

Just What She Paid For
July 2021 – Commission

You only live once, they said. And for her part, Alesha heartily agreed. Life was too short not to try out new things – to follow your bliss – to be daring and adventurous and push yourself into strange and exciting places.

Though when most people thought of those things, they probably had things like bungee-jumping in mind. Or skydiving. Or learning a new language, or traveling the world. Not... well, whatever *this* was.

Alesha sat back, heart still thudding, awash in a bewildering swirl of sensations. In her nose was the scent of baby powder and her favorite lavender baby lotion. In her ears the quiet rustle of her short, frilly blue babydoll dress and petticoat, and from underneath those, a babyish crinkle from her freshly padded rear. Against her skin was the soft, ticklish touch of lace and baby-soft cotton, running all the way from her flowery collar down to her pastel socks. On her tongue was the taste of sweet juice and milk, remnants of the multiple bottles she'd downed these past few hours. And before her very eyes, staring down at her with a stern expression and hands planted on hips, was the apron-clad, buxom woman who was now her nanny.

Well, just for this afternoon, that is – because making dreams come true was pretty expensive when caregivers had to be hired by the session.

"Listen, baby," Nanny Rose scolded now, fixing Alesha's eye with an authoritative glare. "I know you think you're in charge here. I know you love acting like you know everything, like you can just order your dear Nanny around. But guess what, honey? You're not in charge here right now – *I* am! And so, when I tell you to be a good girl and make poo-poo for me in your pampers, and when you *don't*... Well, we're just going to have to punish!"

Alesha whimpered softly despite herself, squirming in embarrassment and revulsion at the woman's ominous words. *No, not number two!* Sure, she might have mentioned "full baby treatment" as what she was after when she scheduled this play session. And sure, she did love the idea of being forced to be so babyish and helpless. But that was in her deepest fantasies – the ones she hardly dared admit to herself, much less to her boyfriend Josh. It was another thing entirely to be expected to sit there and *actually* make a smelly, humiliating mess in her pants right in front of a stranger...

But she didn't have much time to think about it. For Nanny Rose was bending down now –

kneeling beside her – pushing her down onto her back on the rough carpet of her little apartment's living room. "If you won't do it yourself, baby, then I guess you just need some help, hmm?" she tutted, and Alesha felt, with a sudden stab of anxiety, the strong fingers of her nurse slipping easily under the leg band of her booster-filled diaper. "No, please, no-" she protested, biting back a little gasp and moan as she felt first one, then a second, and finally a third greasy lozenge slipping into her bumhole and being forced deep inside.

"There!" Nanny Rose exclaimed, withdrawing her probing finger and giving the red-faced Alesha a brisk pat on her diapered crotch. "That should do the trick nicely. I've never yet had a little one who stayed constipated after getting a few of *those!*" Alesha wriggled upright, shaking her head in frustration. "No, but, really, Miss- Nanny Rose. Seriously, we should stop. It's- it's like, what? Three-forty-five? And you need to go soon, and Josh- he'll be home by five-"

"Aww, is that your Daddy? How sweet!" Nanny Rose beamed. "Then I'm sure he'll be super glad to see his little girl all taken care of-" "No, NO!" Alesha almost shouted, her anxiety welling up within her even as she felt the first disturbing burn in her lower belly. "Josh, he- he doesn't know about- about- you know- *this*. He can't see me like this, please..."

"Oh-o?" Nanny Rose's eyebrows rose as she got to her feet. "Well, well! So we've got a little girl sneaking her some baby time with Nanny when her boyfriend isn't looking? What a devious little baby you are!" But then she grinned once more and pulled Alesha to her feet, smoothing down her dress maternally and then cupping her cheek in one hand. "Then I suppose it's a good thing we're punishing you now, hmm? Come on, let's give you the rest and see if you can't make that stinky before I go!"

Fuck. Gotta think- Gotta figure something out-

Though it was increasingly hard to find a way out – particularly once she was seated at the table, bib secure around her neck and a burning sensation growing silently in her belly. "Please, we need to hurry," she whined in rising desperation, casting a frightened look at the clock. "It's okay, you can leave now. I know I paid for you to be here all afternoon, but it's fine, really-"

But Nanny Rose merely laughed and set a bowl full of prunes and high-fiber crackers before her. "No, no, no, I can't leave my little girl just yet!" she laughed affectionately, tucking a massive prune firmly into Alesha's protesting mouth. "I really need to make sure you get what you paid for, dearie! Now if you're in such a hurry to get your punishment over with, why don't you eat up, hmm?"

Well, there wasn't much else for Alesha to do but obey... squirming and shifting uneasily all the while as the suppositories did their devious work within her.

It was as she was washing down the last of the crackers with sips from yet another juice bottle that it came: the sound she'd been dreading the whole time. The sound of the key in the lock, and the door opening, and the heavy step of Josh's work boots approaching.

Sbit sbit sbit sbit sbit-!!!

"Hey, baby, Surprise! I'm- home... early?"

But before the speechless Alesha could find a response, Nanny Rose was stepping forward. "Hi there, you must be Josh!" she smiled, taking his hand and shaking it vigorously. "So nice to meet you! I'm a friend of Alesha's, you see." "Um, oh- okay, nice to meet you," Josh managed, his wide eyes still fixed on Alesha's spectacularly babyish outfit and mortified expression. "But- Alesha, what's all this? Why are you- dressed like- like-"

"A baby? Well, now, Alesha, that's an excellent question!" Nanny Rose beamed, stepping forward and untying the bib from around her charge's neck. "Alesha, go on. Stand up and explain to your boyfriend why you're dressed like that – and why you're being punished."

"Punished?!"

Alesha, face beet-red in mortification, slipped unwillingly off the chair at Nanny's command, aware with every waddling step of how incredibly infantile she must look. But as she did so, much to her dismay she felt the first hot dribbles begin to leak from her quivering and well-padded bumhole.

Sbit, sbit- No, not right now! Not like this-

She bent over instinctively, hands clutching her belly, oblivious now of the view she was presenting to her boyfriend: the thick bulk of her diapered rear, peeking visibly from beneath her little skirt. She gazed despairingly at the kitchen floor: mutely, pleadingly, hunting desperately for the words to say ... and yet finding none. She was on the verge of filling her diaper- had already begun- needed desperately to run away, to tear off this stupid getup, to fling herself onto the toilet and relieve this incredible, nauseating pressure...

"Alesha, what's going on? Is that a- a *diaper*?!"

"Alesha," came the warning voice of her Nanny over her boyfriend's shocked queries. "You're disobeying again, aren't you? I just told you to explain to your nice boyfriend, and you're refusing." She turned to Josh with an apologetic smile and a sigh. "Don't worry, hon. I'll explain. But in the meantime, I think we'd better discipline this little brat..." And with a resounding smack to Alesha's padded rear, she turned to her large purse on the counter and produced something neither Josh nor Alesha had ever seen in person.

A wooden paddle.

Alesha might have protested, but she was already fighting back a juice-swollen bladder, a gurgling gut, and a storm of tears. And so all she could do, as strong hands herded her against the wall and the words of her boyfriend and hired nanny swirled around her, was gulp and shudder and try with every bit of her being not to humiliate herself more than she already had...

"Oh, it's a kink all right," Nanny Rose was saying with a smile. "Yep! Folks like your girlfriend here hire me to baby them, that's all. Believe me, they love it." "Really?" Much to Alesha's chagrin, Josh sounded genuinely interested. "Of course! And you know, hon, I bet you'd make a pretty good babysitter yourself, don't ya know? Or even a daddy!"

"Well, I don't know about that," Josh demurred, but he didn't get a chance to continue. "Go on, it's pretty easy! Why don't you give this bratty girl of yours a spanking, hmm?" Nanny Rose was chuckling at Alesha's panicked whimpers. "She definitely deserves it, after all. Quite besides being a brat for me, she literally went behind your back to hire me! If that doesn't deserve a spanking, then what does?"

"Josh- Josh, no... you- you wouldn't-"

The first tentative smack on her rear came, followed by another stronger blow, and then a third. "You're doing great!" Nanny Rose encouraged, and at that Alesha's tears began to flow full-force. Here she was, diapered and humiliated by this woman, and Josh was not only not freaking out – but actively *helping*? *No- no, please- I can't take any more- I can't-*

But of course she could... and did. Even as her churning bowels finally failed and her diaper filled and her bursting bladder sent a flood gushing out into her swelling diaper, the spanking continued. Even as she blubbered and wailed and moaned, even as fresh waves of cramps sent more smelly mush spurting into her already loaded and swollen diaper, the spanking continued. Only once she'd sank to her knees, sobbing and dribbling snot down her pretty blue dress, did Josh finally stop.

"Well, then!" she finally heard through her own pathetic, broken wails. "I guess it's five now, isn't it? Guess I'd better be going, hon." And to Josh's queries, a warm laugh. "You did great, buddy. Now listen, I'm sure you two are going to have a lot to talk about tonight. Just don't forget: she wants this stuff *bad* – bad enough to hire me. And I've done my best to give her exactly what she paid for. But, well..." Alehsa shuddered as she heard the smile in her voice and felt a last maternal pat on her defeated head.

"I guess the rest will be up to you, hon. Have fun!"