



Back in Time

Story by Hal

Illustrated by Areg5



Journal:

I don't really know why I did it. I guess I thought I was being clever and daring. The thought of pulling the wool over everyone's eyes filled with me excitement.

Let me explain. My name is Kim Dawson and I'm something of a computer wiz. Until a week ago I was a Systems Administrator for a regional bank. It was a good job for a recent college graduate, even if I did have to move to a new city to take it.





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Let me explain. My name is Kim Dawson and I'm something of a computer wiz. Until a week ago I was a Systems Administrator for a regional bank. It was a good job for a recent college graduate, even if I did have to move to a new city to take it.

I rented a town house and began work. I was pretty busy and didn't really have time for a social life. As the SYS ADMIN, My job required me to keep a certain distance from the other programmers. I wore business suits to appear professional-- after all, I was now the upwardly mobile career woman who needed to project the right image. I also made sure to always wear heels, as I'm not very tall. People respect height.

I'm afraid I come across as a severe young woman without a sense of humor. I guess I was more concerned with climbing the corporate ladder than being popular.

As you can imagine, I don't exactly have guys lining up to date me, and I consider myself attractive. I'm thin and in shape. My one big problem area is breast size, so I usually wear a padded bra to appear fuller up top. I have been thinking about doing something more permanent.



As I said, I didn't have much of a social life. The other women at work are mostly peon secretarial types. They spent their days engaged in spiteful gossip. I had little time or patience with them.



Three secretaries in particular had become the bane of my existence. Susie, Cindy, and Jackie-- the "three bimbo's" as I privately called them. They are thick as thieves and do everything they can to undermine me. I guess they are jealous that I am young with a fast track career while they're stuck in dead end secretarial jobs.



One of them, Susie, is going to night school to become a programmer. She's in her early 30's and a little too old to be thinking about a career change. She's always asking for special favors to attend school or permission to arrive late. I sometimes have to stomp on her pretty hard. This doesn't exactly endear me to her or the other peons.

As a result of all this, I had been in town for nine months and had only made one good friend-- Clarice Stewart, head of Human Resources.



Clarice is a divorced woman of 38 who lives with her daughter, Sara. Sara is 14 and attends the local Catholic school, St. Mary's. I got along great with both of them and usually hung out at their place.

Last Friday morning I went to work early and then arranged to take the rest of the day off. Sara's 9th grade class didn't have school-- something about a teacher training conference. Clarice had taken a floating holiday and had invited me to spend the day with them. I thought it would be fun-- a great way to break the routine and kick off the weekend.



I went straight to Clarice's house from the office. I sat on the couch looking at Sara trying on a new school jumper.

You should be glad that you're not in school anymore, Kim.


Oh, I don't know Sara. You don't have any pressures and you don't have to deal with the adult world. You should enjoy this time while you can.

I was feeling pretty glum. I still hadn't had any luck with the local guys and work was one problem after another.


Well, *someone's* feeling a little sorry for themselves!

It's not like that. It's only that people never appreciate what they have until it's gone. When I was in school, I couldn't wait to grow up. I'd give anything to experience that time again-- no worries, no concerns. Too bad you can't go back!







HMMMMM...

A digital illustration of two women sitting on a blue patterned surface, possibly a couch or bed. The woman on the left has long blonde hair and is wearing a white long-sleeved top and dark pants. She is looking towards the woman on the right. The woman on the right has short brown hair with bangs and is wearing a dark brown knitted top and light-colored pants. She is gesturing with her right hand while speaking. A white speech bubble with a black border is positioned between them, containing text.

Have you thought about what that would mean? Going back in time? You wouldn't be an adult anymore. Decisions would be made for you. You couldn't drive or go where you wanted. You wouldn't have money. People would treat you differently. Do you realize what you'd have to give up?



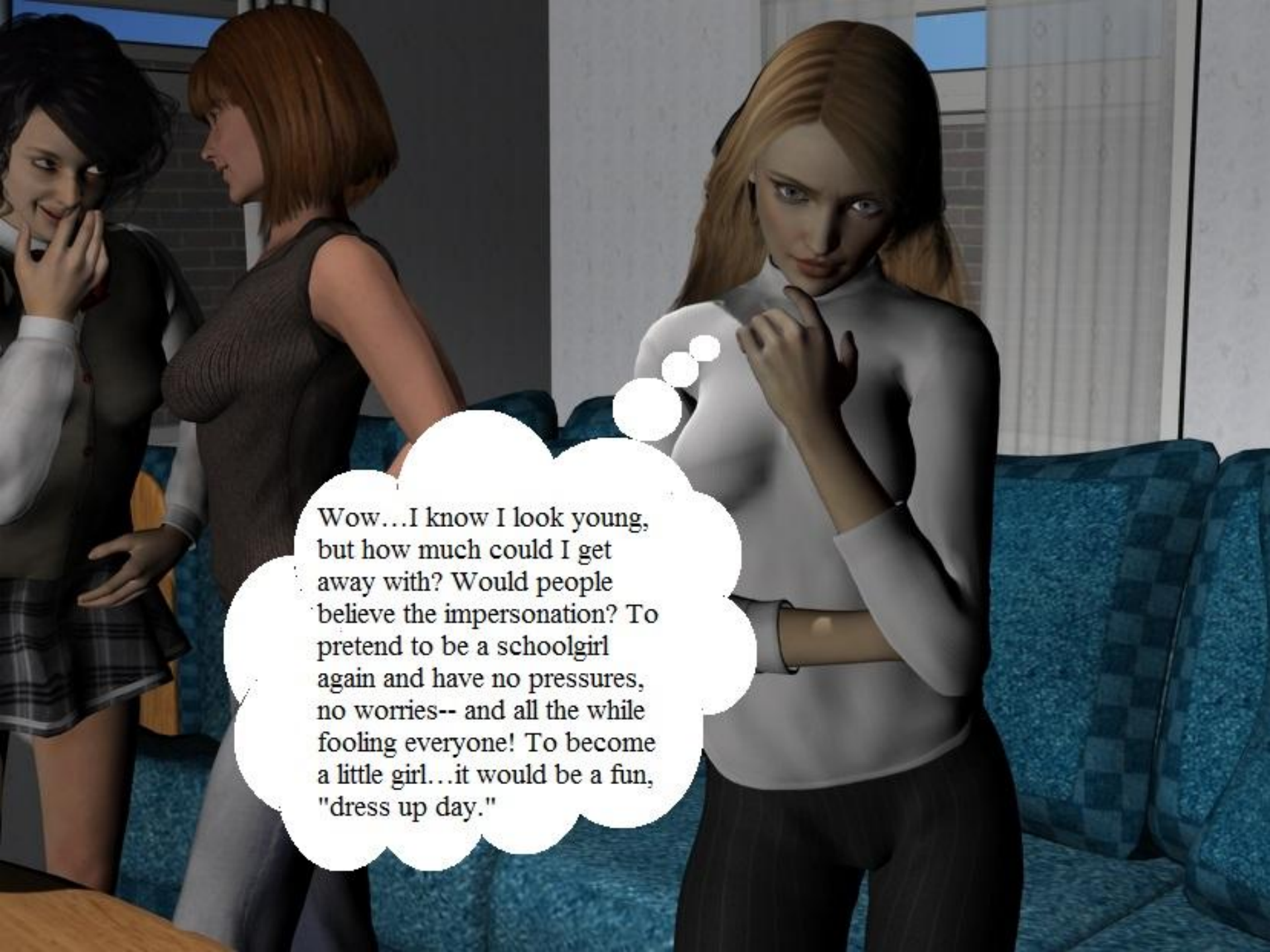
Give up the pressures of work? Give up trying to find a mature, stable guy to date? Give up dealing with those catty secretaries? Yeah, that would be *a lot* to give up!

A scene from an anime-style video game featuring three female characters in a room. On the left, a character with short dark hair, wearing a white shirt, a red bow tie, and a grey vest over a plaid skirt, is smiling and looking towards the center. In the middle, a character with long blonde hair, wearing a white long-sleeved top and a dark skirt, is looking towards the right. On the right, a character with long brown hair, wearing a dark sleeveless top and light blue jeans, is gesturing with her hands and looking towards the center. The background shows a room with a blue patterned sofa, a white door, and vertical blinds.

giggle Yeah Kim...It might be nice to have a younger cousin!

Heh heh...


Well...If you're so eager to give it all up, why don't you spend the day as Sara's younger cousin? We'll go to the mall or something.



Wow...I know I look young,
but how much could I get
away with? Would people
believe the impersonation? To
pretend to be a schoolgirl
again and have no pressures,
no worries-- and all the while
fooling everyone! To become
a little girl...it would be a fun,
"dress up day."




I'll take you up on
that challenge!




Good! Now, let's set the ground rules. You'll be Sara's younger cousin for the rest of the day. You'll have to mind us both. Kim the adult Systems Administrator will be gone and Kim the schoolgirl will be in her place. No backing out, no changing your mind. Make sure this is what you want...

Ok Clarice. I agree. Now how do we make this happen?



Well...from this moment on you're 12 years old and that's how you'll be treated. I think you'd better start calling me "Mommy".

Clarice! Is that really necessary? I mean we're only pretending!




groan Well, I
did agree to the
rules.

I'm sorry
Mommy.

giggle

This is a little
embarrassing...but
exciting! This is going to
be fun!

A scene from a video game featuring three female characters in a room. On the left, a woman with short brown hair and bangs, wearing a dark brown ribbed tank top and light blue jeans, holds a white handbag with a blue strap. In the center, a woman with long blonde hair, wearing a white long-sleeved turtleneck and black pants, looks towards the woman on the left. On the right, a woman with short dark hair, wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt under a brown vest and a grey and black plaid skirt, holds a red flower. They are standing in front of a blue patterned couch. The background shows a white wall and a window with white curtains.

That's OK honey. Now where did you find this handbag? It obviously belongs to a grown up, not to a little girl.

Clarice opened my handbag and saw my wallet, phone and car keys inside. She closed it and looked at me.

I don't know where you got this, Kim, but a child shouldn't be playing with it.

Um...

I should have seen this coming. Still, I felt a little vulnerable without the familiar trappings of my adulthood.




What are you doing dressed like that? Playing dress-up is fun, Sweetie, but I don't want you messing up those expensive clothes. I see you've been playing with my makeup again! You need to take a shower and wash that off. Playtime is over. Go upstairs to my room and undress. I'll be up shortly.


This WAS something I had been prepared for. Still, the thought of giving up my adult clothes was disconcerting, now that my identification and other things had been confiscated.

I went up to Clarice's room. I slipped off my heels and stood barefoot on the floor. I am only 5' tall, and without my heels everything seemed...bigger.




A woman with long brown hair is looking into a mirror. She is wearing a white lace-trimmed bra and black high-cut underwear. She is standing on a wooden floor in a room with a patterned rug and a wooden door frame. A speech bubble is positioned near her head.

I slipped off my
slacks and blouse.

A woman with long brown hair is looking into a mirror. She is wearing a white lace-trimmed bra and black high-cut underwear. She is standing on a wooden floor in a room with a patterned rug and a wooden door frame. A speech bubble is positioned near her head.


This bra is amazing. It
really is a “wonder!” No
one would suspect how
small I *really* am. Oh
well, better get ready for
the shower.



I finished undressing behind the changing screen and put on a towel.

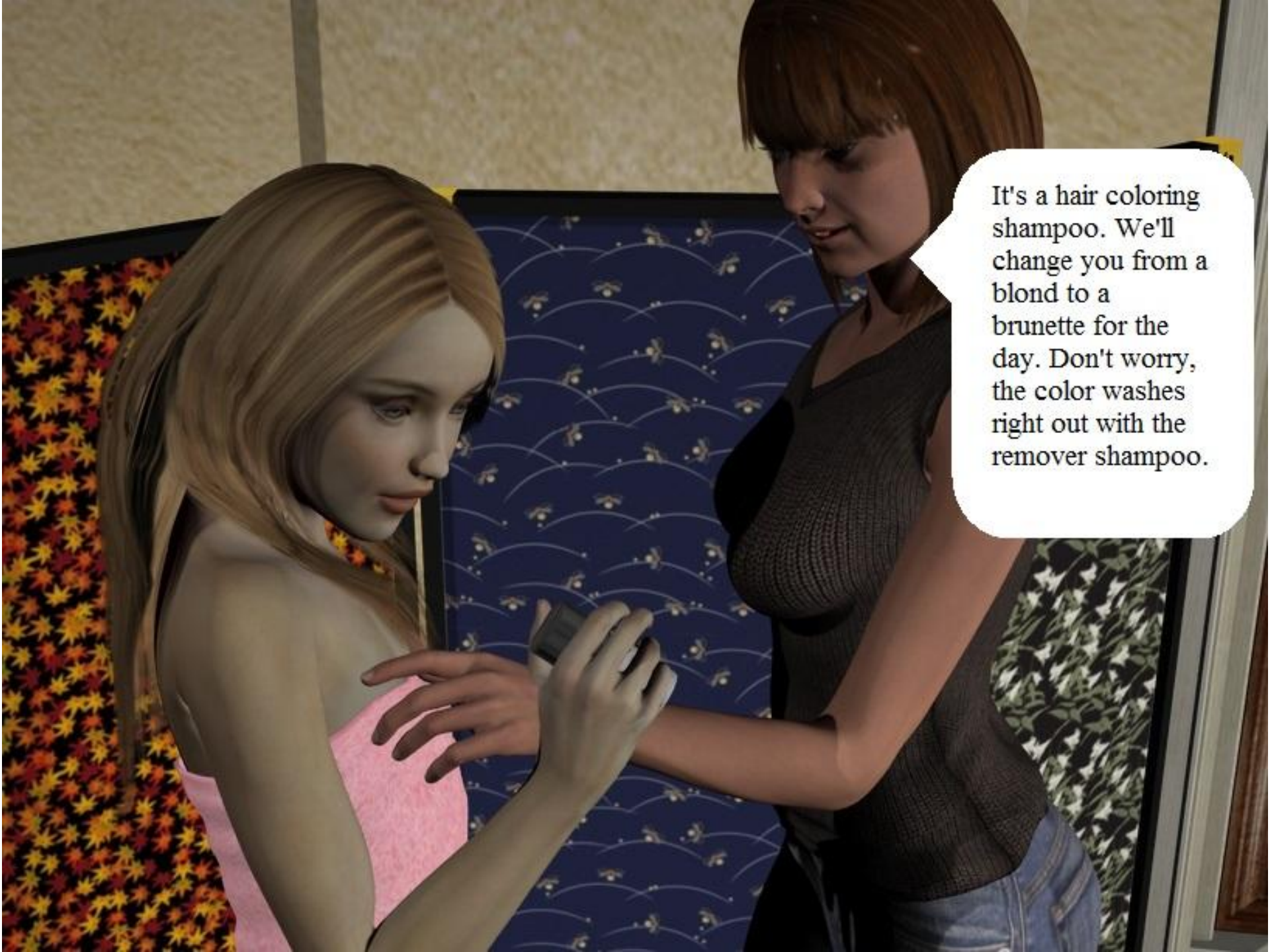
Knock knock...there she is. All ready for your shower, baby-doll?

Yes Mommy.

A 3D-rendered scene featuring two female characters in a room. On the left, a young woman with long blonde hair, wearing a pink strapless dress, looks down at a small black object held in her hands. On the right, an older woman with short brown hair, wearing a dark grey sleeveless top and blue jeans, looks down at the same object. They are standing in front of a folding screen with three panels: the left panel has a red and yellow floral pattern, the middle panel has a blue background with white wavy lines and small white flowers, and the right panel has a green and white floral pattern. The floor is made of light brown wooden planks. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the older woman at the top right and one from the younger woman at the bottom left.

Go take a quick shower, darling. Use this.

What *is* it, Mommy?




It's a hair coloring shampoo. We'll change you from a blond to a brunette for the day. Don't worry, the color washes right out with the remover shampoo.

A 3D rendered scene featuring two female characters in a room. On the left, a blonde woman stands nude, looking surprised with her mouth open. On the right, a woman with short brown hair, wearing a black sleeveless top and blue jeans, stands with her back to the camera, looking towards the blonde woman. Between them is a folding screen with three panels: a floral pattern on the left, a blue pattern in the middle, and a leaf pattern on the right. The room has a wooden floor and a textured wall.

Hey!!!

Now run along and
take your shower,
Sweetheart.

Humiliated, I ran naked to the bathroom. Clarice came in behind me. She held a small squirt bottle and before I knew what was happening, she sprayed my proud womanly bush.




Hey, what's the big idea!

Just getting rid of a little hair, Dear.

Seems little much to do just for a day, but I can't do much about it. Besides, I had shaved myself bare before.





A woman with long brown hair is looking into a large, ornate oval mirror. She is wearing a pink towel. Her reflection shows her with a surprised expression, touching her hair. In the foreground, her hand is visible, touching her hair near the ear.


WOW! The stuff
had worked! My
hair is brown!

I...guess I should
check the rest of
my hair...




sigh

Gosh...I'm...as bare
as a newborn!




Come sit down,
Dear. I'll fix your
hair.

Hey, that
shampoo really
works!



Oh Sara...why don't you
see if you can find some
clothes for Kimmie?


Ok Mom.



What's that Mommy?

It's a semi-permanent make-up. The hairstyle and clothes will make you look younger, but we'll give you freckles to really do the job right...

But...but...




Now don't worry, Kimmie - it comes right off with the remover. It's just like that fake tattoo make-up you see all the girls wearing. Lets just try this. I have enough for your whole body...

sigh In for a penny, in for a pound...

There. Much
better.






I found these in my closet,
Mom. I don't know if
they'll fit Kimmie...

Throw them on
the bed, Dear.

I guess new name
for the day is going
to be "Kimmie!"

A screenshot from a video game showing three female characters in a room. On the left, a woman with dark, wavy hair wears a maroon floral crop top and blue jeans. In the center, a younger woman with dark hair in a ponytail and bangs, wearing a pink tank top, is crouching. On the right, a woman with straight brown hair wears a dark grey ribbed tank top and blue jeans, with her hand on the crouching woman's shoulder. The background features a vanity with a large oval mirror, a potted plant, and a framed photo. Large windows show a blue sky with clouds. A wooden banister is visible in the bottom left.


gasp But those
will never fit me!

You'd be
surprised.



What the...

Oh, stop it, Kimmie.
I've seen naked little
girls before.



giggle


Sara saw me naked! She can see that she's more developed than I am. I don't think she thinks of me as "grown up Kim" anymore!

Um...where's my underwear? At least let me wear that-- after all, no one will see.

Oh Kimmie...don't be silly.
Little girls don't wear thongs
and expensive pantyhose.
As for a bra, you don't really
need one!



Clarice held open the panties and I stepped into them. They were a far cry from the grown up underwear I was used to wearing! My new panties were thick, cotton and juvenile, and they also had the day of the week stenciled on them! Next came the undershirt.



But I *need* a bra!


Doesn't look like it
to me.

Come look in the
mirror, Sweetie.



Oh my God!

I look so young! Who is this little girl who's staring back at me in the mirror?



Like my
handiwork?

I can't believe
this Mommy.


Put these on.
They're props from
an old Halloween
costume; nothing
but glass, but they'll
help add to the
effect.





Uhggh! I look
like a geek!

The school jumper came next. I then sat on the bed while Sara put on my blue knee socks and squeezed my feet into the black mary-janes. I stood up and went back to the mirror.

A scene from an anime-style video game showing two young girls in school uniforms. The girl on the left is looking into a mirror, while the girl on the right stands beside her. Both are wearing grey vests over white shirts with red bows. The girl on the left has short dark hair and glasses, while the girl on the right has her hair in a ponytail and also wears glasses. A speech bubble from the girl in the mirror expresses concern about her skirt's length.


Mommy...this skirt
is too short! My
underpants will
show!

I think you look
fine.

I continued to stare in the mirror in disbelief. Where did I go? Where was Kim the 22 year old Systems Administrator? Just an hour ago I was a career woman wearing my fashionable business clothes. Now I stood dressed as a schoolgirl, a child whose white cotton underpants peaked out from her too-short jumper. My hair was in a pony-tail and the color changed to a mousy brown. I wore horned rimmed glasses. There was now no sign of the adult person I had been. How could my adulthood have disappeared so fast?

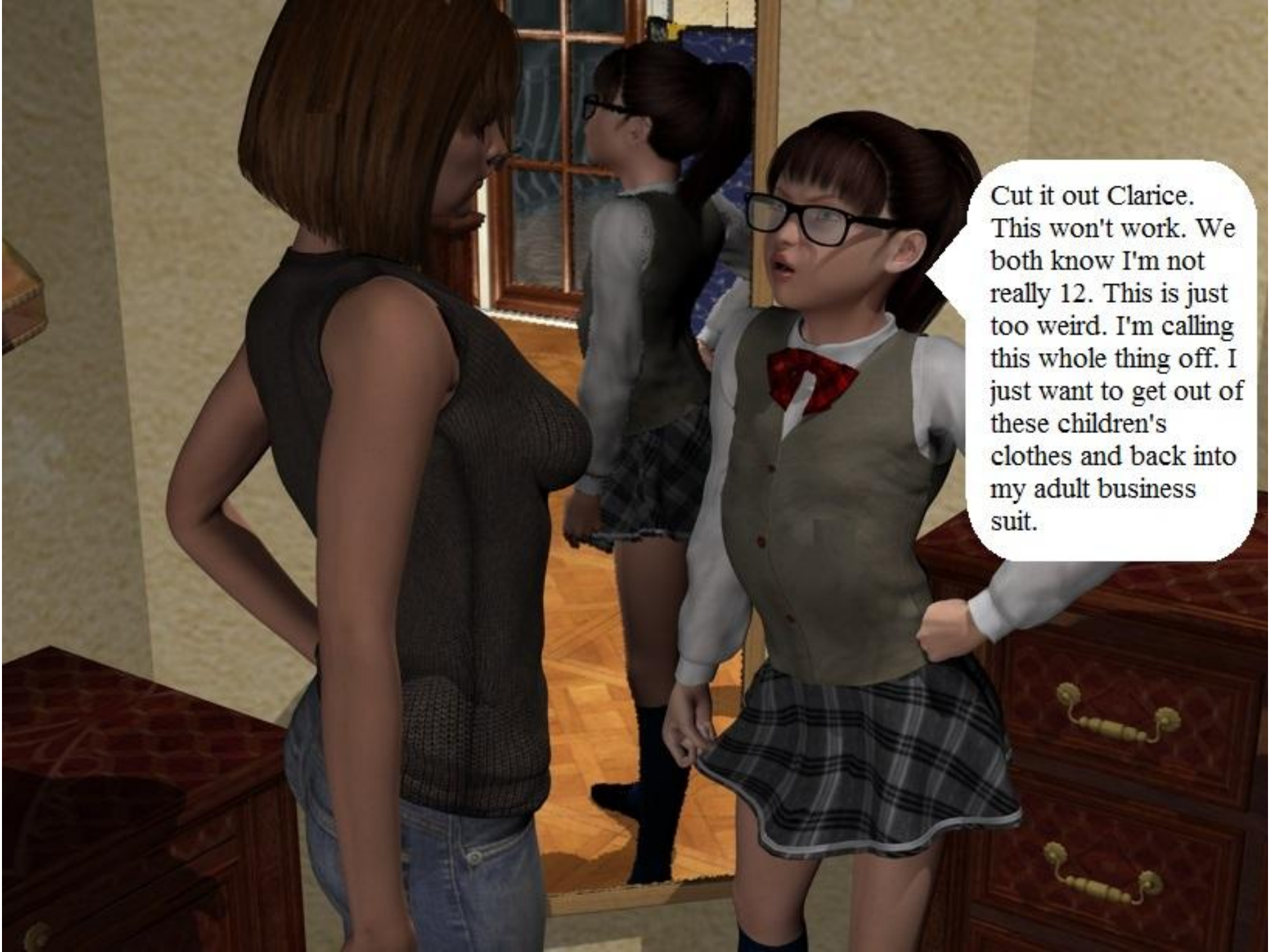
I looked at Clarice. I sensed that we both knew that my adulthood was history, and that I was no longer a busy independent career woman. My self-image as a competent adult professional was in tatters.

I looked again in the mirror. I simply couldn't go through with this. I couldn't go out in public looking like a 12 year old little girl, even if no one recognized me. It would be too humiliating, too much of a blow to my already battered self-esteem.




Clarice, I think I've changed my mind. I can't go to the mall looking like a little girl.

What are you talking about, Kimmie? And since when are we on a first name basis?




Cut it out Clarice. This won't work. We both know I'm not really 12. This is just too weird. I'm calling this whole thing off. I just want to get out of these children's clothes and back into my adult business suit.



Err... Where are my clothes?

Why, you're wearing them Kimmie. I don't know what you mean-- what business suit? And what did I tell you about calling me by my first name?



Kimmie, I still don't know what you're talking about. Little girls don't drive cars, and they don't wear high heels. And you're much too young to even *THINK* about wearing pantyhose!

groan

I'm sorry Mommy. I don't want to be a little girl again. I want my grown up life back. I want my car keys, my pumps and pantyhose. You know, my grown up stuff.




At least give me
back my bra!

You're *too*
young to wear
a bra, honey.


And you
don't really
need it.

I want my
bra! I want
my bra!






Don't be such a
baby, Kimmie!

A 3D-rendered scene from a video game. In the foreground, a young woman with long dark hair and glasses is seen from the back, looking towards a woman standing in front of her. The woman standing has shoulder-length brown hair and a prominent mustache. She is wearing a dark, sleeveless, textured top. To the left, there is a decorative chair with a green cushion. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.


That's *enough* out of you, young lady! Another outburst like that and I'll take you over my knee!

My God, she's really serious! ...




That's better. Sara,
go get one of your
back packs and put
some of your old
7th grade school
books in it. Put in a
coloring book and
crayons as well.
Kimmie can carry
that around...

I'm sorry Mommy.




Look at these great clothes I found, Mom! Can I wear them to the mall?

Th...those are *mine*!!




Yours? I don't think so, little girl. They're grown up clothes.

But...but they *are*!




Oh, stop whining Kimmie!
They're very pretty, Sara. Why
don't you put them away in your
closet. You can wear them later.
Get changed and we'll go.

Ok Mom.



Sara looks like a
grown woman!

What are *you*
staring at, Shrimp?



N...nothing, Sara.

I feel like a little
girl next to Sara,
and she's 14!
What does that
make *me*?

Sara got changed and we headed out. I groaned as I was propelled out the door and down the stairs. In no time I had the backpack and we were all set to leave.

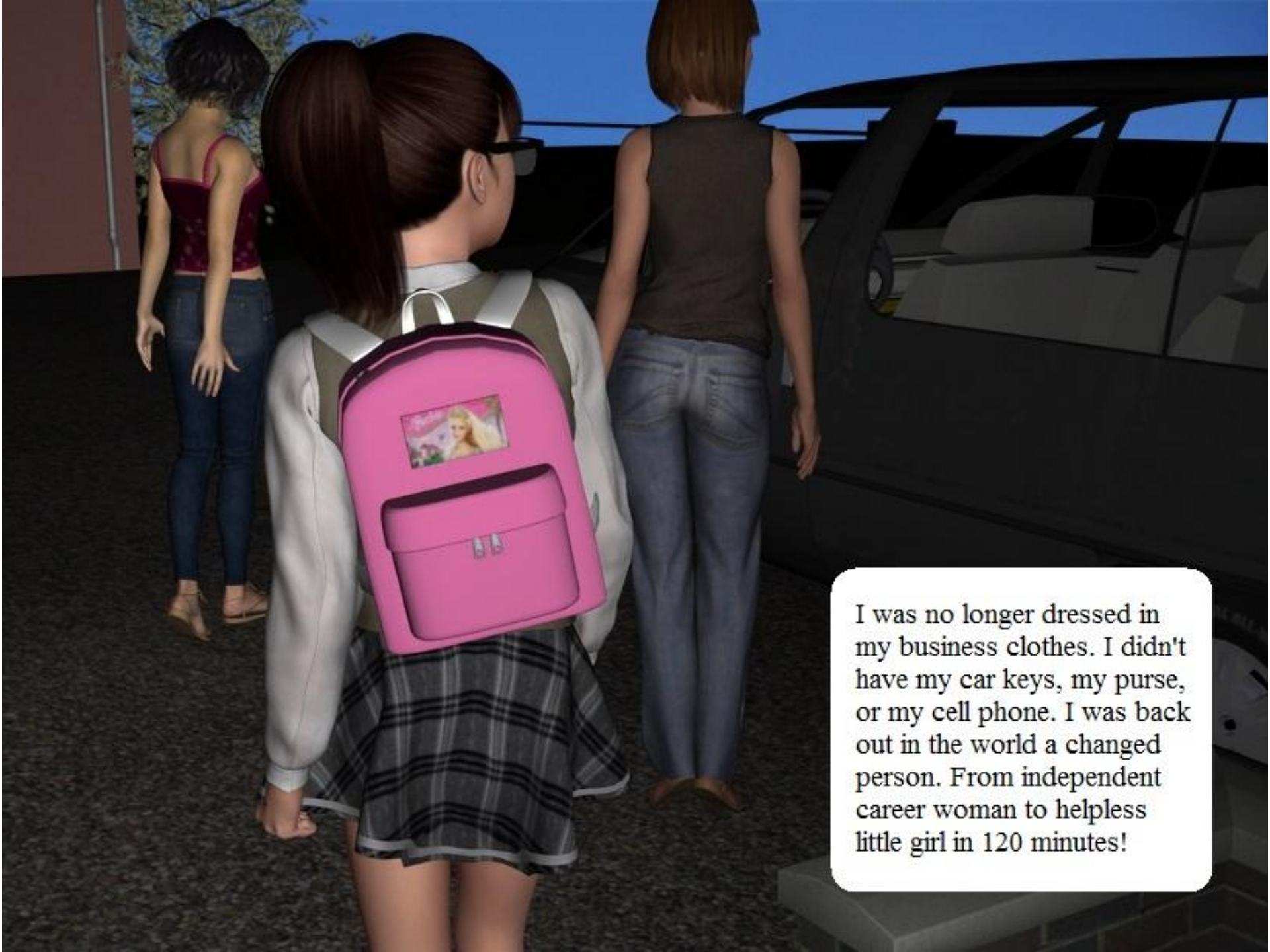


I felt strange walking outside dressed as I was. The wind played with my jumper, and I was taking small, hesitant steps trying to hold it down. After all, I didn't want the world to see my cotton underpants with every step!

In the bright sun my legs looked white and thin. Without the protection of my pantyhose and heels I felt small and childish.



I looked around. Everything was the same as was when I had arrived. There was my car by the curb. The birds still sang in the trees and the air still smelled like fresh cut grass. The same and yet not the same.



I was no longer dressed in my business clothes. I didn't have my car keys, my purse, or my cell phone. I was back out in the world a changed person. From independent career woman to helpless little girl in 120 minutes!




groan

The *youngest* has to sit in the back, Kimmie.

Whenever we had gone somewhere in the past, it was always understood that the youngest had to sit in the back. Of course, that had meant Sara. Now things were different. I was the youngest.

I got in the rear seat fuming, tossing my pack in and wrestling with my short jumper. I flushed beet red with humiliation as Clarice reached in and buckled my seat belt.



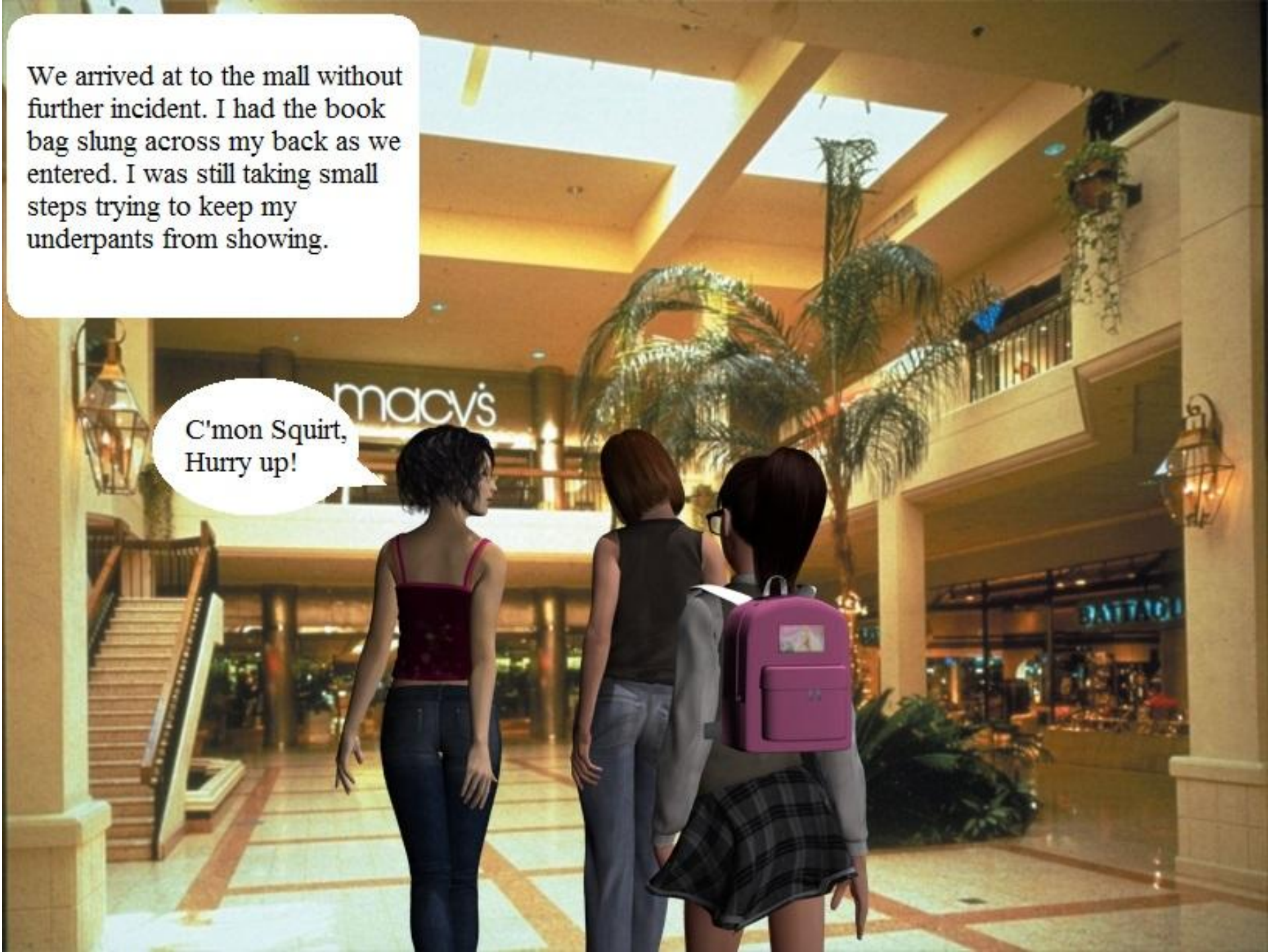
Now you're all set.

Poor Kimmie...there'd
be no confusing you for
an adult now. You've
become a child.

I tried to pull my jumper lower on my thighs to no avail. I pouted in silence all the way to the mall.

We arrived at to the mall without further incident. I had the book bag slung across my back as we entered. I was still taking small steps trying to keep my underpants from showing.

C'mon Squirt,
Hurry up!



I looked at her. She still had on the faded blue jeans. She's a tall, pretty girl. By comparison, I felt like a child in my school uniform, my hair in a pony-tail and carrying a Barbie schoolbag.

It didn't help matters that I shopped in this mall often. How many times had I came in this same entrance, my high heels tapping on the marble, walking confidently about in my executive pant suit?

I looked around. No one was giving me a second glance. I felt ignored. I was used to catching every male eye when I was in a public place such as this. Now I was just dismissed as a stupid little girl, far too young to be of any interest. Clarice stopped at a shoe store that we both shopped at regularly. I moaned as we went in.




gulp Its Julie. Why, she had helped me pick out a pair of pumps just two days ago! Of course, I had been an adult then. Will she recognize me?

Hello Mrs. Stewart.
How are you? Nice
to see you back.



Hey Sara, how's it going?






And who is this?

That's my
cousin Kimmie.
She's going to be
spending some
time with us.

What a pretty
name. I know a
grown up named
Kim...Kim
Dawson.

Four female mannequins are positioned in a brightly lit retail store. The mannequin on the far left has dark, wavy hair and is wearing a purple spaghetti-strap top and blue jeans. The second mannequin from the left has short brown hair and is seen from the back, wearing a grey sleeveless top and a black skirt with white polka dots. The third mannequin has straight brown hair and is wearing a dark brown ribbed tank top and light blue jeans. The mannequin on the far right has dark hair with bangs, wears glasses, a grey long-sleeved shirt, a red bow tie, a grey vest, and a grey and black plaid skirt. In the background, there are shelves with various shoes and a red bag hanging on the right.

Oh, if you see Ms. Dawson anytime soon, please let her know that we expect to get a shipment of those navy pumps that she liked.


I'm sure she knows.

I could only stand there in my school jumper and fume. I had thought it would be great fun to fool people, but the laugh was on me! It was terrible to stand there and not be recognized for the adult that I was!

I huffed and walked over to a display. I caught sight of myself in the mirror and saw that once again I was losing the battle to keep my underpants concealed. I once again tugged on the hem of my school jumper. It was getting to be a habit. A step. A tug. A step. A tug



Might as well get some shopping done as long as I'm here. I could always come back later as my adult self. Hey, these are cute...

A woman with short brown hair, wearing a grey tank top, is looking at a large display of shoes on shelves. She is holding a black and white polka-dot skirt. A speech bubble above her head says "Ahhh...".

Ahhh...

Please Kimmie,
don't touch the
merchandise.
Those are very
expensive...


S...sorry...

I turned beet red with humiliation. I had stood here two days ago, an adult woman who had been treated with respect and dignity. I had been an independent career woman! Now this same sales girl didn't even recognize me in the schoolgirl who stood before her! I was being treated like an errant child!

I stormed away and went towards the back of the store. There was a display table and I thought I'd just look at the shoes... not *touch*, but *look*.

At least that was the plan. The table was low and free standing. As I walked around it my stupid backpack caught the edge and before I knew it, I knocked a bunch of shoes on the floor! Shoes were scattered everywhere. I stood there, frozen.





I'm sorry, I don't know what happened...

Kimmie...weren't you told not to touch anything? Now look what you've done!

I could only stand there, with my head down in shame. I felt like I had become an awkward little girl who couldn't be trusted to be on her own.

It was ironic. As a real little girl I was something of geek, always playing with my computer or studying. I had been a gawky teen with no fashion sense and a bit of a klutz. I had outgrown all that and blossomed into a confident professional woman who carried herself with grace and style. I was always impeccably dressed, the very model of high fashion.

sigh

Children...oh well,
more work for
me...



Yet in one morning all that had been swept away. Fashionable clothes had been replaced with a school jumper. Expensive lingerie had been replaced with cotton panties. Mary Janes were on my feet instead of high heeled pumps. I was no longer the cool, poised young woman that I been only hours ago. That woman was gone, and in her place was a klutzy schoolgirl who couldn't keep her underpants from showing!

I'm sorry I was cross with you Kimmie,
it's not a big deal. No real harm done,
but please don't touch anything else,
ok? Now go and sit down like a good
little girl.



She gave me a swat on the bottom, dismissing me a child who had wronged but was forgiven. I was mortified. The same sales girl who had formally been so deferential and attentive to me as an adult now only saw me only as a backward little girl!

You go sit in the chair and try not to get into any more trouble!

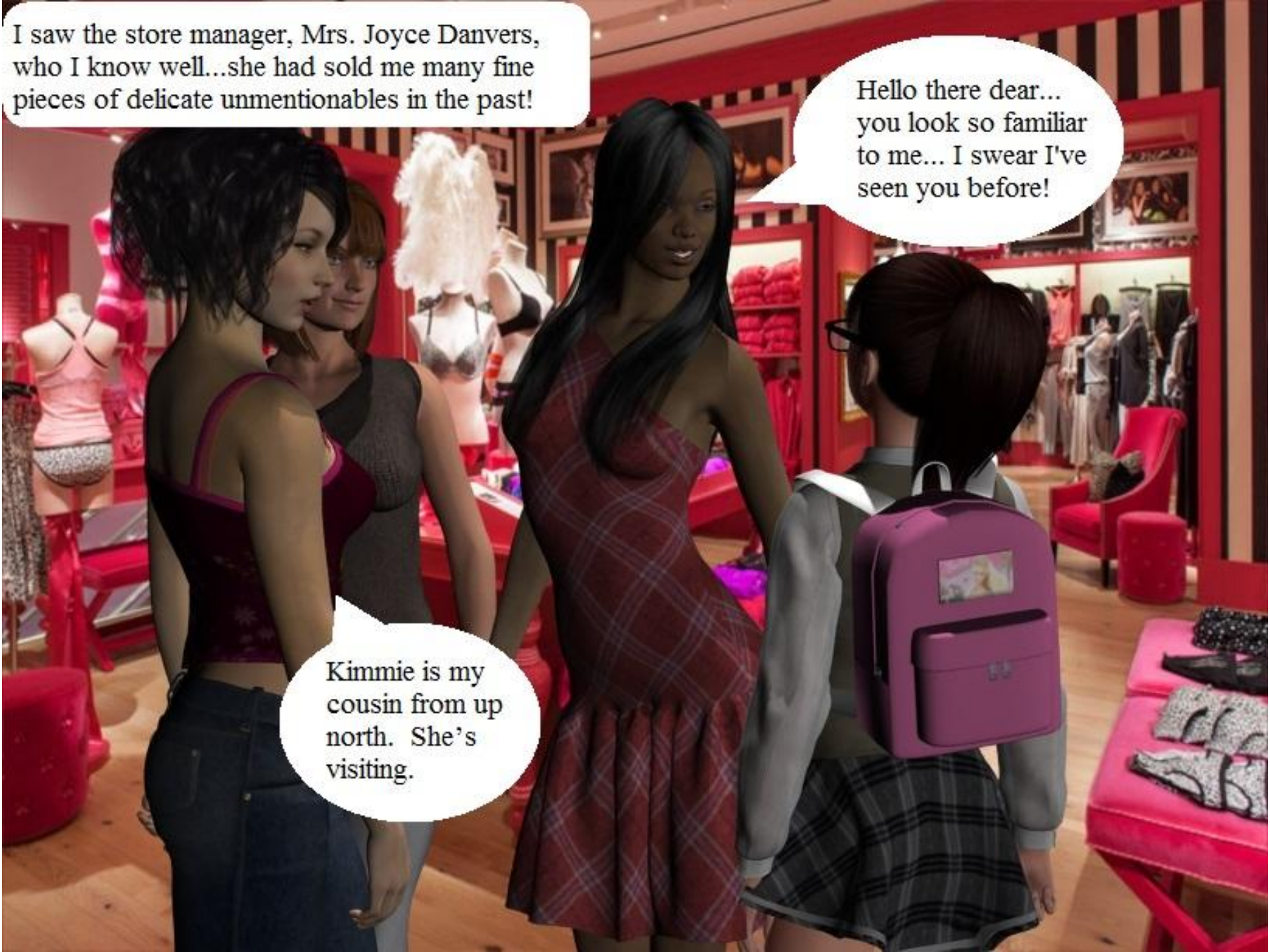
Clarice is acting more like a mother who had been embarrassed by her child than a friend, equal and colleague! Humiliated, I did as I was told. I sat there until Clarice and Sara had finished. This day was turning into a nightmare! I just wanted it to end so I could reclaim my adulthood.


We left the shoe store and Sara wanted to go by Victoria's Secret. I was really reluctant to go in. Perhaps the merchandise reminded me of what I had given up when I had agreed to become a schoolgirl. After all, expensive lingerie is the prerogative of an adult woman, not a child.

I saw the store manager, Mrs. Joyce Danvers, who I know well...she had sold me many fine pieces of delicate unmentionables in the past!

Hello there dear...
you look so familiar
to me... I swear I've
seen you before!

Kimmie is my
cousin from up
north. She's
visiting.





Clarice, we have some lovely bras that just came in last week. In fact, your friend Kim was in and bought two of them. She has such a lovely figure.

Mom, shouldn't we get Kimmie a bra?



Ah ha ha...

Heh heh...I'm afraid Kimmie is just a little too young one of our bras. We don't have anything appropriate for a girl her age. Have you tried Limited Too?

I blushed. Mrs. Danvers had sold me numerous bras in the past. It was hard to reconcile her comments within my own mind. As Kim Dawson, adult, I had a lovely figure. As "Kimmie" I was only qualified to wear tween cotton underwear, not a bra but a vest! Yet I was the same person! Or was I? Did clothes truly make (or unmake) the woman? Something about that last thought seemed very familiar but I didn't have time to reflect on it.

Mrs. Danvers excused herself as there were other shoppers. Several well dressed young women in business suits, obviously on their lunch hour, had entered the store. I was envious. On another occasion, I could have been one of those shoppers!

Sara had picked up a few nightgowns and wanted to try them on. She had also chosen a cotton baby doll for me that had "Scooby Doo" on the front of it.

Protesting, I was led to a changing booth off to the side. We went in together.




Come on Sara. We both know I'm not really 12. I'm 22 and you better remember that! I'm not going to try on that nightgown!

Sara just looked at me and smiled.
Then she me around and pulled
down my skirt!

Hey! Stop
undressing me!

Now we'll take off
your top...

No! Stop it!!



...and try on this
nightie! It's so
cute, and *just your*
size!

S...stop, get away
from me! I'm not
gonna wear it...

I was unprepared for what happened next. The door was closed but the not completely shut. As my back hit the door, it gave way and opened! I fell out backwards into the store!

Kimmmie!

Ahhhhh!



I landed in an undignified heap, a clumsy girl in her childish underwear! I was mortified! I leaped to my feet and tried to cover myself as best I could. "OH!" I cried, one hand across my chest and the other at my crotch. I turned around, crossed my hands and placed them on my ass. With my palms up, I tried to cover my panties. It was no use! Everyone was seeing me in my underpants!



*Get away
from me!*

Everyone's
staring at me! I
have to get out
of here!

What the...



Owwwww!


Honestly child, what's the matter with you? Polite little girls don't go running around in just their underpants! If I was your mother, I'd give you a good spanking!



Hey! Let go of me!


Here, let me take her.

Clarice dragged me to the changing booth.



In here, young lady!

Let go! Stop pulling me!



Honestly Kimmie, what am I going to do with you? First you almost wreck the shoe store and now you go running about in public in just your underwear! You are really not behaving yourself today. Maybe Mrs. Danvers is right...maybe you should be spanked!


Clarice, stop treating me like a little girl! I'm a grown-up! I want to end this game RIGHT NOW!






I've had just about enough nonsense out of you young lady! It's time you learned some manners.

gasp




You need to be reminded who and what you are.

W...what are you doing?!



You will not talk
back to me and you
will do as I say.

Stop! W...what are
you doing?! Please
don't...




I'm not a little girl! I'm a grown up!

If you insist on acting like a little girl then you will be treated like one. Little girls don't call adults by their first names.




Whack!
Whack!
Whack!



You are not a grown up. You don't work and you haven't graduated college.


Whack! Whack!
Whack!

Again and again her hand came down on my cotton pantied ass. I couldn't believe it! I was being spanked like a naughty child!




S...stop...

I couldn't remember exactly
what my job was anymore.
College years were a haze.



You are not in high school yet. You never had a boyfriend. You are too young to be sexually active.



I felt my insides churn. Did I ever have sex? I couldn't remember. I'm way too young for that, aren't I? I was so confused.

W...what are you doing to me?



You are a 12 year old
girl. You are nothing
but a child.



No I'm
not!



Whack! Whack!
Whack!

...and disrespectful little girls get spanked. Are you a grown up or a little girl, Kimmie?






I'm...I'm a grown
woman!

Whack! Whack!
Whack!





A grown woman? You haven't even had your first period yet. How old *are* you, Kimmie?




Ouch! Please stop! I'm
12 Mommy! I'm only
12!

Tears were flowing down my
cheeks. I was crying
uncontrollably. My bottom
hurt so much.



Shhhh...it's ok
baby...shhhh...that's
Mommy's little girl...it's
ok now, baby girl.



I'm sorry I talked
back, Mommy, really
I am...

I know you are,
Princess...now why
don't we get you
dressed.

I knew that Mommy was going to hold to our agreement and that I was not going to be let off the hook. She wiped my nose and helped me back into my school uniform.





As we left the booth, I saw that everyone in the store had heard me get spanked...they all had knowing smiles on their faces. I clutched Clarice's hand and tried to make myself as small as possible. Sara was smirking.

Let's go,
underwear girl.

As we left, Clarice suggested we get something to eat. I looked at the clock on the wall of a store we passed and saw that it was only 1:00 p.m. It seemed a lifetime ago since this morning when I had been an adult.


Sara announced she had to use the restroom so we headed down the mall and turned down the corridor that held the bathrooms and the phones. As we did, my heart jumped into my throat.



Sitting on a bench were Susie, Jackie, and Cindy, the "three bimbos" from the office!



Clarice, Hi! What are you guys doing here?



Oh, we're just doing
some shopping. You
know my daughter,
Sara, right?

I sure do, hiya
honey!


She then turned her attention towards me. I held my breath, hoping she wouldn't recognize me. If she did, I would be finished at the office.

I had always insisted that the secretaries address me as "Ms. Dawson". If they knew their aloof boss was standing in front of them dressed as a schoolgirl, I would lose their respect and would never be able to exercise any authority over them again!



We just finished lunch and are about to head back to the office. I see you're using your day off wisely!



A 3D rendered scene featuring three female characters in an indoor setting with a stone floor and a colorful striped wall. On the left, a woman with short reddish-brown hair, wearing a black floral halter top and a teal and red plaid skirt, is gesturing with her right hand. In the center, a woman with shoulder-length brown hair, wearing a grey V-neck top and blue jeans, stands with her hands on her hips. On the right, a younger woman with dark hair and glasses, wearing a white long-sleeved shirt, a grey vest, a red bow tie, and a grey plaid skirt, stands with her hands clasped. She has a large pink backpack on her back. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the woman on the left and one from the woman on the right.

Do you have a
another daughter
we don't know
about?


Susie, this is Kimmie, Sara's
cousin from up north. She's
going to be staying with us for a
while.

Oh, that's what it is. She looks so familiar but I couldn't quite put my finger on it. Kimmie, huh?




Do you know I work for a Kimmie? Well, not a Kimmie, but a "Ms. Dawson". Her first name is Kim, though.






She's a little shy. Would you mind looking after Kimmie for a moment. Sara and I are going to the ladies room. We'll be back in a few minutes...




I can't believe what I'm hearing! Mommy is going to leave me in the charge of the secretaries! Please say no please say no...

Not a problem, Clarice. I have a little girl of my own, I know how it is.




Thanks Susie.

M...Mommy...



I have to get out of
here!


I'll just wait over
there in the book
store...




Wait a minute,
sweetie... you can't
go off by yourself.
You're too little...

Let me go! You
let me go RIGHT
NOW you COW!






Why you little
brat! If *my* little
girl talked to me
that way, she
would get a
spanking! I have
half a mind to
spank *you*!

A 3D rendered character, possibly from a video game, is shown from the chest up. The character has short brown hair with bangs, wears black-rimmed glasses, and has a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression. They are wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt under a dark green vest, with a red bow tie visible at the collar. A large pink backpack is on their back, secured with white straps. The character is positioned against a dark, textured background that looks like stone or concrete. Two white speech bubbles are present: one in the upper left and one in the lower right.

Then we're both in
agreement that you
have half a mind,
you Nazi bitch!

That's IT! You
asked for this, and
now you're going
to GET IT!




W...wait a minute! I'm
not a little girl. I'm NOT
a little girl. You're
making a mistake!

*You're the one who
made the mistake,
young lady!*

She had pulled me over her knee and flipped up my jumper, exposing my white cotton underpants for all to see. I struggled for all I was worth, kicking my mary janed feet but it did no good.

"OWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!"
I yelled as the first SWAT came down on my ass.



Wait! Please! You're making a
MISTAKE! I'm *NOT* a schoolgirl!
I'm an *adult!*
OWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!

whack!
whack!
whack!


whack!
whack!
whack!

I hope you know you
deserve this, young
lady.



Through the pain and humiliation, a part of me wondered what Susie would have said if she had known that she was spanking her boss!


I mean, here was this BIMBO secretary who didn't even recognize me in my little girl persona. I had always treated her and the other secretaries with hostility and contempt. And now she was SPANKING me! whack! whack! whack!



But you don't
UNDERSTAND! I'm
not really a *child*. Let
me UP!

whack!
whack!
whack!

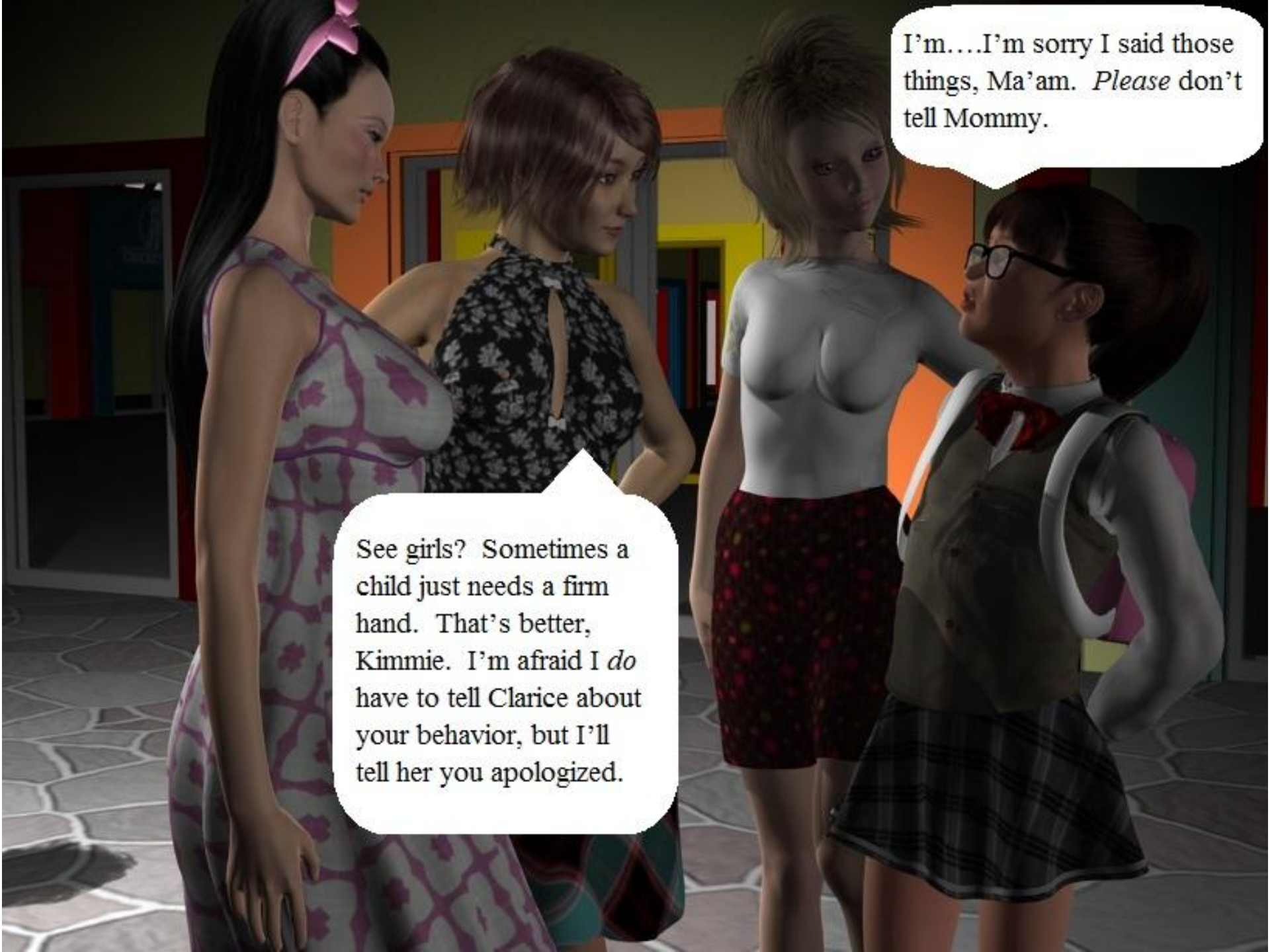
My face was as red as my bottom. I thought the spanking was over but then Susie pulled down my panties!



Don't you dare spank
me on my bare
bottom you *cow*!

You are one foul
mouthed little girl!
And now you're
really going to get
what you deserve!

She continued to spank me before finally stopping. She made me stand and pull up my panties. I was crying, humiliated, and ashamed. Mommy would be really mad at me if she knew how I was acting. I would get in so much trouble!



I'm....I'm sorry I said those things, Ma'am. *Please* don't tell Mommy.

See girls? Sometimes a child just needs a firm hand. That's better, Kimmie. I'm afraid I *do* have to tell Clarice about your behavior, but I'll tell her you apologized.



Oh no! It's Mommy! If Susie tells her how naughty I was she'll be mad! I don't want another spanking!

Before anyone could stop me, I took off running. Susie yelled and started after me but I was soon lost in the crowd. People were looking at me, staring.



I went down the escalator and into a side corridor. I was going home and getting out of these ridiculous clothes! I just wasn't sure how I was going to do that!

I was breathing hard, looking around. I was really keyed up. My ass was on fire, my stomach was in knots, and I suddenly had to pee in the worst way!

As I was looking around for a restroom, someone grabbed my arm!

I was startled, and I'm afraid my bladder let go-- I had wet myself!



Panos


Got you!

Let me *go*, you fat
bastard!

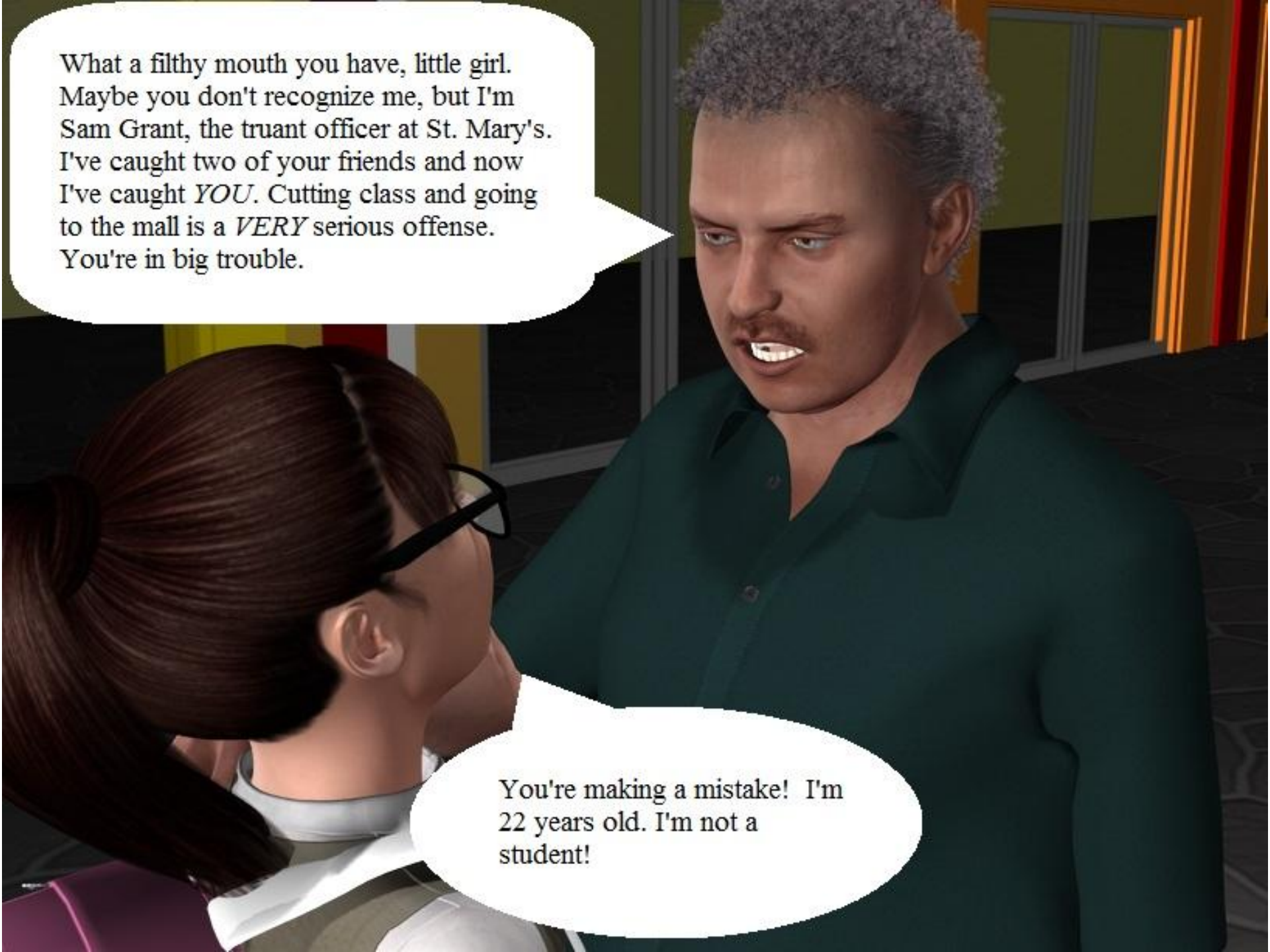
Belgaufra®
Probably the best since 1950

My panties are
soaked!






Geez, she's wet herself!
Why do these things
always happen to me?



What a filthy mouth you have, little girl. Maybe you don't recognize me, but I'm Sam Grant, the truant officer at St. Mary's. I've caught two of your friends and now I've caught *YOU*. Cutting class and going to the mall is a *VERY* serious offense. You're in big trouble.

You're making a mistake! I'm 22 years old. I'm not a student!


He just laughed. He spoke quickly to the female guard who quickly took me in tow. We stopped by the security office and she picked up a bag from a locker. Then we went into a restroom.



Please, you've got to believe me. I'm not a *schoolgirl*! I'm not who I appear to be!


Whatever you say, honey. Let's get you out of those wet panties.

With that, she removed my backpack and skirt and easily lifted me up onto the baby changing station in the bathroom. I blushed hotly as she pulled off my wet cotton panties.




Wh... wh...what are
you doing? No!
You...you can't...

We can't have you
having accidents all
over the place, now
can we honey? Now,
lift your bottom.



No, please you can't
do this to me.

There now...nice
and dry. That's a
good little girl.




I'm back in diapers! I was educated, a professional woman with a responsible job. I was used to people like this guard doing what I told them. Now I'm in diapers!

Let's get your skirt back on now, Sweetie.

The diapers were hot and sticky. It was a far cry from the silken panties and pantyhose that I was used to wearing!

As we left the bathroom, I cringed as I heard the plastic rustling from beneath my jumper. Worse, the bulky diaper was plainly visible!

Mr. Grant was waiting by the back entrance and quickly led me outside. I was protesting all the way.



But you don't
UNDERSTAND! I
don't need to go to
school. I'm a *GROWN*
UP!

Ha ha. Sure honey, you
just keep that up. I'd like
to see what the sisters say
when they hear that load
of bilge coming from you.
If you'll take my advice,
you'll be quiet as a mouse
as we go back to school.

With that, he put me in the van. I saw there were two other girls--obviously the ones who were caught cutting class. Didn't these people understand? I wasn't a schoolgirl!




I sat in the back of the van with the two other girls, my ass stinging from the recent spanking. I tried to formulate a plan of escape but for some reason, it seemed so hopeless; after all, how do you escape from childhood?



I pushed these melancholy thoughts aside. It was a simple matter of transformation-- I just needed to get back home. My adult life was waiting-- my job, clothes, my grown up underwear, my life.



Of course, that was easier said than done. I had no money, no identification, and no car. I was dressed as a 12 year old schoolgirl and people actually believed that's how old I really was.



We drove through the gates of the school and up the drive to the administration building. A stern faced nun was waiting for us.

It's Sister Bertrille!


The old *witch*!
There's a rumor going around that she can *fly*!

FLY?

The van stopped and we all piled out. Mr. Grant said a few words to the nun and then drove off.

I'm disappointed in all of you. You all know better than to try to cut class. You should *CERTAINLY* know better than to go to the mall, that's the first place we look for truants!






Child, I don't know
you. Are you a new
student?

Ummmm...can I speak
with you alone?


I'm going to speak
to *EACH* of you
alone.



You know where the
detention room is,
girls.

Is that child
wearing a diaper?

My diaper was really becoming hot and itchy. Even childish cotton panties sounded good as an alternative. I really missed the comfort of my silken panties and sleek pantyhose. It was funny. They were garments that I had taken totally for granted. Now that I no longer had access to them, they were precious. Of course, being in a diaper had a lot to do with that.


A 3D-rendered illustration of a classroom. A nun in a black and white striped dress stands at the front with her hands on her hips, facing three students seated at desks. The students are seen from behind. A large blackboard is behind the teacher. The scene is lit with warm, orange-toned light.

Now, each of you must write
1000 times "I must not skip
school."

I can't believe this.
I'm back in school,
forced to do a childish
punishment!

I sat there, squirming in my diaper,
writing the lines.






Come with me,
child.

Finally! I hope I get
a chance to explain
things and get back
to normal, back to
my adult self.

I followed the sister into her office, trying to keep my diaper from showing.






Child, you're wearing our school uniform, but I don't know you. Are you a new student at this school? Now, tell me who you are and who your mother is so we can call her. Don't lie to me, you're in enough trouble as it is.

Sister, I'm going to tell you something that might be hard to believe. I'm not really 12 years old. I'm an adult. My name is Kim Dawson and I'm 22. I work at a bank. My friend gave me a make-over and had me put on this uniform. We went to the mall. We thought it would be fun to see if I could pass for a schoolgirl. Things got out of hand and the truant officer picked me up. You've got to believe, this is all as mistake. I'm not a child, I'm an adult!






Child, that's the wildest story I have *EVER* heard given by a student to get out of trouble. I told you before not to lie to me. Now, one last time; let's have the truth!

It isn't a story!
Why would I make
something like that
up! I'm not lying,
really!






So you're an adult, are you? All right then. Where's your ID, your driver's license? Where are your adult clothes? Why are you wearing a diaper?

Well...I told you...



I've had enough of your lies, child. Do you know what happens to children who lie to their elders? They get spanked. That's exactly what I'm going to do to you right now! Maybe then you'll be in the mood to tell me the truth!



But I *TOLD* you the truth! I'm
an adult! I'm 22 years old!
You're making a MISTAKE!
I'm not a little girl! I have a job!
I wear grown up clothes! I'm
not a little girl, *I'm not a little
girl!*

Again and again, I was spanked and my pleas ignored.

whack!
whack!
whack!



The sister undid my diaper.


Now I'll spank
you on your bare
bottom!

whack!
whack!
whack!

Owwwwwwwwww
www! It hurts!




This morning I had been a grown up, wearing a fashionable business suit. I had a job, a car, and people that worked for me. Now I am a child. Now I am wearing a school uniform, bent over the lap of an angry nun, and in the process of being spanked!



Waaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!
I'm a *grown* woman!
I'm not a *child*!

whack!
whack!
whack!


The Sister ignored me. She finally finished the spanking and put my diaper on. I stood up, rubbing my stinging bottom. I'm afraid I was blubbering at this point.



*Now are you
going to tell me
the truth?*

P...please call
Clarice Stewart.
You're going to be in
for a big surprise.

The only thing I'm going to be
surprised about young lady is
if you don't get another
spanking for your behavior
today. You sit in the corner
while I call Clarice.



Mommy'll tell that old
witch who I am.




Oh no! I have to pee! I can't ask Sister Bertrille to use the potty or she might get mad and spank me again I...I...


Suck....
suck....

*Oh no...I...I can't
hold it in...*






...wet my diaper. I'm not a baby!
I'm NOT A BABY! Oh where are
you Mommy...want my Mommy...



That's how Mommy and Sara found me when they arrived 20 minutes later.


Oh, this is rich. Look at the situation you've gotten yourself in to. A little girl in a diaper. A wet diaper, from the smell. Why did you run away at the mall, Kimmie?



Kimmie. I'm still
Kimmie.

Mommy, please!
Enough is enough.
I just want to go
home, take a hot
bath, and put on
my adult clothes. I
want to forget this
day ever
happened. This
"Back in Time"
idea was the
biggest mistake I
ever made!


Kimmie, I think you've shown
that you can't handle being a
grown up. I think you should
stay just the way your are.
Sara and I will take good care
of you. Now, let's get you
home and change your diaper.
You will go to bed tonight
very early, we have lots to do
tomorrow!




Kimmie is Sara's cousin who is staying with us for a while. I'd like to enroll her in the school. As you can see, she's quite a handful with an active imagination!

Please Mommy, tell the Sister who I really am. Tell her I'm an adult!

Mommy won't let me be grown up!

A 3D-rendered scene depicting a conversation. A nun, wearing a black habit with a white collar and a small cross necklace, sits at a dark wooden table. She is looking towards two women seated across from her. The woman on the left has long brown hair and is wearing a grey textured sweater. The woman on the right has dark hair and is wearing glasses and a grey top with a red bow. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a wooden chair back visible behind the nun.

Well, we'll soon have
her cured of this
nonsense, or she'll
spend a lot of time
getting her bottom
warmed!

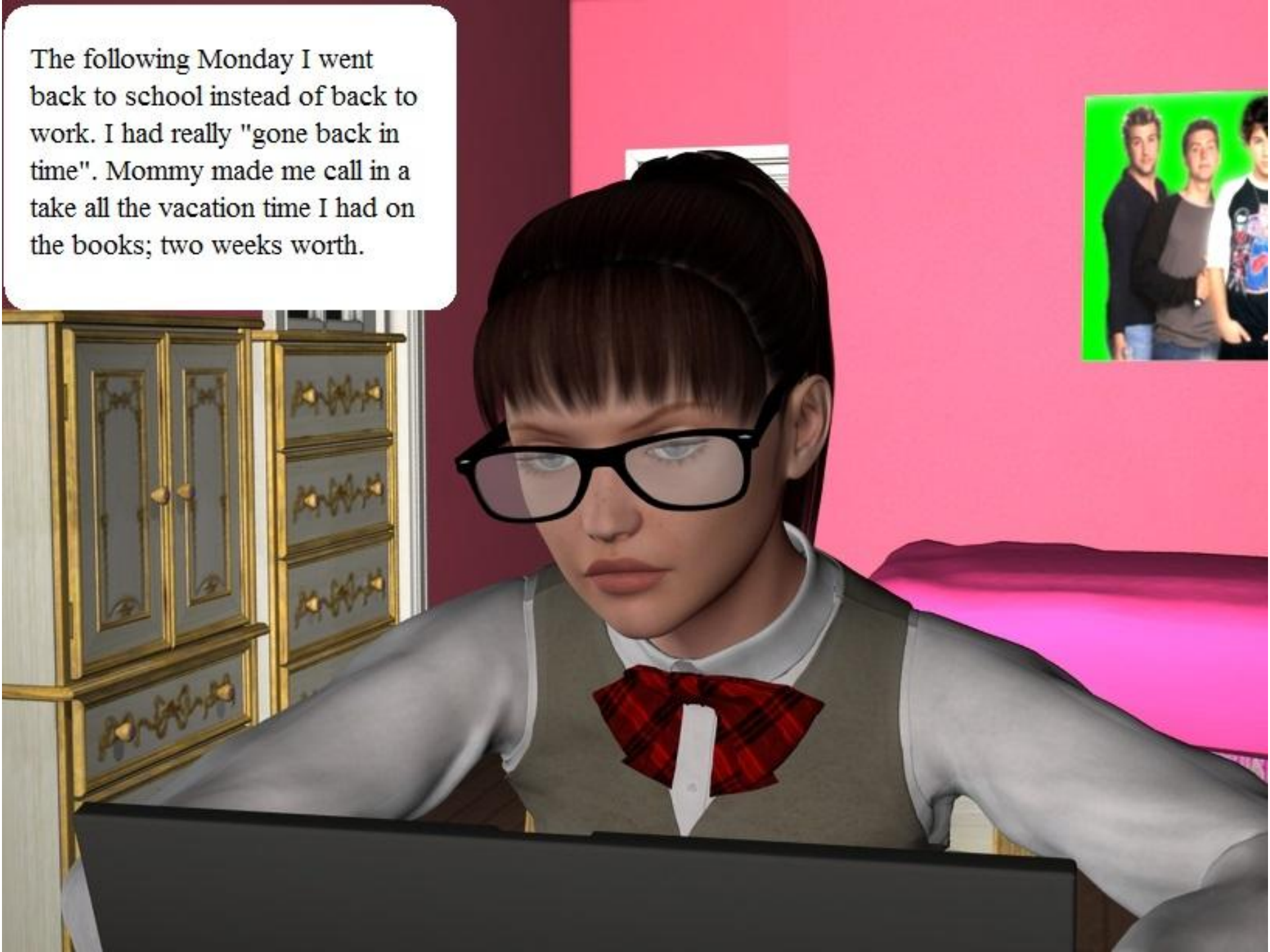


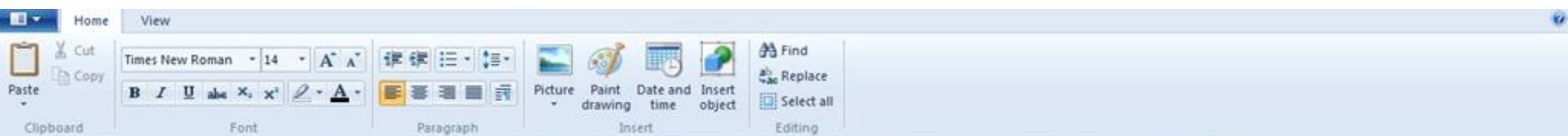
I'm NOT a little girl, I'm NOT a little girl!

Kimmy's having a tantrum, Mom.

Looks like *someone* needs a nap!

The following Monday I went back to school instead of back to work. I had really "gone back in time". Mommy made me call in a take all the vacation time I had on the books; two weeks worth.





The following Monday I went back to school instead of back to work. I had really "gone back in time". Mommy made me call in a take all the vacation time I had on the books; two weeks worth.

I've spent the last week going to Catholic school and doing 7th grade assignments. Mommy and Sara treat me well. They're truly my friends who think they're doing the right thing. I only hope they'll let me go back to being an adult when my vacation time is up!

