

Renée's Absolutely Awful Summer

Chapter Four – May 2024

Note to readers and moderators: this story features strong ageplay content, in which consenting adults choose to act in babyish ways. Like ALL my writing, every character in this fictional story is an adult over the age of 18.

When Renée woke the next morning – Sunday now, and also still in late May – she had almost forgotten that it was to be the *second* day of a very, very crazy summer.

Until, that is, she cutely pulled back the covers. Poked cutely and skeptically at the bulge beneath her pajama pants. And found, much to her own very cute dismay, that she was once again completely soaked. Just like the baby her mother now apparently believed her to be.

"Hey, don' worry about it," her mother laughed, watching in evident satisfaction as her adult daughter waddled self-consciously toward her seat at the breakfast table. "Ye're totally fine! It's totally not alarming for someone to start peeing themselves uncontrollably. Besides, taking you to the doctor for a checkup here in the US would cost, what? Three thousand? Four?" She chuckled and plunked down a steaming bowl of totally normal and not at all babyish oatmeal in front of her daughter. "I can buy you a heck of a lot of diapers for that, *baby!*"

Well, Renée didn't have much to say to that. In case it wasn't obvious now, she was the protagonist of an AB/DL story. And that meant that her primary responsibility was to be a cute, obedient victim, sweetly and pathetically doing whatever humiliating things she was told.

Like eat up that giant bowl of oatmeal. And down that massive glass of apple juice. And definitely, definitely sit there and let her mom wipe her face clean afterward, chuckling over what a good little girl she had.

"No, of course not!" Her mom snapped back, when Renée rose and ventured to suggest that maybe she could try a pair of her usual panties after her morning shower. "What part of being a *baby* don't you get, Renée? Come on – let me take that soggy thing off you. And once you're out of the shower, go lie down on your bed. I'll be in and dress you – because an adult woman like you *obviously* can't put on yer own diapah!"

Whether that was true or not, Renée didn't exactly know. But she was an AB/DL protagonist, and that meant meekly obeying. So down went the soaked diaper with a heavy plop. Toward the stairs she trudged, stark naked and ever so vulnerable and cute. And out from the shower she came ten

minutes later, to flop resignedly down into a cute, damp heap on her bed.

It was not two minutes later that her mother came in and reached for the dresser. "Hehe, time for another DIAPAH!" she began to gloat... but before she could go any further, the narrator interjected.

"I think the readers have had enough about that," he rumbled in his lovely, deep narrator voice. "Just get on with it, will you? We'll get back to you once you're at the store."

"Wait... we're going out?!" Renée protested, her cute brown eyes widening in genuine surprise. But her mother was already nodding – and all she could do before the narrator cut away from them was give a final, sweetly pathetic little groan of despair.

"Fuck!"

Oh, yes. They were most definitely going out. Because no one knew better than Renée's mom that an AB/DL story needs to have a hefty amount of public humiliation.

"Now, then," she exhorted, stepping out of the car and firmly tugging her daughter's door open. "This is the part where ya get totally humiliated in public! Isn't this gonna be fun?" Renée let out a by-now characteristic whimper of submission, tugging desperately at the tiny miniskirt her mother had told her to wear. Despite the fact that it was a lovely 60-40 blend of organic cotton and recycled polyester, it was also a trifle embarrassing, thanks to being precisely 9.78 inches long from waist to hem. This fact was what had her blushing now, as she tried and repeatedly failed to cover her massive diaper with its minuscule length.

"Ookay," she sniffed, feeling the start of a fresh round of hiccups bubbling in the back of her throat. Into the store they went, Renée's hand tugging fruitlessly at her skirt the entire way. "Heh, I awta put ya in the caht," her mother sniggered, then turned to consult her list. "Anyways, this way! I got a lot a stuff ta get for my big BABY of a dawta!"

Heads turned at the unusually loud proclamation. Little old ladies and forty-something dads and sweats-wearing college kids Renée's age paused, all eyes swiveling to take in the spectacle. Some looked away almost immediately, upset that someone had taken away three seconds of time from their search for unsalted organic chicken stock. Others glanced at one another, smirking that this weird lady appeared to be certifiably crazy. But as required by the laws of AB/DL stories, the five hottest and most lust-worthy individuals in the store stared. They *laughed*. A few snapped photos. And they all began to point and whisper loudly to no one in particular about the cute, pathetic,

overgrown baby of a woman who was standing there in a Moana T-shirt, a miniskirt, and a giant diaper.

Hic. "Mom, this is so embarrassing," she muttered, trudging along with a slight waddle, trying not to make eye contact with grinning Mr. Bell Pepper Restocker in the produce section. "Everyone can *bic!* see my- my-" "Yer DIAPAH?" Her mom practically shouted, entirely unnecessarily and with a grin of her own on her face. "Yah think ye're embarrassed fah wearing a diapah in public?! Whaddya think it's like fah me, huh? Having my big ol' dawta peeing her pants everywhere she goes? Heh, now *that's* embarrassing!"

Renée hiccuped submissively. Followed her mother with waddling steps and slow. And blinked in growing mortification at the cart slowly filling with some most alarming contents.

Apple juice. Oatmeal. Milk. Prunes. Fiber laxative. Protein drinks – which everyone knows are just formula for adults. Oh, it was all coming together for sure. Refried beans. Potatoes. Applesauce. Rice cereal. Yogurt. Cottage cheese. Creamy peanut butter.

And then they came the pièce de resistance: the baby aisle. In which Renée's mom found far too many things for her cute adult daughter's comfort.

"Mo- *bic!* – *om!*" Renée whispered hoarsely, watching in growing chagrin as her mother took first one, then two packs of baby bottles from the shelf. "I'm not a *bic!* – baby! I don't need any of *bic!* – this stuff! I- I just-"

"Oh, hush, *baby,*" her mother returned, amid a quiet chorus of delighted sighs from the readers. Her hand reached out and jerked a pack of pacifiers from the shelf: Nuk pacifiers, size 3, for ages 18-36 months. "You wanna whine and cry like a little bitch baby? Here, try this!"

Open ripped the pack. Out came the first of the two pacifiers. And into Renée's protesting mouth it went, forced there by her grinning mother who of course saw absolutely nothing sexual or suggestive in the image of a young woman being forced to give fellatio to a mouth-filling rubber nipple.

"Mmm-h-*hibb!* – *hmm!*" Renée hiccuped, her cute voice now sounding 14.3 times cuter than usual because of being muffled into inarticulate whimpers. Her brown eyes were wider than ever, blinking desperately and adorably from beneath her cute bangs. But in a moment they were no longer blinking at her chuckling mother, nor even into the middle distance with a look of tragic despair on her face. No. The tragic despair came when they shifted and took in the sight of a third person who was rapidly approaching them down the aisle.

"Well, holy squirrels – if it isn't Agatha!" Her mom was visibly surprised and elated. "Aww, look, Renée! It's your old babysitter!"

A declaration which caused a shudder of anticipation to ripple through readers and narrator alike. Because there was little more satisfying than a babysitter in an AB/DL story. A babysitter who of course would be totally normal. Totally plain and ordinary. Totally sweet and sensible and vanilla. And definitely, definitely not sadistic in any way.

(To be continued)