

This was, without a doubt, the most embarrassed Carrie had ever been in her life. Not that there was a lot to compare it to (she was still a preteen after all) but she was pretty sure she would never live this down, even if she lived to be one hundred.

She had a babysitter, for the whole weekend. A babysitter! It was like her mother thought she didn't know how to order a pizza or do laundry. Like Carrie needed someone to keep her from leaving the house--As if she would! It was humiliating beyond compare. She was way too old for this crap. Having someone check up on her once a day would have been slightly more allowable, if a bit annoying, but noooo, her mother had to have someone stay for the weekend, the entire weekend. It was completely unacceptable, and somehow, that wasn't even the worst part.

Because it was *her*. It had to be her. Ruth Wilkins, *the* Ruth Wilkins. One of the coolest, prettiest girls in this podunk town. Nobody wore skull earrings like she did. Nobody held a cigarette like she did. Nobody could sneer like she could. She radiated coolness--no, she hemorrhaged the stuff. She couldn't contain it if she tried, as far as Carrie was concerned. There was no girl in Watersville, or the world, that Carrie wanted to get closer to. Even now, here, in a kitchen embarrassingly decorated with hedgehog-shaped cookie jars and polka dot curtains, she managed to be an oasis of aloofness. Maybe it was the punk rock princess outfit, or her apathetic pose. It didn't really matter. In any other situation, Carrie would be falling over herself with embarrassment (the good kind, that is), ecstatic to see her biggest crush here, in her house. At this moment, it was a nightmare come true.

Carrie tried her best, though. Before Ruth arrived, she made sure to change into her most goth-looking outfit, complete with black permanent marker on her little claws. She leaned against the door frame leading into the kitchen and stared at her fake cell phone, trying to look as nonchalant as she could while she eavesdropped on Ruth and her mother's conversation. Ruth looked like she hadn't noticed her, which was about the best Carrie could hope for.

"Now make sure she's in bed by eight o' clock," Carrie's mother said. The smile she wore seemed like bait to get Ruth to return the same, but the teenager wasn't biting.

"Uh-huh," Ruth said flatly. How did she manage to look Carrie's mother right in the eye, reply, and still seem like she wasn't paying attention at all? Carrie would have swooned if she wasn't in "cool, unaffected" mode.

"Try to make sure she's up by eight. She has a tendency to sleep in." Carrie was unsure if Ruth would think that was cool or not. She hoped the former; teenagers sleep in a lot, right? It sounded like there was a slight smile in Ruth's next reply, but Carrie couldn't be sure.

"Uh-huh."

"Make sure you stick to the meal schedule I've laid out, but don't worry, there's plenty of snacks if you two get hungry."

"Uh-huh."

"Bathtime is at seven o' clock, no having friends over, and if you have any questions you can call me," Carrie's mother said, counting off on her fingers, "But if it's an emergency and you need help right away, call our neighbors, the Addams. I've already told them you may call."

"Uh-huh."

"Am I forgetting anything? I don't think so. Hmm..." As Carrie's mother rubbed her chin, the little girl's heart soared. Maybe this weekend could be salvaged after all. Her mother wasn't being that embarrassing (for once), and Ruth looked like she couldn't care less about this job. Perhaps Carrie would be lucky, and Ruth would spend all of her time on her phone or watching tv. If Carrie could prove that she could take care of herself just fine, maybe this would be less of a babysitting job, and more like an extended hang. A discreet grin formed on Carrie's face as the far-flung possibilities swirled around in her head. It was a longshot, but a girl could dream, right? That hope was short-lived.

"Oh, right," Carrie's mother suddenly said, expression as bright as a new morning despite the devastating payload she was about to unleash, "Make sure Carrie wears her pull-ups to bed. She has a little bed-wetting problem."

The kitchen was completely silent. Carrie, despite the slight ringing in her ears, was wide-eyed and still as a statue. It felt like her stomach had dropped out from under her, crashed through the floor, and was plummeting towards the center of the earth. Ruth's apathetic expression was finally gone as well; her jaw had dropped, and the hint of a smile was tugging at the corners of her mouth. Carrie's mother looked back and forth between them with an oblivious grin. In true nightmare-made-real fashion, it was Ruth who spoke first.

"She still wets herself?"

As if the words she chose weren't damning enough, her tone made it sound like it was taking every fiber of her being to keep from bursting out into mocking laughter. A thousand responses, some more mature than others, were popping up in Carrie's head, but her body did not respond. She was filled with such rage and shame that it completely paralyzed her. All she could do was stand there and look on in horror as her mother continued.

"Only occasionally, and only during the night. Well," she bobbed her head back and forth, and chuckled to herself, "Usually only during the night. You shouldn't need to worry about any of that, though. Just make sure she wears the pull-ups to sleep and she'll be fine."

The hold Ruth's teeth had on her bottom lip was tenuous--it looked like she was going to burst into raucous laughter at any moment, and her gaze kept darting in Carrie's direction. The young girl didn't know whether to scream or to cry.

"Got it," Ruth said, laughter peeking out of every syllable, "Make sure she's padded up for bed."

"Perfect! That's everything, but," Carrie's mother pulled out her phone and gasped when she saw the screen, "My ride's here! Perfect timing, huh?" She strode over to Carrie and leaned over, pecking her on the forehead.

"You be good for Ruth, okay sweetie? I'll see you on Sunday." The young girl wanted more than anything to give her mother the nastiest frown she could, but she was still frozen with fury. The best she could manage was a soft choking sound, which her mother interpreted as a "goodbye," for some reason. Carrie's mother gave her a pat on the head, picked up her bags, and rushed out the front door. More silence followed, eventually broken by the sound of Ruth's shoes clacking across the kitchen linoleum in Carrie's direction. When she got in front of the young lady, she leaned over, and looked Carrie right in the eyes. The smile on her face was pure evil.

"You look like you need a nap, kid. Do we need to get you into your special sleepy undies?"

The scream Carrie unleashed could be heard over a mile away.

It was a few hours later, and Carrie had finally calmed down. Despite the rough start, this babysitting arrangement was going more or less like she expected. She stayed in her room, and played with her toys (after the requisite hour-long tantrum that followed her mother leaving), while Ruth spent the entire time in the living room, watching schlocky reality shows and texting. Mercifully, outside of the initial teasing Ruth was pretty chill. She didn't react at all when Carrie slunked through the living room to get a snack from the kitchen, nor did she seem to care about the huge crash that came from it while Carrie put together her candy-only trail mix. In fact, the only words Ruth said to her the entire time were "I'm gonna order the pizza soon, is pepperoni and mushrooms good with you?" If not for the pull-up thing, this would have been the perfect babysitting arrangement, and maybe, if she was lucky, Ruth would forget all about that too. They stayed out of each other's way until the doorbell rang, signalling the arrival of dinner.

"Carrie, pizza!" Ruth yelled as she slammed the door in the delivery boy's face. She threw the pizza box onto the coffee table in front of couch and plopped back down, eager to return to her horror movie. Carrie gave it a few minutes before she walked into the living room, so she wouldn't seem as excited as she actually was. She walked out right as the protagonist boy's head got chopped off, blood splattering across the screen.

“Woah. Cool,” Carrie said, shuffling up to the couch beside Ruth, “What movie is this?”

“Bloodbath Boys 2,” Ruth said, fishing a piece of pizza out of the box as she refused to take her eyes off the screen. Seconds later, the protagonist’s best friend let out a tortured scream as his body was bisected down the middle by a giant saw blade.

“Is it an entire movie about boys getting killed?”

“Yeah,” Ruth said, her mouth full of pizza and laughter, “It’s great.”

“That rules,” Carrie said, grabbing her own slice of pizza now.

“Aren’t you a little young for this movie?” Ruth asked. She wasn’t able to pull her gaze away from the tv, but she at least indicated in Carrie’s direction with her head while she spoke.

“I’m big enough to watch a bunch of stupid boys get cut in half,” Carrie said with a sniff. Ruth shrugged, but didn’t care enough to argue the point.

“If you’re sure,” was all she had to say. The tone of disbelief in her voice brought a blush back onto Carrie’s face.

“It’s not like any of this stuff is scary,” Carrie said haughtily. Right after she said that, the eyelids on the disembodied head of the main character popped open, and he and Carrie screeched in unison.

“Ahh!” The little girl dropped her pizza and fell backwards. Ruth laughed her ass off, complete with knee slapping and spraying cheese out of her mouth. Carrie got up fast, hoping to leave the room before she was embarrassed any further, but right before she took off running, Ruth turned in her direction.

“I thought you were old enough kid? Hahahah, hah...” Ruth’s laughter died down as she stared at Carrie. The little girl was hoping she’d be able to get away before Ruth noticed the drip between her legs, but apparently not. The last of the pizza in Ruth’s mouth hit the floor, along with her jaw.

“That... Did you? Oh my gawd,” Ruth shook her head, and then burst into laughter much louder than before. Carrie, holding back tears, tried to rush out of the room, but before she could disappear behind the door frame, Ruth called out.

“Freeze, kid!”

Carrie, shocked by the sudden command, stopped dead in her tracks. She turned to see Ruth walking towards her, shaking her head. The laughter had stopped, thank goodness, but was replaced with a clucking of the tongue that was easily a thousand times worse. Carrie knew what was coming next, but that didn’t soften the blow in the slightest.

“Guess I’ve got to change you, huh? Jesus.”

Before Carrie could sputter out a “no,” Ruth had already grabbed her by the hand, and was pulling her in the direction of the kitchen. Carrie whined and struggled the whole time, but she couldn’t escape the teenager’s iron grip. Once on the linoleum,

Ruth forced Carrie onto her back and yanked down her pants, revealing the soaked underwear beneath.

“Jesus. That’s a lot.”

“It’s n-”

“It’s a lot,” Ruth said with a frown, “Don’t move.” She stood up and walked out. After what felt like both an eternity and no time at all, Ruth reentered the room, an all-too-familiar duffel bag hanging off of her shoulder. She knelt beside Carrie, who looked mortified.

“Please-”

“Nope,” Ruth said, her tone leaving no room for argument, “If I have to clean your piss off the carpet, you’re wearing one of these for the rest of the weekend. Period.”

Carrie whimpered, her face so red that it hurt. Normally she would have been screaming or crying, anything to halt this injustice, but since it was Ruth, Carrie had no idea what to do. Despite the situation, she still carried a terrible adoration for the older girl, so finding her in such a humiliating situation had her stymied. All she could do was whimper and squirm, as Ruth dragged it out.

And drag it out Ruth did. She didn’t just dry Carrie and put on a fresh pair of pull-ups, she made a spectacle out of it, and it was clear she was only doing it to embarrass the poor girl further. Ruth started by peeling off every article of clothing from the waist down, whether it was wet or not. Once Carrie’s bare ass had been deposited on the cold linoleum, Ruth went to work.

First came the baby wipes, dragged across as much of Carrie’s bottom as Ruth had the patience for (which was so much more than Carrie could have feared). Next came the talcum powder, applied liberally with more taunting the entire time. By the time Ruth was done, a fine coat had been applied to most of the child’s bottom half. Whether Ruth was inexperienced or didn’t care about what a mess she was making was not clear; what was clear was how much she was reveling in the young girl’s embarrassment. Last but not least came the pull up itself. Carrie did not have any time to thrash or squirm--The pull ups were slipped up her legs and over her crotch in one swift, humiliating motion. Ruth stood up from the floor and dusted off her hands, smirking down at the softly sobbing kid.

“There. No taking this off all weekend, or your mother’s gonna hear about the mess you made, you got me?” All Carrie could do was whine and nod her head, which elicited an eye roll from the teenager. Thinking that the ordeal was finally over, Carrie stood up, grabbed a slice of pizza, and started shuffling towards her bedroom. Ruth had other plans.

“Oh no you don’t,” the teenager yelled from the kitchen, “I’m not gonna let you make another mess somewhere else.” Shortly after some ominous clinking and pouring sounds, Ruth emerged from the kitchen. She had a plastic plate in one hand and a

sippy cup and bib in the other. Carrie, long since beaten down, didn't resist while Ruth applied the bib, or forced the cup into her hand.

"Alright, finish your dinner, kid. I'm going back to my movie," she gave Carrie a sardonic pat on the head as she walked past and hopped onto the couch, "You made me miss all the good parts." Carrie slowly made her way back to her room, choking back the embarrassed tears as best she could.

A little while later, and Carrie was recovering in her room. Her pizza and juice were finished, and she'd gotten all the crying out of her system. She was still embarrassed, and hurt as well, but these emotions gave way to a desire that overwhelmed everything else:

"Revenge," Carrie said, practically spitting the word out of her mouth, "Ruth's gonna pay for this."

The little girl was rifling around in her closet at the moment. Toys, blankets, and dollies were thrown onto the floor behind her as she searched for the certain something that would help her exact her vengeance. The artifact she was searching for fell to the floor with a heavy thud, and she squealed with impish anticipation, holding it up to her face to inspect it better. It was one of those fake landline phone toys, with characters' faces in each of the rotary dial's holes, complete with speaker in the handset. Unlike a real phone, toy or otherwise, this device had eldritch sigils where the faces or number should be. They hurt to look at, and reading them put a specific, indescribable sound in your ears.

Carrie weighed her options. It was exactly what she was searching for, sure, but she was saving this for a really important occasion.

"Is this more important than getting out of going to the opera with mom for her birthday..." the little girl said with a sigh. She bounced the phone in her hands, and put it back on the floor.

"I really hate wearing that dress... but Ruth has to pay." Carrie picked up the soft plastic receiver, and turned the dial, only once. There was no ringing sound, or any sound for that matter. More like a feeling, a physical vibration, shaking the entire room around her. It suddenly stopped, and a raspy voice filled the speaker.

"What is it Carrie? I'm busy."

"I need you to repay that favor."

"What, now? Didn't you just hear me? I'm torturing someone here," the raspy voice hissed with indignation, "Can't it wait a few weeks?"

"No, dummy," Carrie said, her voice filled with the kind of malice the demon on the other line wished it could affect, "I restored your stupid head and I can turn you back to ash if I want. Come here and cast a spell for me, now!"

"Ugghgh. A few hours?"

“Now, now now now!” Carrie came close to thumping her hand on the ground in anger. The thing on the other line sounded much more cooperative after that little outburst.

“Okay fine,” the creature said in a half-hearted huff, “but we’re even.”

“You wish!” Carrie screamed into the phone, slamming it down right after. She stood up and made her way over to the center of her room, standing in front of the inconspicuous circular rug sitting in the middle. A faint green light began to glow from within its confines, and the electrical lights in the room dimmed, as if in respect. Carrie’s horrifying grin was all the more ghoulish in this demonic light--a perfect match for the voice now rumbling throughout the room.

“What do you want, Carrie?”

Carrie laughed, rubbing her hands together. There was so much she had in mind. Turning Ruth into a dollie for the weekend was a good one, but there was a lot of satisfaction to be had in trapping her in the television for a few hours too. This deliberating was pointless, however. Carrie already knew what she wanted to do.

“There’s this other girl in the house, and she’ll be here with me until Sunday night,” Carrie said. Every word out of her mouth dripped with evil intent, and the fiend she had summoned found itself giving this little girl a wide berth.

“She’s this thing called a babysitter, right? Well, here’s what you’re gonna do about that...”

By the end of Carrie’s plan, the monster she called forth recommitted itself to getting out of this relationship with her. It was only a demon, and had had enough of these terrifying requests. The type of torture kids like her were capable of was too creatively vindictive for this beast to stomach.

An hour after the pull up incident, and Ruth was back on the couch. Any urine on the floor had been cleaned up, and she was full of pizza and weed. A bit risky, she knew, but she figured she deserved it after having to clean up some kid’s piss.

She was sunk into the couch and scrolling through the channels when it began. The spell Carrie requested started so subtly and insidiously that it’s little wonder why it was so effective. Ruth being high wasn’t helping matters either. In retrospect, the teenager was doomed from the start.

“Oh, hey,” Ruth said, her channel surfing coming to a stop, “it’s Cathy the Cartographer.”

The oversaturated colors and soothing sounds of Cathy the Cartographer filled the room. Her and her seagull friend, Vilanche, were on some sort of adventure to map out Rockin’ Range, apparently. It was a strange departure from the hyper gore sleazefest she was watching a bit ago, but it tugged on her brain in the most satisfying

way. Kind of like nostalgia, but not really. It was hard for the teenager to describe, so she stopped worrying about it, and chalked it up to being really blazed.

“Hahah, oh man, you got this Cathy,” Ruth said as she sat up, “Fuck that stupid penguin UP for stealing your map!” Rather than “fuck up” Pluck the Penguin like Ruth demanded, Cathy and Vilanche yelled “Pluck, pause plundering” five times and then lectured him about not taking things that don’t belong to you, as well as friendships, and some color recognition was thrown in there too. Ruth wasn’t a fan.

“Ya wussed out Cathy!” Ruth yelled as she threw a pillow at the tv. It wobbled precariously, but the desire to be a brat was overwhelming, so she threw another. When Cathy, Vilanche, Pluck, and several rocks started singing about wind erosion, Ruth looked around for something else. There were no more pillows, and while she was feeling particularly petulant, she wasn’t about to break the tv by throwing the remote at it. While bouncing around on the couch she felt something beneath her knee, and plucked it out from between the cushions. It was soft, and light, so it was perfect for throwing directly at Pluck’s stupid smiling face.

“Eat shit Pluck!” she screamed, laughing maniacally as she did so. Just as she was about to let the fluffy object loose however, she stopped. Her stoned brain finally caught up with her eyes, and she realized what she was about to throw at the tv.

“A Teeny Tiny Tamantha...” Ruth whispered, holding the doll reverently, “No way... I can’t believe Carrie has one of these. Pretty cool of her.” She made a face after she said that, but shook her head and focused back on the doll.

She inspected the doll, and it was indeed exactly like she remembered. The yarn hair, the corduroy dress, everything. That same strange feeling she felt while watching Cathy the Cartographer washed over her again; it was so familiar, yet its meaning lied beyond her reach. She sat back onto the couch, much calmer now, smiling and staring at the doll. She bounced Tamantha in her lap a bit, and moved to hug her.

“Wait. What the fuck?” Ruth stopped herself right before she wrapped her arms around the doll, and held it out in front of her again. It was just a doll. A stupid doll, for kids. Why did she feel such a weird (and strong, for even now she could feel it tugging in the back of her brain) connection to this toy? She was high, but not high enough to justify this. It was as confusing as it was revolting.

“Stupid piece of shit,” Ruth spit, turning her head to the right and then throwing the doll to her left. Despite her performative disgust, she could not help but look out of the corner of her eye as it fell to the ground, and winced a little. This only made her more disgusted with herself, so she let out an angry noise and stood up, stomping into the kitchen shortly after.

“Maybe I’m thirsty,” she mumbled to herself, desperate for an excuse to stave off the growing paranoia. She whipped open the fridge door and leaned in, scanning its contents. Every new item made her expression grow more sour.

“Ugh. How do they live like this?” She shook her head and shoved a container of unsweetened, unflavored rice milk out of the way, only to scowl at liter-sized bottle of mint-flavored seltzer water. The only thing that looked halfway decent to the teenager was a bottle of apple juice. It was the exact same juice she sent Carrie to her room with earlier. Huh, she didn’t notice the unicorn on it the first time. Wait, why was she noticing it now? She rolled her eyes and reached in.

“I guess this’ll work,” she growled, really laying that faux reluctance on thick. She popped off the cap and started to guzzle it straight from the bottle, taking several huge swallows of the stuff before finally popping it off of her lips with a loud smacking sound. She quietly reveled in drinking without using a cup, though the exact reason why escaped her. Didn’t she do stuff like this all the time? It felt so much more mischievous, now, like she was getting away with something. She shrugged and put the thought out of her mind, and took a few more pulls from the juice container.

“Damn. Not bad,” Ruth said with a burp, “Carrie’s got good taste. She’s more mature than I thought. Wait.” Ruth shook her head so hard she dropped the container of juice, which was thankfully empty at this point. Not that she cared, that was the last thing on her mind.

“Why the hell would I say that? Carrie’s not mature, she’s a little kid,” Ruth said, crossing her arms, “What is up with me tonight? She’s just a kid. I don’t like her or anything.” The undeniable honesty of her reddening cheeks made Ruth wheel around, suddenly afraid that someone would see the obvious infatuation welling up inside her. When she confirmed that no one had slipped into the kitchen with the sole intent of calling out her dishonesty, she stomped back into the living room.

“The problem,” Ruth said with mounting desperation that she was trying to pretend didn’t exist, “is that I’m not high *enough*.” She reached into her purse and pulled out the one-hitter she had brought with her. She scrambled to clean it out and repack it, and in no time was flicking her lighter to life. As weed smoke burned her throat and filled her lungs, she let herself splay back onto the couch and relax a little.

“Much better,” she said with an exaggerated smile. She noticed that the tv was still on, and on the kid’s channel to boot, so she quickly changed the channel to anything else. It was the news, and that sucked, but she couldn’t be bothered right now. She was riding her fresh high, and had already forgotten about all that paranoia she felt a few minutes ago.

The news anchor droned on and on, and Ruth’s eyelids began to droop. This weed didn’t often make her sleepy, but when combined with this anchorman and the exhaustion of a freshly finished panic attack, she was falling asleep sitting up. Noticing the blanket on the head of the couch behind her, Ruth yanked it on top of her, and awkwardly wrapped herself up in it. Slowly but surely her body went from vertical to

horizontal, and her hand moved up to her mouth. Without thinking, she pushed her thumb past her lips, and began to suck.

It took her a moment to register the squelching sound that was her sucking her own thumb, and even longer to connect the sound to the pacifying feeling radiating from her mouth. Once she did, the only thing that kept her from screaming in protest was the tidal wave of embarrassment that washed over her.

"Ugh, I, ah-!" She looked around the living room with horror, but there was no one around, because Carrie had already pulled her head back behind the door frame. Ruth, erroneously thinking that this misstep (and all the others) had gone unnoticed, calmed down a little.

"Just tired... just tired and high," she mumbled to herself, "Just need a nap." She sighed, and collapsed back on the couch. A million questions swirled through her mind. Why did she suck her thumb, and why did it feel so good? Why was it *so hard* to stop herself from doing it again? What would Carrie think? That young girl dressed so scary, looked so cute, and acted so cool... she'd hate to have such a cool girl see her acting like such a little kid. Wait, why did she care what Carrie thinks? It was all so confusing and stupid. Ruth sighed and curled up into a fetal position, trying her best to ignore the nagging doubts that kept resurfacing in her mind. She drifted to sleep much faster than she expected she would; her thumb making its way back to her mouth helped considerably.

Ruth's dreams were strange, and stressful. Figures without distinguishable features or origin loomed over her, and despite the fact that they never seemed to do anything, fear and embarrassment cut through the teenager like a knife. She felt small, and that made her small, which made her feel smaller, creating a horrible spiral. Just as the dream reached its horrifying denouement, relief surrounded her. Her fear dissipated, and the figures were banished. Carrie--cool, cute Carrie, wearing a smirk that brought a blush to Ruth's face--was there, and hugging her tight. Warmth began to suffuse through her whole body, putting a smile on Ruth's face in the dream world, and the conscious one.

Eventually, her eyes popped back open. She was a bit out of it at first, as she woke up quite suddenly. She didn't know what caused her to wake with such a start, but shifting into a sitting position made the realization strike like lightning. That wasn't sweat she was feeling in her pants. It was-

"Piss!" Ruth hissed. Scarlet flashed across her cheeks, and she grabbed her head with her hands. Her current position had her stonewalled. Of course she wanted to get out of these piss-soaked pants as quickly as possible, and wash this quilt. No one could know about this. On the other hand... it was a lot of piss. She was *wet*. So much so that she was afraid that if she stood up, it might soak into the couch, or drip on the floor. It'd be almost impossible to get rid of all of it then. Carrie would find out, and then

Ruth would lose her respect forever. Oh, great, now on top of sitting in a puddle of piss she was thinking these crazy thoughts about how mature Carrie was, and how much she wanted to impress her... That girl could never find out about this, Ruth decided. Bundling up the blanket in a manner that would (hopefully) keep any piss from getting on the couch and floor, Ruth moved to stand up. But it was already too late.

"Something wrong?" said a voice from Ruth's left. She whipped around in horror, hoping in vain that it wasn't her, but it was. Carrie, and the two things she was wearing confirmed that she already knew what was up: an all-too-familiar duffel bag, and a triumphant smirk.

"Looks like someone had an accident," Carrie said, her voice dripping with schadenfreude. She swaggered her way over to where the teenager sat paralyzed with shame.

"On your back kid. I guess I've got to clean you up, since you can't handle it." The "thud" of the bag hitting the ground was what helped Ruth finally find her voice, nervous and embarrassed as it was.

"N-no way," Ruth whimpered, making a movement to stand up but thinking better of it, "I can handle this Carrie. I'm a big girl." Why did saying that make her blush worse? Ruth felt like she was going to cry.

"Well obviously not," Carrie said with exaggerated annoyance, "You peed yourself while napping on the couch."

"Leave me alone!" Ruth was fighting back tears, and her harsh tone was softened by hiccups.

"I'll clean it up, I can handle it, I'm the babysitter!"

"Hey," Carrie said, her tone somehow so much darker than it was a moment ago, "Get on your back, and let me clean you up. Now. Or else." She leaned back, and the look on her face made Ruth's blood run cold.

"Everyone will find out about this. And I mean *everyone*." Ruth didn't know what Carrie meant exactly by "everyone," but Carrie's expression left no doubt in her mind that whatever "everyone" entailed, she meant it. Ruth whimpered, and slowly laid on her back on the couch.

"There we go," Carrie cooed sarcastically, "Maybe if you do a good job of keeping still the only thing that will be peed on will be this blanket and your pants." She walked over to Ruth's head and leaned over.

"I hope so. It'd be really hard to hide this from mom if you got pee on the couch." Ruth gulped loudly, and nodded. Carrie giggled and started grabbing supplies from the diaper bag. When she was done, she laid everything out on the coffee table in front of the teenager, just so that she could fully appreciate the poetic irony.

"All of that?" Ruth sounded like she was pleading, more than asking a question.

"All of it."

Carrie went about her task methodically, which shamed Ruth all the more. It was embarrassing enough that Carrie was yanking off her soaked pants and undies; the fact that the younger girl had the foresight to bring a garbage bag to put her soiled clothes in, when Ruth herself neglected to think of that made the teenager want to die. Not only did she piss herself like Carrie did, but Carrie was better at cleaning it up than she was? Ruth hated how capable this young girl was, and more than that, how much she looked up to her for it. It made the dragged-out process of getting changed even more painful.

And drag it out Carrie did. After successfully dealing with Ruth's sopping wet shorts, Carrie slid a fresh towel under the teen and bagged up the soiled blanket. Then came the wipes, which Carrie had much more patience for than Ruth did. All Ruth could do was squirm as Carrie cleaned every inch of the teenager, from just below her belly button to right beneath her butt. Next was the powder, applied as liberally to Ruth as it was to Carrie. The way it felt on Ruth's body made the teenager want to scream--why did it feel so comforting on her body? Last but not least was the pull up proper. Ruth tried to pull them up herself, but Carrie slapped her hand away, leaving the teen to cross her arms and pout. All she could do was try to ignore the crinkling of the plastic, and the plush comfort pushing up between her legs, and cupping her waist. It took every bit of willpower she had to stop herself from shifting her hips, and testing the bounds of these pleasant new sensations. So instead she turned away from Carrie and frowned so hard her expression could sour milk.

"Much better," Carrie said with devilish delight, "Now we don't have to worry about anymore accidents." Ruth was strongly considering spending the rest of the weekend on the couch, in this position, but the tone in Carrie's voice made her turn her head, and when she saw how much Carrie was reveling in this, she couldn't help herself. The teenager was on her feet in a flash, her anger apparent.

"To your room, Carrie!" she said with a screech, "I'm still the babysitter, and you're the baby I'm sitting! Stay there until I say so, or I'm calling your mom, tonight!" Carrie simply shrugged, and walked out of the room. Ruth heard her bedroom door slam a moment later. Her reaction had the teenager frothing.

"How dare she," Ruth blustered, "How dare she treat me this way! I'm the big girl around here, me, me!" She paced back and forth in the living room for a moment, kicking pillows and plush toys whenever they were in reach.

"I'll show her. *I'm* a big girl! Ugh, teenager!" Ruth's head whipped around the room until she spotted her purse, which she dove for. She pulled out her cigs, giggling madly to herself.

"This'll show Carrie who's the babysitter around here," she mumbled, looking around for her lighter. She couldn't find it, so she hurried to the kitchen and turned on the stovetop. After minute of impatient bouncing as the heating coils turned red, she lit the tip, and took a long drag.

"Ohhh fuck yes," she said as she exhaled. She sauntered over to the kitchen table and plopped down into the seat, making her pull ups crinkle. She frowned, but stuck the cigarette back in her mouth.

She sat in silence as she smoked her cigarette. Well, silence if not for the constant squishing and scrunching of the pull ups on her butt. Reassuring herself that she's a big girl, she's mature, she's the babysitter, and all that lost some of its sincerity when her rear squelched loudly if she shifted too suddenly in her seat.

"Stupid fucking thing," Ruth growled, giving it a punch and immediately regretting it, "Ahhh, owie!" She doubled over and whimpered, her shaking hand rubbing the front of her pull ups tenderly. Carrie, who was still watching her from beyond the door frame, shook with with barely contained laughter. It took Ruth's body a moment to calm down after the shock of doing something so painful and stupid, but after a few soothing rubs her breathing returned to normal, and the action of rubbing her front turned from soothing to pleasurable.

"Damn, these feel nice," Ruth said with her teeth still clenched around her cigarette, "Comfy." The feelings from before had come creeping back, and the exhausted teenager was too tired to properly recognize it. The cushy fabric cradling her front and back felt so, so, *cool*. It seemed weird, she knew, but that's the only way to describe it. Like only a cool person, like Carrie, would wear something so bold and comfortable. She shook her head, and took a drag.

"No, I'm cool. This is cool, smoking is cool," Ruth said to herself, questioning the words before she had finished speaking them. Was she cool? She was acting childish. Carrie shared her cool kid pants with her, someone who teased the young girl so mercilessly, and now she was calling herself cool? Cool kids didn't do that. Cool kids could admit pull ups look and feel great.

"No, they don't." Ruth's tone was losing conviction, and quickly. The give of the material against her hand made her shudder. Her toe tapped, a consequence of the squirming she constantly suppressed. It felt good on her body, like it was made for her. The sound it made screamed comfort and safety--nothing would happen while she was in this. She could admit that it felt good, she had to. Carrie rubbed her hands together conspiratorially as she watched the teenager's will crumble in real time.

"At least it's not a diaper," Ruth said with cheeks as red as a tomato. Yes, at least it was pull ups, not a diaper. Diapers are for babies, pull ups are for cool kids who don't give a shit. Ruth felt pretty lucky that Carrie let her wear big girl underwear like her. A tad bit grateful, in fact.

"This is, this is weird. I hate how much I like this," Ruth whined, not that her hands left her pull ups for a second. Her face was a mask of disgust, but her body shook, and her knees rubbed together from unrestrained pleasure. Shame and bliss swirled together into one big morass of emotion. A desire was welling up inside her, one

that had been bouncing about in the back of her brain this whole time. She tried to ignore it, she really did, but she couldn't anymore. What started as a dull throb now pounded like a drum throughout her whole body. Her bladder ached. Her curiosity had reached a fever pitch. Her muscles screamed for release. It was all too much. She let out a long sigh, and with it, the rest of her bladder.

"Holy shit..." Her mouth couldn't decide between a disgusted frown or shameful grin, but it didn't matter. Neither could hide how much she was enjoying this. She knew she'd never live this down--it didn't matter if no one else ever found out about this, she knew, and it'd probably haunt her forever. That said, once she started peeing, she didn't stop. She couldn't, but she also didn't want to. If she thought the pull ups were comfy when they were dry, when they were soaked with warm urine it was bliss. That feeling of togetherness and belonging from her dream was rushing back.

Carrie licked her lips as she watched Ruth give in to the urges of the spell. This was the perfect kind of humiliation she was looking for: Ruth was acting more like a baby than she had, and was enjoying it too.

"That's right, make a fool of yourself," Carrie said under her breath, watching the yellow stain spread across the front of Ruth's pull ups. Carrie had to admit, she was surprised by how much Ruth seemed to be enjoying herself. If the little girl didn't know any better, the teenager was holding back moaning. Carrie's cheeks turned pink, and she squirmed in the shadow of the doorframe.

"She... She shouldn't have all the fun," Carrie said, jealousy in every syllable. She stomped her foot gently, and untensed. Her shoulders sagged and she closed her eyes as her pull ups slowly filled with pee as well. As she peed, she only now realized how much she wanted this, to be soaking her pull ups at the same time Ruth did. Why that was such an enjoyable feeling, and why it made her whole body feel so weird, she didn't know, but she liked it. Her cheeks got redder, and she continued her stream.

Ruth, oblivious to what was going on mere feet away, had just finished filling up pull ups with piss. What once clung so tightly to her hips now sagged considerably, and she could feel the seat beneath her growing damp. She took a disgusted pleasure in this, thinking of how fun it was to be such a big girl, and not give a shit about making such a gross mess. She might have sat in that chair all night, squirming with delight as she hugged herself, if not for the sound of Carrie clearing her throat.

Ruth's eyes popped open, and her cig fell out of her mouth when she saw Carrie's face. It was a look of victory, plain and simple. Wild fear ripped through the teenager, and she shot to her feet, desperate for some way to reassert her position.

"You, you, you're out of your room when I told you not to," Ruth yelled, "You need to be punished!" Carrie did not look scared like Ruth thought she would, but instead shook with silent laughter. Ruth descended into hysterics.

"Time for a spanking!"

Ruth lurched forward and grabbed Carrie's wrist, pulling the girl towards her seat. What happened next happened so fast, Ruth had no time to react. Last she knew, she lifted Carrie up into her lap, and was about to bring down an open palm with tremendous force onto her butt. But that changed, somehow. Ruth didn't remember a scuffle of any sort, or Carrie outmaneuvering her for that matter. Nevertheless somehow, suddenly, things were reversed. Carrie was sitting on the chair, and Ruth was spread out across her lap. The teenager simply laid there, stunned. Too stunned to ask how, or why. Too stunned to notice Carrie give the thumbs up to the tremendous, bestial shadow sliding along the kitchen wall. Too stunned to escape before Carrie's hand struck.

"AaaaaAAHHH!" Carrie only got three spanks in before Ruth was bawling like a baby. It was childish and embarrassing, but Ruth couldn't help herself. All the stuff that happened tonight, all these weird feelings and coincidences, all of it was too much. It was hard being a big girl, too hard. She couldn't do it, and she didn't want to do it. What she wanted to do was scream her lungs out as Carrie spanked her, so she did just that.

"I'll stop if you promise to be good," Carrie shouted in between Ruth's bouts of screaming, "If you promise to be good for your babysitter, I'll stop!"

"I promise, I promise, wahhhh! Please, please stop Carrie, I'll be good!" Carrie gave her a few more spanks for good measure, and Ruth thrashed every time. When Carrie was finished, she pushed Ruth off of her lap and onto the ground, the little girl looking down at Ruth with obvious disdain.

"Bedtime, kid," Carrie said, sliding off of her seat, "I'm sick of making sure you stay out of trouble."

"I... I..." Ruth sniffled and wiped her eyes. Her gaze never met her babysitter's, and she shifted uncomfortably on the floor.

"What is it?" Carrie scoffed.

"I, uhhh, I-"

"What the hell is it?"

"Can I sleep with you? I'm afraid to sleep alone."

Carrie's hardened expression softened considerably. Try as she might to hide it, some of that old affection she had for Ruth bubbled back up to the surface. She continued her annoyed tone, but it lost all of its bite.

"Sheesh, really? I mean, if you've got to," Carrie made a big show of rolling her eyes, "Hurry up and brush your teeth. Don't keep me waiting." Ruth was still sniffling, but at least she was smiling now too. She nodded to her babysitter and clumsily stood up, rushing to the bathroom to brush her teeth, and leaving Carrie to prepare for her bunk mate.

The girls cleaned up fast, and were in Carrie's room in no time. Ruth sat under the covers as Carrie stood by the light switch, about to click it off.

"I'm turning out the lights," Carrie warned. Ruth nodded, and pulled the blanket up as far as she could without obscuring her vision. Carrie flicked the switch, and the covers twitched. A fearful moan drifted out from under them.

"Carrieee, hurry!"

Carrie giggled and rushed over, diving under the blankets besides Ruth. Once beside the older girl, Carrie hugged her close, and sighed. The smile on her face was a perfect mirror of the one Ruth wore.

"Carrie?"

"Yeah?"

"I uh-hh, like you." Carrie had to hide a blush, this time.

"I like you too, Ruth."

"Well, I mean," Ruth sounded unsure, and mumbled to herself for a moment, before blurting out, "I *really* like you. And I hope you like me too, and-" Ruth was cut off by Carrie's hands, hugging the teenager's head tight against her shoulder. At first, Ruth's entire body seized up, as she had no idea how to react, but Carrie continued to hug the teenager, and coo gently into her ear, and before too long Ruth was whimpering and squeezing Carrie right back. As they cuddled, they pressed against each other as hard as they could, each one basking in the warmth and affection radiating from the other. Carrie rubbed Ruth's head, and Ruth wrapped her much longer body around Carrie. As they squirmed in each other's grasps, their pull ups made a cacophony of squishes and squelches. It was heaven.

Their bedtime cuddle session didn't last too long. Both of them had had a stressful day, and sleep came calling shortly after they started sharing body heat. As they settled in to sleep, the two girls spooned, with Ruth in the back, and Carrie pressed up against her front. Their soaked pull ups squished against each other whenever they shifted, making each of them blush, every so often.

As they lay there, Ruth couldn't believe how lucky she was. Not only did her babysitter like her back, but she was able to sleep in the same bed as her. To have such a cool, mature girl like Carrie like her back was a dream come true. It was also really embarrassing for some reason, but really, that only made it better. Hearing her snore in Ruth's arms filled her with that same feeling that had been feeling all evening, a feeling she had come to adore. More at peace than she had ever been, Ruth drifted off quickly.