Daily Free-Write June 9, 2023: Turned Into a Diaper Dork

"What the?" Derek felt his teeth as he looked in the mirror. Braces. And they were real. "Where the heck did these come from?"

He squinted, and had to put on his glasses to get a better look. Glasses?

"What the heck?! Since when do I wear glasses? Since when do I say heck?!"

Derek began hyproventilating. His own voice sounded strange to him, higher, whinier, and with a lisp. In a word, he looked and sounded like a nerd.

"What the hekth happening?!"

He had woken up feeling funny, but didn't think a lot of it. He had seen the calculus books on the desk in his room. Noticed that the shower head was a bit higher than it was before. Even thought it strange that his body wasn't swole like it should be the day after a huge workout. But this was getting to be impossible to ignore.

"Thith ith impotthib- oh no..." Derek looked down only to see a huge wet spot forming in the front of his spider dude pajama pants.

"Derek! Get ready for school, honey! You're going to be late!"

"School?" he asked, himself. "I graduated yesterday... how can I-"

"Hurry up, sweetie! I put your clothes on your bed!"

Derek winced as he heard the banging on the bathroom door.

"Just a sec, ma!" he called back, wincing as his voice cracked. He did his best to clean up. For some reason there were wet wipes on the toilet, and they helped him at least get the pee smell off of him. He balled up his pajamas and used them to soak up the puddle on the floor and then attempted to hustle out of the bathroom only to be stopped by his mom.

"Hold it right there, mister. Let's see them."

Derek blushed and winced as he handed over his soiled pajamas. His mom pursed her lips and gave him a knowing look.

"Mm, hm. Tried to go without diapers again, didn't you? You know better than this honey. We talked about this. This is why we don't try to potty train you - it's just not going to work."

"But mom!" whined Derek. "I don't need diapers! What's with this geeky getup, and what are you talking about school? I just graduated yesterday!" His mom scoffed.

"Very funny, sweetheart. Now stop goofing off and get dressed. Your diaper is on your bed along with the rest of your clothes. I'll toss these in the laundry."

"This is so *stupid*," fumed Derek, as he stormed into his room and slammed the door behind him. Sure enough, there it was - an incredibly thick and poofy white plastic diaper sitting on his bed along with a pair of khakis, with suspenders, a windowpane button up with a design that reminded him of graph paper, and a colorful plaid clip-on bowtie.

"You've got to be kidding!" he said, smacking his forehead. A few seconds later, his mom barged in.

"You know better than to slam doors in this house! If you're not careful, mister, you're going to be punished. Now get on the bed so Mommy can help dress you."

"I don't need help, Mom," whined Derek, even as his mom picked him up and set him on the bed. He wasn't even sure how that was possible. He should be muscular and heavy as a brick house, not thin and wimpy. He would have to keep wondering, though, because answers weren't forthcoming. His mom was too busy putting him on his back for his diapering.

"I really don't need- mmph!" Derek blushed as he realized a pacifier had been shoved in his mouth.

"Now you calm down or I'll make you wear that to school today!"

*Oh gods please, no,* thought Derek as he sucked on the pacifier desperately. *That's the last thing I need! All the popular kids will laugh at me!*

The pacifier did its job, and Derek was sufficiently pacified as Mom diapered him up and dressed him. The end result after she put on his socks and tied his shoes, was an uber ultra diaper dork whose nerdy nature and bulging baby pants couldn't be missed from a mile away.

"Come on, sweetie. I've packed your lunch already. Now out the door we go!"

The ride to school was humiliating, with Derek sitting in the back seat - and a booster seat no less. They stopped at his high school and sure enough, it was exactly as he remembered it - but wait, this was a year ago. He could tell because the statue he and his jock buddies had defaced was completely unmarred, just as it had been at the beginning of the year. As he stepped out of the car, doing his best to ignore his mom's lovey dovey calls of affection in front of everyone, he looked up to see Dorkster, as he called him. The ultimate school nerd was looking at him with a cocky smirk on his face and his two hands on his hips, only the nerd was looking considerably buffer and more confident than before. And he *wasn't* wearing braces.

"Hey, Derek. How you doing?"

"Dorkster! I should have known! You had something to do with this, didn't you?"

The nerd snort-laughed in response.

"Looks like my invention worked, huh? Welcome back to school, *nerd*. Now it's your turn to see what it's like. You and the rest of the jocks who made our lives miserable. Enjoy your days in diapers, Dorkrek! I'll be checking in on you regularly."

And with that, the bell rang and Dorkster was off, leaving Derek to stand there and ponder his fate. Then he looked around and noticed a group of other nerds standing around and looking similarly vexed.

"Guys? Is that you?!"

It was all his friends. It looked like they had been nerdified too! And every one of them had a telltale bulge around their waist as well!