

## The Start of an Unforgettable Summer

January 2024

"We're here now, babydoll. Ready to see our home for the next two months?"

Daddy's voice cut softly through the drowse into which Maggie had fallen. It had been a long drive, after all, and buckled safely as she was into the back seat of their SUV, the thrumming of the tires and the rush of wind had lulled her to sleep. But now... well, it seemed as though her earlier childish questioning had finally been answered.

They *were* actually there. Which is why Daddy was here beside her now, unbuckling her with a smile on his stubbly face.

"Uhh... uh-uh," she managed, blinking out past Daddy's broad shoulders at the glow of the evening sky. Behind him was what must be the beach cottage that was to be their home for the summer... and somewhere beyond, the soft crash of waves assured her that the ocean was not far away. Ocean... water... wetness... oh. Yeah.

Wetness.

She'd almost forgotten what she was wearing. Because, as Daddy put it, little girls couldn't possibly be expected to stay dry for a six-hour road trip.

"But- but, Daddy," she protested, as indeed his hands were even now probing paternally at the visibly bulging denim of her overalls and the babyish padding that lay beneath. Her stomach was churning with a sudden stab of apprehension... or maybe something more? "Daddy, I- maybe I should stay here? I- I don't- don't know-"

"Oh, shush now!" Daddy laughed gently, tugging her forward in her seat. "You need some exercise after such a long ride, punkin! And besides, don't you want to meet our landlady? She sounded so eager to meet us both, you know!" And indeed, at that very moment sounded from somewhere behind him a flurry of barking, accompanied by the lilting, quavery voice of an elderly woman ordering Jeremy – the dog, apparently – to be quiet.

Meeting anyone when dressed like this was scary. But Daddy was tugging her forward insistently. She was still drowsy and unsure of herself. And after all, if he thought she should come out, then maybe it would be okay?

And so Maggie nodded, and kept her safe word buttoned up inside, and obediently scrambled down to stand beside her boyfriend. For boyfriend he was to everyone else, of course – not Daddy. That title was their little secret – just one of them. As for their others, like how she loved letting him take charge, and how she loved her horribly embarrassing CNC fantasies of being publicly shamed and regressed and diaper-trained, well...

Those would have to wait for now. Because right now, it was time to act all nice and mature and depressingly normal.

At least, she mused as they made their way up the rock path toward the beaming grey-haired lady waiting for them, so long as no one nearby had x-ray vision, she was safe. No one besides her could feel the dribbling spurts from her tired bladder, pulsing out the remnants of her extra-large lemonade with her every step and further saturating the padding between her thighs. And no one but her needed to know just how oddly full her gut felt, or how cramps were already beginning to tug and grip at her strangely swollen belly.

Nope, no way! She'd just have to be nice and polite and vanilla. Smile and shake hands, and bite back those painful urges. Refuse the temptation to reach back and feel her bum for leaks. And above all, wait for her and Daddy to be alone before begging him – on hands and knees, if necessary – for a change. *Please, please, Daddy – before I- I make an icky mess-!*

"Nice to meet you," she felt her lips smile, and the landlady – Sherri by name – beamed wider than ever in response. "Well, aren't you a lovely young thing! Oh, I'm so glad to see you two. Now, here – you two must be tired out. Why don't I show you around the place? Just step on through here..."

And so it proceeded: the couple ducking through the door and into the rustic cottage that would be theirs for the summer. Sherri was talking animatedly about Jeremy being all bark and no bite, and gesturing at the blinds that once raised would give them a great view of the sea, and chuckling about the seagulls that always liked to perch on the back porch. Maggie's hand tightened silently in Daddy's from time to time, and he gave hers a squeeze back as they followed along. "Oh, yes. Oh, wow! That's so nice. We're gonna love this, won't we, baby?"

*Baby.* She blushed a tiny bit redder, wondering whether Sherri could possibly have noticed how apt the term was for her. For what else *would* you call someone in overalls and a Disney t-shirt, standing hand in hand with her Daddy and feeling what must be the five-dozen-th dribble of pee leaking out into the warm depths of her swollen diaper? Not to mention that all the while, she was

biting her lip in rising urgency, wondering why on earth her tummy was feeling ready to explode. Surely Daddy hadn't slipped her something...? When he made her that oatmeal this morning? No, no of course he wouldn't have... right?

"And back there's the bathroom. Pretty small, you know, but it does the job, heh heh! Feel free to use it if you need."

Maggie' pulse spiked at Sherri's welcome words. Oh, yes, she- she did! She would! All she'd need to do is slip in there for a few minutes. She'd lock the door. Tug down her overalls. Yank off her soggy diaper. And oh yes, sink gratefully down on the-

But before she could do more than open her mouth, Daddy was chuckling and tugging her away. "Oh, thanks, but no, we're good! Right baby? We just went before we got here, after all..." And he gave Maggie the slickest of winks and a squeeze of her sweating hand.

At that reprehensible jab, she almost let out a squeal of whining desperation. *Daddy, no! No, please, I- I know I technically went potty... in my pants. But- but this time I need to do a mess! I- I don't know if I can hold it-* Yet there was nothing she could say – not in front of Sherri. So as they were heading out the door once more, apparently to see the gorgeous sunset from the particular spot Sherri insisted was the best for miles around, Maggie's heart was tumbling down to her toes. Oh, god, this was intense! And now she'd have to hold it even longer. She'd have to pretend to be fine no matter what happened. Just a bit longer. One more minute. And another. And another...

"See? Oh, you're right – this view is magnificent! Don't you agree, baby?"

*Uh-huh*, she wanted to manage. But somehow, it didn't come out right. What did emerge from her parted lips, however, was a panicked little cry of *uuuubbbb-!!* For right there in the warm evening light, with the glorious waves crashing before them and the kindly old woman standing not two meters away, her churning bowels decided to give way.

Her knees bent. Her torso stiffened. With a sudden burst and rush of nauseating, irresistible power, the churning mass in her intestines began forcing its gooey way into the seat of her unseen – but rapidly expanding – diaper. And of course, as if to add insult to injury, her bladder once again spasmed and, imitating the rushing flood of the sea before them, sent a fresh wave of urine swelling out to turn it all into a muddy mass of shame.

While all the while, Daddy stood there watching her face contort in spasms of shock and

humiliation... and with the most infuriating, mild smile of feigned surprise on his face.

"Oh, baby, are you...? Why didn't you *tell* me you needed to go? Oh, dear! Sorry... so sorry, Sherri. I'm afraid we're having a bit of an accident here-"

The next minutes were something out of her most sordid and humiliating fantasy. Sherri was staring, clearly shocked to see a grown woman standing there audibly crapping in her pants. "Oh-?! Is she- Are you okay, dear-? I- does she...?!"

To all of which Daddy gave the worst and most politely humiliating responses imaginable.

"I'm sorry – she's only made oopsies like this a few times before." "Yeah, I shouldn't have trusted her not to make a mess." "Oh, no – don't worry about clothes! All she needs is a clean diaper and she'll be good to go again..."

"Ahem, did you say *diaper*, young man? So she actually...?!" Maggie felt about to faint at the shock and polite disgust in the old lady's voice, but Daddy just took it in stride. "Yes, ha-ha!" he chuckled, now dealing her messy rump an affectionately loud *thwack*. "It's lucky I put her in one today, isn't it? *Isn't* it, sweetie?"

"Oh! Well... um, that's, well, dear me. That's good to know. " Sherri was clearly taken aback, her voice hesitant as she considered this unexpected development. "I, um... just to clarify. When you're staying here this summer, she... well. She'll be properly protected, won't she?" Maggie quivered as she felt the woman's suddenly doubtful eyes upon her, working to assess exactly what sort of menace this pampered young lady might pose to her beloved cottage and its furnishings. *Oh, god, no- Not this, Daddy! Anything but this-*

"Now I don't want to be too stern or anything to you two," Sherri finally declared, a note of firm finality in her voice. "But I'm sure you'll understand. See, if you're going to stay here, I'm afraid you're going to have to make sure she's... you know. Not going to make any messes on my furniture. So, young man..."

"Can you promise me that she'll be wearing a diaper whenever she's staying here?"

And so Daddy gave his effusive reassurances, reiterating over and over that he would personally ensure it himself, that they could even add a clause to the rental contract if it would help. Beside him, Maggie took it all in silence, quivering anew with tearful, pent-up emotion. But strange to say,

even in this most excruciatingly humiliating moment of her life, she couldn't quite tell what exactly those emotions were.

Mortification, of course. Shame, and disgust at the smelly mass of her bulging diaper. But deeper still, something like... relief?

And why ever not? For thanks to these past fifteen minutes, her longed-for secret identity as a helpless, diaper-filling baby was fast becoming a reality. And if this was the first day of two months here – days which Sherri and Daddy had now decided she would spend forcibly locked into diapers – well...

It was quite possible that she might not ever be out of them again. And at that prospect, she couldn't decide whether to cry or celebrate.