

# **When Diapered Revenge Backfires by Cowkites**

Amanda beamed at the package on her porch. She had been waiting for it for weeks and had almost considered it a loss of twenty bucks. The package held what Amanda hoped to be her revenge; a special something for a certain someone she couldn't stand.

The box was heavier than Amanda had expected, and much larger too. It stood four feet tall and was just as wide on all sides, covered in pink wrapping paper and sealed with a large pink ribbon.

“A bit elaborate for twenty bucks, but I’m not complaining.” Amanda’s head was in the clouds. After several humiliating weeks with only the solace that the package might arrive any day, Amanda was glad to have the real thing in front of her, the thing that would get everyone in her senior class to forget about the time Samantha Little humiliated her. Ripping open the packaging, Amanda thought back on why she had bought the package in the first place:

Samantha was an attractive girl and she liked to lord it over most girls at the school, Amanda more so than anyone. At one point Amanda had admired and even been jealous of Samantha, with her blonde hair and emerald green eyes, her perfect C-cup breasts and long legs, and her firm butt and tight stomach; however, this admiration was before Amanda had actually interacted with Samantha, back when Samantha, or Sam as everyone calls her, was the most popular girl in the freshman class. Whether it had always been there or had slowly formed over the course of the four years of high school Sam and Amanda shared, Sam had turned into an aggressive, evil girl bent on making everyone aside from herself feel horrible. Sam didn’t notice Amanda until their senior year, when they shared a seat next to one another in homeroom. Sam offered Amanda an invitation to her 18th birthday party that was happening that weekend; thinking that Sam was doing this out of pure kindness, Amanda accepted and promised to be there without even thinking about it.

Amanda had spent the whole day getting ready for the party, getting her long brown hair styled and shopping for new underwear and dresses. Amanda didn’t get much for an allowance, but she had been saving up and she thought this was worth it; she was hoping that this would be a means of elevating herself to popular status and she didn’t want to mess an opportunity like that up.

When she got to the address on the invitation, Amanda found herself wondering if she got the address wrong. The house looked as if it had been abandoned for years. Grass taller than the porch grew in the yard and several of the windows were boarded up. Amanda was beginning to leave when Sam called her name.

“Hey! Over here!” Amanda turned around to see Sam standing on the porch with the front door open, a warm glow emanated from behind her. “Come inside we’re just about to start.”

Amanda followed Sam through a long hallway to a well-lit room far in the back of the house. “I thought the party was at your parents’ house?” Amanda shook her head and laughed. “Nah, I just told you that to be secretive. This is for something much better.” Growing both weary and excited of how things were going, Amanda slowly followed Sam into the room.

The room was full of popular girls. Every single one from Amanda and Sam’s high school, some Amanda remembered graduating, and some Amanda could only assume were from other schools. They all sat about the room in their underwear, talking and laughing, some on their phones, the rest looking at Amanda. Sam quickly kicked off the sweats she was wearing and threw the t-shirt to the ground. “Now you Amanda. If you wanna be here with us, you’ve got to follow the rules.”

“Why are you all in your underwear?”

“Because, if you want to have secret parties, you have to do weird stuff. It’s like some crap I learned from movies, come on.” Despite her nervousness, Amanda followed suit, feeling slightly sad that she had to take off the outfit she had spent so much money on. Amanda hugged her body out of self-consciousness and chill. The girls in the room stared at her in silence for a while before Sam spoke up. “Alright Amanda, now that you’re here, I wanted to tell you that we’re going to make you a member of our little circle here.” Amanda thought she heard snickering but attributed it to someone looking at their phone; she was too excited to have this ruined for her. “All you need to do is the initiation.”

“What do I need to do? I’ll do anything.” Amanda knew she was coming off overly eager but she couldn’t help herself.

“Just stand with your back to this wall and we’ll face you and say our club’s motto.” Sam moved Amanda to a wood panel wall in the back. Amanda was moved to the left and right over and over again until Sam looked sure of something. “Alright girls what do we say?” Sam took a small box off a table and pressed a switch. All the girls gathered behind her and said: “Say cheese!”

Amanda watched as they all pulled out their phones. She was confused at first but then felt tightness in her underwear. It continued to feel stronger until it really began to hurt Amanda, by the time she realized to step forward, she was being lifted off the ground. Whatever was in the wall behind her, had hooked itself to her underwear and was giving her a wedgie. The girls all laughed as she cried out in pain and embarrassment. Sam had a video camera and a huge grin on her face. “Come on Amanda, smile! Everyone at school is going to love this.”

Amanda kicked her legs helplessly and began to cry from frustration. This only caused more laughter from the group gathered around her. “Oh don’t be such a crybaby Amanda! What’s next you going to pee yourself.” Amanda thought to sling some insults of her own but was stopped short with the realization that she was in fact peeing herself. It started as a small warm

feeling at her crotch but quickly grew into the feeling of wetness running down her thighs and dripping from her toes. Her underwear then broke causing her to fall on her butt bone in a puddle of her own urine. Humiliated, Amanda quickly ran out of the house to the jeers of Sam and the other popular girls.

School had been hell for Amanda ever since. The video of her wedgie and peeing had been seen by almost every student at school. Sam and her friends mocked Amanda constantly, asking her if she needed her diaper changed or if she was going to cry if a test was too hard.

These were the thoughts going through her mind as she ripped open the package. Pulling the cardboard flaps up, Amanda was shocked by what she saw. Originally, Amanda had bought a cheap hypnosis outfit, designed to make the person obey you when they wore it. Amanda thought it ridiculous but figured that when it didn't work she could still force Sam to wear it; she wasn't very physically imposing, Amanda could easily take her if she wanted.

What was inside was a bit different than she expected. The box was stuffed to the brim with pink frills and padding, large poofy diapers, a pacifier, and various locking items. Normally she would say she got the wrong package, but as far as she could tell this was along the same lines as what she had ordered.

"Maybe they accidentally sent me the deluxe version or something." Looking through the box, Amanda found a plastic bag with a note: "Wear for best results." Inside the bag was a plain pink bracelet. Amanda put it on and began to look for more instructions when she heard footsteps approach. She cursed under her breath realizing that she had been so excited that she forgot to close the door after grabbing the package.

"Enjoying the package, baby?" Amanda had expected her parents, but found Sam instead. She stood in the doorway, leaning on the doorframe with one hand on her hip, the other holding a small pink device. Seeing her opportunity, Amanda quickly grabbed one of the diapers from the box and grabbed Sam. She held her down and desperately began to try and put the diaper on over Sam's clothes.

"What do you think you're doing," she said calmly, "those are your diapers you naughty girl." Sam pressed a button on the device and the bracelet on Amanda's arm began to glow.

"Wha-what's happening?"

"You're dumb little baby brain must have typed in the wrong address, when you tried to order that so called hypnosis outfit. It got sent to my friend's house instead. When she told me it had your name on it, I just had to see." Sam easily pushed Amanda off of her and stood up. She crossed the room and closed the front door. "Sit." Sam pressed a button on the remote and Amanda felt her body compelled to react. She pulled herself in front of Sam and sat with her legs spread in front of her. "The outfit was so pathetic looking I laughed out loud, but something

happened. My friend who got the package, Rachael, put it on as a joke, and the next thing I know, she's doing everything I say; in fact, she still is. Rachael's waiting for mommy to get home with her new baby."

"What do you mean?" Amanda wanted to grab the device, to run away, but her body wouldn't let her stand, it wouldn't let her do anything except flail her arms in vain at Sam. Sam held it just out of her reach. "Be quiet little girl." Sam reached into the box and pulled the large pacifier out and stuck it in Amanda's mouth. "Suck on that like a good baby." Again Amanda saw the bracelet grow and her body obeyed. Sam watched in silence, smiling at the sucking sounds coming from Amanda's mouth. Amanda couldn't pull it out either, and she felt just as helpless as she had that time at Sam's 'party.'

"Well I happened to enjoy seeing little Rachael all obedient and helpless so I let her keep the outfit. I found the website on a slip inside the box and I bought the perfect outfit for you. Once it came to my house I opened it up, stuck a note on the bracelet to trick you and had it sent here." Sam laughed an evil laugh and began searching through the rest of the box. "Now to get baby dressed before she had an accident."

Amanda desperately tried to pull the pacifier out of her mouth but only succeeded in making her mouth work harder at sucking the pacifier. She soon gave up and watched helplessly as Sam began to arrange the infantile clothing in front of her.

"Wet yourself baby." Amanda's eyes went wide as she felt her crotch grow warm and her panties grow wet. Soon she was crying. "Aww poor girl, go ahead and strip so mommy can get you diapered."

Against her will she stood, still crying, and began to strip herself. After she was naked she was forced to lie down. "You were such a naughty girl for trying to make mommy a baby weren't you? Take the pacifier out of your mouth and tell mommy." Amanda obeyed.

"I was a very naughty gir—"

"Say it with a cute lisp. You talk like a toddler from now on."

"I wath a vewy naughty giwl."

"Say you're sorry and that you need to be punished."

"I'm thowy and I need to be punisthed." With that Sam began to spank Amanda's rear. Amanda's B-cup breasts jiggled with each blow and her sobbing intensified. After the spanking, Amanda felt a diaper being placed under her butt. Her rear was lowered onto it and she cringed from the crinkling sound that came from it. She watched as she was taped into the thick plastic

diaper. Her crying had been reduced to a whimper, but she didn't feel any better about her situation.

"You're going to listen to me now, understand?" Sam sat on Amanda's chest; her one hand holding both of Amanda's wrists above her head.

"You're my little bitch now. You're going to wear diapers 24/7 and you're going to use them. You will refer to me as Mommy, even at school. You will be an obedient, good little girl for me. Am I clear?"

"Yeth Mommy."

Amanda began to cry again. She felt her bowels emptying into the diaper, she heard the crinkling coming from her diaper as Sam shifted her weight, and she saw all the clothes on the floor that Sam would no doubt force her to wear. This was going to be her life from now on. Sam patted her head.

"Good girl."