

## Learning is Easy!

Math class was boring, as your chin rests against the palm of your hand, you can't help but feel the struggle of trying to keep your eyes open. You are a top of your class senior, these problems were so easy that you don't even have to try anymore. Maybe you could just relax instead of inconveniencing yourself with this.

However you suddenly feel a twinge in your bladder, the need to pee quickly makes itself known to you and you raise your hand. What you hadn't realized however is that the professor was looking for an answer to his question on the board. The professor calls you to the front, of course you immediately stand and approach the board. You could never give up a chance to show how much better you were than your peers after all.

You stare at the problem for a while "xb" plus the 5, minus the 8. C-carry the two and... then what? This problem made no sense and every time you tried to redo it in your head it didn't seem the same, it was even harder for some reason! This mysterious problem racked your brain for minutes, the whole class watching and waiting patiently behind you. It turns out that the problem had taken up a little too much brain space however as you quickly realized that you'd forgotten all about your need to pee! You start to stress, tears forming by your eyes as you helplessly wet yourself in front of everyone!

You look down, tears streaming down your face, confused that there's no wet stain on your pants, wait, hang on.. You're not even wearing pants! In place of where your slick denim jeans should have been there was instead a soaked my little pony pull-up. This sudden outfit swap confused you even more, making your bawling and shaking even worse! Your professor decides to help you out, wheeling his chair over to you and pulling you into his lap, he whispers to you "shhhhh now little one, it's okay just relax for daddy okay?" d-daddy? He wasn't... oh yeah, daddy was right, he'd help you relax. You snuggle into him as you feel your body push. ~~Professor~~ Daddy stroked your hair and muttered words of encouragement into your newly weakened mind as you pushed out waves of mess into your pampers, clearly you didn't wear pull-ups because you were just a baby!

Daddy placed you down on the floor in front of the board. When you look up at the board you notice your problem has finally stopped moving around, it was 1+2! Not that you could solve such a hard problem anyways. Daddy told the class about a “new module” they’d be learning today... Babycare! This first lesson would be about how to calm an upset big baby! Daddy handed you your favorite plush toy and asked the new top student to come and “help out” by shaking a rattle and distracting you whilst daddy got the wand prepared.

A few silly rattle jingles and plushy snuggles later and you feel a special pleasure coming from your diapered crotch. Daddy was making your special spot feel super duper good! He even made sure that the rest of the class would tease and laugh at you to make you feel extra embarrassed and huffy! You gently thrust against daddy’s wand over and over, the top student rubbing your now exposed tummy all over. That stimulation, that PLEASURE is getting to a breaking point until... You EXPLODE into your diaper!!! Daddy makes sure to tell you how much of a good little baby you are as you keep thrusting weakly daddy’s hand, unaware that the wand has been put away. After that daddy continues with his new lecture, you get to nap at the front of the class with your plushie in a little soft playmat area.

When the class ends daddy puts you in a baby harness attached to his tummy and begins to carry you out of the door, talking to the students whilst they pack away. of course they all comment on how cute you are. You notice daddy takes extra care and attention when talking to that new top student however. In your sleepy state you definitely feel like you’ll have a new sibling pretty soon.