

By a quarter to six Kylea and I were up, dressed and she was nursing Jr while I cooked breakfast for the three of us plus our expected guest. As I finished plating the pancakes and bacon the doorbell rang. Checking the clock I see it was six on the nose so I walk over to the door in my shirt and apron which covered my diaper from view and I open the door. Standing there was Fury himself with a large suitcase in his left hand while his right hand held the princess, a slightly pudgy panda girl, who was dressed in boring looking shirt and pants which didn't hide her diapered state.

“Good morning Agent Blue. Here is the package. There is a bit of additional info in the bag.” He said gently pushing the girl into the house and setting her suitcase inside the door.

“Thank you Agent Fury. The package is in good hands.” I say shaking his hand and then shut the door setting the locks in place.

Turning to the princess I say, “Hello your highness. I am Saber, your bodyguard for the next few days. Come into the kitchen and sit. I just finished cooking breakfast and I'm sure you're hungry.”

Pouting she walked to the kitchen at my side crinkling loudly from her diaper which I could tell was rather thick just because of the curve of the seat of her pants. Sitting down in the chair I had pulled out for her she said nothing and waited for me to put the food on her plate.

After plating 4 pancakes and a few slices of bacon I say, “Lao Mai would you prefer Orange Juice or milk?”

“Juice.” Was all she said, though her tone was slightly rude.

Kylea opening her mouth stopped what she was going to say when I hold my hand up. Getting the juice carton out of the fridge I pour a small glass of juice for her and Kylea who was

putting food on her plate with one hand while she cradled Jr who was still nursing from her contently with the other.

After plating my own food and sitting down I pour myself a glass of juice. As I eat I watch her like a hawk waiting for any sign of clue that she may act up at any moment. And moments later my suspicions are rewarded.

Spitting out her food the princess says, “This is disgusting. How could anyone eat this crap it tastes like burnt crane turds.”

“That is extremely rude Lao Mai. I worked hard on cooking breakfast so that you wouldn’t have to go several hours before you got something to eat. This is prepared properly and is perfectly edible. Not everyone has money to buy the ingredients for the richest foods there are. Now you apologize for being rude and eat your breakfast.” I say firmly to her as Kylea and Jr stare in shock at what the girl had just said and done.

“And if I refuse? Not like you can do anything to me I am a princess and if you touch me I will have your head.” She said with a sneer.

“If you refuse I will take you over my knee pull down your diaper and spank your rude self-entitled little butt until you can’t sit down. Your father gave me full disciplinary measures when my boss called with him on the conference call.” I warn her growling deeply.

“Bullshit. Daddy would never do that. I’m his only child and he wouldn’t risk my happiness like that.” She said crossing her arms.

Standing up I walk around the table and pick her up around the waist and walk back to my bedroom and grab the paddle off the changing table then I walk back to the kitchen where Kylea had started to feed Jr some solid food from the remaining pancakes and bacon. Sitting

back down in my chair I put Princess Lao Mai across my knee and pull her diaper down in one smooth movement.

“HEY LET GO OF ME YOU BIG BLUE BASTARD I SAID LET GO. YOU CAN’T DO THIS.” She screamed over and over during the walk.

“I can and I will. You have broken several rules we have in the space of 10 minutes you are going to get punished soundly for it and you will continue to be punished for any further bad behavior. You were very rude about my hospitality. Swore at me when you thought I was bluffing about your father giving me full discretion over your discipline and then you called me a swear word twenty-five times between picking you up and getting the paddle to spank you with and coming back to the kitchen. That has earned you fifty strokes you little brat and you are going to feel every single one.” I say firmly as I raise my hand and deliver the first one with a resounding *CRACK*

Yelping in pain at the first one she sees I was dead serious about not only being allowed to punish her as I saw fit but that she was going to get a spanking for real and says, “I’m sorry I’m sorry. Please stop I promise to behave.”

“It is too late for sorry miss you chose to act in a way you knew was going to get you punished and now you are going to be. You’re apologies will only be accepted once you have gotten every stroke you earned and stood in the corner till you calm down.” I say loudly over her and continue to give her each and every swat she earned with the same force as the initial one.

By the time I was finished she was reduced to a bawling blubbering mess and her backside was a deeper red than a perfectly cooked tomato based sauce for pasta. Pulling her diaper back up over her backside I stand up and move to the closest corner and stand her in it. “You stand right there and don’t turn around or move out of this spot until I tell you to. If you do

I will rewarm your backside with ten more strokes.” I say before going to sit down and eat my breakfast with Kylea giving me a slight nod and Jr looking a little scared of me but mostly because he didn’t think I would go through with as many strokes as I had due to my being lenient with him and reducing the number of spanks he earned when he behaved and held still instead of struggling and trying to get away.

As the three of us ate the princess bawled herself dry and slowly started to calm down to the hiccups stage and then finally the trembling and sniffing stage. By the time Kylea, Jr and I finished our breakfast Lao Mai was deathly silent. And after putting our dishes in the sink with the exception of hers and her glass I walk over to her kneel down and gently turn her around, “Now have you thought about what you did and why you were spanked?” I ask

She nodded but refused to say anything either because her throat hurt from her crying or because she was biting back some insults to throw at me I couldn’t tell. “And are you going to be rude to me, Kylea, or Jr. again and stop using swear words?”

Lip trembling she says, “I w...won’t b...be r...rude or...s...swear w...words a...again.”

I hug her and rub her back saying, “Then you are forgiven. Just so you understand how things work here dear I do not bluff, I do not lie, and when I tell you that something you do is wrong and you need to apologize you best listen because if you refuse I or my wife will put you across our lap and spank you. I will talk with you in private later so you know what words are swear words here now I’m going to sit you at the table and you need to eat your food. We do not waste food in this home and we do not get new food until our previous plate has been cleaned.” Then I picked her up and sat her on her backside causing a pained whimper before I pushed the chair back in so she could eat.

Slowly she picked up her fork and knife and began to eat this time swallowing her food and behaving properly. When she was done she looked at Kylea as she couldn't see me and says, "I'm sorry I was rude and mean. I have no excuse for acting that way that is any good. May I please be excused now ma'am and be taken to my room?"

"You may. Saber will show you there." Kylea said getting up herself and walking to the living room where she was intending to watch some TV now that she had eaten.

Pulling her chair out I take Lao Mai by the hand and lead her towards her luggage which I then proceed to carry to the guest room where she would sleep and I put her bags next to the changing table there which was stocked with diapers, wipes, powder, diaper rash cream and baby oil as sometimes Jr's table ran out and he needed a change or for when my sister and her cubs came for a visit.

As we get there she blushes hard and tugs on my hand gently for attention. Turning to her with a slight crinkle of my diaper I ask, "Yes dear what is it?"

Blushing hard making her black and white face turn a serious bruise color due to the color mixing's she points at the changing table and I look over at it then back to her. "Are you asking for me to change your diaper?" I say kindly.

"Y...yes sir...please change me." she said politely as she shifted on her feet and continued to soil herself on both sides.

Waiting until I no longer heard the hiss of her peeing I pick her up and lay her on the table and then bend down to her suitcase and open it up enough to find her diapers. Seeing a package that took up half the suitcase I pull it out and open it removing one of the diapers and proceed to inspect it in admiration at the quality and thickness. Laying it on the shelf next to her where the supplies would go for quick access I put the rest of the supplies I needed up there from

the storage shelf and then remove her pants and hang them on the corner then proceed to change her. Removing the soiled brief I quickly wipe off her front and then take her by the ankles and lift her up to wipe the soil from her backside. This was particularly painful for her as no matter how gentle a person could be when you get spanked fifty times hard with a paddle on your bare butt you won't be able to keep from having pain when wiped down, even with wipes with aloe in them to sooth the skin. Once I had her cleaned off I toss the wipe into the diaper and get a second one and with some great manual dexterity I insert the wipe into her bottom and clean her out there before tossing it in the used diaper as well and sliding it all into the waste pail for them.

As I lay her down to unfold her clean diaper she says, "May I ask a p...personal question?" Causing me to guess she had been staring at my diaper the whole time.

Lifting her up I slide the diaper in place and say, "You may. However I may or may not answer it all depends on how you word the question."

As I start applying baby oil to her she gasps at the coldness of the oil and says, "W...Why...why are you wearing an Adult diaper? Are you ill or something?"

Keeping silent a moment I try and figure out how to best answer her as I powder her crotch and bottom up causing her to whimper more at her backside being touched. "I am not ill no. However I DO need them. I used to be in the military and on a mission with my squad I suffered an irreparable injury which left me with the inability to control when I pee." I say finally.

She looked sad but said nothing like she was unsure what to say or even if she should say anything. Pulling the front panel up between her legs I hold it down tight as I reach to the back and rip the tape up and fasten it snugly to the front and then repeat the process with the other

side. After sliding my fingers through the leg holes to set the leak guards I put her on the floor on her feet waiting for her to decide what to do next.

Looking around for a moment her eyes kept coming back to two things, the first being the minibar in the room which was next to a rocking chair and the bed which had about a dozen small fluffy soft pillows. “W...what’s in there.” She asked pointing to the minibar.

“Why don’t you go open it and see?” I say nicely giving her permission to actually explore.

She took a step forward but then stopped remembering her diaper was on full display. “Can I have my pants back first please?” She asked a little embarrassed.

I shake my head and say, “No you can go as you are. While you are inside the house and backyard you will go without so I can keep an eye on your diaper’s condition. It is the same rule I have for Jr and even for myself. The reason I do it as well is because I have absolutely no feeling of needing to pee or even when I do go pee. So I can sometimes end up being in a soaked brief for hours unless I stand up and find out I did so. With the diapers in full view it makes it very easy to see when one of us has gone. This way if you go and are embarrassed to be asking for a change I will see it anyway and you won’t have to ask. Go on now you can go explore the room and then the house.” I then give her a little push in the back to get her walking.

Blushing she goes about looking around the room and getting to the minibar she sees over two dozen baby bottles in it with chocolate milk, apple juice, grape juice and regular milk. She blushes harder and then glances over to me before shutting it quickly. Walking away from it she heads towards the door and I follow her to see where she goes next and watch as she literally walks right into Jr.’s room and looks around at the difference between the two. Again there was a fully stocked changing table, minibar, and rocking chair but the bed was about half the size as

the other one though it had raiseable bars on the side so as to prevent him from rolling out of bed and hurting himself. She also noted the big toy box and looks at me and points to it.

I nod and say, “You can see what toys he has. He knows better than to tell other children they cannot play with his toys. The only one we let him keep to himself is a custom plush I had made for him that looks like me.”

She scuttles over to the box in a fast waddle run as the combination of the thick diaper and her sore bottom impeded her normal movements and getting there she opened it and saw mostly baby toys but there were a few toys she would play with. A couple of plushies and a box of Crayons connected to a large sketchpad. Pulling them both out she says, “I can play with these?”

I nod and say, “Of course you can. Let me hold them and you can continue to explore first.” And I hold my hands out for them to which she complied quickly. Waddling out of the room she looks into my room and sees the changing table and how some of the diapers were pink and giggles before heading out towards the living room where Kylea and Jr were sitting on the couch.

When she got there she surprised Kylea and myself and got down on both knees and placed her forehead to the floor both hands making a diamond shape in front of it as said, “I am most sorry for my behavior. I was very wrong in how I acted and brought dishonor to myself and my ancestors and dishonor to you and yours. I beg you forgive me lady.”

Kylea not knowing what to do says, “I do not know how to answer you in your own custom so forgive me for just answering in mine dear. I forgive you for being bad. Sometimes children misbehave and need correction this is a fact. But the way Saber and myself work is once punishment is delivered, regardless of how long it takes, the one who was bad is forgiven once

punishment is over. There is only one exception to this and that is to adult criminals who murder, rape, or anything else that bad. They can only be forgiven by their respective gods.”

Straightening up Lao Mai gets to her feet and walks over to Kylea and hugs her leg. “Thank you lady, it is appreciated that you wanted to reply in my culture. But it is a long dance of et...eta...eti...”

“Etiquette?” Kylea said helpfully.

“Yes ma’am that. Normally I would not only apologize as I just had and then you acknowledge me I would then have to beg for ways to show my being truly sorry. Even so much as begging another spanking.” She said letting Kylea go.

Remembering that there was a packet inside her luggage that Fury said was additional info I say, “Alright then dear we will talk about things like this a little later. Here’s the toy and coloring stuff you wanted to play with. Kylea dear can you watch her a moment while I check something.”

She nodded and said, “Alright then.” As Jr. snuggled into her side ignoring everyone as he watched the cartoon on the TV.

Giving Lao Mai the coloring pad and crayons and the plush I hurry to her room and check her bag fully and find the packet that Fury had mentioned. Opening it up I start to read and the first page was a list of allergies that Lao Mai had along with foods she was forbidden to eat all the time and I nod agreeing that too much soda, candy, and other junk foods were bad. I rarely kept soda in the house as it was and even then it was usually diet soda. The second page is what surprised me. It said basically that if she were to earn a spanking Lao Mai was to do the following things before actually being spanked. This could be waived for the first spanking if the packet had not had a chance to be read yet.

First she had to take both hands of the guardian and declare clearly she had been bad. The second step showed her stating exactly what she had done wrong. The third showed her saying that she deserved a spanking for said behavior and in the fourth panel it showed her actually asking to be spanked. Under the panels it said, “Four Step Process for Spanking.” And then it had a few website addresses that were supposed to show the efficacy of this method of spanking as analyzed by famous psychologists. At the foot of the page it noted that if there were two guardians in the household or place she was at she was expected to do the process with both totaling no more than fifty strokes.

Going to the living room I hand Kylea the packet and take Jr. into my lap so she could read it. Lao Mai meanwhile was occupied with coloring a picture in the sketch book showing great skill in drawing that I had not expected for someone her age.

Kylea having read the second page looks at me with a “you want to do this?” look on her face. I give a shrug and nod then say, “Lao Mai come here a second dear.”

Looking up Lao Mai sees Kylea holding a hand out to her and she gets up gingerly and waddles over, looking scared. “I not in twouble again is I?” she asked nervous.

“No dear we just want to talk to you about this packet we were given about you.” Kylea said picking the girl up and carefully sitting her on her lap.

“The first page tells us what you are allergic too and foods you are limited for. You don’t need to worry about allergies because we don’t have any of those foods in the house and those plant’s don’t exist here. The food is restricted here anyway so again no big deal on keeping your exposure to it to a minimum. What we wanted to talk to you about dear is the second page. It describes something called a four step.” I say kindly and at the words four step she flinched and moved her hands to her bottom lip trembling.

“Then you have had it done before. Can you demonstrate it for us once? I promise this is just a demonstration and you won’t be spanked.” Kylea said wanting to see it in action so she could understand how it looked.

Looking scared she shook her head saying, “no please...if I do it you has to pank me please no ask unless I earn one please.”

Rubbing her back Kylea shushes the girl and says, “Okay, okay you don’t have to show us yet. It’s okay dear you’re not in trouble.”

Slowly she calms down and says, “I...I can tell you about it but...I’d rather not unless I has ta.”

“That’s alright dear you don’t need to. If you end up earning another spanking we will go from there.” I say patting her on the head.

Sliding off Kylea’s lap Lao Mai rubbed her eyes sort of groggily and looking at the clock on the wall I say, “Well we’ve been awake since 0600 it’s now 0845 I think it’s time for you and Jr. to have a nap.” I then stand up with Jr in my arms and hold my hand down to the princess who looked like she wanted to argue but her sore bottom and lack of energy decided for her to just obey. Leading her to the bedrooms I lay Jr. down first then take the princess to her room and tuck her in. “I’ll come back in a couple hours to check on you and wake you for lunch. You be good and take a nap.” I said before walking out of the room and turning the lights out as well as shutting the curtains.

Back in the living room Kylea and I snuggle on the couch for a while and quietly talk about perhaps being extra strict with her to change such dangerous behavior that she seems to exhibit already. “So you want to skip all other forms of punishment with her and go right to spanking then? I agree she is exhibiting signs of giving us much grief but should we really jump

to that right off? I just don't want to do that and get into the habit and turn that on Jr." I said quietly as I rested my head on Kylea's lap staring up at her.

"Well. I just don't think telling her no or time outs will stop the behavior as well. You saw how she acted right off when told to apologize for being rude. She didn't show actual remorse until you gave her fifty strokes. I just don't know dear how do you think we should handle it?" she replied petting my head and gently rubbing my ears causing me to purr again.

"Well I think we should treat her the same as Jr. with the exception of her rudeness. She was snotty and rude right off the bat and we had not done anything yet so I think that should be an automatic spanking, as should be threats, violence and of course potty mouth words. Anything else is like what we do for Jr what do you think? Of course we would do her four step thing to see how well it works and affects her."

"Alright we'll try that. Why don't you take a nappy too sweetie. You have been working so hard for your job and then two missions back to back you deserve one. I'll take care of the princess if she wakes up before you do." Kylea said kissing me on the lips and giving my diaper a gentle squeeze to see if I needed a change.

"Alright love but wake me up if she earns a spanking the 4 step clearly stated both guardians in the house." I say with a yawn and nuzzle her stomach before falling asleep.