

Cindy Marie's

House of Shame



Chapter Two: First Accident
Chapter Three: Bitter Revenge

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Chapter Two

First Accident

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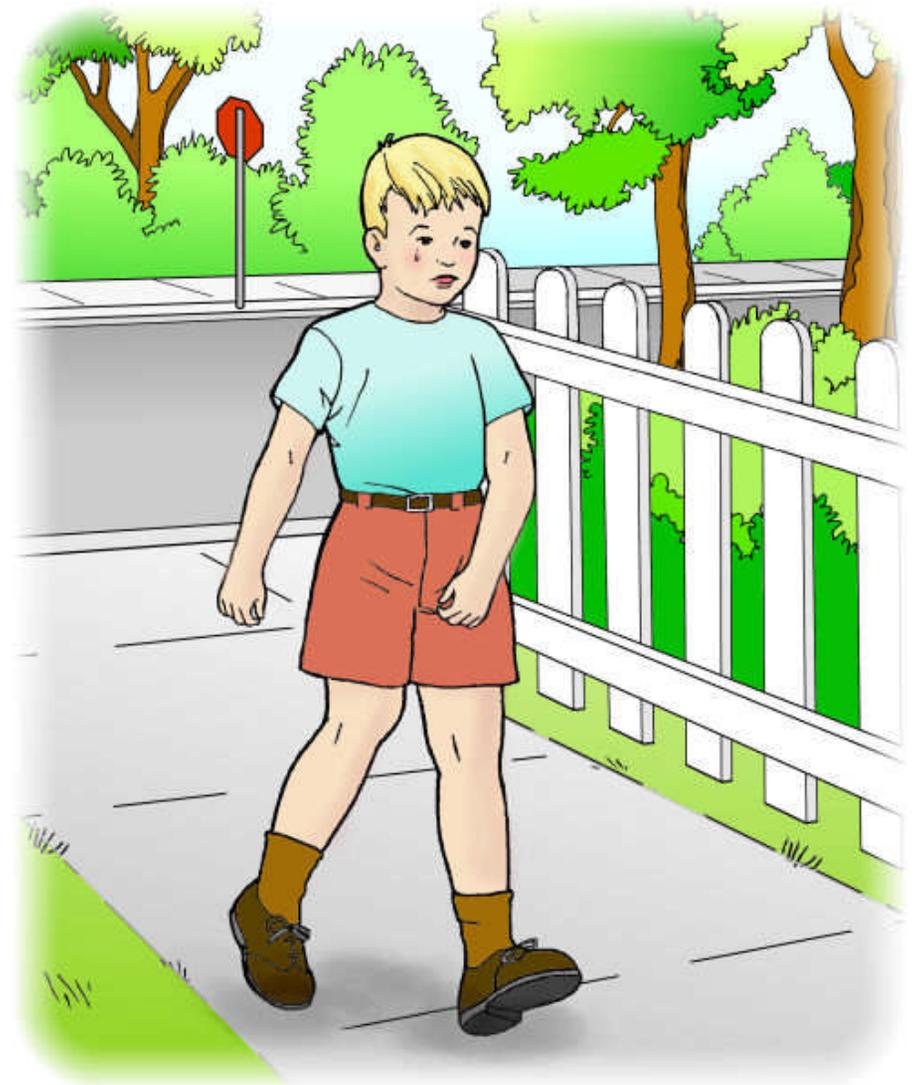
CHAPTER TWO

First Accident

It wasn't but a few months later when I was almost through with the first grade when I was once again subjected to infantile discipline. I was in school just before the bell and needed to use the bathroom. I asked the teacher to be excused but she said since it was close to dismissal, I could wait. When the bell rang, I had forgotten about my need as it seemed to have gone away. However, on the way back to the boarding house, the urge returned only much stronger. I was a little worried but struggled with belief I could still make it home. As I started to run, it got worst but I dared not go behind a tree. (understandably).

Just as I approached the front door, I could feel my pants getting wet as I grabbed myself in desperation and darted inside for the bathroom. My luck wasn't with me as I ran into Mrs. Brown at the foot of the stairs. I tried to turn to hide the fact I was holding myself but she thought I was hiding something I shouldn't have. She snapped, "What do you have there?" I became scared and nervously said it wasn't anything.

Coming up behind me, she grabbed my arm and turned me around to see what I was hiding. It caused me to lose my grip and I started to wet myself even more. Pure terror flooded my senses as she stood back in surprise. "What's this!", she exclaimed as I felt my pants getting wetter. I burst into tears as I tried to explain I couldn't help it. That it was an accident. Looking up, I saw her anger subside and she began to smile.

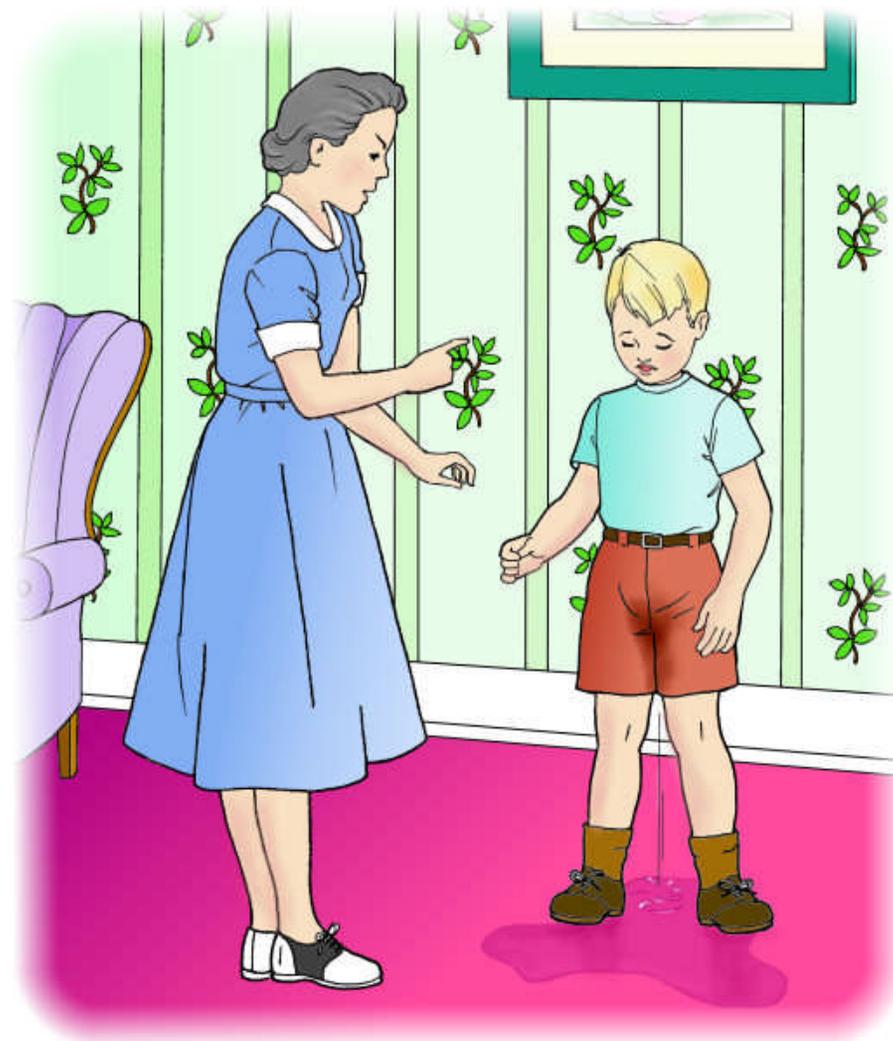


**As I ran, my needs grew stronger
but I dared not go behind a tree. (Understandably)**

I was relieved when she told me to go clean up and get changed into some dry clothes. I darted up stairs and quickly did as told. After changing, I descended the stairs, growing fearful of what was in store for me. I was both surprised and relieved when she acted as though nothing had happened. "That's better. You can run along and play now.", was her only comment. I nervously passed her and with great relief, rushed out the door.

By supper time I had nearly forgotten about my accident and everything seemed as usual. By bedtime, it was completely forgotten. One by one, we boys climbed the stairs for our baths and when it was my turn, I followed suit. When I got to the top of the stairs, Mrs. Brown stuck her head out from her bedroom and stopped me. "After your bath, come by my room.", she said calmly. I didn't think much about it as I continued with my duties. Once I was finished and in clean underwear, (we always slept in our underwear), I went down the hall to see what she wanted. I knocked on her door and she opened it, telling me to come in. As I entered I started to feel puzzled as to what she could possibly want just as the door closed behind me.

"Your to sleep in here tonight.", she said as I became more confused and slightly alarmed. Looking around the room, I asked where? Pointing across the room at the baby crib, she said, "Your to sleep there." I immediately went numb and started shaking but surprisingly I didn't cry. It was as though I'd learned to shut down as a way of reacting to things I couldn't deal with. Taking my hand, she directed me to the crib and after lowering the railing, ordered me to climb in as she helped lift me over the rails.

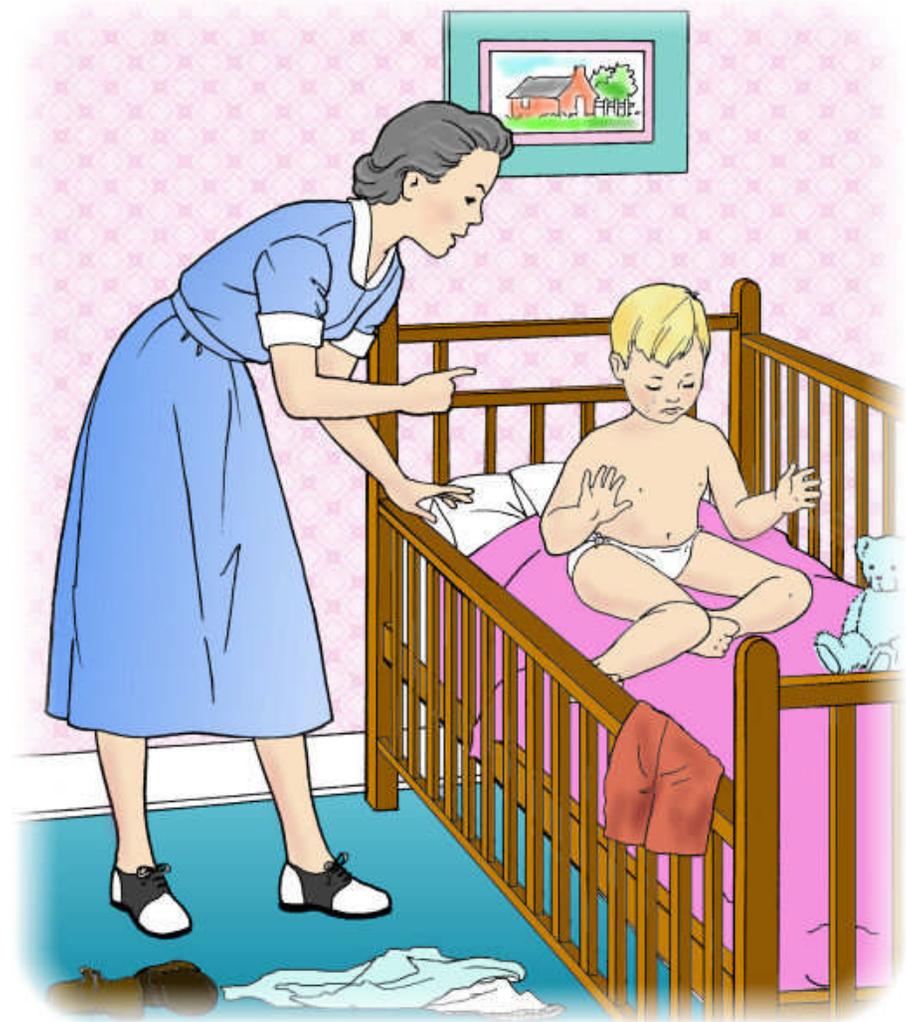


**"What's this!", she exclaimed
as I felt my pants grow wet.**

She told me to lay down and as I did, I felt my head and feet almost touching the head and foot boards. I remember wishing I was just a little taller so I couldn't fit. Leaning over the railing, she asked "Do you know what happens to little boys who wet their pants?" Now I started to cry as the reality of what was happening became real. "You'd better be quiet if you don't want the other children to come in and see what a cry baby you are." I tried to stop crying and managed to quiet down but my tears kept flowing as familiar feelings of shame returned.

I remember thinking how odd it felt to be so high off the floor as I watched her go over to her bed. Looking up at the ceiling, I tried to shut out what was happening but quickly turned back as she again approached. Waving some diapers in my face, she said, "Since you can't seem to control yourself, I guess you must still need these." I cried for her not to continue with pleas I won't have any more accidents but she just laid the diapers down beside me and reached for my underpants. My head started to spin as I felt her tug at them while telling me to raise up.

When I resisted she warned "I'd better settle down or she'd get the others to come in and help?" That put fresh new fears in me as I dropped back down in panic. "That's better. Now if you do as your told, no one else will have to know what a little baby you still are. If not, I'll see that you remain in diapers for the rest of the week. Do you understand?" I quivered from my pending shame as I helplessly surrendered to her demands. I was at her mercy as she again told me to raise up a little. Flash backs to my last experience with diapers returned as I felt my underpants slip down and off my feet.



You'd better settle down or I'll have the other children come in and see what a little baby you are.

Once again I experienced the shame of being reduced to babyhood as the degrading fabric was slipped under me. I stared hard at the ceiling, trying to disassociate myself from what she was doing. "Now spread your legs apart.", she ordered. As I did, she held up some baby powder. "No Please Don't", I cried as she proceeded to sprinkle it over my groin. "There, Now you smell just like a real baby.", she smiled as she gently rubbed it in.

Grabbing the corners of the diapers, she pulled them up and pinned them snugly about my waist, first one side and then the other. Picking up my underpants she said, "You won't be needing these for awhile. Now don't you dare climb out of that crib until I say you can." Helplessly, I watched through the railings as she left the room leaving me to dwell on my degrading status. Memories of my past diapering returned along with the visions of the other children laughing. I prayed they would not find out and see me like this again.

That's the last thing I can remember until waking up in the morning. The room was empty and felt cold as I looked around, wondering what was to happen to me now. Being restricted from my usual bathroom run didn't take long before demanding attention. I tried calling out for Mrs. Brown but feared being very loud and alerting the other children. If I can just slip into the bathroom and get back before Mrs. Brown returns, I thought. Not knowing what else to do, I slipped my leg over the railing and lowered myself to the floor. Just as I was about to enter the bathroom, Mrs. Brown came up the stairway and seeing me, grew angry as she quickly grabbed my arm and dragged me back to her room.

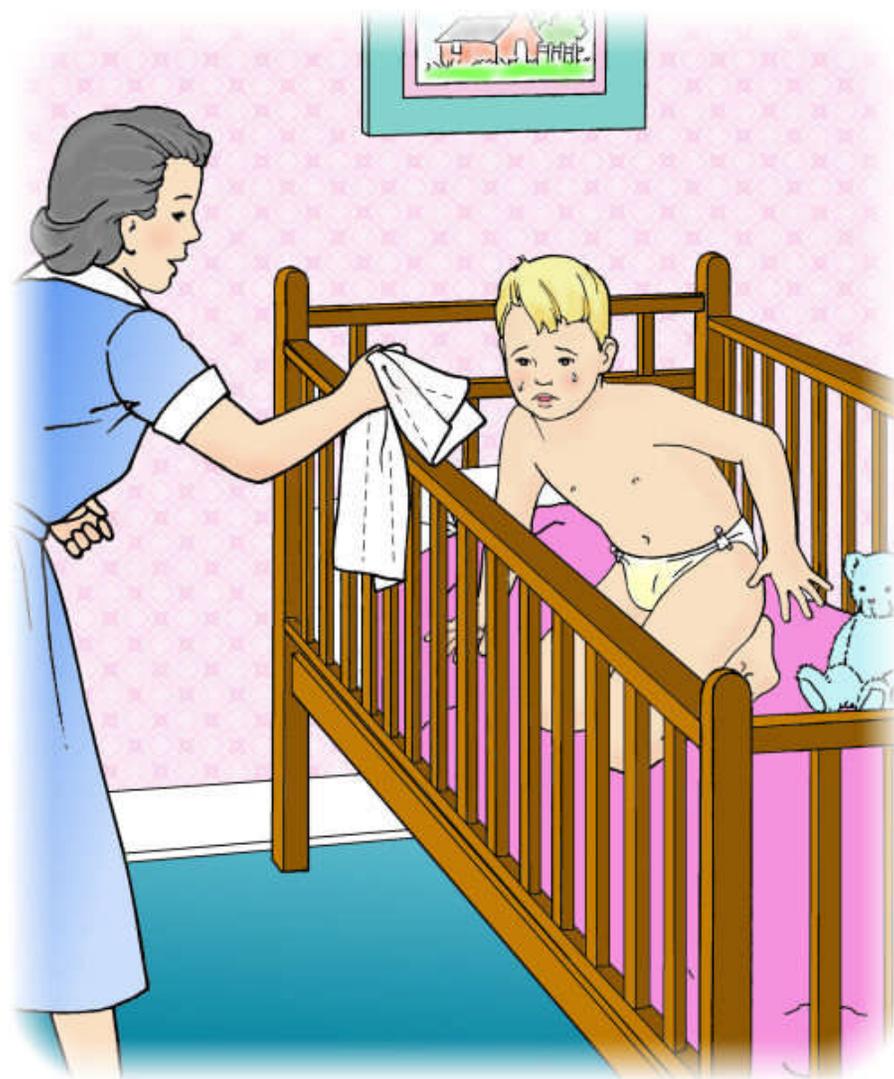


I grabbed the railing just as I felt myself give in and again felt the shame of wetting myself.

“What did I tell you about getting out of the crib before I said you could?” I was coming to let you up but since you insist on misbehaving, you can remain in bed until lunch. “But I need to use the bathroom.”, I cried. “Well, since you decided to disobey me you can just use your diapers like they were made for. Maybe you’ll learn to mind me in the future. I pleaded as hard as I could but she wouldn’t listen as she forced me back into the crib.

“Now you had better quiet down or I’ll give you something to cry about. Hopelessly, I watched as she turned and walked away while repeating I’d better not try and get up again. I was horrified that I was once again going to suffer the humiliation of wetting myself. My stomach cramps grew stronger as my body slowly betrayed me and surrendered to its demands. Grabbing the railing, I thought only of the shame as my groin grew warm and wet. The pee ran to my knees as I tried to scoot to a dryer part of the crib. Grabbing the blanket, I pressed it between my legs in an attempt to stop but it was hopeless. I burst into tears as I fell back against the rails and buried my face in my hands.

Hearing my cries, Mrs. Brown returned and seeing my condition, proceeded to tease me about my being such a naughty baby. “Does baby need his diaper changed?”, she tormented. Her unmistakable delight ripped at my soul as she went to the baby’s dresser for some fresh diapers. She kept telling me what a baby I was as she skillfully took her time changing me to stretch the humiliating moment. I was then told to climb out so she could change the sheets. I felt so infantile as I stood there in just diapers and watched as she remade my baby prison. “

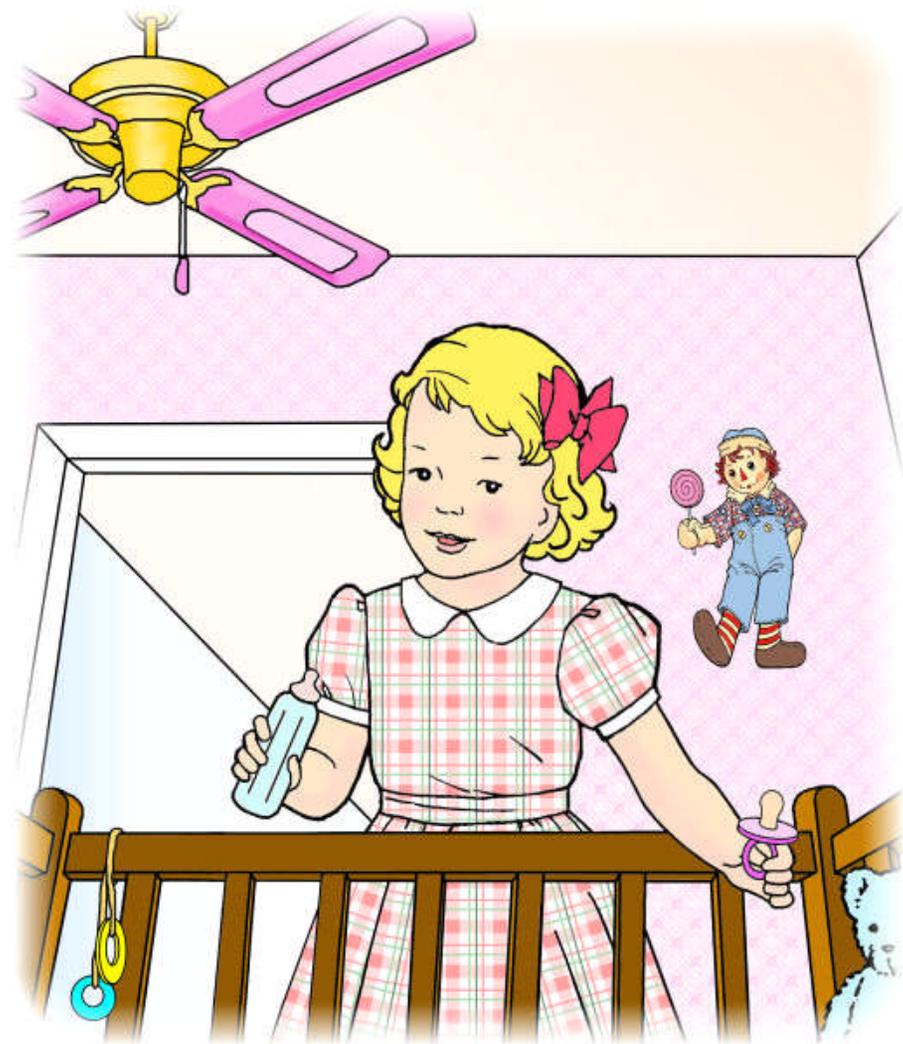


She cooed and talked to me like I was a real baby as she changed my freshly wet diapers.

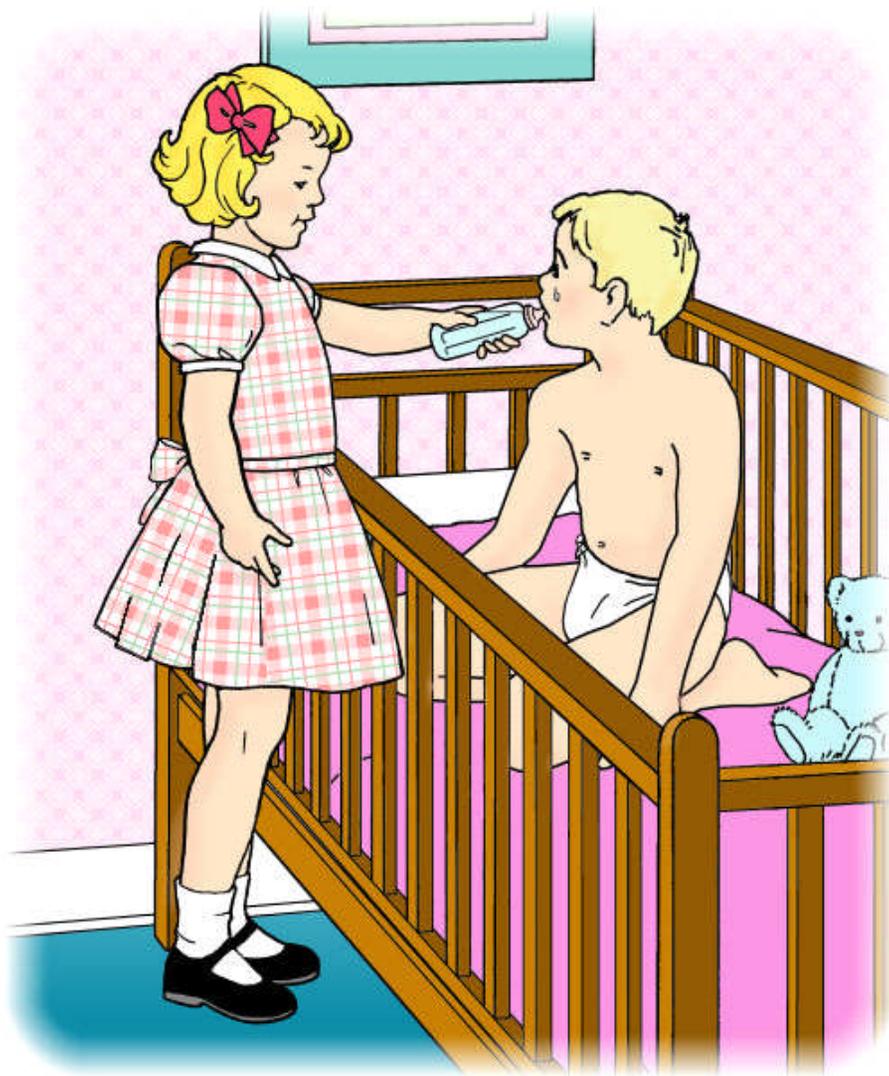
After helping me climb back in, she told me to lay down and go to sleep like a good baby. I laid there and watched her leave wondering why I was always the one being punished this way. I couldn't remember ever seeing the other boys being put to shame like this. The fresh diapers felt warm and soft as I closed my eyes and tried to escape this nightmare with sleep.

I don't know how much time had past before I woke to someone calling for me to wake up. Sitting up, I rubbed my eyes thinking it was lunch time. I felt excited that my punishment was finally over. But it wasn't Mrs. Brown greeting me. It was Carol! "Oh No!", I cried as I sat up and grabbed the blanket to hide myself. "Mom wanted me to bring you this", she announced as she held up a bottle of milk. I burst into tears as she grinned while holding it out for me to take. "Come on and take your bottle like a good little baby.", she giggled.

I turned my head away trying to resist further humiliation but she quickly told me I'd better take it if I didn't want her to tell her mother I was misbehaving. I could only whimper as she stuck the nipple in my mouth and held it up while ordering me to drink it. I felt helpless as I took the bottle and laid back down. I was overwhelmed with shame as I sucked on the rubber tit. She just stood there and watched with delight, occasionally telling me what a cute little baby I made. It seemed to take for ever to empty the bottle as I sucked as fast as I could, trying to end this torment. When finished, I handed the bottle back to her only to have her hold up a pacifier and order me to put it in my mouth.



**“You’d better take this or I’ll tell mom.
Do you want her to come and give you a spanking?”**



“Now drink your bottle like a good little baby.”, she laughed as she pushed the nipple between my lips.

Just then, Mrs. Brown came in and told her to leave. I could see Carol frown as she turned and stepped into the hallway. “So do you think you’re ready to be a big boy again?” My heart started to pound with excitement of this torment finally ending as I quickly responded rather loudly, “Yes!” “Very well then. You can get up and go change into your own clothes.” I can’t begin to describe the joy I felt at those words as I hurriedly climbed down and darted for the door.

“Just a minute young man. I’m not finished with you just yet.”, she snapped. I froze in horror fearing she might have changed her mind. “Come back here.” I could feel my body start to shake as renewed fear flooded my senses. Looking down at me with a slight smile, she said, “Do you remember why you were put back in diapers?” I stuttered meekly, “Be-Because I had an ac-ci-dent.” “That’s right! And how do I know you won’t have another accident and wet your pants again?”, she smiled, waiting for my answer.

I could hear Carol giggling in the hallway as I looked up at her mother with terror in my eyes. “I promise I won’t have any more accidents. I really, really promise.” Looking at small tears forming under my eyes, she said, “We’ll I don’t think that is good enough. You’re going to have to prove you are really ready to be a big boy again. Do you think you can do that?” “Yes! I’ll be a big boy.”, I pleaded. Looking pleased at my desperation, she replied, “O.K. But just to make sure, I think we need to have you wear some diapers under your regular pants for a few days just to be safe.” I jumped back in total fright at her words as I burst into tears while pleading not to have to wear diapers anymore.

“Please don’t make me. I promise I’ll be really good. Please, Please, Please.”, I cried frantically. “Would you rather remain in just diapers for the rest of the week or wear your clothes over them? It’s up to you.”, she asked more as an ultimatum than a question.

“Until you show me you won’t be wetting yourself again, you will remain in diapers for a few days. If you don’t have another accident by next weekend, then I’ll give you your regular underwear back. Now don’t give me any back talk or you’ll remain in just diapers. Now get to your room so I can get you properly dressed. I was crying harder now as I turned to enter the hallway. Carol was standing to one side with a big grin on her face as I sheepishly walked past with my head hung down.

True to her word, my regular underwear was returned by the following week but not before everyone knew of my infantile attire and had many hours of teasing me, either calling me baby names or asking if I needed my diapers changed. Sometimes they even forced me to suck on my thumb or they’d tell everyone at school that I was wearing diapers under my clothes. Mrs. Brown kept her words and helped me whenever I needed to go to the bathroom but having her re-diaper me each time was so humiliating.

Long after my regular underwear was returned, the other boys would often ask if I needed my diapers changed. Though I felt angry and wanting to strike back, all I could do was hang my head and cry, dying a little more each time they tormented me. Carol was no better as she often asked if I wanted a baby bottle, giggling as my face turned bright red with embarrassment.

Cindy Marie's

House of Shame



Chapter Three
Bitter Revenge

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CHAPTER THREE

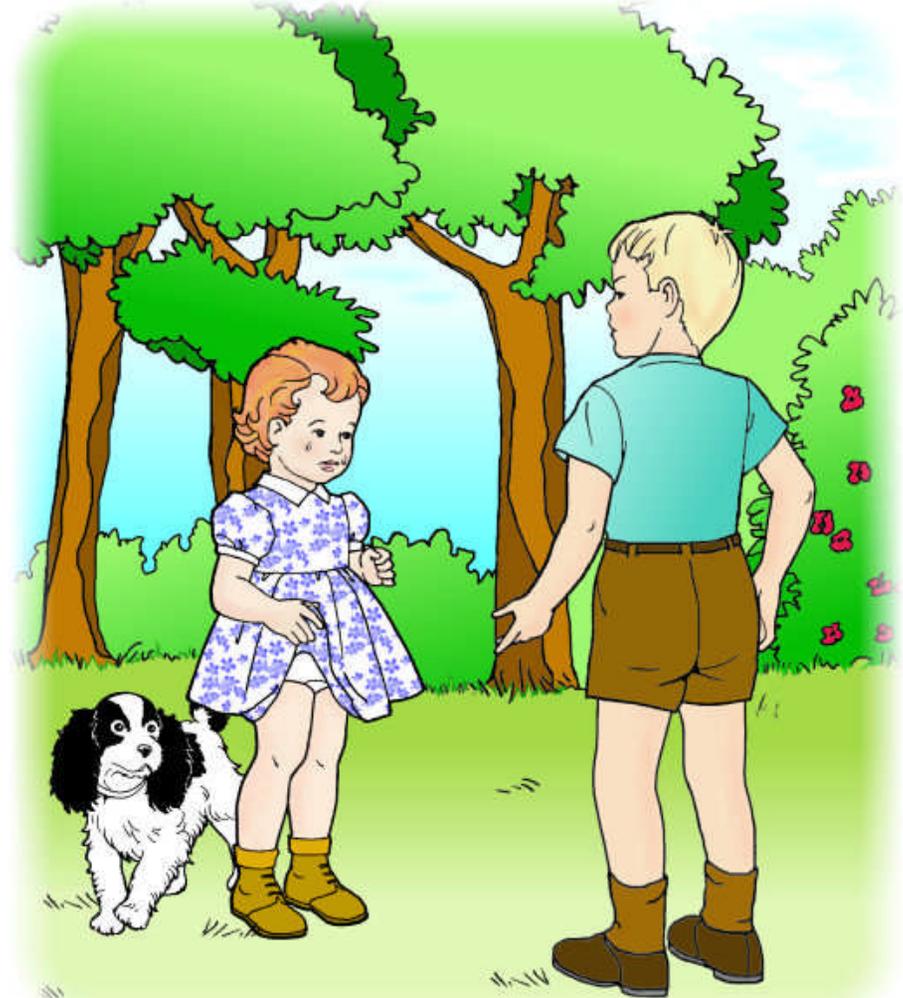
Bitter Revenge

I felt intense anger and resentment for being humiliated by the other boys and even worst by Carol. I wanted to be the one laughing while someone else was being humiliated. Then one day, while I was in the back yard, I saw the little girl next door. She was only four and an easy target, I thought. I started teasing her, accusing her of still wearing diapers. She began to cry as she insisted she didn't. I kept teasing, demanding she showed me as she slowly lifted her skirt while crying even harder.

I felt pleasure in seeing someone else suffer for a change as she started to bawl. I didn't think about consequences until I saw her mother approaching angrily. I immediately stopped in fear as I turned to run away. "You stop right there young man.", she demanded as she asked her daughter what was wrong. I was scared as the girl told her what I'd said. I could see she was angry as she stood back up.

Grabbing my hand, she took me back to my house and knocked on the door. I was begging her not to tell on me and that I would never do it again but she just kept knocking. Mrs. Brown opened the door and invited her in asking what was wrong.

"Seems this young man finds enjoyment in tormenting my daughter.", she responded in a now calmer tone. I could see Mrs. Brown's eyes grow wider as she stared at me. She told Mrs. Brown how I teased her daughter, accusing her of wearing diapers and of my repeatedly lifting her dress.



**I bet you still wear diapers like a little baby.
Does little baby need her diapers changed?**

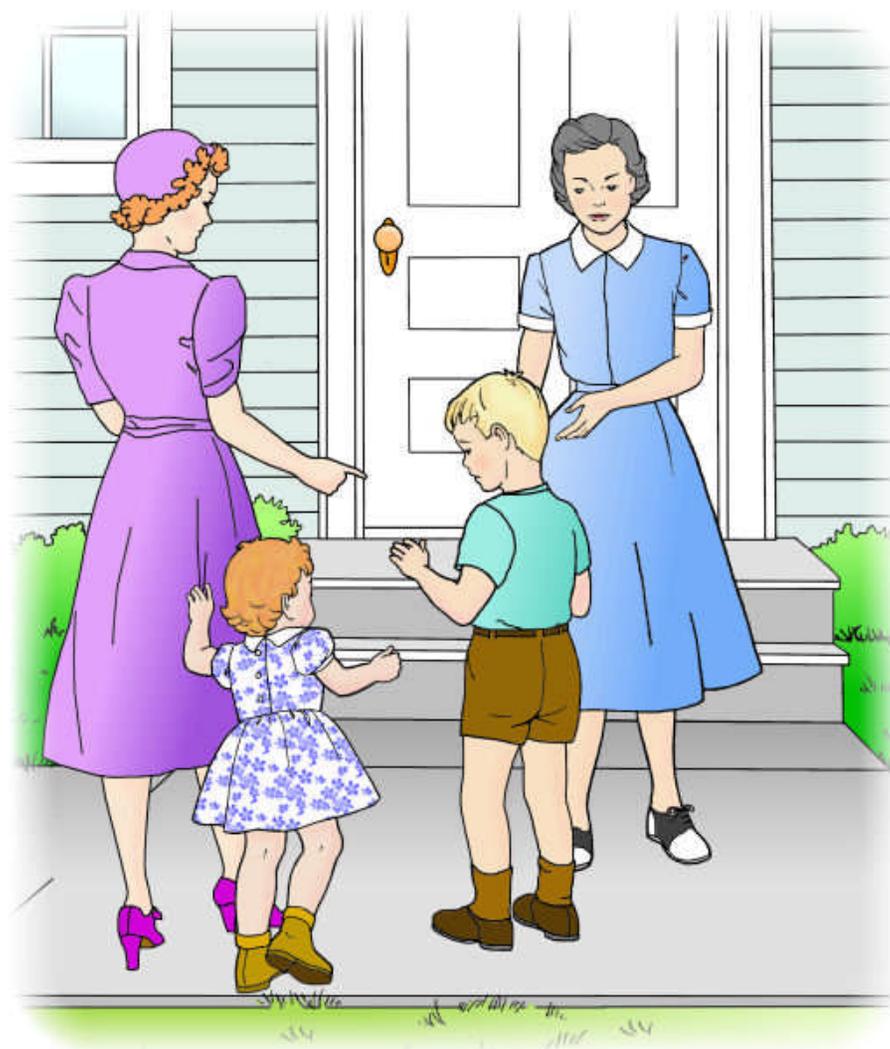
I will take care of it. she promised assuring the mother it wouldn't happen again. I was shaking now as I watched the two woman walk to the door and after a few more words, the mother left. "So what do you have to say for yourself?", she snapped with increasing anger.

I had no excuse as I cried, promising I'd never tease the neighbor girl again. Oh I know you won't. When I'm through with you, you won't dare torment anyone else ever again. Now go back outside and I'll tend to you later.

By the next day I had almost forgotten the ordeal as nothing seemed to have come from it. It was a couple more days before I discovered all wasn't forgotten and payment came due. I was playing ball in the yard when Mrs. Brown called me in and told me she has a surprise for me. At first I was excited by her words but quickly felt something else was intended as she told me to follow her up stairs to her room.

When we got there, she reminds me of the other day and that it's time I learned a lesson. She told me to go sit on the bed as she went to the closet. I was really scared and shaking as I watched her, fearful of her wrath. When she returned, she held up a little yellow dress and told me it was for me and ordered me to get undressed.

I burst into tears as I stared at the dress and saw the word 'BABY' sewn on it's front. I begged forgiveness but she just repeated for me to get undressed. As I removed my clothes I watched her go across the room and when she returned, I saw what else she had planned for me. "Oh No!", I cried as she held up some diapers to further torment me.



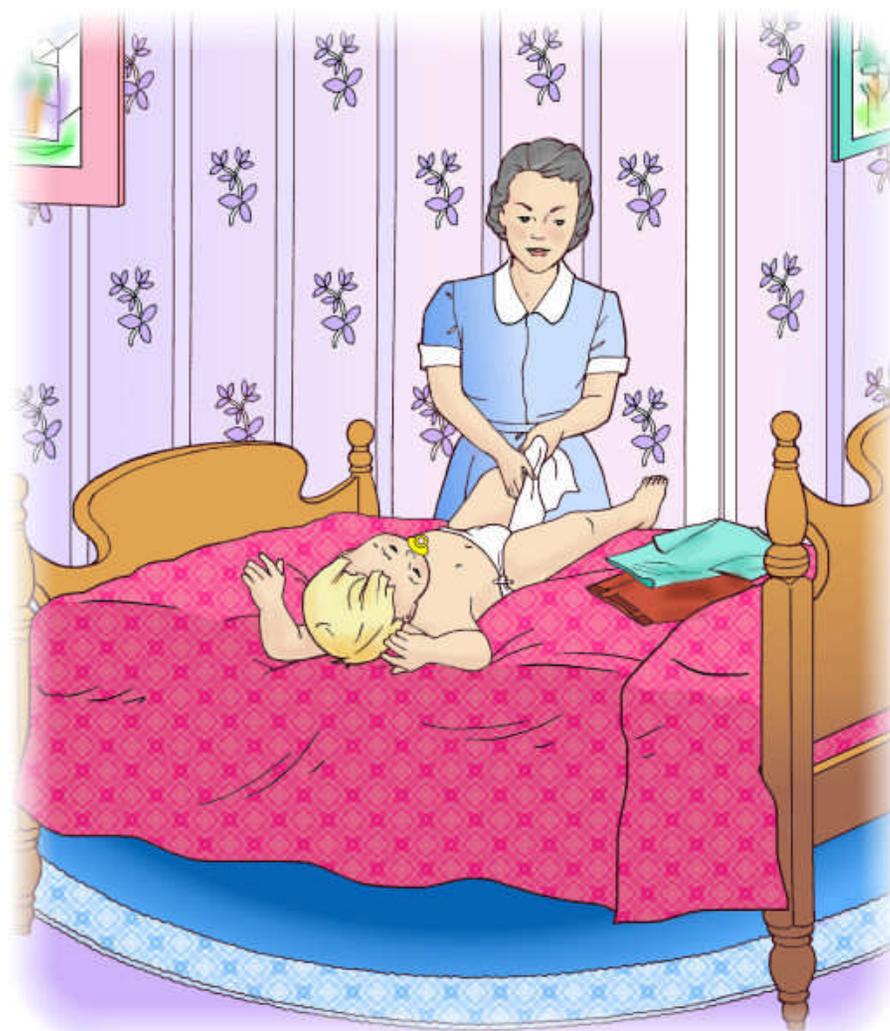
Don't worry. I'll see to it that he thinks twice before teasing your daughter or anyone else again.

I pleaded not to be put in diapers again only to be reminded how I thought it fun to tease the neighbor girl. "Now it's you who will be a little girl in diapers and you'll be the one humiliated and laughed at." Forcing me onto the bed, I was soon diapered. "Stand up now and let's get our little baby dressed.", she smirked with delight. It was obvious she was enjoying my torment as she held up the dress. It was also obvious she had deliberately made the skirt extra short so my diapers would be clearly visible.

I burst into uncontrollable tears as she slipped it over my head while telling me what a cute baby girl I was going to make. She then turned me around and buttoned me into my agonizing prison of shame. Next came some yellow socks to match the dress.

"Look what I managed to find.", she smiled as she held up some shiny black Mary Jane shoes. "I think they will fit you just fine. Every little girl should look her best when she goes out." When she goes out! Now I was engulfed with horror as she ordered me to sit on the edge of the bed so she could slip them on.

I was still reeling as she fastened each shoe's buckle. "There, now you look just adorable. After a quick brushing of my hair, she picked up a pacifier from the table and stuck it in my mouth with a warning I'd better not remove it or I'd remain dressed like this all week. I was helpless to her every whim as she led me down the hall though I kept pleading not to be shown to the other kids. You should have thought of that before being so hateful to that poor girl next door. Now stop dragging your feet and move along, little baby.



"Now it's you who will be a little girl in diapers and see what it feels like to be laughed at."

“Hmmm. We can’t be calling you ‘Baby’ all the time. We need a proper name for such a sweet little girl. I know. We’ll call you Cindy. Yes! Cindy Marie. How do you like that for your new name?”, she asked. I didn’t answer as all I could think of was the dread of the other children seeing me and tormenting me further.

As we descended the stairs, I looked down and noticed how my skirt kept bouncing up and down like a ballerina’s tutu. The bulky diapers constantly reminded me of their presents as they kept my legs spread apart, forcing me to walk slightly bowlegged. My shame grew with each step as I felt myself waddling like a real baby .

When we reached the bottom, she turned me towards the kitchen and told me to go wait for her there. I stood by the table as images of my earlier diapering on it kept haunting my thoughts. My attention turned to the doorway when I heard the other children gathering. I could feel myself start to shake wildly now as I feared the humiliation I was about to endure.

They didn’t even wait until everyone had entered before the roars of laughter tore at my soul. I couldn’t help but burst into fresh tears as everyone circled around me and tormented me with what a sweet little baby girl I was. The older boys kept lifting my skirt much like I had done to the neighbor girl and I felt so embarrassed as I struggled to stop them.

“We’ll, how does it feel to be teased?”, sneered Mrs. Brown. “Now you can experience what you were doing to the poor girl next door.



It was obvious she was enjoying my torment as she held up the dress she’d made for me.

I cried so hard, I let the pacifier slip from my lips and fall to the floor. One of the boys picked it up and started to put it back but Mrs. Brown stopped him. "It needs to be cleaned.", she said as she went to the sink and rinsed it off. She then handed it back to the boy and told him he could stick it back in my mouth. I tried to resist only to be warned of a spanking if I didn't take it.

I opened my pursed lips as the tit slipped in muffling my cries. The boys continued to chant what a little diaper girl I was as I helplessly stood shaking with shame. I didn't think anything could get worst until one of the boys started teasing, "Does baby need her diaper changed?" They repeatedly lifted my skirt while asking if I was wet. I tried to step back but was stopped by Mrs. Brown as she held me still for their pleasure.

Just then I heard renewed laughter coming from the doorway. There stood Carol roaring with delight at seeing my plight. "Oh My Gosh!", she announced with excitement. I couldn't look at her as my shame grew. I could only cover my face as I cried. She promptly came over and joined in by saying how adorable I was. "You look so pretty in your little dress.", she giggled with joy.

"What are you all dressed up for?", she asked as her mother explained. "She thought it fun to tease the little girl next door and so I thought she should get some of her own medicine. I was about to take her over to apologize when you came in." Grabbing my arm, Mrs. Brown led me to the back door and ordered me into the yard. I begged to stay inside but she wouldn't hear of it as she gave me a hard swat on my rear and forced me through the door.



I begged to stay inside but was giving a hard swat on my rear as she forced me out the door.

Following me into the yard, she grabbed my hand and led me over to the neighbor's back door. "Since you find it fun to humiliate our neighbors, I think you need to see just how it feels." I pleaded I wouldn't ever do it again as she proceeded to knock on the door. Terrified of the shame I was about to endure, I pulled hard trying to break free of her grip only to feel it tighten making my hand hurt.

"Now if you don't settle down and behave, I'll give you something to cry about. Now stand still or I'll give you a spanking right here in front of everyone." Her words had the desired effect as I stopped fighting and started to bawl like the baby I was dressed as. My blood turned cold as the door swung open and the mother stood looking down at me. Mrs. Brown told her I wanted to apologize to her daughter for the way I had behaved. I glanced up at the mother only to see her pleased expression as she invited us inside.

I was shaking violently now as she called her daughter to join us. My tear drenched eyes could hardly see the little girl's gleaming smile as she entered the room but there was no mistaking her laughter. After my prompted apology, I was instructed to go back outside until she was ready to leave. I pleaded to have my own clothes back only to have her say I was already wearing them. "When you show me you're ready to act properly, then I'll consider it but until then you are to remain dressed as you are as a reminder of how cruel you treated our neighbor. Now don't make me tell you to go outside to play again.

I was horrified as I stepped out on the back steps and saw the little girl trailing right behind me. "You two girls had

better play nicely and don't you get your pretty dress dirty Cindy. I was completely numb as I stepped onto the lawn. I still had the pacifier in my mouth but my cries could still be heard for a distance as the other children gathered around me. They started to chant what a sissy baby I was and of how cute I looked in my new clothes.

The oldest boy was the first to start teasing me about needing a diaper change as he lifted my short skirt so everyone could get a good view. I pulled the pacifier from my mouth and yelled for him to leave me alone but it only encouraged him further. "You'd better put your wittle dummy back in your mouth or I'll go tell.", he sneered with pleasure at his control over me.

Carol darted inside as I felt panic of her telling her mother about my taken my pacifier out. The boys could see my worry as they tormented I was going to get a spanking now. I cried harder as I feared they were right. Just then Carol returned as everyone burst into further laughter. My eyes grew larger as I saw the doll she had fetched for me. "Pushing it into my arms, she demanded I hold her dolly like a good little girl.

I let it fall to the ground in defiance only to have Carol picked it back. I'll tell mother about the pacifier if you don't take the doll like a good little girl. The boys roared as I reluctantly grabbed it and cradled it in my arms. "Look at the baby playing with her dolly?", laughed David as he nudged the others to continue teasing me. The little girl next door just starred on with puzzled delight not really understanding the cruelty of my tormenting peers.



**See the pretty little girl wearing diapers
just like a real baby.**

I looked down at her smile as the shame of my being dressed even younger than her sank in. She mimicked the others calling me a baby as she pointed at me and giggled. Even though she didn't fully understand, she did delight in seeing me dressed as baby. David stepped closer and again lifted my dress so the little girl could have a better look at my shame. "See the little baby wearing diapers.", he taunted as everyone laughed louder.

The teasing went on for what seemed hours before they tired and things settled down to an occasional giggle or two. By mid afternoon, everyone moved onto playing, ignoring me as though a real baby with only an occasional chuckle directed my way.

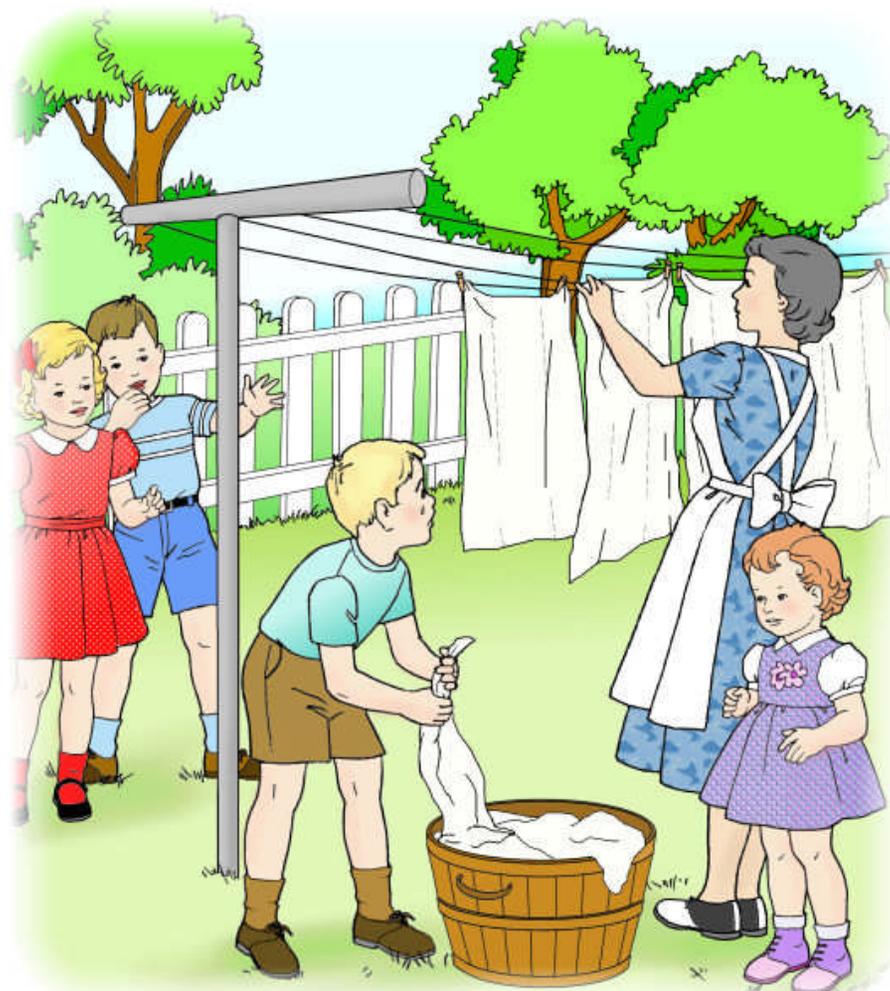
My mouth was becoming sore as I dared not remove the pacifier but I did finally lay the doll down on the steps without much notice. No one noticed my squirming as I felt the need to pee build until I became panicky. It became obvious as I helplessly grabbed myself and darted for the back door. Oh No! The door was locked. In horror, I knocked as hard as I could, pleading to be let in but no one answered.

The others came running and stood at the steps as I burst into tears while pleading for them to leave me alone. "What's the matter, little baby? Does baby need to go to the bathroom?", gleamed David as everyone began to chant. "Baby's wetting her diapers. Baby's wetting her diapers.", they sang as I turned my back and felt myself give way to my needs. I cried so hard, the pacifier fell to the puddle forming on the deck. Even the little girl started to join in as my diapers began to droop from the weight.

My shame was complete as I dropped and set in my own wetness. My head hung as I could only cry at their tormenting chants. I was once again reduced to the status of a real baby. Just then the door opened and there stood Mrs. Brown with a pleased smile. "What have we here? Does my baby girl need her diaper changed?", she teased for the sake of the others entertainment. "Come on in so we can get your diaper changed.", she ordered as I slowly stood up and meekly slipped in side.

Gratefully, she kept the others outside as she ordered me up stairs to the bathroom. I just looked down at the floor as she undid the diapers and let them drop to the floor. Picking them up, she put them in the diaper pail as she told me to turn around. I felt so shamed as she unbuttoned the dress and removed it well telling me what a bad baby I was. After a bath, I was asked if I'd learned my lesson about teasing the girl next door. I humbly said I did as she told me I could go get back in my own clothes. "But you'd better today or you'll be back in a dress and diapers only for a much longer time.", she warned as I darted for my room.

Over the next few weeks I was subjected to further humiliation as a reminder whenever she took the laundry out to be hung up. She would order me to hand her the freshly laundered diapers as she hung them on the line. The feel of the wet cloth ran chills up my spine as I picked up the white fabric while the other children looked on and giggled. Would I ever live down the shame of my diaperings? I wondered with doubtful despair.



She ordered me to hand her the freshly laundered diapers as the others looked on and giggled.

