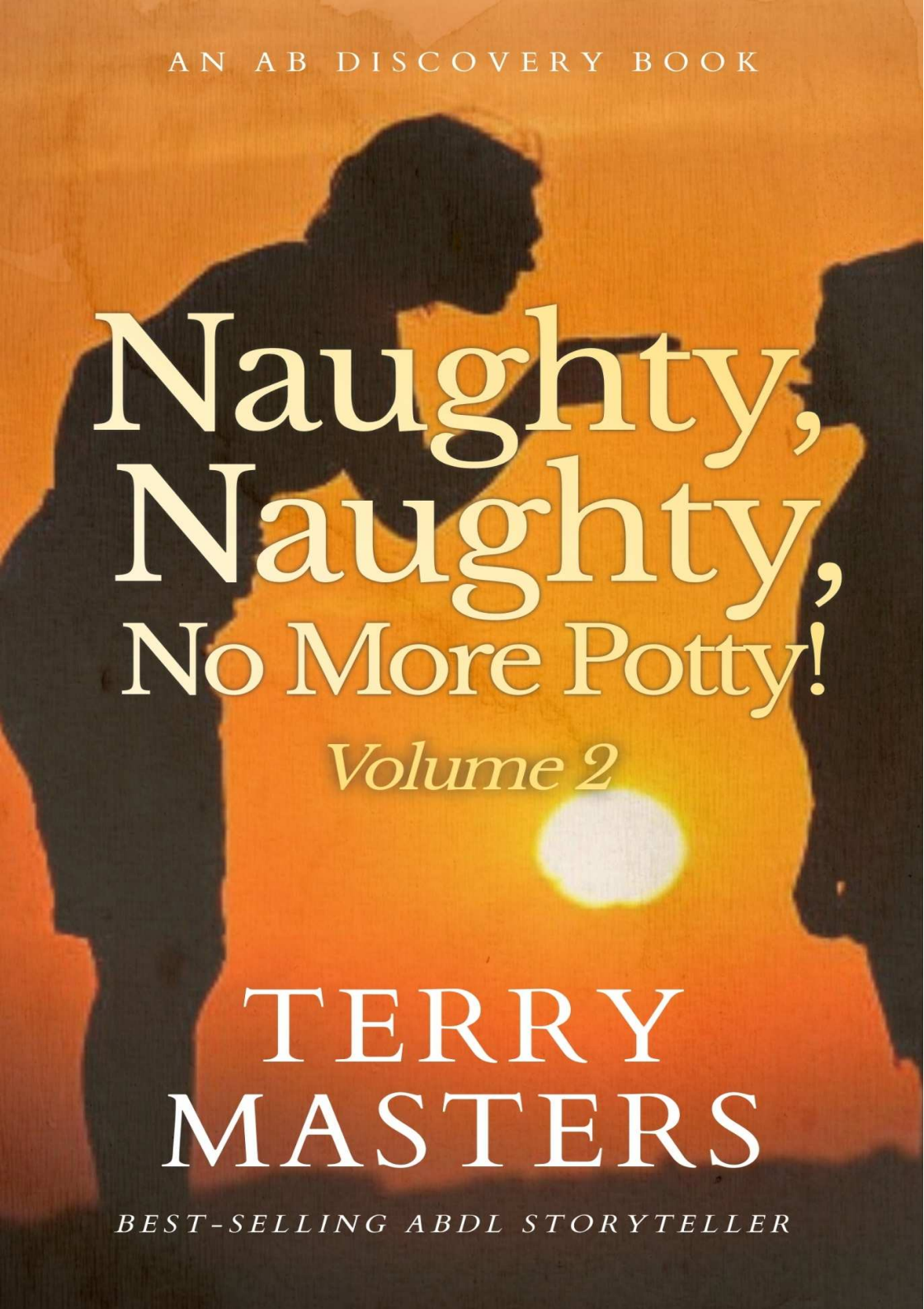


AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK



Naughty, Naughty, No More Potty!

Volume 2

TERRY
MASTERS

BEST-SELLING ABDL STORYTELLER

Naughty, Naughty, No More Potty! *Volume 2*

*A collection of short stories
By Terry Masters*

These stories were originally published by BBW in the early '90s and have since been updated and republished by AB Discovery and Unicorn Tales.

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Holly's Diaper Humiliation



Holly

Holly had worked as a babysitter for the neighborhood parents' babies but had never gotten over the wonderful feelings she had while sitting. She thought it was just her maternal instinct kicking in early, as she had started sitting at age 10 to earn some spending money and to “teach her some responsibility” as her father put it.

What a joke! She hardly learned responsibility from doing a job she felt she should pay her parents for the pleasure of doing! There was nothing that thrilled her more than preparing bottles, cuddling the children, feeding them, and rocking them to sleep. She felt, from talking to her friends at school, that it was rather unusual to like changing diapers, though. Yes, Holly even enjoyed that, and it didn't matter if they were wet, messy, or both!

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But now it was 26 years later.

Holly had finished college with a teaching certificate and a specialization in early childhood education. Some investments she had made had paid off, so she didn't really have to work, but just like when she was 10 years old, felt so drawn to 'her' babies, that it wouldn't have mattered if the school wanted her to pay them - she would still go to work.

When she was in college, though, she had dated a bit, and the guys she had gravitated toward were all rather submissive. From one of them, she had found out about the Adult Baby scene. Being submissive herself, she decided to (secretly) investigate this fetish or whatever it was that the guys had. She decided the best way to do this was to find a professional. The Dom she found, Mommy Carolyn, had explained to her that her desires, though not mainstream, were fairly common among women as well as men, but that women normally have other outlets for their 'baby' desires. Baby powder or oil after a shower, pigtailed in the hair at night, and even baby doll nighties allowed women a freedom men didn't have. Carolyn had taken very good care of Baby Holly indeed with, feeding, dressing, bathing, and even spanking her when needed. When Holly heard that Carolyn was leaving the business, she was devastated!

Where will I ever find another Mommy? she wondered.

Cheryl:

Cheryl sat in her room reading the newspaper. It was almost 8 PM, and all her work was already done for the next day. She felt well-prepared for the history test and was now following up on some business leads. At 19, she had a head for business and organization that put most adults to shame. Four years earlier, she had started a neighborhood babysitting service for the many young

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mothers in the area. She figured it would help her make some money and be enjoyable to boot. The Want Ads always had requests for domestic help, and she followed up on all the leads she could. The *"Sugar and Spice, Snakes and Snails Babysitting Service"* was her own brainchild.

The service had an easy phone number (just call BABYSIT). She did the scheduling for all her girls, and she carried a mobile phone when she had a job going on and she wasn't home. The service charged \$15.00 per hour per child, but that included transportation for the sitter to and from the job, some munchies so the sitter didn't have to raid the fridge, and a guarantee that no one else could begin to offer. The sitting fee was split 60/40 between the sitter and the service. That 40% covered her gas to transport the sitter, the phone bill, the snacks, and her kitty, which was in 4 figures after the first year. Yes, Cheryl was quite pleased with it. She picked up the phone and dialed...

"Hello?"

"Hello, Ma'am. My name is Cheryl Weingart. I run the Sugar and Spice, Snakes, and Snails Babysitting service here in the neighborhood, and I saw your ad in the Post-Dispatch tonight. I wanted to call and let you know about what we have to offer your baby?"

"That's kind of you to call, Ms. Weingart. I am a little concerned about your service. I understand you have some rather young sitters?"

"Ma'am, my sitters are all well trained in dealing with children, All are First Aid and CPR certified and have had classes in babysitting from the Red Cross. While they are in their teens, I assure you they are quite competent."

"I have heard about your guarantee. Can you explain it to me?"

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"Yes, ma'am! Your satisfaction is guaranteed. If you are dissatisfied, I only charge you my costs for getting the sitter to you. That's less than half price. The next time you call, I either check on the sitter myself at random times throughout the job, or I do it myself. The job after the one you are dissatisfied with is also at half price, Ms. -?"

"Sheridan. Holly Sheridan.

That sounds good, Ms. Weingart. I'll keep you in mind. How do I reach you?"

Cheryl gave her the number and hung up. "Well, chalk up another sale." she thought.

Holly was so excited! She had found a sitter. But she sounded so young!

I can't go through with this! I'd be much too embarrassed.

So, she settled for going to her room, taking off her clothes and taking a bubble bath with Mr. Ducky, then drying herself with a big fluffy towel, oiling and powdering herself. Then pinning on three of her thickest, most absorbent didees, covering her now well-padded seat with two pairs of rubber panties, the outer of which was pink and rumba style. She took a diuretic which she had gotten from a doctor friend 'for a practical joke' and which she had been saving for when she really wanted to feel babyish.

Then she took a couple of Exlax, noting that she only had one more dose of the diuretic left. She went to her spare bedroom, her nursery, climbed into her crib, and fell peacefully asleep listening to her music mobile and sucking on her baba of warm milk.

The next day, when she awoke for work, she decided that day would be a fun day. So, she climbed out of her crib, still carrying the bottle and drinking it as she climbed onto her changing table. She set the bottle prop she had on the wall to hold it while she took off her soaked diapers. She stood, leaving the bottle on the table,

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dumped her diapers in the pail, and went to shower. Clean, dry, powdered, and happy, she returned to her nursery to get ready for work. One thick diaper, rubber panties, and an adult-sized, kid-style romper she had, with an applique of a child, with a sign that said, "Goin to Gramma's house!" on it.

She even put her long, blond hair in a ponytail with a little barrette to hold it. Holly then went to 'Big Hollys' room and got her big purse. She put her wallet, hairbrush, compact, and checkbook in it, then went back to the nursery to get a stack of clean, fluffy diapers, a couple of extra pairs of rubber panties, oil, powder, and pins, then started to leave, and as an afterthought, added a bottle for lunch.

The day went uneventfully, with her only peeing a couple of times, but she had such a good time in her didees, that she felt like the whole day was a constant orgasm. A couple of teachers noticed the crinkle when she walked but figured it must be her students' little tushies making all that noise. She giggled quietly as they walked by with the quizzical expressions on their faces. She stopped on the way home to buy more milk and baby food, went home, and put it away. As she did, there was a knock at the door.

"Yes!" she said, opening it.

"Hello, Ms. Sheridan. I'm Cheryl Weingart. We talked about my babysitting service on the phone last night."

"Oh yes. Come in, Cheryl. Would you like a drink?"

"Yes, thank you. I just wanted to stop by and meet your child so I can better choose a sitter when you are ready to use my service."

Holly turned red. She still had on the romper suit, her hair was still up, and her diapers were soaked and sagging in her rubber panties! Not only that, but the ex-lax had done its work on her just a few minutes earlier!

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“Cheryl, you seem very mature and sophisticated. Actually, I was looking for an adult, though. As you can see from the clothes I'm wearing, and the smell coming from inside my romper... I'm actually the baby. I hope you don't find this too weird, but I really want a Mommy, more than a sitter.”

To her credit, Cheryl didn't flinch. She had heard of people like this and had even seen a talk show one time about people who get off on being babies.

I never thought I'd meet one, though! she thought.

Taking her cue from Holly's demeanor, she exclaimed, “Listen to me, and listen good, young lady! You get your dirty little bottom into your nursery so Mommy can change you RIGHT NOW! Don't give me any back talk or I'll spank you so hard you'll have blisters for a month! Now get going!”

Holly, taken aback by Cheryl's tone and forcefulness, complied without even thinking about it. Cheryl followed her into the nursery, put her on the changing table, and tied her down with some stockings she found in the bathroom, hanging over the shower rod. She left Holly in her messy diapers, tied to the changing table, and called the group.

The Nannies:

When they showed up at Holly's, Cheryl told them what she had going on.

“I know how much we all like dominating the little tykes, but this is an adult. Are we together?”

Needless to say, with Cheryl leading the way, they were. The girls all went into the nursery together.

“Baby Holly, you will call me Mommy from now on. These are your nannies, and that is the only name you need for any of them.

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This is your one chance to get out of this. If you really want a Mommy, like you said, you will call me by my new name, and beg me to care for you. If you do not, we will change you, clean you up, untie you, and leave.

"If you ever have children, and our service is still in business, you are welcome to call then, but never again will the offer be made to take care of a big baby here. We will give you five minutes to decide. Here is your baba," she explained, as Tina stuck it in Holly's mouth and propped it up.

Holly knew what she wanted. When the five minutes were up, Cheryl returned, with the group in tow, and removed the empty bottle from Holly's mouth.

"Well?", Cheryl said, expectantly.

"Mommy, pwease baby me, and make me be good little girl, and feed me, and bathe me and change me, and..."

Cheryl said to the group, "Well, nannies, I think we have a new baby! The first thing this little one needs to learn is not to be embarrassed by her diapers, because soon, the whole town will know she wears them. Any suggestions?"

Carly, the youngest of them, seemed kind of embarrassed, but if Cheryl, her idol, said it was okay, it must be. Tana and Jennifer, the twins, were only slightly older, but they also knew Cheryl wouldn't lead them astray.

Tana said, "Let's take her to the mall!" Jennifer suggested the park. Tina was busy looking for clean diapers for the baby and had no suggestion, but Susan, who was a month and three days younger than Cheryl, said that she thought a stroll around the block in her dirty didees would be productive.

The others agreed, and Cheryl and Tina stayed at the house while the others took poor Holly for the most embarrassing walk she would ever take. Her romper was tight to begin with, leaving

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little to the imagination, but with a full diaper underneath it, carrying her teddy, and sucking on her pacifier, she toddled along to keep up with the 'big girls'.

She loved every moment of it.

Holly Learns What It's Like to 'Be a Baby'

The thick, messy diaper made it difficult to walk straight, and the hard-soled saddle Oxfords she wore made it impossible to walk as an adult. The 'child harness' they had fastened to her wrist left no doubt but that they were caring for her. They eventually returned to her house, where Cheryl and Tina had found all of Holly's baby supplies. They took her to her nursery and took off her romper and shoes, leaving her in just her diaper, pink rubber rumba panties, and socks.

Holly quickly found herself staring at the ceiling in the nursery from the top of her changing table, still sucking her pacifier as the nannies pulled off her panties, unpinned her diaper, and wiped her clean. They rubbed her with some lotion they had found, and covered her with a clean diaper, but left her secured to the table with a loose didee covering her. After about 15 minutes, the nannies wiped her off, taking all her body hair with the sponge.

They turned her over and started to oil her tush, making sure they rubbed plenty inside her bottom as well as in her pussy. Susan took out her own big dildo and used it to masturbate Holly almost to climax, then they coated her with powder, and pulled her little didee all the way up, pinning it on and getting one of Holly's little T-shirts on her as well. They took her to the sitting room and gave her her instructions.

She was now a baby-slave.

Any orders given to her by a nanny or by Mommy must be obeyed without question. In exchange, she would receive all the babying she wanted. Mommy had gone to the library, so her first

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order was to massage and clean the nanny's feet, as they were sore from the walk. She sat in her playpen which Tina had set up in this room during Holly's walk.

Each nanny in turn put her feet up on the rail of the pen in which Holly sat. She rubbed their feet, then started sucking on their toes and licking their feet to clean them.

"Oh, isn't that sweet, girls? Look, the baby must be teething!"

Holly began to feel uncomfortable but kept on doing what she was ordered to do. She thought it strange that she had to go poopie again so soon, as she usually didn't poo more than once a day. Suddenly, she couldn't stop it, and her diaper was full again!

What little Holly didn't know was that while they were oiling her bottom, Carly had done as she was told by the older ones, and had inserted a suppository into her, with a muscle relaxant in it, followed by another that contained a fluid laxative. She had not felt them, as they had been inserted with the oil, which also assisted in the evacuation of her bowel. She began to cry when she realized that her control of her bodily functions was hampered, and started worrying why she was losing control so fast, and wondering if the loss was temporary or permanent.

Jennifer and Tana, almost in unison, said, "Oh look the poor widdle BAY-BEE pooped her widdle diapee!"

The others roared, especially Carly, who was still nervous, but beginning to enjoy it. Finally, the others were picking on someone else besides her! Tana noticed how hard Carly laughed and said, "Carly, you're not too long out of diapers yourself, either. Want to go back to the nursery for a change?"

Carly stopped laughing, but the others howled at Tana's humorous remark. Carly objected violently, "I'm not a baby! I'm a nanny, too! Cheryl said so!"

They reassured her that they had no intention of caring for

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two babies at once, and suggested she go with Tana to fix Holly her night bottle.

In the kitchen, they got out the milk, a pot, a bottle, a nipple, and a collar, and then Tana reached into her purse and took out the two bottles Cheryl had left with her. They warmed the milk and poured it into the 16 oz. bottle and added a precise amount of the contents of the two bottles. The first was a diuretic, and the second was a tranquilizer.

Then they put the nipple on the bottle, screwed down the collar, and took it to the nursery. Just as they entered, the others, carrying Holly, placed her in the crib. They put a blanket sleeper on her but left it loose. They also didn't lock her in or restrain her, as she would have to get herself up in the morning. They handed her the bottle, kissed her goodnight, and quietly left.



Holly woke up next morning, stretched, and thought, "Wow, am I wet!"

She reached through the bars of her crib and released the latch holding the bars up, climbed out, and waddled over to her changing table. She climbed up on it, unsnapped her sleeper, and pulled it down. She lay back and pulled down her rubber panties, then unfastened the pin at her side, or at least... tried to.

She looked at it closely and realized that the pins were of a type she hadn't seen before, a type that locked in place. Worse, she didn't know how to release them. The diapers they held on her were soaked, and she had to pee again! So, she did the only thing she could do, and pinned 2 more thick diapers over the ones she was already wearing, pulled up a clean dry pair of rubber panties, with a soaker in the crotch. ·

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She put on a long dress, bra, knee-high hose, and a pair of low heels, picked up the purse she carried the other day, and refilled it. As she was running late already, she decided to call Cheryl from work to ask how to release the pins from her diapers.

Cheryl was lying in bed this Saturday morning watching the clock and waiting for the phone call on the work line. She didn't wait long. "Sugar and Spice, Snakes and Snails. May I help you?"

"Mommy", Holly whispered. "The nannies pinned my diapers on last night and I can't undo the pins. I'm soaked and there's no way I can do my job in four soaked diapers and two pairs of rubber panties! Could you please tell me how to undo these pins?"

"No, baby, I can't do that. You know full well that babies don't change their own diapers. Where are you, at work?"

"Yes, Mommy."

"Fine. I'll be there soon. Did you bring a full diaper bag to work with you, or do I need to stop by your house and pick some up?"

"I got the bag, Mommy!"

"Good, sweetheart. Mommy will see you soon, okay? Bye-bye."

"Bye-bye", Holly responded without thinking.

Cheryl drove up in front of the daycare center, thinking what a perfect place this was for a 'baby' like Holly to work. By this time, the children Holly cared for had been picked up by their mothers, and she only had to stay in case a drop-in showed up. Cheryl asked Holly if this was likely, and was told, no, that if any others showed up, it would be fairly late in the afternoon.

Cheryl replied, "Good! Show me where the changing table is, and I'll change your diapers."

She closed the door to the nursery and turned around to find

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Holly lying on the floor in the little cubicle in the corner.

Holly explained that the table she had at home had been specially reinforced to hold an adult, and the ones at the center would not hold her.

Cheryl pulled up Holly's dress, pulled down her rubber panties, and released the pins holding the diapers on. Then she realized that Holly had put those on herself, so she released the others, took them off of Holly, turned her on her tummy, bottom up, and spanked her for diapering herself. Cheryl then proceeded to oil, powder, and diaper Holly with the same pins.

She put the wet ones in a Ziplock bag with the panties, sealed the bag, and told Holly it was lunchtime for this little baby. Holly sat up to find Cheryl had her shoes off and her own panties in her hand. Cheryl ordered Holly to rub her feet and not to stop at the ankles. Holly first popped each toe individually, then began rubbing the ball of each foot. She slowly worked her way toward the ankle, then worked the muscles of the legs between her hands as she sucked Cheryl's toes.

She followed her hands with her mouth, working up toward Cheryl's thighs, with her head under Cheryl's skirt. Cheryl reached down and grabbed the back of Holly's head, holding her at her flowing pussy. As Cheryl came down, she released Holly's head, panting and puffing away. When she recovered, she reached into her purse, producing Holly's lunch, Gerber cereal!

She spoon-fed it to Holly, then fed her a bottle of juice. What Holly didn't know was that the cereal contained a gratuitous portion of Metamucil, while the bottle contained a strong diuretic/muscle relaxant combination. The whole time Holly was eating, Cheryl was thinking, "This one is going to lose all control within a month – perhaps permanently!"

Cheryl burped Holly when she finished and put the bottle

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and food dish away just as the door opened. Cheryl walked out past the mother and little girl walking in, telling Holly she would see her later!

That evening, when Holly finished for the day, Cheryl returned and watched as she picked up all the toys, put them back where they belonged, and tidied up the room. The administrator had already left, as usual, leaving them the only people in the building. After all, Holly would lock up before she left. She always did.

With all the doors locked, Cheryl went to the office, picked up the phone, and within ten minutes, Susan drove up with the other nannies in her car. Cheryl opened the door to let them in, pulling it closed and locked behind her. They went to Holly's room, telling her it was training time for the baby slave. Carly went in, the picture of motherhood, pulled up Holly's dress, and stuck her finger under Holly's rubber panties to feel her wet diapers.

She tsk-tsked and ordered Holly to the floor for a change. With a professionalism to belie her years, she quickly had Holly's dress and bra off, her diapers and rubber panties changed, and a half T-shirt covering her chest, (which was almost prepubescent style flat anyway) in no time flat. The speed and efficiency she used had even Holly's mouth hanging open in shock.

Then, Carly looked at Tana, and asked, "Who needs a trip back to the nursery for a change, Tana?"

Tana went over and apologized for her joke from the day before, telling Carly it wasn't a nice thing for her to say, and conceding that Carly was the better sitter of the two of them. Carly was secretly happy at this, but couldn't hide her elation when Cheryl came over, hugged her, and said how proud she was that Carly had learned her lessons so well and so completely in such a short time.

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Holly looked at Cheryl and Carly, asked permission, and was told to speak.

Her first comment was to Cheryl: "I have no further doubt about the competence of your service."

Then, to Carly: "I have never seen someone take such total control of a child, especially at changing times. You should be very proud of yourself, Nanny."

The nannies then decided it was time to teach the baby proper foot-worshipping techniques. Each got her feet massaged and bathed with Holly's supple, little, pink tongue. Each had a complete climax, then they watched her play with the toys for a while, as a hidden camera caught all of it on computer. When Holly later saw the video, she realized that the nannies owned her until they decided otherwise.

"Great", she thought, "this will be fun!"