

An AB Discovery Book

A young boy with dark hair, wearing light blue pajamas with a star pattern, is sitting on a bed. He is looking up at a woman standing next to him. The woman has dark hair and is wearing a brown long-sleeved shirt and tan pants. She is holding a white cloth or piece of paper in front of her. The background is a simple room with a lamp and a wooden headboard.

Who Makes The Rules?

KITA SPARKLES

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by
Kita Sparkles

First Published 2025

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Title: Who Makes The Rules?

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Editor: Michael Bent, Rosalie Bent

Publisher: AB Discovery

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Chapter 1

I squirmed a little in my wet diaper, knowing that soon my mother would be in to wake me up for school, and I would be getting my first spanking ever for wetting the bed. Well, wetting my diaper actually, but that was the point.

It all began a few months before. I had always been curious and drawn to all the baby stuff... bottles, cribs, high chairs, and especially diapers. I had strange dreams sometimes about being put back in diapers and put to bed in a crib, but I mostly ignored them. I figured that when I had such thoughts, I must be crazy. Who would actually want something like that??

Then I was flipping through TV channels one evening in my bedroom, and there it was. A TV show all about exposing strange things, and they were talking about adults who like to wear diapers and act like babies. One was even a male who lived like a baby girl. I was shocked to learn there were others who not only had these feelings but acted on them.

Over the next month, I did some secret research on it. I found books in the library that had little side things about them. Adult Babies, or Infantilism, it was called. I found magazine articles. But they were all adults, and I was still a teenager. I wanted to find something younger. I started to look up bedwetting instead and found a few that really did suggest diapers. That gave me the idea.

What if I somehow had a bedwetting problem? How might my parents handle that? Neither my siblings nor I did when we were really little, but I was still young enough that it wouldn't be totally out of the question that I could develop one now. What if I had one, acted embarrassed about it, and asked to be punished? It would satisfy all my curiosities at once.

So, I went ahead and had a few "accidents" in bed. Light at first, and then a couple of floods. I told my mom and acted very embarrassed about it. She let me put a plastic sheet on my mattress

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to protect it. Finally, I went for broke and told her I thought I needed something different to stop.

"What do you mean, something different?" she asked.

"Umm... well... when I was six and wet the bed just once, you asked me if I needed to be put back in diapers," I said, turning very red.

"That was what worked when you were six," she said. "You didn't wet the bed again." She paused. "Are you saying that's what you need now?" I looked at the floor, and she pushed. "Are you saying you need Mommy to treat you like a six-year-old? You'd better answer Mommy!"

"I... I think it motivated me a lot more, obviously," I said, getting nervous.

"And you need that motivation to stop now? Being treated like how you are acting?" she pushed for clarification. "So, what if we do that? I would suggest you need diapers every night, a bedwetting chart, and spankings. Maybe potty training? What do you think?"

"I... um. I was thinking about diapers, too," I confessed. "Maybe you could check me in the morning, and if I am wet... spank me."

"So then, diapers and spanking will motivate you," she concluded. I nodded. "In that case, there will also be a bedwetting chart on your wall, by your bed. You'll mark it with a big black W every time you wet, after I spank you. It will be in the corner, and after you mark it, you can stand in the corner for five minutes staring at it with your stinging bottom. If you have more than three wet nights in a week, which would mean you are wetting more than half the time, you will spend the weekend in potty training, which will mean training panties, a training potty, making you sit on the potty at different times, and maybe a few other babyish things... You know, for motivation!" she stressed.

I nodded. "I think that will work," I said in a small voice.

"I think that will work, who?" she said to me.

"I think that will work.... Mommy?" I said it more as a question than anything else.

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“Yes, I think for now, you need to go back to calling me Mommy. I think that’s only right for someone who still gets put in diapers, don’t you?”

“Yes, Mommy,” I said. She smiled at my quick catching on.

That day was so embarrassing. It was Saturday, so she had me sit at the table and make my bedwetting chart. It couldn’t be vague. I had to write my name, and that it was my bedwetting chart for the week. I was told that until I got out of night diapers, which Mommy did not think would be for some time. I would have to do this every week. When I complained, she pointed out it was me who said I needed to be motivated, after all.

When that was done and tacked in the corner that I knew I would become very familiar with, we went shopping for my “supplies”. In the store, I was forced to choose my own diapers and ended up with a crinkly pack of Huggies size 7. Mommy looked and realized they would still fit me, and decided having me in real baby diapers would be even better. I also had to get baby wipes, baby powder, and training panties, as well as toddler-size plastic panties for weekends when I would be in that. A training potty was even added, and there were only girls’ types left, so I ended up with a pink one that said “Princess’ Little Throne” on it! She looked me in the eyes as she added pacifiers, baby bibs, a baby bottle, and a diaper bag to the stash, reminding me of that vague “other babyish things for motivation” and how, after all, the more embarrassing it was, the better it would help me.

It seemed to me on purpose that Mommy picked the youngest, prettiest cashier’s line. As she began to scan the contents of the cart, her eyebrows rose as she said, “Oh, I see someone is going to start potty training soon....” She looked up then and realized just how embarrassed I looked, and that no baby was present. “Oh,” she then said, trying unsuccessfully to suppress a giggle. If I had any doubt that she had it figured out, this was removed as we left, and she waved bye-bye to me like a baby, sweetly saying, “Good luck!”

And of course, there was then the case of me being put into a diaper the first night. Mommy insisted on putting me in the diaper at

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7:00 p.m. and giving me a “baby bedtime” until I could show I didn’t need that. I realized quickly, though, that being put in my diaper that early was going to almost guarantee I would have to wet it by morning. Since that was actually what I wanted, though, I decided not to object to this. I also didn’t object when Mommy said she needed to put the diaper on me so it wouldn’t leak. It didn’t sound like she had much hope in my ability to stay dry, either. It was massively embarrassing to me, though, to have her lift my bottom off the bed by my ankles and spread a Huggies diaper out under me, sprinkle powder on my bottom, and tape the crinkly diaper tightly in place.

I expected to feel like a baby, and I wasn’t disappointed. I felt like I was really little, and I crawled under the blankets in just a diaper and a pajama top. Mommy said it would be easier to check me that way in the morning, and then casually suggested that perhaps she would buy me some nighties since those were open at the bottom!

Somewhere around 3:00 a.m. I awoke with a massive need to pee, and just drained it into my diaper. I felt a warm tingling rush from the front to the back of my diaper, like an electric current was running through it. Afterwards, it remained warm for some time.

And now here I was in my first morning wet diaper. It felt a little heavy, and I could tell it was wet, but not a bad feeling. I could actually get used to this, I thought. Sure enough, Mom came in to wake me up. When she saw I was already awake, she said in a teasing voice, “So how did my little bedwetter sleep last night? Are you dry?” Without waiting for an answer, she pulled my covers down. She didn’t even need to check, as the diaper was evidently wet just from looking at it. It had swelled up a bit, so it was even thicker than when she put it on me the night before.

“Uh-oh,” she said to me. “You know what this means!” She pressed the wet diaper up against me, between my legs, making sure I could feel the squishiness of it. “Tell Mommy what you did,” she directed me.

“I... I... wet my bed,” I answered.

She shook her head. “No, the bed is dry! Try again.”

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"I wet my d... d... diaper," I stuttered the word shamefully. Really, for as much as I actually liked this and was curious about the spanking I was about to get, I was doing a fantastic acting job. I was even able to force a little tear out.

"You certainly did! And what did you tell Mommy you needed when you have a wet diaper?"

"I said I needed to be spanked for it," I said.

She sat down on the bed, took my wrist, and pulled me over her lap. I suddenly felt very vulnerable, but I didn't have long to think about it before...

WHAP!

The smack on my diaper was very loud, much louder than I expected. It made me jump and release a little more into my diaper.

WHAP!

But I noticed these two did not really hurt that much, just a lot of embarrassment. That was about to change.

WHAP!

That one was followed by me letting out an "Ah!" as the smack fell right where the diaper plastic met the skin. Immediately, it felt hot, and then stung quite a bit, and before I could fully process that, she smacked the other side with the same force, bringing another, higher-pitched, "Ah!"

"I think in order to really make an impression here," she said, "This diaper is going to have to come down. A bare bottom spanking is what you are going to need for real motivation."

She reached under me, and before I knew it, she had popped open the diaper tapes so she could pull it down in the back. I felt cool air across my bottom as the true extent of my wetting was revealed.

"Look at this!" she scolded me. "Just like a baby! Are you a little baby who needs diapers all the time?"

And I did start to feel shame. I also saw her pick up a hairbrush from my dresser.

WHAP

WHAP

WHAP

WHAP

WHAP!

“Ah! Ah! Ahh! Ahhh! Ah-wahh!”

Each cry from me was higher in pitch and more desperate, and of course, by the fifth, I was bawling just like the baby I looked like in that wet diaper. I lost count after that, but she continued to spank my bare bottom for another 30 seconds.

Then she was done spanking, and she hugged me as I cried.

“There, all done now. Let that sting motivate you. If you don’t want more of those, then all you have to do is keep your diaper dry.”

When I had composed myself enough, she gave me the marker, and I put a big black W on the bedwetting chart. Then it was time for me to stand in the corner, feeling the stinging bottom and looking at the chart. She left me bare bottomed, after cleaning me off with baby wipes, which added to the most embarrassing moments of my life I was having this weekend.

It was supposed to be just five minutes in the corner, but it felt like she left me there a lot longer. After that was up, I was allowed to dress, and it went just as a normal day, until 7:00 p.m., when it would be time to put me in my diapers again. I thought my embarrassment for the day was over, but was I so wrong.

Chapter 2

In the afternoon, Mom asked me to go pull out weeds from around her rose bushes. I did as asked, and the neighbor girl, Lisa, the youngest of three, was outside. I had a slight crush on her, actually, on all three of the girls. I knew her bedroom was directly across from mine, as I had peeped more than once out my window and into hers.

Seeing me outside, she watched me, which I found unnerving, for a few minutes without saying anything. Then she walked over to me with a smile I couldn't interpret, squatted down across from me on the other side of the fence, and looking directly in my eyes, she said smugly, "Guess what I heard this morning?"

I felt the blood drain from my face as I realized what she had to be talking about. I stopped weeding for a moment, but I didn't answer.

"Cat got your tongue?" she asked. "No guesses?" She giggled. "Well, I heard somebody getting his bare bottom spanked." I looked up at her but didn't answer. "You sure put up a fuss!" she went on. "All that hollering and crying over a little spanking like that, and it wasn't even a full minute that she spent spanking you."

"You still get spanked," I tried to defend myself.

She laughed now. "Yeah, and I don't carry on like that! Damn, I have to get the paddle before I cry like you did!"

"She used a hairbrush!" Somehow, I thought this would make it better.

"A hairbrush? I haven't had that in years," Lisa scoffed. "What'd you do?"

Suddenly, I realized it was a mistake to say anything at all. I tried to clam up again.

"Better tell me what you did, or I'll tell everyone what I heard," she threatened. She wouldn't dare? No, that's not true, I decided. She very likely would. I couldn't take the chance.

"Promise to keep it just between us?" I asked.