

Princess Jasmine smiled as she walked with her Royal Guard through the busy streets of Agrabah. Throngs of people moved out her way while going about their business in the local bazaar. The market district surrounded the Palace and stretched from the luxurious capital building to the city's gate. Many fruit stalls, trinket vendors and other merchants called these streets their home.

The beautiful young woman rushed over to one such vendor and gazed at the numerous items left out for display. There were sparkling stones, chains and even a few mirrors. "Take your time, child." A raspy voice, rich in age, caught the Princess' attention.

Jasmine looked up to see an old woman whose wrinkled face was obscured by a dark cloak. Only her white locks of hair, and the lower portion of her face, were visible to the Princess. However, even with such limited information about the vendor, the noble woman assumed that this merchant was very wise. "I actually like this mirror." The bronze skinned girl pointed to a jewel encrusted mirror.

"The mirror is rarely desired by my customers, but I believe that you should look into it and tell me what it is you see." The elder held up the mirror and Jasmine looked at it. Shock spread across her face as she stared at a face she hadn't seen in over ten years. It looked like a toddler version of herself!

"I see a baby in the mirror's reflection. What's that supposed to mean?"

The vendor cackled and grinned a yellow toothed smile. "It's not complicated. The mirror doesn't lie." She thought for second before continuing. "Take it. On the house."

"Weally?" The Princess lisped.

"Yes. Consider it a gift for your service, from the people who inhabite your kingdom."

Jasmine smiled and looked at her reflection again while smiling. The toddler staring back at her laughed a toothless laugh. The princess looked up to thank the mysterious woman, but she had vanished. In fact, the entire stall was gone too!

"Where did the lady go?" She asked aloud to her guard.

He shrugged and looked around. The busy streets surrounded the two and they couldn't seem to locate the strange merchant. After about ten minutes of searching, Jasmine felt suddenly slightly hyper and ran towards the Palace while her protector did his best to keep up. The black haired beauty greeted the palatial guards while running through the gate.

"Hiya!" She grinned stupidly.

The guards did a double take, but she was already climbing the stairs as her Royal Guard stopped at the checkpoint. "She's acting a little off today." He explained to his compatriots while jogging past them. Once, he reached the throne room he saw the princess crying, her clothing was stained with a dark splotch across her crotch.

"I had an accident!" The young woman wailed out.

The Sultan hopped up from his throne and waddled quickly to his daughter's side. "Dearest, what happened to you? You're acting oddly."

"I wet my pants!" The dark haired vixen declared as she continued to sob.

"Oh, goodness no. It's been hard enough finding a suitor for you to marry, but now this" The sultan looked sadly at his daughter. The elderly father turned to the Royal Guard. "Tell me what caused my daughter to behave in such a manner."

"I really don't know. It could be a curse or some type of sinister magic. She did talk to an old woman at the bazar." The muscular defender explained while the girl quietly calmed her sobs.

"Daddy!" The princess lifted her father up and gave him a big hug, spinning him around.

"Okay, dearest, please put me down!" The short rotund man ordered slightly surprised by his daughter's immature reaction and behavior.

Jasmine finally relinquished her bear hug and put him down. "Sowwy, daddy."

"You, go get the Palace Nanny." The sultan commanded the guard assigned to the princess.

"I dun wan a nanny!" Jasmine whined.

"It's only temporary, dear. We have to get you changed out of these wet clothes while I find whoever did this to you." The sultan spoke calmly.

"Okay, daddy. I wan new clothes!" The teenager demanded childishly.

"The Nanny will handle that."

"Yay!" Jasmine shouted with jubilation.

"Your highness, is Jasmine the girl I am supposed to care for?" The nanny asked from the large entrance to the throne room. She stood about six feet tall and was slightly round, wearing a blue dress and white apron.

"Sadly, she is. I know you'll do a great job just like you did years ago. Now, I have to mobilize the guards and track down the miscreant who did this to my daughter!" The sultan proclaimed as his stubby legs carried him past the nanny and out of the Royal chamber.

Jasmine instantly recognized the woman who used to care for her. "Nana!"

"Yes, princess. Let's get you out of those dampened garments and into something dry." The nanny looked at her former charge and thought about how sad it was to see such a smart lady reduced to a bubbly toddler brained girl.

Jasmine stood still with a slight grin on her face. The nanny, while a kindly woman, didn't tolerate dawdling. She approached the black haired girl and grabbed her hand. "Right this way, princess."

"I wanna pway!" The pouty princess whined.

"They'll be plenty of time for play. Right now we have to get you bathed and dressed for the day." The tall woman spoke firmly to the teen who followed her up the massive stairs.

"Fine!" Jasmine pouted. She was almost dragged into the Royal bathroom due to how slow she walked.

"Hold still." The towering nanny ordered as Jasmine squirmed around. She pulled the girl's pants and top off, quickly rendering the princess nude. Before the caretaker could say anything more, Jasmine had already jumped into the bath. Her firm body was coated in bubbles from the lavish soaps and her skin glistened from the water. Nanny helped her sit down in the warm water so she could begin washing the wriggling girl's hair.

"This is fun!" Jasmine called out, once the shampoo had been rinsed from her dark hair. She couldn't help, but act up and splash the water around.

"Please, princess, calm down!" Frustration was an understatement when describing the Nanny's tone. Sure, she has dealt with unruly children in the bath, but a full grown woman behaving like this was a whole new level of annoyance. Not only did it exhaust the nanny, but Jasmine refused to lose any energy.

Finally, the bath was drained and Jasmine found herself being scrubbed dry with fluffy towels made from the finest Egyptian cotton. Jasmine couldn't hold back her giggles. The material from the towel had a ticklish effect on her delicate skin. "Shhhh" A piercing sound silenced the princess from her giggle fit.

"You just wet yourself again!" The nanny couldn't believe it. It's like the girl that stood before her had lost all her potty training. "Great, now I have to put you into diapers."

"Nooo, please nana! No diapees!" Poor Jasmine started crying.

"It's okay, baby. Nanny is not mad." The round woman couldn't give the princess a hard time. So, she brought the nude girl in for a tight hug. Princess Jasmine's mind was warped to an

infantile state and it was her Royal duty to ensure that the girl was given the best care until she was better again.

Once, the vixen's tears had faded, the nanny scooped her up and carried her out into the hall and over to the nursery. It was used for actual babies, but she could ask for a crib and other furniture to be built after the girl was dressed. A few servants stopped and stared at the bizarre scene they witnessed. You had the large nanny carrying the naked princess who struggled every now and then. None knew of the princess' affliction and word spread throughout the Palace while the nanny was getting Jasmine dressed.

In the nursery, the sounds of whining and ripping could be heard. Jasmine had just ripped off another adult top. For some odd reason she wanted to only wear a diaper. The thick cloth was secured by a large safety pin and clung tightly to her legs and waistline. Against her better judgement the nanny gave up. 'The girl wanted to run around in just a diaper, fine. No different than any other baby.'

"I wanna play!" Jasmine wriggled around and fell off the changing table. Luckily she landed on all fours, like a cat, and hopped up happily.

"Princess! Be careful!" The nanny warned, but it fell on deaf ears because the diaper clad woman ran out of the nursery. "Slow down!"

Jasmine felt too excited to slow her pace. She wanted to get out of this boring old palace and play outside with her pet tiger. Again, all eyes were upon the topless princess who wore only a thick cloth diaper. Her breasts bounced wildly despite being firm and taut because of how she ran. The nanny could only apologize for her charge's behavior as she walked past her fellow servants on the way to the garden.

Squeals and laughter drew the regal nanny to the farthest part of the arboreal retreat outside of the Palace, but within the walls of the massive compound. There she saw Jasmine riding on her pet tiger's back.

"Wajar!" The princess lisped in happiness as the tiger approached the nanny. The older woman could only smile and be grateful that the tiger was so well mannered and behaved, unlike the adult baby who sat on it's back.

"I suppose this is okay, Jasmine, but try to stay clean." The nanny stated as she sat by the fountain and watched the teen play with her pet.

An hour had passed by, filled with Jasmine playing hide and seek with her pet. The nanny decided to take this opportunity to tell the carpenter to make some large baby furniture. She also got drinks for herself and the diaper clad princess. She grabbed a jug of water for herself and made a makeshift adult baby bottle for the teen. Upon her return she found Jasmine in the mud, covered from head to toe in the vile muck, slapping the ground.

"No, no, no!" She called out, running over to the dirty girl. "Bad baby!"

Jasmine wore an ear to ear grin that said she could care less about cleanliness. Her boobs were coated in mud as well as her once pristine, white diaper. The garment was brown and rather disgusting looking. The nanny grabbed Jasmine by the arm and gently, but quickly yanked her from the mud pit. Her body was dripping with mud while she was forced to follow the nanny up to the door.

"Nooo! I wanna pway mud pie!" The bratty lady whined.

"No, I cannot allow you to do that." Sternly stated the nanny.

Jasmine stomps her foot like a petulant child. Luckily for the nanny, the mud covered teen didn't throw a full blown tantrum, but she did track mud all the way to the nursery as she was pulled along by her nanny. The servants would not be happy with this development, but it was unavoidable. After all, what could she have done, give the princess a bath in the fountain?

Speaking of baths, the cleaning ritual went by fairly uneventful due to Jasmine's sulking and brooding. She felt like she was being deprived of her playtime. The girl really loved the feel of the mud on her body and legs. It hurt the nanny to see her charge so crestfallen.

However, the nanny recalled a game that she used to play with the princess when she was just a little baby instead of a big one. She put both of her tan hands in front of her face. "Where did Nana go? Where did Nana go?" The nanny cooed.

Jasmine looked up, slightly curious. "Wer you go?"

"Here I am!" The nanny said as she uncovered her face which elicited a fresh round of laughter from the adult baby. The girl's depression quickly vanished and was replaced by her former smile.

This game continued on until Jasmine grew bored of it. Still, she had forgotten about the mud and was content to be carried back to the changing table which was just barely big enough for her. The nanny noticed the new high chair when they entered the room and was pleased that the craftsman had made some progress on the furniture she requested. Hopefully, he'd build a changing table next because, at this rate, the princess would be paying it many more visits before she was cured.

Jasmine laid back naked, kicking her legs, as the nanny noticed that the seamstress must have produced some adult sized baby clothes. There laid a onesie, bonnet, mittens and booties next to the changing table. The clothes were light blue like her original outfit she wore before the incident. The nanny thought about it for a moment and figured that Jasmine probably doesn't want to wear the onesie, but some booties and mittens would be cute on her.

The nanny grabbed one of Jasmine's feet and wrapped it into the thick cloth bootie. The girl looked up, confused by the object on her foot, but she did like how the material caressed her foot. Another bootie found it's way onto the naked woman's other foot. This caused Jasmine to pull both booties towards her face to inspect them and chew on them. While she did that, the nanny tied the string under the girl's chin and fixed the light blue bonnet onto her head.

"Pwetty!" Jasmine lisped around her bootie as she drools on it.

"You sure are." The nanny cooed and patted her bare bum. Still enthralled by the booties and distracted, the caretaker took advantage of the situation and poured a rich cream onto her toned bottom. She rubbed it all over the girl's butt, tummy and privates. Jasmine started breathing slightly faster as her mound was stimulated.

"Pwease!" Jasmine begged.

'Should I stop?' The nanny thought. 'She is an adult regardless of how infantile her mind acts'. She decided to keep rubbing as her princess' pussy grew slick and wet. Manipulating her folds with a loose finger brought the girl to the edge. She slowly started bucked her hips into her

Nanny's hand. This grew into a frantic attempt to achieve orgasm as the bronze beauty continued to moan and began babyish grunts while her hips rocked back and forth.

Out of no where, Jasmine squirted a powerful stream of cum onto the apron the nanny wore. The girl's panting quieted down and she seemed quite relaxed while she laid back against the small table. "That's better, isn't it?" She cooed down at the teen baby.

Jasmine nodded and waited for the nanny to pin her into her diaper, but the fat woman sprinkled talcum powder onto the lotion. Then she brought up another large white cloth and folded it into a thick diaper while lifting up Jasmine's legs and butt. Next she pulled the cloth flap over her bare, hairless slit and then secured the thick cotton garment with a safety pin. The girl felt her loins encased in the gentle bulk, but enormous bulk of her new diaper.

"Okay, princess. Let's try out this new high chair."

The nanny picked up the heavily diapered and tired girl, holding her close to her bosom before depositing her into the sturdy oak chair. She then put the tray in front of the topless adult baby, locking it into place. Free of worry about Jasmine escaping from the chair, thanks to the mittens she just put onto the girl's hand, the nanny retrieved some mashed up prunes from the kitchen pantry.

"It's nice to see you in the same spot." The large nanny cooed at Jasmine, who remained trapped in the high chair.

She gurgles and smiles. "Num nums?" Princess Jasmine lisped.

"Such a smart baby." The nanny praised her oversized baby and spoons up a healthy serving of prunes and brought it to the woman's mouth.

"Open up."

"Aahh." The girl cooed, causing half of the goop to drip out of her mouth and onto her boobs.



"I'm such a silly Nana. I forgot your bib." The nanny chuckled and Jasmine grinned at her with her lovely smile.

This continued until the jar of prunes was empty and the adult baby's firm breasts were covered in purple mush. The nanny grabbed a towel and got it wet before wiping the slop from Jasmine's chest. She had already given the woman two baths, the nubile girl didn't need a third. Finally, her charge was clean and the food had somewhat revived the energy she lost during the eventful diapering.

Jasmine bounced up and down on her thickly diapered bottom, causing her clean boobs to jiggle while she smiled. "Uppie!" The princess held out her hands, waiting for Nana to lift her up. However, she'd have to wait because the tray needed to be removed before that could occur.

"Just a minute, sweetie." Nanny responded sweetly to her charge.

The tray disappeared from Jasmine's view and she found herself being carried by her large nanny. She once again smiled as she was carried past her various servants and workers. They worked with diligence to polish the tiles she had muddied on her earlier trip through the hall. A few looked up, some returned her smile while others gave her a confused look. All of them pitied her, even though she was technically their ruler.

"Look, it's Princess Jasmine!" A young girl, wearing a noble red dress called out, pointing.

"What's wrong with her? A slightly older girl asked, dressed in green.

"Yeah, why is she in a diaper?" The youngest girl, wearing a yellow skirt and top, added.

"Girls, girls. Calm down. The Princess is just playing a game today." The nanny lied. She didn't want rumors to spread that Jasmine was cursed or worse, braindead.

"Oh, like house?" The youngest asked.

"Exactly!" The nanny quickly stated. "Now who wants to play house with Jasmie?"

"I do!" The kid in yellow chimed.

"Me too!"

"I guess that could be fun." The oldest girl stated. "But we need a boy to be the daddy!"

"Eww, boys awe icky!" Jasmine called out, fussing in the Nanny's arms.

The girl's all laughed, including the nanny. Jasmine was lowered to her feet and toddled towards the dark haired girls who looked at her with a slightly awkward gaze. They had never seen the princess in such a state before. Topless, wearing only a thick cloth diaper, baby blue booties, bonnet and mittens. However, her smile warmed them up to the idea of playing with an oversized baby.

"Baby needs some milk." The youngest, wearing a yellow dress, declared and the nanny left to get some.

Jasmine meanwhile crawled to the girl in yellow while the girl wearing the red dress walked over to her. "I know what you're up to Nadine and I want to feed her!" The girl in red declared.

"Too bad, Mellina. I'm going to feed her while you hold her." Nadine boasted.

"Sisters, you can both take turns feeding her." The oldest, wearing green said.

"Yeah, Zarina is right. Let's take turns." Mellina agreed, happy that there was a reasonable compromise to the issue and it was just in time as the nanny returned with a large baby bottle.

"Can I go first?" Mellina asked.

"Certainly. Here you are." Nanny handed the bottle to the girl in red and Jasmine waited on the floor, fussing that she wasn't getting attention. That quickly changed once all the girls gathered around the diapered bronze skinned vixen.

Mellina sat next to Jasmine and brought the bottle's nipple up to her mouth which caused the adult baby to coo and open her mouth. The young teen fed her princess the bottle slowly and when it was halfway through Nadine interrupted the feeding. "Hey, it's my turn!"

Mellina sighed and gave Nadine the bottle. "Be careful and don't rush her."

The nanny took note of how wise Mellina was and praised her. "That's very astute. You'll make a great mother one day."

Mellina smiled and watched her youngest sister struggle to get Jasmine in a good position. Finally, Jasmine sat up and Nadine knelt next to her holding the bottle. It was the best that could be done considering the vast height difference between the girl and the adult baby.

Jasmine suckles happily from the bottle. Nadine felt pleased with the job she was doing until a series of loud farts pierced the tranquility of the scene. "Eww, princess. You're getting too into the baby role." Nadine whined.

The princess' response shocked the sisters. A large yellow stain spread across the front of the diaper as the back expanded outwards.

"Waaah!" The tanned brunette cried loudly.

"Why did she do that?" Nadine asked.

"She wants one of you to change her." The nanny tried not to smile. This would be the ultimate test for any young woman. She hoped Mellina would rise to the occasion and she did just that.

"I'll do it." The girl in red volunteered for the disgusting job.

The other girls took a step back as the nanny laid out a towel. "First you have to console the baby. I'll get a new diaper while you do that."

Jasmine continued to cry wildly due to the huge lump in her diaper. She kicked her legs which only spread the mess. Mellina sat down next to the stinky woman and started rubbing her back. "It's okay. Everything is going to be alright." The twelve year old soothed the large baby.

"Waaah!" The adult cried out.

Mellina brought the princess in for a hug. "Shhh, it's okay, baby."

This warm embrace seemed to calm Jasmine down tremendously. The preteen continued to rub the adult baby's back and finally she ceased crying. "Good job, Mellina. Soothing a fussy baby is a necessary part of childcare." The nanny stated while laying a thick white cloth onto the ground.

"Show off." Nadine mumbled under her breath.

"What?" The nanny asked.

"Nothing..."

"Anyway, let's see what you can do, Mellina."

The twelve year old laid Jasmine down slowly and took out the safety pin which unfurled the dirtied diaper. Mellina had to cover her nose due to how bad the stench was. "Such a stinky baby." She cooed as nanny handed her a clean rag to wipe up the mess. The young girl struggled to clean everything up while her sisters tried not to gag.

After two rags and a lot of powder, Mellina pinned Jasmine into a fresh cloth diaper. Her sisters couldn't help, but be impressed by how she handled the whole ordeal and the nanny showered her praised upon the preteen as well. The girls then proceeded to play various games and took turns entertaining the overgrown adult baby princess.

Soon the sun had set and Jasmine started getting fussy. Once, she started throwing a tantrum, the nanny picked her up and thanked the sisters for playing with the princess. Through the Palace and into the nursery, nanny carried the diaper clad woman. She fought tears, but they

weren't from sadness, but exhaustion. The girl had a very eventful day and most likely everyday from now on would be the same until the sorcerer was located.

The End