

## Good Girls and Sexy Sitters

October 2021

*"Now be a good girl while I'm gone! Don't cause any trouble for Sheryl, okay?"*

Daddy's words ring in my ears as I stare resentfully into Sheryl's mirth-filled eyes. She's Daddy's coworker: tall, blonde, and ten times more curvy than my own stick-like self. She's bold and vivacious and everything that I am not. And tonight, like it or not, I'm stuck here with this bombshell until Daddy comes back.

Because she's my babysitter, that's why.

"Oh, don't look at me like that, honey!" she coos now as I squirm away from the spoon she's merrily pressing against my lips. "You just said you wanted to have ice cream, Darla. Now open up for me. *Open* up..." "But I want to eat it myself," I mutter, conscious even as I form the words that I must sound more like a petulant toddler than my twenty-four-year-old self. Sure, I may be petite. And sure, I might like to play at being Daddy's little girl. But surely that doesn't mean this stranger can just waltz in and start treating me like- like-

But before I can protest further, the spoon has slipped in, and the cool, creamy goodness is coating my tongue and muting my complaints. I feel a cold trickle down the corner of my mouth, and flush as Sheryl lets out a giggle. "Aww, you like that, don't you? See, you're such a messy eater it's only right that I handle the spoon!"

Well, it's not exactly what I had in mind when she first proposed having ice cream this evening. But as I sigh and open for spoon after spoon, I console myself that at least it's still a tasty treat... even if it *is* starting to dribble down my chin and onto my Frozen T-shirt.

Yeah. Daddy hasn't exactly dressed me as an adult, either. I'm just praying that he hasn't told Sheryl about *all* the ways I am little...

"Such a messy little girl!" she coos as she scrapes the last creamy drops from the carton and slips them into my sticky mouth. "Goodness, I should have gotten you a baby bib! I bet your Daddy has a bib for you around here, doesn't he?" I stifle the urge to kick at her jeggings-clad legs and shake my head emphatically. "No! And it's not my fault! You were feeding me and making me all messy on purpose-"

"Oh, come now!" Sheryl waggles her finger in my face reprovngly. "Little girls shouldn't tell lies, you know. I bet your Daddy doesn't even let you use a big girl cup, does he?" Images of my pink sippy cup flash before my eyes, but I shake my head stubbornly, my temper rising. "Hey, I'm an adult, Sheryl! I can damn well eat and drink on my own, thank you very much!"

A manicured hand flies up to cover her red lips, and she lets out an astonished chuckle. "Darla! You just said a bad word!" "Yeah," I agree, plunging on desperately. "'Cause I'm an adult, okay? I can say whatever I fucking want, *bitch*..." Perhaps I'm digging my own grave, sure. But right now I'm too angry and humiliated to care. Who is this lady, anyway, and why does she have the right to tease me and boss me around like this?!

"Enough!" She's on her feet now, tugging me up from my seat, staring down at me from the imposing height of her five feet ten inches. "Little girls aren't supposed to use such ugly words! What you need is an attitude adjustment, young lady – right now. Come here!"

Oh, of course I struggle and whine. Of course I wail that I'll tell on her, that she has no right to spank me. But none of that – not even my earnest plea for her not to pull down my pants – makes any difference. Down they come, revealing to my chagrin the crinkling flowers of my pull-ups. And over her knee I go, bent low under her strong arms, cringing and wailing with every sharp crack of her palm against my warming bottom...

It's the humiliation more than anything that set the tears stinging my eyes. The knowledge that I am being disciplined just like an unruly brat – and that this woman is now aware of just what sort of juvenile underwear I'm wearing.

"Little girls don't talk like that, okay?" she scolds, when at last she lets me up and I stand before her, sniffing shamefully and trying furtively to cover my pull-ups with my hands. "Especially when they're not even big enough to feed themselves – or keep their pants dry!" She pries my hands from between my legs and runs her manicured fingers over the rustling surface with an amused smile on her lips. "Goodness, you really *are* Daddy's little baby girl, huh? Still having wet little accidents?"

"No-oo," I mutter with beet-red cheeks. "It's just- they're- Daddy got them-" "For a wee little girl who's not done potty-training yet, hmm?" Sheryl giggles – and then a sudden look of interest crosses her face. "Well, then! If you still need pull-ups during the day, honey, I bet you need something much thicker for bedtime, huh? Why don't we go check your room and see what else your Daddy has for you?"

"No-ooo!!!" I wail in rising panic as she tugs me irresistibly down the hall toward the room I know will spell my doom. "Daddy doesn't want you to go in there! He- it's just-"

Oh, the look on her face when she sees the nursery Daddy has set up for me is something I'll never forget. And as she steps forward and plucks one of my bulky disposable diapers from my changing table, I know that the astonishment and delight I see in her eyes bodes nothing good.

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"Why, hell-*lo*, Frank! Welcome back!"

God, this is- this is so much more humiliating than anything I'd dreamed. It's late now, and Daddy is stepping in through the door, and Sheryl's sashaying forward to meet him with a swing in her step and a sweet smile on her lips. "Aww, you must be *so* tired! How was the get-together?"

"Oh, it was- fine..." Daddy begins, then catches a glimpse of me on the floor behind her. Yep, that's where I am now: lying on the floor with my bottle in my mouth and the taste of milk and humiliation on my tongue. For there's no denying my baby status now – Sheryl's made sure of that.

"Did she cause you a bit of trouble?" He's eyeing me now with a surprised smile, and I gaze up in impotent embarrassment, more conscious than ever of the bulky diaper between my legs. "I see you must have discovered her little secret..." "Oh, that!" Sheryl titters, and I watch in growing mortification as she easily slips an arm around my Daddy and leans against him in a fit of giggles. "Yeah, I suppose I should have known she'd still be in pampers! She really is nothing but a sweet little baby, huh?"

"Well, yeah. She does love her diapers. And her bottles... and pacifier..." "Wait, she has a passie, too? Aww, she's such a silly little *baby!*" Sheryl smirks, and then I blanch at her next words. "Honestly Frank, I get that you love your little diaper baby here. She's super cute – when she's not being a little brat. But, you know... if you're ever looking for a fun time with a *real* woman... You know, I'm always open..."

*Wait- No! I mean, I know Daddy and I agreed that we're open to other play partners. But- but Sheryl? Of all people?*

Not that Daddy can hear the wild protests coursing through my brain. "Oh, really?", he queries with an interested smile, and his hand slips casually down across her buxom breast. "I guess I did

tell you before about how Darla and I are in an open relationship. You... I suppose you wouldn't happen to be interested in sticking around a bit longer, would you?"

And before I quite know it, I'm witnessing a scene straight out of some stupid rom-com: Sheryl's tugging down Daddy's slacks, and he's pulling at her top, and all the while I'm lying on the floor with wide eyes behind my ba-ba. *I gotta say something! Daddy- that's my Daddy- What's the babysitter doing with my Daddy-?!*

Oh, I know exactly what they're about to do.

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And that's how I find myself in this unthinkable situation tonight. Here I dangle, captive in the special, over-sized baby bouncer Daddy made for me last year. Gone is my ice-cream-stained Frozen shirt, leaving my bare little A-cup breasts naked and cold. Beneath me is the crinkling bulk of my diaper, already wet not only from my dribbly little bladder, but from a very different kind of wetness. A wetness induced by the incredible sight before me.

For there on the bed lies my Daddy, naked and flushed and grunting with mounting passion. And beneath him, more curvaceous and alluring than I could ever dream of being, lies my erstwhile babysitter: her bare thighs spread wide, moaning in delight as Daddy's erect cock thrusts hard and fast into her naked cunt. They're making love right before my very eyes... and all I can do is moan and bounce helplessly on: a wide-eyed, pacified baby spectator to her Daddy's adult antics.

But then, just when I think it can't possibly become any more humiliating, Sheryl's eyes open – and amid her moans and sighs of rapture, she calls out to me. "See this, you little baby? A cute little thing like you is never gonna be able to fuck like *this!*" She bites back a moan of pleasure, eyelids fluttering with pleasure. "Ooh, Frank, yeah – just like that! Ohh, you're so amazing..."

Then she continues with a sadistic glint in her eyes. "Go on, Darla. I bet you're already getting horny in your diaper, aren't you? Bet you wish you could do this too. Bet you wish you could feel your nice, strong Daddy fucking you silly, pumping you full of cum. But all you can do is sit there and piss in your pampers, huh? Just like the dumb little diaper brat you are..."

The worst part of it all is that... well, it seems she's right. For as the pair grind and fuck and pant their way to orgasm before my very eyes, the closest I can come to finding my own satisfaction is to bounce harder, to suck faster, to rub my impotent fists against the bulk of the baby swing that holds

my pampered pussy prisoner.

Maybe I'll be allowed to cum... someday. But for tonight at least, it looks like I'm stuck here: a good little girl who is learning not to cause any trouble for Daddy... or for her sitter.