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# THE SPANKING OF SISSY SOPHIE

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A Short Story



BecomingBabyAgain

Sophie knew the rules. If all the chores hadn't been completed by the time mistress came home then she'd be in for a fierce punishment. There were 5 sissy maids in the house overall, each one tasked with keeping the house tidy and in order while mistress was away at work.

Everyday, the routine work of dusting, tidying, hoovering, and preparing the evening meal would begin as soon as mistress left. She would also make sure to throw in little extra tasks to make sure that there was no slacking: waxing the car, mowing the lawn and the laundry. If ever she came home to find something lacking, or not up to her standards she would make sure that the culprit was harshly punished. The little sissy girls had no pride and would quickly rat-out the girl who had failed in her tasks to avoid the humiliation and shame of a group punishment, and they each knew from previous experience just how awful they could be.

One of the girls had once failed to clean each of mistresses shoes "despite *literally* having all day to do it!", and so mistress decided that the best punishment would make her realise just how important her shoes were. She made sure that her sissy was dressed up in the tightest and shortest pink dress, with slutty makeup (but no shoes) and drove her to a remote truck stop about a 2 hour drive from the house. Before she drove off and left her, she made it clear that she didn't care exactly how she did it, but that the sissy was to be back home in time for tomorrows chores or she would ship her off for "re-education". The girl only just managed it with minutes to spare, being dropped off in a truck just as mistress stepped out of her front door for work. Later at night when the girls were alone lying close together in the same small bed, she told them all about her fate. Each time a truck had pulled in, she would climb up and practically beg for a lift offering anything they wanted. She spent all evening taking dirty sweaty truckers cocks in her mouth and shoved up her ass, but most of them would then just throw her out of their cabs and drive off laughing. She only managed to get a lift from the last guy if she promised that for the entire journey, she'd be between his knees with her lips wrapped tightly around his cock which was awful when he just let a stream of his piss empty down her throat.

The day before had been unbearably hot. It was the peak of summer and the heat hazed around, hanging thick in the air, but there was no let up in the chores. Mistress also insisted that the girls continue to wear their black maids uniforms with white knee length socks. With a tight corset around each girl and a thick petticoat fluffing up their dresses, it was simply too hot and the girls drank gallons just to carry on. But they soon discovered the consequences.

Each night, the girls were put to bed in one double bed to share between the five of them and they were expected to stay there until morning. If mistress heard of discovered otherwise then there would be trouble. And so each night the girls would lie tightly pressed up against each other, but all the water had really got to Sophie. She knew that she wasn't able to get out of bed but the desperation to use the toilet was rapidly growing, she could feel the pressure building up on her bladder. She whispered to the other girls

"I really need to go to the toilet!" she urged

“Just wait” her neighbour said

“Don’t you dare get out of bed!” another growled.

“But I really need to!” she whimpered

“Just be quiet and go to sleep” another murmured.

But Sophie couldn’t, and she started to squirm. The other girls grew more and more annoyed being huddled tightly together in this heat with one of them struggling about. The pressure was overwhelming. Sophie tried to move her hand down to try and quell the pressure but it did nothing, then she felt a little spurt leak out. A tiny little patch appeared on her pink panties, and she panicked. Her thoughts raced but it was inevitable, another little spurt made the patch grow and she felt a little drop roll down the inside of her thigh. Then the floodgates opened, there was no holding it back as she felt the amazing relief of her piss soaking through her panties and flowing into a growing puddle under her. The other girls felt the wetness seeping into the mattress around them.

“Are you peeing yourself?” they all whispered harshly

“I couldn’t help it!” Sophie squealed as she wrinkled her face up trying not to cry.

“Shush! Don’t let mistress hear you!!”

“Just go to sleep, it’ll probably dry by the morning in this heat!”

By the morning, when the girls woke to their 5:00am alarm ready to prepare breakfast and get mistress ready for her days work. The bed was still damp, and there was an obvious large oval patch. Sophie covered it with the duvet just before she left the room, praying that mistress wouldn’t see it. She tried to rationalise with herself saying that “mistress probably won’t even go into our room, she doesn’t normally in the morning! It’s fine, I’ll clean it up when she’s at work!”.

The mistress, dressed in a smart business suit, had come downstairs and was greeted with a small breakfast buffet of pancakes, fruit, and cereals, with tea, coffee and juices. Nothing was left to chance and preparations were always ready for whatever she wanted. This morning she helped herself to a small bowl of muesli and a glass of orange juice while flicking through the news on her phone.

Without pausing from eating or looking up from her phone, she spoke. “Which of you wet the bed last night?”

The other girls answered immediately, “it was Sophie, Mistress”

“I see, well Louise and Melanie, if you go into the cupboard next to the stairs you’ll find a pack of pink adult diapers. When I go out to work, I want you to make sure that Sophie is

wearing at least double diapered, and all toilet privileges of off limits for her until further notice, understand?"

"Yes mistress!", "Of course mistress!"

As soon as mistress left for the work, the girls pounced on Sophie forcing her down to the ground, lifting her dress up, almost ripping her panties off and taping two thick diapers tightly around her waist. Sophie knew that she would get no sympathy for anyone, all the girls hated each other, so she quietly slunk off to the room to cry and try to dry off those wet sheets. But the thought struck her, she had wet the bed last night and so she hadn't needed to go to the toilet this morning but... at some point in the day she would definitely need to use her diapers. Would mistress punish her for using them? Surely she wasn't supposed to keep them dry all day? Especially if her toilet privileges had been withdrawn!

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Around lunchtime, her thoughts became true but much worse than she had imagined. Again the heat was unbearable again so she kept drinking but in small little sips to make sure that she wouldn't fill her bladder up until the diaper was taken off. Hopefully she could keep it dry all day! But she felt her stomach gurgle slightly, and she immediately realised that she needed to go to the toilet. She was halfway through the dusting of the living room when she almost bend double trying to control herself. One of the girls noticed and yelled to all the others,

"Hey! Sophie's about to mess her diapers!"

"No?!"

They all quickly ran into the room and laughed as they watched Sophie in a half squatting position and a strained look on her face. They all heard as she let a little fart slip out and little panting grunts falling out of her mouth. Suddenly they all saw the diaper, peeking out under the short maids dress, bulge outwards and droop as it filled with a warm thick mess. Each one of them came forward and started to grab and poke and the full diaper in hysterics. With each finger that jabbed into her diaper, Sophie felt the gooey mess squish around in the seat of her diaper. Sophie knew that there was no chance of getting out of that diaper. Mistress had made it clear that she wasn't allowed to use the toilet and she hadn't mentioned any option of having her diaper changed. Sophie carried on cleaning for the rest of the day, feeling the fullness of her diaper with each move.

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Mistress came home as usual at 6pm precisely, and each girl lined up at the side of the door ready to greet her, take her coat and bags and be ready for whatever she wished. Today as soon as she stepped through the door, her nose wrinkled in disgust.

"What is that awful smell!" she groaned

“It’s Sophie, mistress” one girl said

“Sophie?” she questioned, “wait, Sophie come here!”. Sophie stepped forward from the line and came face to face with her mistress.

“Turn around and bend over!”. Sophie did as she was told but gulped as she knew what was coming. Mistress pulled open the waist of her diapers and glanced down inside.

“Oh my god!” she said, “you’re really fucking pathetic! I expected you to probably wet them a little but this is way too much! Could you not hold it in just for a couple of hours?!”.

Mistress threw down her things and dragged Sophie by her ear over to the couch and reached for a paddle that she kept in a little drawer in the table. She pushed Sophie over her knee and called for all the other girls to stand silently and watch. Then she lifted up the little skirt of Sophie’s maid outfit, revealing her entire diaper and started vigorously spanking Sophie over her knee, each time squashing the mess deeper around her diaper. Every so often she would reach and peek into the waistline of her diapers, mistress was trying to turn her sissy girls cheeks red even through the padding of her diapers! It wasn’t long before Sophie had tears streaming down her face and was squealing in pain. Mistress stopped and addressed her other girls.

“From now on, Sophie here is to be kept in diaper 24/7, and she is only allowed to be changed when she is messy, and only with my permission for her to be changed. This should be a warning to any of you other sissies who lack any control! You don’t want to become a perverted sissy diaper freak too do you?!”