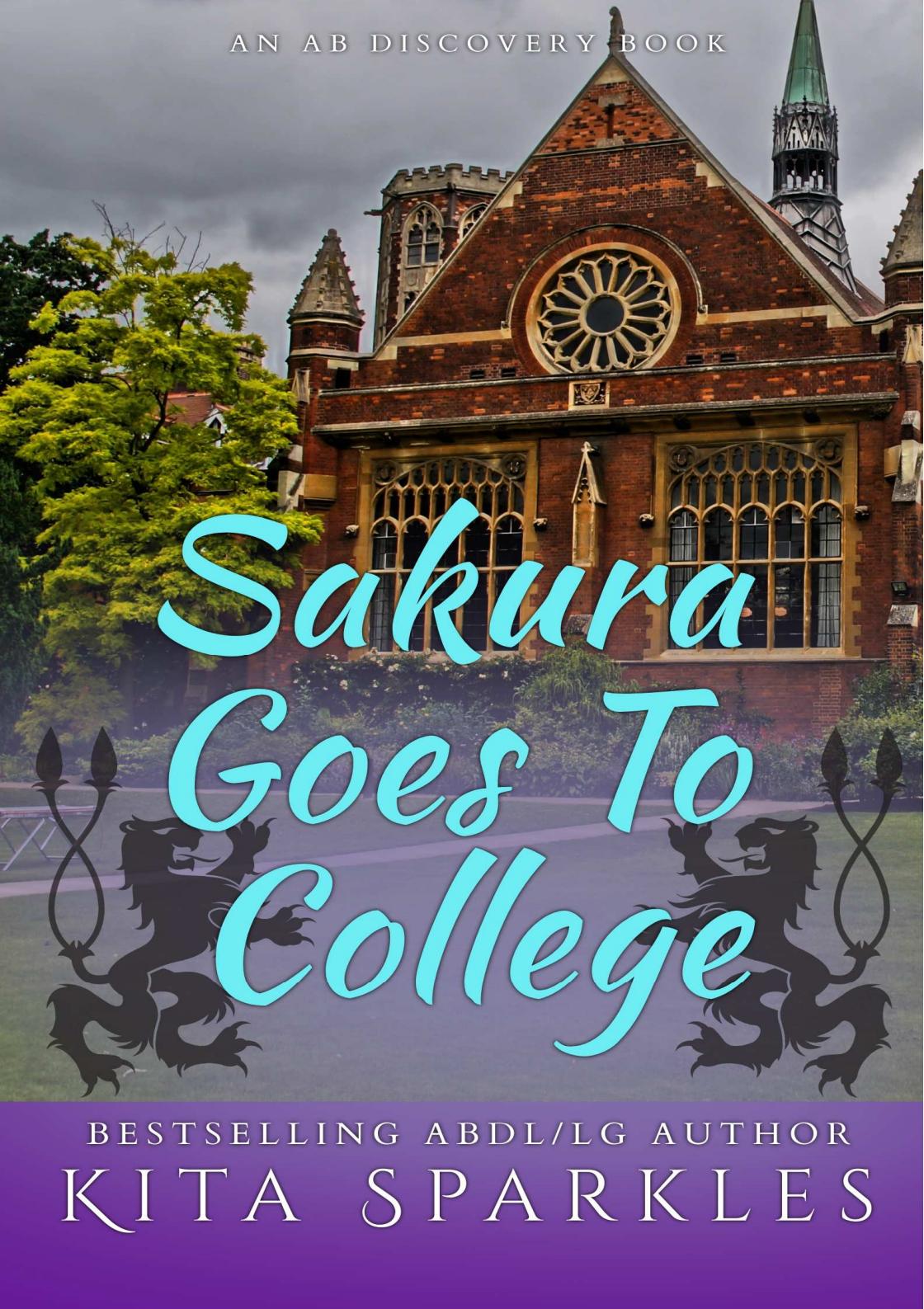


AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK



# Sakura Goes To College

BESTSELLING ABDL/LG AUTHOR  
KITA SPARKLES

*Sakura Goes To College*

# SAKURA GOES TO COLLEGE

By Kita Sparkles

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## *Sakura Goes To College*

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## *Sakura Goes To College*

*For my little Half-Pint friend Sakura, who inspired this character. For her sister Felicia, who held me up when I thought I would fall.*

*Wherever you are now, I hope you are as happy as Sakura in this book.*

*For my friends, and my sister Sharlin, who always believes in me!*

# PART ONE: SETTLING IN

# Chapter 1



Sakura stumbled into the dorm room under the weight of two suitcases and a Rubbermaid crate. As she struggled with the shifting weight and bounced off a wall, Megan sighed and rolled her eyes, and reached out to take the crate from her and toss it on the floor next to the bunkbeds.

“Kura, I told you not to try and get it all in one trip,” she said to her best friend of the last 8 years.

“I didn’t ... Stephanie and Felicia have some,” Sakura said, dropping the suitcases wherever they would fall. “I didn’t want to walk two miles back to the car again,” she exaggerated. “I told you we should have moved in last week before everyone else got here, but you weren’t ready, so...”

“I was ready!” Megan defended herself. “The dorms weren’t! This is move-in day. You can’t get in before today.”

“Bet I could,” Sakura said with a shrug and a giggle. “Wow... small room...”

“It could be worse,” Megan pointed out. “At least we got into the same school and are able to room together. We already know about each other’s dia -”

Sakura put her hand over her friend’s mouth. “Shh! The walls.... they have ears!” she hissed. Megan rolled her eyes again. It was unlikely they would keep this a secret forever. It was eventually learned by at least a few people everywhere they went. They were not the most discrete duo.

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Sakura had wandered into the bathroom. "Hey, you can't even bend down in this shower," she called. "How are we s'posed to shave?"

Megan giggled at that. "What have you got to shave?"

"How would you know whether I have anything to shave or not?"

"We took baths together until last year!" Megan giggled again. "Plus, I change you quite often. All you got to shave is that little strip of hair that grows on your -"

The door burst open again and Felicia struggled in with two suitcases, followed by Stephanie with two backpacks. "Ugh – what do you have in here?" Felicia complained as she set down one suitcase. "It feels like bricks!"

"Books," Megan said simply.

"Books? You're going to get plenty of books here," Felicia said.

"Not these..." Megan unzipped it and pulled out copies of "The Little Princess" and "Heidi".

"Yeah... you might want to hide those from the other girls," Felicia said uneasily.

"And boys!" Sakura said, coming back into the room.

Stephanie looked at her with a raised eyebrow. "There will be... NO BOYS... in this room," she warned. "You won't be with *any* boys in *any* room that has beds in it," she went on.

Sakura and Megan looked at each other, each knowing what the other was thinking. "Yes, Mom," they chorused, perfectly executed from years of practice. Stephanie wasn't Sakura's mom, but after living together for so long, she called her that anyway. They were all a family. Felicia considered Stephanie closer than a sister, and Megan and Sakura considered the same of one another.

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Thus, it was not unusual that although they knew this was coming, it would now be awkward to part while Sakura and Megan attended college. At least they had each other. While Megan was younger, she excelled in school and skipped a grade, catching up to Sakura. She possibly could have finished High School early – she was the valedictorian of her class but she did not want to pass up Sakura.

“Promise me!” Stephanie pressed, not willing to accept the far-to-easy statement.

“Okay, okay!” Sakura said. “No colluding with boys in rooms that have beds.”

“No ‘colluding’ with boys at all-”

“We promise,” Megan cut her off, not wanting to hear the whole, *“You’re not going to college to meet boys,”* lecture yet again. I

t wasn’t logical anyway. Girls went away to college, and when they finished (or sometimes even before then), they got married, usually to boys they met in college. However, this would probably be no problem for Megan... she wasn’t particularly interested in boys. 'Kura asked her once if she thought she might be lesbian. It wouldn’t have mattered but she really wasn’t. She loved Sakura, but not like THAT, more like her Mom and Felicia loved each other. Sometimes people assumed they were lesbian, but they weren’t. They didn’t even share a bedroom. She thought it likely that she was asexual.

Sakura, on the other hand, liked boys. And they usually liked her as well. This led to Sakura trying to fix Megan up with dates with the friends of her boyfriends when they were in High School ....

### \* Flashback, 3 years ago \*

“Come ON, Megan, I promise, he’s cute,” Sakura urged.

“Well, why don’t YOU go out with him then,” Megan grumped.

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“Because I'm going to the dance with Brian,” Sakura said.

“Why does that mean I have to go,” asked Megan again, really not interested in attending a school dance. She didn't think she was good at dancing, and often felt silly going – and the one time she did dance a slow dance with a boy, he kept sliding his hand down and she felt like he was about to touch her diaper.

Sakura sighed, and looked a bit ashamed as she said, “Cause Felicia says I can't go by myself.”

Megan was actually amused by that. Sakura always tried to act so independently. And she sometimes liked to remind Megan that she was older. “You're using me, you know.”

“Yeah, I know. So will you do it?”

“Okay, fine, I'll go to this dance with Tom. But I'm not letting him kiss me!” Megan made a face as she said that. “Kura, how do you keep the boys from touching your diaper?”

“Who says I try?” Sakura asked with a wink. Which led to Megan making a face again.

### **\* Present time \***

Megan shook the memory out of her head. Tom HAD been cute, but true to her word she didn't kiss him. And he didn't ask her out again and she wasn't heartbroken over that. Sakura had fixed her up a few other times, none of them working out before she asked her about whether she might like girls instead of boys. After she told Sakura she really wasn't sexually motivated either way, Sakura respected her wishes and stopped trying to “help” her meet potential dates.

# Chapter 2



Sakura knew she had things backward. Usually, you are less confident in High School and more confident in college. While she was quite confident about wearing diapers and keeping up her baby playing through High School, she wasn't sure she wanted to continue that through college. At college, she would not be able to retreat back to her nursery when things did not go as well as she hoped...

## \* Flashback: 2 years ago \*

Sakura was facedown, crying in her crib. The side was down, and Felicia was sitting beside her, rubbing her back.

“And then he called me a baby,” she was sobbing, “But that didn't bother me. I said he was right, I am sometimes. And then he said... he said that he wasn't going to f&%# some baby. I didn't even know he wanted to have.... to umm... to do that. I would have told him no, anyway. But it's the WAY that it happened. He made it like... like there was something wrong with me!”

She sat up and looked at Felicia with her tear-streaked face. “Felicia. Is something wrong with me? I mean... I'm sixteen, and I like ....” She motioned with her hand around her nursery... crib, toys, a diaper changing table, and the closet that held just as many cutesy childish clothes as clothes for a trendy teenager.

“Sakura... remember?” Felicia, reminded her, patting her own rump which resulted in a soft crinkle today. “I may not wear diapers 24/7 like you but sometimes I wish I did. There's nothing wrong

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with liking something like this if that's who you are. You do you. Don't worry about what some hormone-crazed punk says about it."

Sakura had really liked Austin. She had even dreamed of them going to Prom together, even though it was more than a year away. They had got into an argument when he had noticed her diaper sticking out of the waistband of her jeans. Up until then, she always felt it didn't matter – if someone liked her, they would just have to accept her baby side since that was part of her. What crushed her wasn't just the fact that Austin dumped her, but the way he had dumped her and what he had apparently been planning. Sakura may have liked boys and was not a prude, but she wasn't about to have a baby at 16 either and there was only one way to completely be sure of that. Finding out that he wanted *that* should have been *her* cue to dump *him*.

Megan had come in later and crawled into the crib with her to comfort her. They had fallen asleep like that and it was just another night they shared the same crib. Stephanie thought it was cute when she came in to say it was bedtime and just raised the crib side without disturbing them. It led to two very soaked diapers by morning, but that wasn't anything either girl had not experienced many times before and would many more times again.

### \* Present Time \*

Sakura hadn't had any long-term boyfriends since then. She was still sure she wanted one that would accept her baby side, but she also didn't want to be known as "*that girl who wears diapers*" before anyone knew anything else about her. Hence, her attempts to stop Megan from making any embarrassing statements that someone else might hear. If Stacey were here, she would be able to help. She was very good at hiding her diapers and all her other baby playthings. But Stacey had gone to a different college – one her parents had both gone to, and where she got a great scholarship.

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Megan and Sakura were happy for her but sad to part.

And now there was another parting taking place. One they had done before, but only for short periods of a couple of weeks for summer camp. This one would be much longer, although if they *really* got homesick, they could come home for a weekend since it was only two hours away. Then again, they'd need a way to get there since Sakura had left her car behind. There was a rule about freshmen not being able to park on campus and even if not for that rule, having a car there could be more of a hassle than it was worth.

Sakura and Felicia had lived apart several times of course. Once when Felicia went away to college and then got work right after that and did not move back home. Then there was the time that Sakura moved with their parents to Japan. She hated Japan, even if it was her parents' native country, and Felicia arranged it so she could live with her and she was by then living with Stephanie and Megan. Megan and Sakura were already best friends as well, having met each other the first time that Sakura visited with and stayed with Felicia, and had played baby. When they both found out the other had the same fascination with being babied, they really hit it off.

Stephanie and Felicia grew close too, and as much as Sakura and Megan became like sisters, Stephanie was feeling like Felicia was her own "little sister". She started to be able to feel whatever Felicia was going through and knew that Felicia had her own fascination with being babied. It was why she had tempted her little sister to do it.

It also helped her so much. She had been worried that she was a bad mother, and Megan would never be able to be "normal". Meeting Felicia helped her realize that a responsible adult who had relationships, held down a job, and was responsible enough to become the guardian of her little sister really could like doing this type of thing.

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Once she was able to buy her house instead of renting it and needing a roommate to help with the cost, there was no way she would turn away Felicia and Sakura. They were as much family as her daughter Megan. And now her house would have two empty nurseries. That was hard. As she hugged Sakura and Megan, she braved a smile and turned her head so they wouldn't see her tears.

“Remember to call and tell us any time you need something!”

Felicia gave her a look as she did her own hugging. “Except for money. We already gave you all the money!” she said, joking to hide her sadness as well.

And with that, they were gone. The door closed, and Sakura and Megan looked at each other. Both experienced that brief moment of panic when you want to run after your parents and say, “Wait! Don’t leave me!” But of course, everyone experiences that feeling, and everyone also is able to keep themselves from doing something that embarrassing. Sakura and Megan liked to *play* baby, but they weren’t *real* babies. They were young women, preparing to make their marks on the world. At least, that’s what they told themselves. Even if right now both those young women were wearing wet diapers.

On the other side of the door, Felicia put her arm around Stephanie as they walked back to the car and Stephanie’s tears did start flowing.

# Chapter 3



"Leave them as bunk beds, or take them apart?" Megan asked Sakura, looking at the bunk beds.

"If we take them apart, they're going to take up even more room in here..."

"Yeah, but if you'll remember from camp, we used to sleep in bunk beds, and it was extremely difficult to change someone's diaper on them."

"We're about to be reminded," Sakura replied, grabbing two diapers, powder, and a package of wipes from one of the suitcases. She pulled out a coin. "Heads or tails?"

"Tails?" Megan said automatically, not sure what the coin toss was for.

"Tails it is. You get changed first. Lay down." Sakura motioned to the bed for Megan.

Megan ran her hand over the mattress. "Nice... wipe clean. We won't have to worry about leaky diapers. Hey! You don't suppose Mom or Felicia said anything?"

"No way! All the beds at colleges are like this for some reason," Sakura asserted. "Felicia's was at her college, too."

Megan lay down on the lower bunk. "Maybe more college kids wear diapers or wet the bed than we thought!" she giggled.

"Well..." Sakura counted on her fingers. "We know at least

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six..." She reached down and flipped up Megan's skirt, revealing the somewhat sagging diaper underneath. "You know, if you're going to insist on wearing skirts, you're going to have to be really careful."

"Oh, you're one to talk, skirt princess," Megan teased back. "I saw what you packed. You have like two pairs of jeans. Everything else was skirts and dresses!"

Back in Junior High, Sakura wore only skirts and dresses. She changed it up a little in High School, but she never really liked how her diaper felt squished under anything else. Ironically, the only time she really was caught was when she wore jeans and her diaper peaked out the waistband.

"I brought those because I knew you'd want to borrow them," she asserted, undoing the tapes on the diaper.

"Riiight... if I borrow *your* skirts, I *will* have to be careful!"

Sakura had not inherited whatever gene made her sister, Felicia, so tall. She was a great deal shorter than average. She really didn't mind much. It made it easy for her to find cute clothes since she could wear kid sizes, and people who didn't know them assumed she was Felicia's daughter (and a little one at that) when they were out. Of course, it also made things like highchairs and strollers a possibility, which Felicia took with great joy. And which Megan was already thinking she could now use to her advantage.

"You wore them at home!" Sakura said, pulling the wet diaper out from under Megan, and then making the younger girl shiver as she wiped her with a cold baby wipe. "Of course, your diapers *did* poke out the bottom every time. That's not gonna be a problem here though, right?" she giggled as Megan stuck her tongue out at her. "Now you really *do* look like a baby!" She powdered Megan's bottom and private parts, after sliding a new diaper under her.

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Megan flexed her legs after the new diaper was taped up tight. "You know, you've gotten really good at this," she complimented.

"I should hope so," Sakura said, taking her place on the bunk. "Even with Felicia and your mom at home, we've still changed each other like thousands of times. And you're right, it is too hard to do it on a bunk bed. We'll want to take them apart."

"Kura, we'd have to have been changing each other at least once a day for over five years to get to 'thousands,'" Megan said as she slid Sakura's jeans down to her ankles. "We only lived together for that long."

"And I bet we changed each other at least that much on average," Sakura said, as the tapes on her diaper were pulled.

Megan didn't think so but decided that debating it wasn't really worth it. It was true that she had seen Sakura's diaper area almost as often as she had seen her own, and she had changed more diapers on Sakura than she ever would on anyone else. She grabbed Sakura's ankles and pulled her feet up and back to roll her bottom up for wiping and removing the used diaper.

"See? It took you a couple of years to learn how to do that," Sakura said, as she was let back down onto a clean diaper, her bottom already powdered. It hadn't really. Megan had wanted to do it long before she did. She just had to wait until she had outgrown Sakura before she could.

### **\* Flashback: 4 years ago \***

"What are you so happy about today," Sakura asked Megan, who had been smiling a secretive smile to herself all day.

Megan giggled and pulled her shirt up to show Sakura. "This!" she said, indicating her new training bra.

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Sakura smiled wryly. "I hope you're not going to do that in school if anyone asks!"

"I might!" Megan stuck her tongue out at Sakura. Yeah, right. She didn't even want to try it on in the dressing room in front of her Mom, but here she was flashing Sakura with it. But then Sakura knew about Megan's jealousy of her own - bodily enhancements. She was even worried at some point that something was wrong, and they wouldn't grow at all.

At that moment she smelled something. "Umm... 'Kura? Did you...?"

Sakura blushed a little. "Yeah. I need to change." Neither Stephanie nor Felicia were home. Sakura shuffled her feet and gave Megan a Bambi-eye look.

"Jeez... 'Licia's right. You *are* too good at that!" Megan grabbed a diaper from the diaper stacker on the dresser, and Sakura smiled and headed for the changing table.

"Whew... what'd you eat?" she asked Sakura, as she pulled the diaper open and wiped down Sakura's front. She really didn't hear Sakura's answer, as she was realizing that she was taller than Sakura now. She was wearing a bra and Sakura was in front of her in a messy diaper. It was a perfect chance to do... this! She grabbed Sakura's ankles and tugged her legs up and back, over her head, changing her just like a baby.

"Hey! Sakura wiggled a second. "What are you doing?"

"Just changing my baby sister's caca diaper," Megan said in a singsong teasing voice, wiping Sakura's bottom with baby wipes. "Now be still!"

She gave her a very light smack on the bottom. Sakura got very quiet, and Megan was afraid maybe she had gone too far as she even spread diaper rash cream on Sakura's bottom and sensitive

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skin before letting her back down on the clean diaper. Sakura was blushing furiously, but her expression was anything but mad.

"I didn't think you'd do something like that ..." she said, as Megan taped up the new diaper.

"I'd been kinda thinking about it awhile," Megan confessed. Sakura stared a second, then her eyes lit up and she got a huge smile.

"You like being a Mommy!" she practically shouted, giggling.

"Nuh-uh, I was just... well... maybe a little!" Now it was Megan's turn to blush.

Sakura giggled more. "Well, I bet you'll have lots of chances to 'maybe a lil'...' around here!" Sakura quipped. And she was right...

### **\*\* Flashback 2: 2 years ago \*\***

"You're sure you don't mind?" Megan's mom asked her, casting another look back at Sakura and Felicia, both dressed in diapers and very short sundresses, and sucking contentedly on pacifiers.

"No way!" Megan answered, dressed in jeans herself (albeit over a diaper since she'd be wet if she didn't wear the diapers), with her hair pulled back in a single ponytail in the back. "I've been looking forward to it, actually," she said, more quietly.

Stephanie smiled. "Do you think you're more of a Mommy role?" she asked. "Are you wanting to give up the baby role?"

Megan thought about it and shook her head. "I like both. Sometimes I want to take care of babies like Sakura but sometimes I want to *be* the baby."

"Okay, I don't want you to ever feel like you have to be something you aren't ..." Stephanie told her. "But just remember,

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when you are the babysitter, you can't be the baby."

"Okay, anyone need a diaper change?" Megan asked, coming into the room after Stephanie left.

Rather than wait for an answer, she pulled Felicia forward and pulled out the back of her diaper to check her, causing Felicia's eyes to go wide with surprise, and Sakura to nearly choke on her bottle from giggles. She was used to Megan's new experimenting, but Felicia had, to this point, only been changed by Stephanie. It took a lot of convincing to get her to give in and let Megan babysit for once. A minute later, Sakura found herself on the end of the same kind of check and being pronounced wet and in need of a change. Megan got the diapering supplies and changed her right in the middle of the Living Room floor.

Megan put them both through their paces, both to prove she could do it, and to see for herself whether she liked babying anyone other than Sakura (she did). She found it especially fun to have Felicia in a vulnerable position since usually, she was the one vulnerable to Felicia. Felicia found the role change a bit disconcerting at first, but once Megan had tied a bib on her and fed her baby food, then changed her diaper in the Living Room just as she had Sakura, she gave her a warning smack on her diaper for walking instead of crawling, and finally had her and Sakura being bathed together. She was starting to really relax into the role, finding Megan to be very good at this job. Megan finished by putting them both in thick diapers and sleepers and putting them into their cribs. Felicia, first, with the side up, since she commonly slept with it down, then Sakura. And when Stephanie came home later, she took Megan to her nursery, changed her into the same thick diapers and a sleeper, and put her to bed in her crib.

The next morning, Stephanie decided to wake Felicia up herself so she could ask how Megan did. She found Felicia in the crib with a soaked diaper. "I couldn't get out of the crib, Felicia

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pouted. "She put the guard on! Look!"

Stephanie checked, and sure enough, the guard piece that was added on the bottom to make it impossible for the person in the crib to release the side was engaged. "So, she did a good job then?" Stephanie asked.

Felicia pouted a few more seconds before admitting, "Yeah... she's actually the dream babysitter I always fantasized about when I was their age." She looked lost for a second, then went on, "Is she still going to be a baby sometimes though? I'd really miss taking care of her."

"Come with me," Stephanie said, leading Felicia to Megan's nursery, to show her the younger girl, sleeping in her crib in her own sleeper and thick diapers. Felicia smiled at this and took over, getting Megan up and changing her, and dressing her for school. Once that was done, Megan made her lay down for her own diaper change.

### \* Present Time \*

Sakura slipped off the bunk bed and grabbed her jeans to pull them up over her diaper, enjoying the tight feel of the new diaper Megan put her in. After getting herself presentable once again, she reached into one of the backpacks and pulled out a small tool set, immediately slipping back into the bunk bed and going to work on the bolts holding it together. Ten minutes later, all the bolts were removed, and the two girls stood looking and wondering if they were strong enough to take the top bed down.

"It's over our heads, I don't think we can do it," Sakura said.

"Over *your* head maybe," Megan teased. "But you're right, it looks heavy."

"We could go find some boys to help us!" Sakura suggested, apparently already forgetting their promise about no boys in the

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dorm room. Almost immediately there was a knock on the door.

“Dang, that was fast.”

Megan opened the door a little to peek out. “It's not boys,” she told Sakura as she opened the door further.

The young lady on the other side of the door looked at her strangely. “No... no boys, just your friendly RA. There shouldn't be any boys in here. Or any other contraband.”

Megan and Sakura looked at each other. “RA? Contraband?” This was a new language to them.

“RA... Resident Adviser,” she explained. “I make sure things are going right in the dorms, no rules are being broken, that sort of thing. And some of the rules that are not to be broken would be no contraband – like alcohol or drugs or cigarettes. Especially you, since you're only 17.” She looked at Sakura.

Sakura hated being mistaken for the younger one since she was shorter and looked more like a kid now than Megan. “I'm Sakura and she's Megan,” Sakura said. “She's the 17-year-old.”

“Sorry. I'm Theresa. Everyone just calls me Tess. I'm supposed to check the stuff you're moving in and warn you not to destroy any school property.”

“Umm... does that include not taking the bunk beds apart?” Sakura asked nervously, using her foot to surreptitiously push the bolts under the bed.

“Naw... we all do that,” Tess said with a smirk. “Just don't paint on the walls, pull down ceiling tiles, or stuff like that.”

Megan was aghast. “Who does that??”

“You'd be surprised!” Tess rolled her eyes. “Okay so, what's in the suitcases and bags?”

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Megan and Sakura looked at each other again, wondering if the diapers would be uncovered already. "Just... clothes... personal care items... sheets and linens..." Sakura started.

"And books!" Megan added helpfully.

"All right, sounds good," Tess said, checking off a few things on the clipboard she was carrying. "I need to check in a few other girls. I'll be back later to tell you some news and have you sign some papers and stuff." And with that, she left.

"I thought she was gonna like, search our bags or something," Megan giggled nervously.

"I don't think they actually do that unless you give them a reason to suspect," Sakura replied. "But yeah, I thought we were busted, too."

# Chapter 4



“Maybe we need to talk about this,” Sakura went on, sitting down on the still stacked bunk beds and making them shake dangerously, in Megan’s opinion. She sat on a desk chair instead. “We need to get our story straight, in case it does come out. This is college. Most people are probably mature enough not to laugh if it is a medical problem. But if you give one story and I give another, it’ll all come crashing down.”

Megan was twisting the ends of her hair, a nervous habit she never did kick. “Yeah, I’m surprised we didn’t think about it before, after the whole mess with Austin ...” Sakura winced. “Sorry...”

Sakura shrugged. “It’s not a lie to say we need diapers. We *do* need them by now. We just won’t give any further information on *why* we need to wear them.”

“And if they see our pacifiers?” Megan reminded. “Or our baby bottles? Or...” She reached into Sakura’s backpack .... “Someone’s special blanky?”

“Give that back ...” Sakura folded the security blanket and put it back in its hiding place. “Okay. Halloween in a couple of months, right? We’re getting ready early since we want to be really prepared for our first college costume thing. And if we get caught after that, we’ll come up with a new one.”

“Baby New Year....” Megan commented.

“Cupid...” Sakura added. “See? There are lots of reasons to have a baby costume laying around a college dorm room...”

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“Or I could just say they are all for my cute baby sister since they all think you're the younger one anyway,” Megan giggled. Sakura narrowed her eyes at her.

“Careful, or I'll replace all the diapers on your side with Dampers.”

“Did we bring any of those?” Megan asked.

“I gave most of what we had left to Stacey since she actually likes them still,” Sakura answered, then with a sly look in her eye she continued, “Buuuuuut, there may be a few tucked away in this stuff somewhere....”

“Just make sure if you do end up tricking me with those again, you bring a change for me. I don't want to get diaper rash again,” Megan pleaded.

### **\* Flashback: 2 years ago \***

“I can't believe I have to see the doctor for this,” Megan complained to her mother. “Fifteen years old, and I have to see a baby doctor for... diaper rash!” She lowered her voice quite a bit for the last two words, but all that did was draw more attention from the other moms in the room who already wondered why the older child was there in the first place.

Stephanie bit back the smile threatening to erupt on her lips. “It will be fine, sweetheart. Just sit down and wait. Oh, I forgot. You can't.” This time she couldn't hide the smile.

“Mom!” Megan pouted. Then, “Just wait until the next time I babysit 'Kura. She is so gonna get paid back for this!”

“It's not her fault you didn't bring any extra diapers to the mall with you,” Stephanie reminded her.

“I didn't think I would need to. She didn't tell me she switched out my diaper for a Dampers as a joke when she changed

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me. I didn't know 'til I ...." She looked around and noticed there was an audience. Lowering her voice, she went on, "Til I wet and that stupid cool-alerts strip activated."

"Stacey does okay," Stephanie said.

Megan made a face. "Stacey likes getting diaper rash. Or her skin is more accustomed to it or something." She squirmed a little, a movement not missed by the other mothers in the waiting room, leading to some coughing to cover sounds of amusement.

The door to the inner check-up rooms opened. "Megan," the nurse called her name. She looked surprised as the teenager followed her mother back into the hallway. She seemed to recover quickly enough. "Yes, well... umm, honey, I need you to take your skirt off and hop up on the table here."

Megan had worn one of Sakura's skirts – it was a little short on her, but it was much better than the restrictiveness of pants against a diaper rash. She slipped it off and climbed on the table just before the nurse came back, now taking in the sight of her in her diaper on the exam table. She was looking younger by the minute it seemed.

"Well, I need you to take off your... er... protection, too," she said. She was looking very embarrassed then, looking from daughter to mother. "I'm sorry, but we don't actually have any equipment for adults here, and ...."

Megan had her back turned and never saw what the nurse had, as her mother just said, "Oh... I see..."

"I have to get her temperature," the nurse said apologetically.

"Megan, lay down on the table on your tummy," Stephanie said.

"What?" Megan turned and saw the nurse holding the rectal thermometer. "Oh, come on..." she whined. But this got no pity from

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her mother, who wanted no arguments and had used her “no-nonsense” voice.

Grudgingly, she lay down on her tummy, feeling extremely embarrassed and vulnerable, and she gave an audible gasp as she suddenly felt the rubber-gloved finger of the nurse invade her between her bottom cheeks and rub a dab of petroleum jelly there to lubricate. Then she felt the cold glass of the thermometer. They were actually using an old-style one. It pushed against her and then was suddenly inside. It was an odd difference between the cold glass tube and the warm hand of the nurse, as she lay her hand on Megan's bottom to hold the baby thermometer. She was so embarrassed that she felt a tear sliding down her cheek, and the nurse, reverting to the usual, said, “Almost done, baby,” as though she were fussing because of the thermometer. Which, she guessed, in a way she was.

It didn't get much better when the doctor came in and was closely examining and touching her most private areas to determine the best course of action for her rash. At least it was a lady doctor. She left the room for a few minutes, then came back with a slip of paper for a prescription, and a little talk.

“Well, you know, for a baby one of the best things you can do is...”

“Leave her diaper off?” Stephanie finished.

“The fresh air does wonders for it,” the doctor said.

“I thought so, but I wanted her to hear the doctor say it,” Stephanie said to Megan's chagrin.

“So, I'd take her home, take her diapers off, and let her be naked for a few hours each day until it clears up,” Doctor Lochley said. “Put this prescription cream on it at every change.”

Megan could feel her face and ears burning as they left the

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office, and she couldn't even bring herself to look up and meet the eyes of the others in the waiting room. Her mother took her hand as they crossed the parking lot and leaned close to conspiratorially whisper, "Don't worry, next time she needs a doctor, we'll bring Sakura here!" This brought a little smile to her face.

### \* Present Time \*

Megan came out of her memory to see Sakura rubbing her own bottom. "Yeah – don't want to get what I got again either..."

"Huh?" Megan only knew what happened to her.

"You didn't know I got a spankin' for that?" Sakura asked.

"What? No way! I thought you were awful quiet, but then I figured you were just afraid I was mad at you. Which I was," she giggled. "But maybe I wouldn't have been if I knew you got spanked!"

Sakura shrugged. "I thought you knew already. Felicia said since I made your bottom red, she was going to make mine red, too. She spanked me... not too long or hard, but it was on the bare bottom and it did turn my bottom red. Then she taped *my* red bottom into one of those horrible diapers, telling me it was only fair. One sore red bottom in cold yucky diapers for another."

Megan was practically falling out of her chair. They had both been spanked before and that was no secret, but neither got it a lot. Sakura even told her of a time she saw Felicia get spanked by their Mom. But she was sure she never got spanked after she turned 13, and she didn't think Sakura had either, and she hadn't been spanked on her bare bottom in forever! According to this, Sakura got a bare-bottom, over-the-knee spanking at age 17!

"Well, Felicia was even older when Mom spanked her last!" Sakura defended herself, reading Megan's mind as they often could do with one another. "And who knows whether or not your Mom ever may have ..." she added with a giggle.

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“Yeah, apparently you sisters are just trouble!” Megan teased. “I’ll tell you one thing though. If we forget the rule about boys, and she finds out, we’ll both be getting our backsides roasted. And she’ll probably do it right here and not care if the whole dorm hears!”

Suddenly she thought of something else. “Did you cry?”

“Of course not!” Sakura acted indignant. “It wasn’t even that hard!” But she was blushing crimson, a sure sign that she was fibbing.

# Chapter 6



Though both girls were petite, working together they were able to get the top bunk down without breaking their necks. Megan winced a little when it clamored to the floor ... they were on the second floor and didn't need to be making enemies in the room below just yet.

While the mattresses were waterproof already, they were both used to sleeping on rubber sheets. It had taken forever checking many different sites online, but they finally found some extra-long dorm-bed size rubber mattress covers. Felicia warned them to be careful with the draw sheet that they used over the rubber sheets – to make sure they were always covering the rubber sheet so no one would see them. They had both just finished pulling the drawsheets over the rubber sheets when there was a knock on the door.

“This is a lot of close calls for just being the first day,” Sakura commented, as she and Megan looked at each other. Megan was closest to the door and opened it to find Tess, their RA from earlier.

“I didn't hear the peephole cover,” she said, coming in. “Always check the peephole to see who is outside your door. We've never actually had any problems, but you never know.” Sakura and Megan nodded assent, though Sakura noted she might actually need a chair for her eye to reach that stupid thing.

“Okay so, some rules, especially you, since you're under 18,” Tess said, pointing at Sakura.

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"I'm not the younger one!" Sakura complained again. "She is!" She pointed to Megan, who was smirking.

It was a bit of a sore spot for Sakura. While there were times she liked being a baby, she liked it on her terms ... not simply because someone was mistaking her for a child over her diminutive size. She could pay her college tuition off if she had a dollar for every time someone said to her in High School, "Hey - you're the one who skipped grades, right?" Or for every time they went to a restaurant, and she was given a children's menu when she was 15 ... 16 ... 17 ... even last week. It didn't matter if she actually liked the dishes on that menu better anyway - she wanted the choice.

Megan, on the other hand - though she thought it was fun to tease Sakura about it sometimes - envied it at other times. Sakura could get the cuter clothes that no longer fit Megan. When they were first entering puberty, Sakura had blossomed first, but she never did gain much height with that. So, if someone didn't look closely, they assumed she was still a kid. Sakura, therefore, started to prefer clothing that accentuated what she had. Often, the boys preferred those on her as well. She also preferred dresses or skirts to jeans or shorts.

"Okay, whatever," Tess said, not mollifying Sakura much. She handed them each a printed copy. "The rules are pretty simple. This is a dry campus (at this, Sakura dared not look at Megan as she knew they'd start giggling at the double meaning of "dry" to them), so no alcohol. It's also non-smoking, and don't burn candles or incense either as those are fire hazards. No pets. Keep your room reasonably clean. There's some other stuff on there about guests, laundry room, noise levels, and having food in your room, but that's basically it. Your room *can* be inspected ... but if you don't give anybody any reason to, it probably won't except for fire safety inspections. Any questions?"

Sakura looked at Megan, who only shrugged. "Sounds simple

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enough," she said.

Tess continued, "There's a get-together/ party Friday. It'll be in the common area. You should come and get to know people." And with that, she left. She seemed a very busy person.

"Sorry Megan, you'll have to go. No pets!" Sakura giggled.

Megan rolled her eyes and ignored the joke... for now... and reached for her backpack. "You know what your sister told me about when she moved to her first apartment?" she asked Sakura. "She had a computer, and it took her over an hour to hook everything up and make sure it was all working! Guess things were a lot different then." She pulled out her new laptop, opened it up, and set it on the desk closest to her bed. "There. Done."

"Well, you'll need to do a few things. Like hook it up to the wifi," Sakura pointed out.

"I did that when you were in the bathroom, complaining about not having enough room to shave your..."

"MEGan!" Sakura put her hand over Megan's mouth. "The walls. Have. Ears!" She motioned to the walls on either side of their room.

"I really don't think anyone can hear us, 'Kura," Megan soothed. "Listen, can you hear them?"

The girls were very quiet for a minute. The sound was far different from home. They could hear muffled sounds of other girls talking, a TV somewhere, someone playing music, and water running in one of the restrooms. There was a loud clicking as someone in high heels passed by their door and her footsteps could be heard echoing down the hall. There were various clanks and thumps that they supposed were room furniture being arranged. But none of the voices they heard was clear enough to make out what was being said.

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“I suppose you're right then,” Sakura admitted. “But I still don't want to be known right from the start as, *'That one girl who wears diapers.'*“

“You won't,” Megan reasoned. “You'll be known as, *'One of those two girls who wear diapers. The short one.'*“ She giggled and ducked the pillow Sakura threw at her head.

# Chapter 6



“You know, there’s a lot more here than Tess said,” Sakura said, flipping through the pages of the rules they had been given. “There’s stuff about appliances we can have, appliances we can’t have, quiet hours, weapons, occupancy limits, fire safety, decorating the room.” She was laying on her bed, finally made up with sheets, pillows, and a bedspread, on her stomach. She had also decided her jeans were unnecessary, so she was down to just her diaper from the waist down, odd for someone worried about the walls having ears, Megan thought.

“They have to put all that in there,” Megan said. “It’s mostly just common sense though.”

“Oh yeah?” Sakura looked at the back of Megan’s head as Megan sat at the desk, looking at her computer. “Okay, how about this ‘common sense’ then? How big a refrigerator are we allowed to have?”

“4.5 cubic feet,” Megan answered almost immediately, catching Sakura off-guard. Maybe that was a standard size or something, she thought. She’d try another.

“What time are quiet hours?”

“10:00 p.m. to 8:00 a.m. on weekdays, Midnight to 11:00 a.m. on weekends,” Megan answered easily again.

“What appliances are we allowed to have?”

“Electric blankets, lamps, stereos, TVs, DVD players,

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computers, printers, fans, hair dryers, electric hair curlers, hot air popcorn poppers, electric razors, heating pads, coffee pots, and closed-coil hotpots." Megan rattled off.

Sakura's mouth dropped open. "How..."

"Because I'm reading it off the school website on my computer," Megan giggled. Then she ducked another pillow. "But really, it doesn't seem all that much beyond what should be common sense."

"Common sense would have been to tell us all this stuff before we moved in..." Sakura said. Megan resisted the urge to point out to her that they did tell them that before they moved in. It was in one of the forms they had to sign.

Sakura flipped to the last page and saw two blanks for names. "Oh. And common sense would have been for Tess to have us sign this before she left!" Sakura held it up as Megan turned from her computer. "Let's sign it now. I'll run it down to her room. I saw it on the corner. It has her name on the door."

Megan took the page and signed her name on the second line, under Sakura's. "Is this even binding?" she asked. "I'm 17."

"Don't ask. It might cause problems," Sakura said, taking the page back and walking for the door.

"Hey, 'Kura?" Megan interrupted her, amused. Sakura turned around. "If you don't want to be known right off as, 'That girl who wears diapers', it might be a good idea to wear something over them before going out there."

Sakura blushed. "I know, I was gonna!" she fibbed, defending herself. She pulled out a favorite knee-length skirt from the closet and slid into it, poking her tongue out at Megan's bemused expression before she slipped out the door.

Sakura tried to rid her cheeks of the blush as she headed

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down the hall. She tended to be absent-minded at times and this would not have been the first time she forgot herself and gave away her secret.

### \* Flashback: 3 years ago \*

“Sakura, are you ready yet?” Felicia called to her nursery from the kitchen. “Your friends are here.”

“Yeah, just a minute, I have to finish changing my di ....” Sakura suddenly realized what she was saying and clamped her mouth shut. It was so commonplace in their household for Sakura and Megan to be diapered – as well as Felicia at times – that they were used to mentioning it casually. They would forget that it was a big deal to many outside their home.

She quickly finished the last tape on her diaper and jumped off her changing table, checking her reflection in the mirror to make sure the skirt fell back around her knees and hid everything. It wouldn't do to walk out now with her skirt hung up in the back showing her diaper to the world and removing all doubt as to what she was about to say.

She came out of her nursery, closing the door behind her, to see her friends giving each other meaningful glances. “Umm ... what did you say you had to finish doing just now, Sakura?” her friend Sara asked her.

“Dressing,” Sakura answered. Well, it was honest. She had been dressing.

Heather looked on as Sara prodded, “That's not what it sounded like. It kinda sounded like you were saying you needed to finish changing your.... diaper....” Sara looked at Heather as if to get support, asking if she had heard the same thing. “And just now, when you came out of your room, it kinda sounds like you crinkle a little when you are walking.”

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Sakura cursed her luck. She knew they would be out a long time today, and she needed a good diaper she could count on. She chose a brand that she trusted, but they were plastic backed and could tend to crinkle sometimes.

“Do you wear diapers, Sakura?” Sara asked.

Sakura wasn't sure what to say.

“It's not like it's a big deal or anything,” Sara said, “But we are friends. You know lots of stuff about us, but we've never even seen your bedroom.”

Sakura broke down and told them. And at first, it didn't seem like a big deal. But things got increasingly awkward from that point on.

Heather had made a joke about wetting the bed once among a group of friends including Sakura, then suddenly looked embarrassed and quickly said quietly, “Oh, sorry, Sakura ...”

Sara, during a game of Truth or Dare at a sleepover, dared Sakura to show everyone the most embarrassing clothes she still sometimes wore. Sakura got halfway away with it, by wearing a one-piece blanket sleeper.

Both girls, wanting to do certain costumes at Halloween, had talked Sakura into dressing up as a baby in different years. Once she was “Sweet Pea” while Sara dressed as Olive Oil and her boyfriend as Popeye. For Heather, she just dressed like a baby while Heather dressed as an old English Nanny.

And they both seemed to have a strange like to want to play house again sometimes, using Sakura as their baby. Even when they weren't actually playing, they did seem to treat her like a child more often.

### **\* Present Time \***

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Sakura reflected that those two friends treated her with less respect than her friends who actually wore diapers and were babies with her from time to time, Megan and Stacey. She also wondered if she should have ever tried to get Sara or Heather to wear a diaper. Sara probably would have looked cute in one while Heather probably would have found she enjoyed it. She shrugged off the thought and knocked on Tess's door.