I...I don’t like this. I need to get out. I need to get help! Before...before I’m dumb forever! Before...before I...don’t know any better...

Hannah all the while, had been working her magic. Rebecca had mastered her mind for the moment, but her body still refused to listen. It was taking all her effort to pull her toes from her suckling mouth. She even felt a pang of remorse as she was left with nothing to suck on. Seeing Rebecca move from the corner of her eye, she decided to put an end to these shenanigans.

Pressing the older girl firmly onto her back, she pressed Rebecca’s padded crotch with her foot and held her phone in front of Rebecca, the earlier recording playing.

‘ME! Becky dumb baby girl!’ Rebecca flinched as the audio looped on the phone. Footage of her drooling all over her toes played before her and she desperately, but weakly, attempted to swat it away.

“Not so smart now, are you? What were you doing the session before this? Bragging about how you were certain to be valedictorian? How you were certain you were going to get so many people asking you to prom? How certain are you now? Can’t be valedictorian if you can’t even spell your name.” Hannah was beside herself with glee as the girl that was once her tormentor looked to be on the verge of crying again. “You’re not even ready for kindergarten, let alone high school! You think anyone will ask a diaper-wearing, toe-sucking baby like you to prom?”

Rebecca managed to slip away from Hannah’s foot, recoiling in fear of the now clearly dominant girl, “Maybe if you’re a good girl and do what I say, they’ll let you in preschool in a few years; until then it’ll be nothing but daycare and babysitters. Not that you’ll mind; it’s not hard to keep that little brain of yours occupied...is it?”

In the distance a doorbell rang, and Rebecca tore her attention away from the devilish grin of the girl she could once tutor. She bolted for the door; waddling worse than before due to the thickness of her diaper, but managing to dodge the toys scattered around her. Hannah watched her go, knowing full well that she could easily apprehend and discipline the oversized baby; but knowing what lay in store for Rebecca downstairs was far more interesting.

Finally managing to toddle to the top of the stairs, Rebecca began to slowly walk down; finding that she was far less coordinated and far more terrified of walking down the very things she walked up only hours ago.

The doorbell rang again. Rebecca wasn’t even halfway down the stairs yet. She needed to reach whoever was on the other side of that door, before it was too late. Then, without warning, a pair of hands grabbed her about the armpits and lifted her. She was turned in mid-air to find that the hands belonged to Hannah. She kicked and flailed her arms but it was no use; Hannah’s grip was like iron.

“H-how?”

Hannah just shrugged and pushed a pacifier into Rebecca’s mouth, “Magic.”

Instead of heading upstairs, Hannah held Rebecca like a child, her diapered rear supported by one hand, her back held by the other, as she walked her downstairs. Rebecca stretched her neck to see, knowing it was futile to so much as move and that no matter how many times she tried to spit, the pacifier stayed put.

Hannah opened the door to reveal Rebecca’s family waiting, smiles on their faces.

“Om! Ad! Thasha! Annah ake ee aaby! Aaaaaave eeeeeeee!”

“Awww, fussy today isn’t she?”

“Well she usually is cranky at this time of day, maybe put her down for a nap once we leave.”

Muh-mom? Dad? I'm...I'm not a baby! No...no...no...no...not fair...how...how am I a baby?! Why are they treating me like this?! I'm a big girl! A BIG GIRL!

“Well we just came by to thank you for watching her for the weekend. We don't usually take trips like this.”

“Yes. We're certain she would have loved it were she older, but since she's just a baby we thought it would be best for everyone if she just stayed here with a babysitter. Your parents are okay with having our little girl here?”

Rebecca wasn't listening so much as trying not to start wailing like the baby everyone claimed she was.

“Uh huh! We've put my old nursery stuff in my room so Becky can have somewhere to play and sleep comfortably, and they understand; we've had to spray our place for bugs before too. Only we just decided to stay at a hotel nearby. I have to say I'm jealous of you Sasha!”

Rebecca's younger sister gave Hannah a big smile, “Just be sure to keep her nice and cute for when we get back! I can't wait to get in some sister bonding time.” Sasha looked directly at Rebecca now and winked before leaning in and kissing her forehead. As she was close, she whispered, “Don't worry Rebecca...or should I say Becky? Your secret is safe with Hannah and me! No one will ever know how much of a mean big sister you used to be to me.”

No...NO...

“Aasha aid eeky oot aaby! Aasha aid-”

But her parents paid her no attention; instead, they kissed her, hugged her, and bid her goodbye.

Rebecca sat dumbstruck in Hannah's arms. There was no hope of escape for her and as Hannah slowly began to climb the stairs back to her room, she began to cry as Hannah cooed and whispered, “Enough of that Becky. It's time for baby girls to take their nap. No need to worry about grades anymore, just eating, sleeping, and pooping for you...”