

The Baby

by Evil Dolly

HouseOfLostDolls@aol.com

www.evil-dolly.com

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Lisa popped her back and went to get some ice cream from the fridge. She was exhausted from unpacking the last of her belongings, as she had moved from across the country a few weeks earlier. She had found a secluded place to rent and a job she could do at home on her computer. With no ties to bind her, she thought she'd try to start anew. It was a lot of work to do herself, since she had no friends in her new town to help. She knew she would make some new friends after she settled down. With her looks, it was inevitable. She had grown to feel that it was a little annoying, the way people were insatiably attracted to her. Most of the time she just wanted to be left alone, away from crowds, away from people in general. Like now. She curled up on her couch around the bowl of ice cream.

After blanking out in front of the TV for a while, a breeze touched the nape of her neck. She scrunched her shoulders. The house was pretty secure, but it was kind of eerie being alone all of the time. The past couple of days were particularly strange. She felt like she was being watched almost constantly. As a matter of fact, she could swear that someone else was in the room. Humoring her anxieties, she started to scan the room behind her. As she turned, an arm clamped around her neck and squeezed tightly. She let out a shriek and her hands darted up, the bowl flying from her lap. She tugged at the surprisingly slender arm as she was pulled up over the back of the couch, but she had no leverage. An instant later she felt a sharp sting in the back of her shoulder. "Oh.. no!" was all she managed before the drug took hold and she blacked out.

Lisa awoke from a dreamless sleep with cramps all over her body. At first she wasn't sure she was awake at all, because of the complete blackness she in which she found herself. She also found herself on her back, with her wrists bound to the tops of her thighs, and could feel a series of wide straps digging into her body from her ankles to neck, pinning her to a smooth, firm surface. A padded blindfold was secured around her head, but she wasn't gagged. She was naked and her entire groin area was burning as if she had a rash or was covered with a heat balm. What was going on? Was she kidnapped? Where was she? She squirmed a little to test her bonds and relieve her cramps. She tried to get the blindfold off by rubbing her cheek against the table, but wasn't able. Should she say something? She stopped moving and tried to take in her surroundings. She must

still be at home, she could recognize her potpourri and the now-familiar smell of the old house beneath it. There was unfamiliar new age music playing softly in the background... and footsteps in another room. It sounded like things were being slid across the floor. She didn't know if she should call out or not. What if whoever had done this to her was gone and the person in the other room was here to help and didn't know she was there? *Yeah, she thought, like a stranger who's broken into my house to play music wouldn't notice a naked woman tied up in the middle of the room.*

After a few more minutes of quiet squirming, her curiosity won out over her fear. "Hu... hello?" she croaked. Her throat was dry. "Whoever.. um.. is there? Oh god. Somebody.. help. Help!" She was answered by the sound of footsteps rushing into the room.

"Oh my! You're not supposed to be up yet." It was a woman's voice! While part of Lisa's mind was panicking, the other part was rushing through lists of women she knew: high school, college, work, friends and enemies. Her voice wasn't familiar and she couldn't think of anyone who would do this to her. A total stranger!

"Hello? Whoever y-uh. Why am I tied up? What are..?" As she tried to speak her mind all at once, the footsteps stopped by her side. She heard something click. "What are you going to--"

"Hush," the woman said, and Lisa felt a sting in her shoulder. Recognizing the sting, she shouted and thrashed in futility before she was overcome by unconsciousness again.

When Lisa next awoke she had a dull headache, she was sprawled across her couch. For a fleeting moment she thought she had a nightmare. Her hopes for something that benign fled when she realized what she was wearing. It was a pink satin dress. She shakily got to her feet. Peeking around, she expected to see the stranger come in. The house was silent and seemed empty. The woman broke in, tied her up, dressed her, and left? She stared at herself in helpless confusion.

The dress was of a kind she hadn't seen in years; a little girl-style babydoll that barely covered her thighs. It was trimmed with white ruffles and ribbons. It was complete with bouffant sleeves that capped her shoulders, covering little of her arms. What was the purpose of this? Moreover, she was sharing the sofa with a big, pink, stuffed cat. Time to get some answers. She had to call the police.

As she made for the hallway, she found walking to be awkward; something that rustled was bunched up between her thighs. Lifting her dress, she was greeted with the sight of shiny, slightly baggy, rubber panties covering her torso from waist to crotch. "What the hell?" She dug her fingers under the waistband and yanked them down. "Diapers!" she raged. Twisted, perverted, practical

joke! Large, puffy, disposable diapers bulged from her abdomen and curved down between her thighs. They were so wide and thick at the crotch, they almost forced her legs apart as she walked. She felt her rear, which was even more thickly-padded than her belly. Groaning in disgust, she tried to pull the diapers off, but they were too snug to fit over her hips. She found the tape tabs that held them together at her sides and ripped them off. The panties and diapers fell with a soft *kush* to the floor. She thought for a moment to take off the ridiculous dress as well, but decided it was better than being naked.

She stormed into the kitchen where the phone was. Just as her fingers were closing on it, it rang shrilly. She yelped and her arm jerked away as if the phone was a living thing. She cursed herself and the phone. Still, something was not quite right about it. She picked it up. "Hello?" she ventured.

"Did you sleep well, dear?" The phone almost dropped out of Lisa's hand. She recognized the voice instantly, even though she had only heard it briefly before. The woman, with her confident, resonant voice.

"What do you want?" asked Lisa, her voice shaking.

"Hush. Questions later. You surprised me a bit when you awoke early. I wasn't quite through making preparations for your new role in life."

"But I-"

"Quiet."

"Hey-"

"Silence!" the woman commanded.

Lisa doubled over as pain blossomed in her stomach and forehead. It was so intense that she was completely immobilized, her mouth gaping like a grounded fish. Just as she thought she was sure to black out, the pain vanished as quickly as it had struck her. She looked up from the floor at the receiver, dangling patiently from its cord. With a trembling hand, she brought it to her ear. "Did...did you..?"

"Yes, I did that. I have control of you now, and you'll find I'm not opposed to corporal punishment with *my* children. Lisa. Quit that whimpering and listen. You're my possession, my property, now. You belong to me."

"Wha- *how*? I don't understand what's going *on*!" Lisa blurted, unable to contain herself. This was insane! The woman overlooked the outburst.

"How does anyone own anything? I laid claim to you. And now you're my slave. And you're going to do anything I want. Specifically, you're going to be my baby. Hush," she advised, anticipating that Lisa would speak again. "I've always wanted a *special* baby of my own. There, there, it won't be so bad. I'm going to take very good care of you. I won't even be there, most of the time. I have much business to attend to. You'll be able to live very much like you did before, with, ah, certain changes. You'll be in diapers, for one." She listened to Lisa squeak

plaintively. “Yes? You wanted to say something?”

“Are you crazy? I’m not your slave, or-*or* your baby! I’m not going to wear diapers! I won’t do a single fucking thing you—” She was silenced by another jolt of pain. She managed to hang on to the phone. “Please,” she said through gritted teeth, “please stop.”

“Will you be quiet and listen?”

“Yes. Oh, god. Yes, please, I’ll listen, whatever you want,” Lisa gasped.

“Of course you will. The first thing you’ll do is treat me with respect.” The pain ceased. “I’m your Mistress. I own you. And you’re going to be my baby for me.”

“But I can’t,” wailed Lisa.

“Oh, but you can. You can because you have absolutely no other option. If you don’t, you will unpleasantly.. disappear. As if you never existed,” the woman said.

Lisa went cold. Being tied up and dressed funny was one thing. But disappear? She’d kill her or something? The woman really *was* crazy. She had to get out of this somehow. “You wouldn’t,” was all she could manage.

“Oh, I don’t *want* to,” said the woman. Her voice was hard. “I’m already fond of you, but only as a pet. I’ll do it if you become too much of a burden. Or if you try to run away. Keep me amused and stay put, and you’ll be just fine. I’m part of a very select group of individuals, dear. We can take and get away with anything we want. And I want you.” She let her words sink in. Lisa’s heart was pounding.

“Installed in you dear,” she continued, “along with the painful little trinkets you’ve already become acquainted with, is a little homing device that will release an agonizing, incapacitating shock by remote control. My control. Even if it weren’t for that, no one would believe your story. If you manage to tell someone, anyone, and they come to help you, first you’ll disappear and then everyone you talked to will disappear. That’s not a bluff. The device is set for proximity. I strongly recommend that you not venture outside of the house.”

Lisa was still except for her trembling lower lip. How was she going to get out of this?

“There, there,” the woman said, her voice much softer. “Don’t be scared, honey. All that unpleasantness is out of the way. I don’t want you to be sad. As long as you obey me, you don’t have anything to worry about, do you? And you will obey your Mistress, won’t you?”

“S-sure,” Lisa said quietly. She’d say anything to avoid getting zapped again, or whatever it was. If she humored the woman, maybe she’d go easier on her. She had to slip up sometime soon, and then Lisa could escape. “What do I

have to do? Just.. wear the clothes and diapers and stuff?”

“You don’t *have* to wear the clothes, that’s up to you for the time being. You might get chilly, though, since they’re the only clothes you have left. I do want you to wear the diapers.. for everything. You know what I mean. You have plenty of disposable diapers there for you to use, so don’t worry about running out. I’d change you myself if I were there, but I’m not, so you’ll have to take care of that for yourself. Of course, I can’t be monitoring you all the time to make sure that you’re wearing them. If I catch you disobeying, you *will* be punished. Understand?”

“Sure. Okay.”

“Another thing. You don’t have a bed anymore. Babies sleep in cribs. It’s a special crib, too. Its lid is set to lock on a timer, and an alarm will go off so you know when it’s time to go to bed. You have to be inside within five minutes of the alarm or you’ll be locked out.”

“What happens if I’m not? Do I get punished?” Lisa asked.

“Don’t interrupt me. If you skip it repeatedly, of course you’ll be punished. You’ll go hungry, too, since that’s where you will be fed. When the alarm goes off you’d better drop whatever you’re doing and get in, or you’ll have to wait. There are a few more details, but I’ll just let those be a surprise. Something’s come up and I have to go now. I’ll be in touch, baby. Sweet dreams.”

So that was it. Drug someone and rearrange her life, then on to other business. Lisa hung up the receiver and shuffled despondently to the sofa, where she cried for a long time.

Later, she searched her body for signs of damage. There were bruises from the bondage, but nothing else was awry, except for her crotch. It had been shaved bare. Not a single hair or stubble marred her smooth lips. Lisa couldn’t believe her eyes. She looked like a prepubescent child again. Her mound was velvety smooth and felt very strange to the touch. It was so sensitive. It felt like she was touching nerves she never knew she had. She was haunted by the idea of that woman, her ‘Mistress’, touching her, shaving her down there while she was unconscious and helpless. Or that she might be watching her examine herself right now through some hidden camera. She couldn’t stand the thought, so she tried to ignore it and take in her situation. Hair would grow back, after all.

Her old bed, she was to find, had been replaced by an adult-sized crib. The closely-spaced steel bars, padded by puffy white satin, enclosed all sides, including the top. On the mattress was a footed sleeper made of light pink satin. It was open in the back, and included an unusual hood that was connected to tubes that descended from a large locked box on the outside of the crib. A pile of thick

blankets was bundled at the foot of the bed. She couldn't examine it further because the crib top was firmly locked shut.

As Lisa explored the house, she felt more and more helpless. Stuffed animals were scattered around the house, gazing pitifully at her with their plastic eyes. Her cabinets and drawers were stuffed with packages of disposable diapers. All of her clothes had been replaced with silly baby clothes, all in her size. Nothing but pastels and ruffles, rhumba panties and dresses. She felt naked walking around in nothing but the short dress. Still, she didn't want to put on the stupid diapers. That would be like surrendering. She tried to put on a pair of the plastic panties in an attempt to cover herself up but they were uncomfortable, hot, and baggy by themselves. To her surprise, she came across a drawer that contained opaque tights in light colors. After she pulled a pair up her legs, she was disgusted to learn that even the tights had ruffles on the rear. Still, they were better than nothing.

Even her dishes and silverware had been removed, much to her dismay. Her kitchen drawers and cabinets were empty, save for a selection of large baby bottles and dozens of cans of baby formula. She almost laughed aloud at the thorough absurdity of it all. Why would she voluntarily drink this junk? Then an unpleasant thought hit her. She opened the fridge. It was room temperature and empty except for a single note stuck to the rack:

'Cold things would give Baby a tummyache! Love, Mommy'

A smiley face was drawn at the bottom. Disgusted, she crumpled it up. The refrigerator was plugged in, but it wasn't running. Maybe if she checked the circuit breaker... which was on the outside. Searching the kitchen, she found it to be devoid of any speck of food, except for the formula. She felt like crying again. "I'll starve!"

There was a door to the outside at the back of the kitchen. All she had to do was go through and she'd be free. Or at least, she'd find out if the woman was really bluffing or not. Looking around the room, and down at what had been done to herself, she doubted it was a bluff; the woman had put too much work into this risk it being ruined just like that. Or maybe it that's what she wanted Lisa to think, and it really *was* a ruse. *Play along*, she told herself, *and it'll be over soon*. She turned on the faucet to get some water, having had nothing to drink or eat since her ordeal began, but nothing came out. She jiggled the spigot, but no water. "No!" She ran to the bathroom, but there was no water available there, either. Not in the shower, toilet, or anything.

An hour later she was sitting on her couch, staring at the fat rubber nipple of the bottle held limply in her hands. Her thirst had gotten the best of her, so she had fumbled around with bottles, trying not to think about what she was doing while

assembling the bottle, nipple, and collapsible bag. Eventually, she got it right. She knew she could simply drink the formula straight from the can, but was afraid she'd get punished if the woman caught her at it. It was just a bottle, after all. No big deal.

“Well, here goes,” she sighed, and put the amber nipple to her lips. It felt foreign to her mouth yet vaguely familiar at the same time. Sucking the nipple came almost naturally, but seemed almost obscene to her. All she got was rubbery air from her few trial sucks. Resigning herself, she got on her back so she could supported the bottle over her mouth and let gravity to the rest. *Just like a baby, just the way she wants me*, she thought. *God, this is so degrading.*

She had to strain a little before the formula washed over her tongue. It was sickly, cloyingly sweet. She pulled the nipple out and forced herself to swallow. “Guk. No wonder babies cry and throw up.” She didn't want to drink any more of the thick, white stuff, but was reminded that it was all she had to drink. Making a face, she tried to down the rest of the formula as quickly as possible. That proved not to be very quickly at all, since the hole wouldn't allow very much out at a time. By the time she had sucked down the last droplets, her lips were numb and her jaw was fatigued. She felt a little bit full, but the formula was thick and warm and did very little to quench her thirst. It seemed that she was even thirstier than before.

“I hate this,” she grumbled. Then loudly, “I hate this!” She glared into empty space hoping to cast an evil eye into a hidden camera that was undoubtedly observing her. She pulled her dress down over the stupid ruffled tights and returned to the kitchen for more milk.

She swirled the heavy formula in the can and rubbed her jaw. She couldn't use the bottle anymore; her mouth hurt too much. All she wanted was a drink. Surely her Mistress would be humane and not force her to overdo it so soon. Or maybe she wasn't watching. Just a little drink. After glancing nervously from side to side, she downed a mouthful of formula. Ah, that was better. And she didn't get punished, either. As she was taking another swallow, a burst of pain shot through her body. She shouted, as much in surprise as from pain, and the can fell from her hand. She supported herself against the counter, coughing wetly, formula dripping from her chin and nose, and waited for another shock. It didn't come. With anger welling up inside her, she grabbed the bottle.

“Alright.. fine. Fine! Okay! I'm doing it! I'm fucking getting a *fucking* bottle!” She continued with a tirade of obscenities as she hastily assembled the bottle, casting collapsing bags and spare nipples across the wet countertop. She shook what was left in the can into the bottle and screwed the nipple back on, which took several attempts in her state. “Here! I'm doing it! Is this what you

wanted?” she snarled to the ceiling. Shoving the nipple in her mouth, she sucked noisily. “Mmmm.. good! Oh, this is *wonderful!* Okay?” She winced, expecting to be punished, but she wasn’t.

Drained from her tantrum, she hung her head. What was the point of yelling if nobody cared? “I’m not your baby,” she said quietly. “I’m not yours.” She trudged out of the kitchen with a new bottle, tracking milky footprints across the floor.

After several hours and more bottles of formula, Lisa found herself in a calmer state of mind. She had come to the decision to play along and follow the rules, while waiting for the woman’s inevitable slip-up and make her escape. She glared at the plush cat leaning against the armrest. Playing along and drinking the formula was taking its toll. She realized that the moment which she had been trying to put out of her mind all day had finally arrived. She had to pee. She tried to think of any alternative to using a diaper; her mind alighted on all manner of weird scenarios, like peeing out of the open door or window. Maybe in the sink? The bathtub? Hell, she could simply do her business in an unrolled diaper placed on the floor and throw it away. But she didn’t think that would go over very well with her ‘Mother’. And she definitely did not want to get zapped again. She sat and became resigned to the fact that she was going to have to wear, and use, diapers.

Surrendering to her insistent bladder, Lisa examined the diapers she was wearing when she first woke up. They used to re-adhesive tabs to hold them on, but Lisa had torn them when she yanked it off. Might as well get a new one. Cloth or disposable, she thought to herself, bitterly amused at the idea of choosing a type of diaper with the casualness of making a dinner selection. *Better get used to it*, a part of her said. *You could be stuck here a while.*

She didn’t feel like dealing with a dirty cloth diaper, so she opted for the disposable. She pulled one from a stack in her now-stuffed cabinets. All folded up, it reminded her of a giant maxipad. Well, she wasn’t going to have to worry about those things anymore. She made a face at the thought of having to cope with diapers during her period. She opened it up and found it much larger than she expected. She sighed.

In her re-decorated bedroom there was a changing table, but she didn’t feel like climbing onto it to change herself. Off to the side were dozens of bottles of rash prevention lotion, oil, and baby powder. She thought using the powder was a good idea, took some of the lotion, as well. She didn’t know how easy it was to get a rash, and she didn’t want to find out. All she needed to add to her misery was a diaper rash. Spreading it across her bottom and over her crotch, she was surprised by getting a sudden tingling arousal as her skin came into contact with the lotion.

That's weird, she thought. It must be because I've been shaved, and I'm feeling skin I haven't really felt since I was a kid.

Any hesitation at diapering herself was overcome by a jolt of urgency from her bladder. Pulling the diaper between her legs (*Soft!*), she fumbled with the tape until it was wrapped snugly around her waist. She hurried to pull up the silly ruffled panties.. and found she couldn't go. She pushed, but the feel of the diaper pressing against her benuded pussy was too distracting. Realizing that years of toilet training and conditioning had to be overcome, she squatted and tried again. Frustrated, she was about to try sitting on the toilet to stimulate the urge.

Then, a tiny trickle started. Relieved, she bore down and the trickle became a hot, full-fledged stream pouring into the crotch of her diaper. For a second there was annoyed discomfort, and then... *PLEASURE!* Breathless and wide-eyed, she braced herself on all fours as she was completely overcome with the most powerful orgasm she had ever experienced in her life. Stronger than any orgasm she'd had having sex or while masturbating, this one sent waves of pure, mindless ecstasy crashing through her mind and body as her diaper filled with her pee.

"Aah! Ah! Wha? Oh... No... Aaaaaah! NononoOOO OOOooh GOOOODDDckggh.." She thrashed on the carpet, gurgling incoherently, blinded by pleasure until the flow finally ceased. It took a minute before her senses returned and she could think straight. She lying flat on her back, panting, her whole body trembling. "What the fuck was that?" Wonderful sensations still radiated from her wet crotch and bottom. Why did that happen? Was it the diaper? She placed a trembling hand over her bulging crotch, which was now very hot and heavy, and squeezed. It pressed against her and some of the piss it had absorbed was squeezed out over her pussy, sending her into the throes of another, but much less powerful, orgasm.

"Aaah! Ah! Sssstop... stop!" She hooked her thumbs into the waistband over the panties and diapers, tearing the adhesive tabs, and forced them down her legs. She kicked them off as if they were on fire. They landed in a sodden heap under the changing table. Getting to her feet, with some difficulty, she pressed against the wall, staring at the harmless-looking, wet diaper. Her crotch and bottom felt cold and wet, and the pleasurable sensations were slowly receding. She took a washcloth and tenderly wiped the moisture away. She expected that her pussy would still be extremely sensitive, but now that the diaper was off, it didn't feel any different than normal. She wasn't surprised to hear the phone ringing.

"Yes?" she answered, chilly and naked beneath her satin dress.

"Told you there'd be something for you to discover. Hope you like it." It was the woman, of course. Her Mistress. Her Mother.

"You saw?"

“Of course! You think I’d miss my baby’s first wetting?” she laughed.

“What was that? Was it something in the diaper? In the lotion?”

“Oh, no dear. That was all you. Let’s just say it’s an incentive. Or a reward. For being an obedient baby girl.”

“Me? What did you do to me?” Her hand went to her abdomen. “Will it happen again?” She was fearful, and horrified at the depth of the invasion, but a tiny part of her mind was already craving a return of the pleasure.

“Just a little chemical rewiring, while you were sleeping. As far as it happening again, I’m not sure. It should. You are a bit of an experiment.”

“Oh great! Now I’m a guinea pig, too? I have to deal with this every time I have to go to the bathroom?”

“Listen baby, I have pressing business at work. I have to go. I just wanted to call and praise you for being such a good little girl and doing what had to be done. Don’t forget to diaper yourself for beddy-bye! Sweet dreams, baby.”

The line was silent. Lisa realized that the woman was waiting for something. She swallowed her pride. “Bye... Mommy,” she said quietly, and hung up.

Diaper myself for beddy-bye? she thought. Before she could come up with the reason for the reminder, an alarm went off in the bed room. What was it? A fire alarm? She rushed to open the door, and located the source of the buzzing- her crib. Half of the top and the side had slid down, allowing her access. But it was still early! She never went to sleep at this time. Still, she had to get in there or it would close up and she wouldn’t be fed. She was starving for something other than baby formula. How long did she have? Three minutes? Five? “Shit!”

She grabbed a disposable diaper and clean pair of rubber pants. It took some comical fumbling to get them on quickly. She remembered the sleeper in the crib, so she pulled off the silly dress, too. She caught herself in the mirror. The thick diapers bulging from her rear and crotch, with ruffles on the panties that only emphasized its size, were incongruous with her large, bare breasts. *My God*, she thought, *I really do look like some weird kind of grown up baby in these.*

Upset, she crawled into the crib, thinking, *This is not a crib, it’s a cage!* She tried to figure out the sleeper. She couldn’t pick it up as it was tethered loosely at the top of the hood, wrists, elbows, waist, knees, and ankles to the sides of the crib. Its back was open, but it had lacing strings she couldn’t figure out stretching from the bottom of the opening to the bottom edge of the mattress. She slid her legs in backwards with some difficulty; the crib didn’t allow for much movement. The seat of her panties caught on the bottom of the opening and she had to reach back and pluck it free. The inside was cool and lined with thickly padded satin. It was actually kind of comfortable. With her legs stretched out

behind her, she realized she was going to have to sleep on her stomach. She hated sleeping on her stomach, but the tethers wouldn't allow her to roll over. Resigned, she pushed her arms into the sleeves and ducked her head into the attached hood, which was also had a slit running up the back for easier access. The sleeves ended in ridiculously well-padded, thumb-less mittens. It felt as if her fingers were curved around foamy balls in the palms. She could squeeze, but was incapable of anything else. She wouldn't be able to grab a hold of anything.. or pull herself loose. The hood was another problem. The most padded part of the sleeper, several inches thick, it made her feel like her head was stuffed inside a pillow. There were no openings except two tubes for her nostrils and a large, pacifier shaped plug for her mouth. She had to squirm around to get everything lined up. The inside smelled very strongly of baby powder. The pacifier was uncomfortable and didn't taste very good, but it seemed to fit her mouth fairly well. At least she wouldn't gag on it. She hoped. But how was she going to eat with this thing in her mouth?

Her answer came as the crib buzzed again. Instantly the top and side slid back together and clicked, presumably locked. Before she could react, small motors hidden beneath mattress starting whirring, and the opening in the back of the sleeper cinched shut. She screamed into the hood in surprise. The waist, torso, and crotch of the sleeper snugged close around her body, pressing the diaper into her crotch. The hood also tightened up, squeezing the softness around her head and against her face. The pacifier gag was forced deeper into her mouth, and her jaw was held firmly closed against it. She reactively reached to the back of her head with her useless hands, but her arms were yanked away as the tethers attached to her wrists began retracting. "Noo!" she shouted through the gag, as she fought against the pull, but it was no use. With all her strength she could stop them, and only succeeded in hurting her wrists. Her hands and feet were pulled to the corners of the bed while her elbows and knees were pulled out to the sides. The tethers on her waist also shortened, leaving her helplessly and securely pinned to the mattress. Her thighs were spread wide apart, leaving her diaper-padded crotch well displayed. She couldn't sleep like this! It was like sleeping like.. a baby.

Lisa pulled some more as she visualized how she appeared and how helpless she was to prevent it, but finally relaxed and sank into the mattress. Complete and total silence and darkness engulfed her. It was a good thing she wasn't claustrophobic. She couldn't move a thing except her head, and couldn't feel a thing except for the sleeper, her diaper, and the pacifier. She barely heard it through the hood, but something else had started humming, this time above her head. But there's nothing left to tighten, she thought weakly. The pacifier grew warm and started to swell a bit, and something started seeping from it from little

pores on all sides. She shook her head, trying to dislodge it when before it dawned on her that this was her dinner. The thick paste continued to fill her mouth. It tasted bland, with sweet undertones. She gave an experimental swallow. It was like eating thin, flavorless oatmeal. What she swallowed was quickly replaced by more, and she found herself swallowing every few seconds just to keep from choking. *This is it?* she thought. *This is all I have to eat?* At least it was something, and she was so hungry by then that it didn't matter.

The feeding continued for what seemed like forever. Her throat was getting tired and she getting full. She started to fear that it had malfunctioned somehow, and it would keep pumping baby food into her mouth until she threw up or couldn't swallow at all. Either way, she would choke to death in that hood in a crib that was really a cage. The suspicion grew until she was whimpering between every swallow. She wished anyone was there, even Mommy, just to make it stop. Once her stomach was so full that she was feeling cramps and felt she couldn't swallow another mouthful, the feeding machine mercifully stopped. She was pleased to find it finished with a few swallows of apple juice to clear the sticky food from her mouth. It was warm apple juice, but it was the most delicious thing she'd been able to drink all day.

After a minute of her squirming to settle her stuffed belly, the tether at the top of the hood pulled tight, forcing her head to lay flat against the mattress. She turn her head to the left or right with effort, but was unable to lift it all. She moaned quietly as the thick layers of blankets were slowly pulled over her body and stopped at her neck. Was that it? Was it finally done? There was nothing but overwhelming silence. There was no way she'd be able to get to sleep in the position she was in. She was surely going to cramp. She was going to be up all night, bound in one position, stuffed, and miserable. The combined insulation of the diapers, sleeper, and blankets was making her very warm. She hated being this hot in bed. She wanted to kick off the blankets, but that was out of the question. Her mind started drifting, trying to make any kind of sense of what had happened to her. Maybe it was all a bizarre nightmare, and she would wake up in bed. In an adult bed. With no diapers, no sleepers or gags, no cruel, insane Mommies.

As an indeterminant amount of time passed, she felt as if she was floating, totally relaxed and at ease. The warmth was soothing, as was the baby powder scent. Her position felt perfectly natural, and her limbs were relaxed. Even her full tummy felt pleasant. She was puzzled why she should feel this way. She was having trouble thinking straight, and her eyes wouldn't stay open. Just thick, soft, warm darkness. Like.. a womb. *Maybe the food was drugged,* she thought. *Maybe there was something in the..*

When she finally woke, she wasn't sure if she was truly awake. Her muscles seemed slow in responding. A few test pulls told her that she was indeed conscious, and still bound. She was so completely relaxed and content, it didn't seem possible. It was like those mornings when the bed was perfectly warm, and the blankets were so nicely molded to her body that she never wanted to get out of bed again. How long had she been asleep? She was still in utter darkness. She laid very still, unable to remember being so fully rested in all her life. Nothing to hear but her breath through the tubes. As she drifted in and out of sleep, she felt her stomach was aching a bit. Was she having trouble digesting? No, those were hunger pangs. But if she'd only been out for an hour or so, why should she be hungry again so soon? The crib buzzed shrilly and her head was let loose. She lifted it tentatively and the gag began pumping more food into her. She swallowed it all dutifully, not as worried this time as she started becoming over-full. A quick was of apple juice, and it stopped. A short time later, she heard the crib slide open and all of the tethers slackened at once. *Must mean it's time to get up*, she thought, *but is it morning already?* She didn't sleep that soundly even in her real bed; she always woke up several times during the night.

She struggled to free herself from the sleeper, but it was as difficult as she'd feared. Using the tethers for leverage, she popped out of the back. She cursed and covered her eyes. It was so bright! Dazed, she stumbled out of the crib. The cool air felt so good after the hot crib and it was great to be able to open her mouth, which now seemed very empty. She stretched.

"How am I supposed to take a shower? Or brush my teeth?" she asked the room. She guess she wasn't. But she did have to pee again, bad. Preparing herself this time, she undid the tabs on her diapers and got onto her back. Again, she had to strain to get started in the odd position, but again PLEASURE!

"Ooooooooooh GOOODDD!" she screamed at the top of her lungs before stifling herself by biting onto the dress she left on the floor. Just as strong as the first one, her hips bucked wildly as she gushed uncontrollably into her diaper. As soon as she was finished she threw the diaper open and rolled out of it. For minutes she clutched the thick carpet, panting, waiting for the orgasm to pass. "Jesus!" How was she going to cope with this every time she had to pee? There must be some way around it. But what?

She sat up and wiped herself off with a dry portion of the diaper. As she held it a strange realization hit her. This was *her* diaper. It was heavy with *her* urine. She had worn it and used it. Funny, it didn't strike her as bad as she thought it would. *That's it*, she thought. *I can play along. No problem. I wear the silly baby clothes, I'll drink the yucky formula, and sleep in the crib. But I'm not going to wear the diapers except when I have to.* She got dressed in opaque pink tights

and a shiny white dress. The nylon tights felt so strange against her bare mons. She had checked for stubble, but found none, there or on her legs and armpits, and assumed that her Mommy had used some kind of depilatory cream. She didn't look forward to having to shave herself down there.

Lisa fixed herself a bottle of formula and cleaned up after yesterday's tantrum. She felt clear-headed today, but couldn't blame herself for her previous behavior. It was only natural for her to be upset. The formula went down easier, as well. At least it had some sort of flavor compared to the tasteless mush she had in place of real food. She tried to put out of her mind that what went in had to come out, and finished her first bottle. She was getting better at sucking a nipple. *What a great skill I'm learning*, she thought sourly. She finished up by putting her old clothes in the laundry and putting the used diapers in a large diaper pail left in the bathroom. That was convenient, the diapers were starting to get a bit rank.

The morning passed uneventfully. She tried doing work on the computer, but was too distracted by sucking on a bottle to get much done. All the stuff did was make her thirstier. She wondered if it was even worth doing work. What did she need money for right now? All the clothes and food she was allowed were here, and she certainly couldn't go out to buy things for herself. *Mommy had damn well better pay for utilities*, she thought. *She* sure as hell wasn't going to pay for electricity to run an automated prison-crib or for central cooling which constantly kept her on the verge of uncomfortably chilly because the thermostat didn't work anymore. The rest of the time she sat in front of the TV.

Lisa glanced over at the stuffed cat sitting next to her. It looked kind of lonely. She was lonely, too. She really couldn't blame it for her predicament, it was in the same fix she was. She reached out to touch it. It was very soft and squishy. She pulled it to her and hugged it to her chest. Warm.

She only had to use the diaper once more during the morning. This time she sat on it and got off as soon as she finishing peeing and cumming. Fortunately, she had always had a large bladder capacity, and didn't have to go very frequently. Time dragged on and she was starting to get hungry again. It was already past noon. She went to the bedroom to poke at the crib, thinking that maybe the timer was messed up. She had an idea of pulling the blankets from in between the bars so she could stay warm. As she reached in to grab them, the alarm went off and the side slid down. She yelped and snatched her hand back, her heart pounding. Must be time for lunch. She undressed and put on a pair of diapers and rubber pants, avoiding looking at herself in the mirror this time. She started to climb in when she saw the stuffed kitty leaning against the door where she'd left it. Musing, she got the stuffed animal and took it into the crib with her. She used

to sleep with them as a child, maybe it would help her sleep better now. She got into the sleeper more easily this time and wasn't startled when the doors closed and everything got tight. *Get used to it*, she told herself. This might go on for days, god, even weeks before she escaped. She ate her food with the cat tucked up near her head. She couldn't hold with the mittens and all, so it would just have to wait there.

The food didn't taste any better. When she was done and her head was pulled down and the blankets snuggled close, she waited for sleep to come. There was no drugged drowsiness like the previous night, but it seemed easy to fall asleep, anyway.

During her nap, she woke with an insistent urge in her bladder. *Oh, no, not now!* She couldn't take it off! Maybe the nap time was almost done, and the crib was about to open. Maybe. The urge grew and she was clamping down on it with equal strength. She moaned into the pacifier when she lost the battle and her piss poured into the waiting diaper. As it soaked in and covered her crotch and belly with warm wetness, another orgasm took her. If anything, it was more intense this time since she was unable to move a thing to abate the energy. She screamed from agonizing ecstasy that just kept going on and on.

The flow ceased. She would have taken them off at this point had she been free, but she was trapped in the diapers that clung to her. Even if she'd been untied she wouldn't have been able to pull them off for the sleeper's thick, slipper mittens. She tried being still, not wanting to make it any more pleasurable than it had to be. *That's strange way to think about it*, she thought. Wherever the wet diaper touched her skin, fiery tongues of pleasure originated. The sensations gradually receded, giving way to constant, soothing warmth, somewhat like a slow and gentle session of oral sex. Clenching her fists and biting her pacifier, she tried to control it. It just felt so GOOD. Why? What kind of 'rewiring' had that woman done to her? It was too much, she was going to go crazy!

The padding over Lisa's eyes was wet with tears by the time the buzzer rang and the crib opened. "Oh, yes! Thank you!" she mouthed around the pacifier. She wrestled the sleeper and banged her head on the top of the crib in her hurry to escape the diaper. She pushed the panties down to her knees and tore off the diaper, receiving one last burst of pleasure as the wet material slid across her crotch. "I can't go through this every time," she cried to the room. "Please." Shaken, she slowly dressed herself and took her cat with her into the kitchen. She was awfully thirsty.

That night, she was pleased to find her food was again laced with a sedative, or whatever it was, that her morning and afternoon feedings were lacking. Well, as long as she had no more surprises, it wasn't so bad. Sort of like an extended

vacation. During her evening wettings, she was able to get a better control of herself. As long as she didn't have to stay in them, that is. She missed real food though, and being free to go outside. Not that she would have gone out much anyway, she was a bit of a homebody, but not being allowed to go out was another matter. *Patience*, she told herself. *If you don't put up a big fight, maybe the woman will get bored and let you go.* After all, there was no reason for her to make Lisa 'disappear' if she just got tired of her; Lisa had never seen her, didn't know a thing about her except her voice, and that she had heard only briefly. *Maybe she'll just let me go*, Lisa thought dreamily as the heat of the blankets changed into a penetrating warmth and she was pulled into sleep.

During the of her third day in babyhood, Lisa spent the morning sitting on the floor in front of the TV (morning talk shows, wouldn't *she* make a great guest), doodling in her sketch book, with her stuffed cat leaning against her side. She leaned back to stretch, and froze. It sounded like leaves were crunching outside of the kitchen. Someone was there! Her first instinct was to scream for help, but she stopped herself. She didn't want to get any innocent nosey neighbor (the nearest house was well hidden by a wall of trees) or a meter reader or someone involved. If she just stayed quiet maybe they'd go away. Then the sound of a key unlocking the kitchen door. The only person who had the key was the landlady who she'd spoken to briefly over the phone before she moved. Now that she thought about, the landlady's voice sounded a whole like.. "Oh my god," she squeaked.

The door creaked open, then shut. Then high heels were clicking on the linoleum floor. They rounded the corner and Lisa saw her Mistress for the first time. The woman's hand went to her chest when she saw Lisa sitting on the floor drawing. "Oh, aren't you just the most precious thing I ever saw?"

She was much taller than Lisa, who was 5'5", especially in heels. She had thick, wavy, chestnut hair and make up that looked fresh from a salon. Wearing a fairly conservative skirt and jacket, she looked like anyone she might pass on the sidewalk back home. In fact, except for having an unusually small waist, above-average attractiveness, and a what looked like a large diaper bag hanging from her shoulder, she looked unremarkable. Lisa didn't know for sure what she was expecting, but it certainly wasn't a *normal*-looking person. Not even any horns.

"Huh?" was all she could manage. Scenarios raced through her mind. Should she confront her? Shout? What she wanted to do was tackle her to the ground and beat that smiling, red mouth for everything she'd done to her. In the end, she just sat, fingers digging into the carpet, with her mouth gaping.

"You, dear! You look just like a little angel sitting there. I'll be right back," she said as she took off her jacket. Large breasts, too. She put the bag on the

counter and went back outside. Lisa went to the window in time to see the woman returning carrying a box. Lisa went to the living room door to watch the woman come in and put the box next to the bag. She turned and gave a sharp exhale. "Here Lisa, let me look at you." She put her hands on Lisa's shoulders and turned her around. "Mmm, I like what you've chosen to wear."

She's touching you! Lisa's mind screamed. *Do something!* She shrugged off the woman's hands only to feel them sliding down her sides. It was so strange to be touched like this. Like she was a possession. She felt so helpless. *I don't want her to hurt me again, I can't fight or she'll hurt me!*

The woman lifted the hem of her short dress. "Tch, tch. No diapers. Bad girl." Lisa snatched back her skirts, but the woman was already gone. She was taking cans of formula from the box and restocking the cabinets. "You've been drinking a lot. That's good," she said and set about to preparing a bottle with practiced hands. She pushed it into Lisa's hands. "Shoo! I've got to finish this." She took the box and brushed past Lisa, like she owned the place. *Wait, she does,* Lisa thought.

After refilling the diaper cabinets, the woman went into the bedroom. Lisa followed her silently. The woman had unlocked the box on the crib and was putting packets in it. Must be food. "Your bed was heavier than I thought. It took a long time to get out. That's why you woke up. I have to apologize about that, I know it was scary waking up like that."

It's scary now, Lisa almost said, but she didn't know anything about this woman or how she'd react to off-hand comments. The woman studied Lisa, then went to her and put her hand on the girl's cheek. Lisa flinched. "Lisa," the woman said. "You're doing very well. I know all of this hasn't been easy for you, and I want you to know I'm very pleased with you so far. Except," she took Lisa's shoulders and spun her around, "for the diapers. Into the bathroom." She pushed Lisa, who only resisted a little, to the changing table. "Up."

Lisa looked at the table, then at the woman. *I don't want to do this!* she thought as she reluctantly climbed onto the table. The woman pushed her onto her back. She started to lift Lisa's dress. "No," Lisa finally managed and pushed it back down. The woman just smiled and took Lisa's wrist while reaching for a strap dangling from the underside of the table. She wrapped it around Lisa's wrist. "No!" shouted Lisa. She pushed the woman away and started to get up, undoing the strap. Then pain filled her body. Lisa choked on a scream and fell back to the table.

"Aaaaaoooooww!" Lisa screamed as the woman strapped the incapacitated girl's arms to the sides of the table. The pain ceased. "W-why?"

"You need to learn obedience, child," the woman said coolly, "if you don't,

you can expect more of the same. Do what I want, and everything will go fine for you. I've already been through this, I don't like repeating myself." She tapped Lisa's forehead to emphasize the syllables: "Oh-bey." She added another strap beneath Lisa's breasts and pulled it far more tightly than it needed to be, making Lisa grunt. Her hands roamed over Lisa's satin-covered breasts. Tears welled up in Lisa's eyes. "Don't cry, baby. I told you, you've been doing very well. This can be very pleasant for you, if you let it. It can also be very unpleasant, if you keep resisting. I'm going to get my way, either way." She pulled up Lisa's dress and slid her tights down to her ankles. She felt so vulnerable. She *was* vulnerable.

"Don't do this to me. Please," Lisa sniffed.

"There, there," said the woman as she examined the girl's crotch. She squirted lotion into her hand and started massaging it into the girl's lips. "How does this feel?"

To Lisa's surprise, she didn't feel much at all. She hadn't tried masturbating since this whole thing started, of course. The woman's fingers actually felt nice, very gentle, but there were no feelings of pleasure that she would normally have felt at the intimate touch of her female lovers. "I'm afraid this sort of thing will have little effect on you anymore," the woman said softly.

"What do you mean," Lisa asked, alarmed. "I can't have sex anymore? What did you do to me?"

"It's hard to have sex when you're wearing a diaper," the woman smiled. "Something had to be sacrificed. You can still enjoy physical pleasure, just not in the way that you're accustomed to. And I know you enjoy using your diapers. I've watched you."

"But I don't want to enjoy them! I want my old life back," Lisa cried, then coughed into the cloud of baby powder that was enveloping her. "Do you have to use so much?"

"We don't want baby getting a rash, now do we?" teased the woman as she smoothed handful after handful of powder between the girl's legs and bottom. "It makes you smell so sweet, don't you think? I know you want to be free right now, but your old life is gone forever. Accept it. You're now a slave. A baby slave! Give in. It will feel sooo good."

Lisa felt something pushed into her rectum. "Hey!" she shouted and squirmed away, but the woman was already done. She unfolded a diaper.

"Lift your rear," she ordered.

Keep your fingers outta me, Lisa thought. She lifted up only slightly, but it was enough for the woman to slide the diaper beneath her. "Give in." She pulled the soft diaper between her legs and fastened it securely. Her attention became totally focused on Lisa's diapered midsection, pressing, rubbing, feeling the

thickness that separated Lisa's skin from the outside. "Perfect," she breathed. All Lisa could do was turn her face aside, wishing she were a thousand miles away. Her tights were removed from her feet and replaced with rubber panties that concealed her diaper from view. She removed Lisa's restraints slowly, and gently rubbed her reddened wrists. "Come on, I know you're a thirsty baby."

She led Lisa to the sofa, where she sat down, pulling Lisa down next to her. "Put your head on my lap," she instructed. It felt natural and repulsive at the same time, seeing the woman looking down at her over her shimmery, blouse-covered breasts. She pressed the nipple of the bottle to Lisa's lips. Lisa closed her eyes. What could possibly be more humiliating? And here she was, going along with it. It'd be over in a few minutes, then maybe she'd leave. "Come on, sweet, open for mommy."

"Okay, oka-aaah-" The nipple was pushed into her mouth. Lisa started sucking hungrily. Since it was all she had to drink now, she had become used to the strong sweetness. It almost tasted good now. Not quite, but almost. The woman smiled.

Lisa closed her eyes as she drank. She seemed so sensitive to everything. She could feel the heat of the woman's thighs beneath her head, and smell the woman's delicate perfume. She detected a faint scent of cigarette smoke beneath the perfume. *Oh great, a smoking mother, she thought. Don't you know second hand smoke is bad for babies?* She smirked around the nipple and sucked in air, making a funny noise. The woman said nothing, only stroked her forehead with a light, loving touch. Lisa's eyes opened slightly. Under other circumstances, she could be very attracted to this woman-

Her eyes sprang open fully as a powerful cramp passed through her belly. *Oh no, not this! Not now!* The woman removed the bottle. "What's wrong?" she asked, smiling.

You know darn well what's wrong. You put something in me that started this. "I have to go to.. to the bathroom."

"So go," said the woman. She pulled Lisa close.

"No, you don't understand. I have to do more than pee."

"It's about time! I was starting to get a little concerned, but these bulk feedings take a while to build up. But now that it's started, you should have to poop several times a day."

"No! Come on, can't we negotiate or," Lisa groaned as stronger cramps hit her, "or something? I don't want to do it in diapers. It's so gross! Please. Just this once can I use the toilet?"

"Babies don't use toilets. You're my baby. You. Don't. Use. Toilets. You use your diapers. So do it." She slid her hand beneath Lisa to feel the seat of her

diapers. “Do it.” She squeezed a handful of diaper.

“I can’t hold it, please, I--“

”Now!”

“Nooooo,” she moaned in pain and couldn’t keep it in. Her bowels forced several days worth of feedings into her diapers, filling them in a matter of seconds. When Lisa felt the watery shit spread across her bottom and between her legs, an orgasm struck her that was more potent than any she’d experience during a wetting. Her mouth locked open in a silent howl, face contorted in a semblance of agony, her body rigid. Her Mommy was also experiencing an orgasm of her own, her back arched and chest heaving from whatever pleasure she derived from feeling Lisa mess her diaper beneath her hand. Lisa’s paralysis broke and she started backpedaling frantically to escape the diapers that held the ecstasy-inducing feces next to her skin. All she succeeding in was moving across the couch so her bottom was laying across the woman’s lap. “Ooh, yes! Baby, baby, precious baby!” sighed the woman, hugging Lisa’s diapered body close.

“No gotta get away gotta stop can’t oh can’t no lemme go let me *gooo!*” wailed Lisa as she tried to latch onto the chair’s arm and pull herself away.

“Oh no you don’t,” laughed the woman. She flipped Lisa onto her belly, easily done since she was bucking about so much. After some struggling, she hiked her skirt up and wrapped one leg over the small of Lisa’s back, scissoring the girl’s waist between her thighs. Her face flushed, she regarded Lisa’s bottom in rapture. She started stroking the hot, bulging mound, softly, almost tentatively, then harder. Lisa sighed into the cushions as the syrupy mass was pushed and spread around her rear. Every rapid exhalation became a ‘*No.*’ The woman caressed Lisa’s cheek and forehead with her free hand. It continued for almost half an hour. Lisa felt like she was floating, high on some revolting drug. It shouldn’t feel like this. Too wonderful. She wanted it to go on and on. “There now. There, there, come back.” She shook Lisa’s shoulder gently. “Was that so bad? Think you could get used to that? I want you to. Come on, let’s get you changed.”

Lisa hugged herself, standing on unsteady legs on the bathroom mat. The woman had undone the diaper and was wiping the mess from her bottom and off the insides of her thighs. The ferocity of the smell had made her a bit queasy, but it was her own and it didn’t bother her too bad. “Doesn’t.. doesn’t it bother you? The smell?”

“I’m used to it,” the woman said as she disposed of the dirty diaper. “I wouldn’t make a very good mother if I was squeamish, now would I?” She pushed a button on the bottom of the bathtub faucet, and water began flowing. “What? That was there all the time? But..but..!”

“Yes, I have to bathe you somehow. I’m not going to bring my own

water. But my computer records whenever it's used, so if you ever," the woman said sternly, "ever turn it on without my permission, you I'll make sure you'll get such a diaper rash you won't be able to sit for a week. You want that?"

"No."

"Good girl." She adjusted the temperature and added some bubble bath. "Undress."

Lisa hung her head. She mumbled and slowly unbuttoned the little girl dress. "I just want you to know I'm not happy," she said quietly.

"Well, let's work on that. Here, it's full. Hop in!"

The water was almost too hot, but it felt so good to take a bath again that she didn't care. She closed her eyes and let the warmth penetrate her and enjoy the feel of her Mommy, who was kneeling at the side of the tub, soaping her up and scrub her skin. "Does baby like?"

Lisa replied with a mumble. Her hair was washed and rinsed with the showerhead. The woman massaged her soapy skin, relaxing her arms, back, and legs. "How long will this last?" Lisa finally asked.

"Well, I thought I'd keep going 'til the water cooled," the woman laughed.

"No." Lisa shook her head. "No, I meant about all this. When will you let me go?"

"I won't. Not ever. You'll be mine for the rest of your life."

Lisa was afraid she'd say that. "But I can't stay in here forever," she sobbed. "I'll go crazy!"

"Silly girl. Once you accept this, once you become an obedient baby, I'll be able to trust you and you can play outside, or wherever. But you'll always be my baby slave."

"I can be trusted! I promise I won't tell a soul! You don't have to force me," pleaded Lisa, who was hunched over in her suds.

"No, not yet. Someday, but not now. Let me dry you off."

Momentarily defeated, Lisa stood still as the woman briskly rubbed her down with a fluffy towel and gave her hair a quick blow-drying. Lisa thought she heard her mutter, "This hair is going to have to be shortened."

She didn't want to hear that, so she tried to take it off the woman's mind. "What's your name?"

"Mommy," the woman smiled.

"No, really."

"I'm Mommy to you," she repeated. She doused Lisa from head to toe with baby powder.

"Are there others? Others you've done this to?" She thought she remembered the woman use the plural, 'babies', once.

“Yes, there are a few,” Mommy said. *Whoa, what was that feeling*, Lisa thought. *Jealousy?* Why would she be jealous for this woman’s attention? Maybe because if a woman was going to kidnap and torment her, she might as well focus all of her attentions on her. Now she was just another baby. *Well, maybe that’s a good thing. I won’t have to fulfill all of her expectations all the time if she has other girls to take her perversions out on.* It also felt a little good knowing there were other people out there having to go through what she was. Not completely alone. There was somebody else out there having to sleep in a diaper and a prison crib. The thought made her smile.

“Ah, there’s that smile. You like?” the woman asked as she rubbed the powder over Lisa’s stomach, misinterpreting her smile.

“Uh, yeah.”

Mommy beamed. “Good girl. Onto the table.”

Lisa climbed onto the table and layed down. Mommy started to put the restraints on her. “You don’t have to do that. I won’t fight,” said Lisa. She was far too weakened from the orgasm and hot bath to put up a fight.

“I know,” the woman said, “I just like tying you up.” Lisa sighed and let her finish without a struggle.

“Now.” She took Lisa’s hand. “About the diapers. Why won’t you wear them like I told you?”

“You don’t understand. It’s just too much! I can’t stand it.”

“The humiliation?”

“No, no. Well, there is that. But I mean the.. the pleasure. It’s too strong. It’s like sitting in fire. Pleasant fire, but...”

“Aah, I see. I was afraid that might be the case. I may have made a slight miscalculation.”

Oh great! Lisa rolled her eyes.

“Don’t give me that look! I may have something that will help. Hold on.” Mommy went to fetch the diaper bag and removed an unmarked jar. “Spread wide.” Lisa eagerly spread her legs to allow the woman access. Anything to make it bearable. The woman rubbed the cool cream over her crotch, thighs, and bottom. “This should help a little, for a while. I’ll have to keep applying it. But, a big part of it is just getting use to it. I think you’ll find it’s easier if you just let it happen and go with it. Toward that end, I made a special diaper just for you. A training diaper, if you will.” She pulled an enormous diaper out of the bag and held it up. Lisa almost laughed. It was ridiculous! She just looked on in amazement as the woman fastened it onto her. The inside felt different from the other diapers, much smoother. She looked like a puffy, white beach ball from the waist down. The huge crotch nearly covered half of her thighs. “This is silly! I

can't even close my legs!" She demonstrated by squeezing her thighs together. They didn't come close to meeting, and were instantly forced wide apart.

"Oh, that's so *cute!*" exclaimed Mommy. "Absolutely precious! Mmm, very nice. In fact, I like it so much, after this diaper, I want you to double diaper yourself from now on. Oh, now, quit whining. Mommy doesn't like whining. Here's your panties." She took a crystal clear pair of rubber panties from the bag. They barely fit over the diapers. "Comfy?"

"Sorta."

"Good, you'll be wearing them for a while." She plucked the ends of chains from the waistband and leg bands of the panties. After closing them very tightly, she put tiny locks on each one. This time Lisa struggled. "No! Nooo! You can't keep me in this thing! I'll go crazy!"

"Oh, stop it. You won't go crazy. I told you, you'd get used to it. You'll have to. This diaper is special. The material absorbs everything and pulls it away from your body, even your poopies, so it can't build up. I won't have to change it for a long time."

"How long," Lisa cringed.

"Well, let's give it a week, and see how you handle it."

"A week! I can't handle it for a minute, how am I suppose to wear it for a week? You can't... No, wait, I don't want that thing in my mouth!"

Mommy held up large pacifier with blue ribbons dangling from its ring. "Open." Lisa shook her head, gritting her teeth. "You want to be punished? Is that it?"

"N-no, wait," stammered Lisa. She slowly opened her mouth and let her Mommy put the pacifier in her mouth. She tied the ribbon around her head and released her restraints. "Now, I always want to see that in your mouth, whenever you're not sleeping or drinking from your bottle. I mean that." She helped Lisa to her feet and pulled the dress over her head. She teased the skirts until it fell properly over the girl's huge diaper. Lisa glared at her over the pacifier. "Oh. Oh my. You positively break my heart you're so precious. I'll have to remember bring my camera next time."

Lisa reached up and took out the pacifier. "So you're leaving now?"

"Yes, baby. I'm sorry, but I have to go." She took Lisa's head between her hands and kissed her firmly on the lips before Lisa could react, then pulled her into a hug. Lisa's arms hung at her side. "Beautiful girl." Mommy put the pacifier back into her mouth and collected her things.

Lisa followed her into the kitchen and watched the woman put her jacket on. "I'd like to stay and put you to bed, but I can't. Anyway, I'll have plenty of chances to do it again. We'll be spending a lot of time together. Oh, why the long

face?” Lisa stood sullenly in the doorway, unconsciously sucking on her pacifier. “Oh, I know what you want. You want a present.” Mommy pulled the last item out of the box and put it on the counter. A large bottle of apple juice. Lisa’s eyes lit upon it hungrily. Mommy smiled. “Now don’t drink it all at once. This has to last a while. Okay?” Lisa nodded. “Good girl. I know you’re going to be just fine. See you soon, baby. I love you.” She exited and relocked the door. Lisa heard a car start and drive away.

Lisa had to keep herself from taking the pacifier out. She was accustomed to the feel from sucking on all those bottles, but the pacifier was a constant irritation. And a reminder. She snuggled with her kitty for a long time. She had trouble sitting in the diaper. She reflected on messing herself on the woman’s lap. And the bottle feeding right before that. It was weird. It felt so natural. At least, it was better than feeding herself. It had also been nice just to have someone there to talk to. Even it was her illicit Mommy. Now she was lonely again. She hugged her kitty. *Get a grip on yourself, Lisa*, she thought. So much for the hopes of the woman getting bored. She seemed pretty infatuated with Lisa. It might take longer than she thought to get a chance to escape.

It wasn’t too long after Mommy’s visit that she was forced to wet herself again. She pulled at the waistband of the panties, but they were on good. She could barely get a finger beneath it. The material was very strong, it wasn’t likely to tear. If she could find something sharp in the house (all the scissors and silverware were gone), she might be able to puncture it and tear it loose. But she could imagine the kind of punishment that would bring. Still, punishment might be preferable to being driven insane with pleasure. As it turned out, such drastic measures would be unnecessary.

She reluctantly released a few squirts of urine into the diaper. “Aaaaah.” It felt so hot. So wet. So good. But she didn’t lose control. When she allowed the full force of the stream into the diaper, she experienced an orgasm, just as she expected, but it wasn’t completely overpowering. In fact, it was just right. “Oooh. Ohyeaahyesyesyes!” She arched, pressing her pussy deep into the wet diaper. “Mmmmm. That’s nice. Oh, so nice.” She imagined it was a woman’s mouth or moistened pussy that she was making love to, and not a wet diaper. That thought made it easier and sent her through another series of small orgasms. As they passed and the wet diaper provided a continuous sensual tingle, she breathed quiet thank you’s to her Mommy for letting it be bearable and not sheer torture.

During her nap she got little sleep due to the thickness and wetness of the diaper. Eating the paste had new significance now that she had messed her diaper once. She didn’t look forward to doing that again, but she had no choice. She wet herself several times during the evening, each time as rewarding as the first. She

couldn't concentrate on anything, though. The wet diaper was locked against her, providing an inescapable source of excitement that just kept growing, but never allowing her any relief via orgasm. At least, not until she had to pee again. She wished she could get a hand into the diaper to bring herself off manually. But, if what her Mommy said was true, that wouldn't do anything for her anymore. All she had was diapers. At times the stimulation got so frustrating she found herself pounding on the crotch of the diapers or pulling on the waistband until the chain bit into her. Once she even tried straddling the arm of the sofa and ground against it. What a sight she must make. Mommy was probably watching and loving it, but she didn't care. It just wouldn't end! When the diaper against her skin began to dry and afford her some release, it was just in time for her to pee again and start the whole thing over. She paced restlessly, whimpering into the pacifier, and waited for bedtime to come. At least it couldn't affect her in her sleep, which was true.

The following morning Lisa woke up before the alarm went off with the strong urge to pee. But the diaper was finally dry. Should she try to hold it? Pinned down as she was, the urge was very insistent. It dawned on her that it didn't matter whether she peed in the crib or out of it; either way, she couldn't take off the diapers. Surrendering, she relaxed and let it flow. Ooooh, such pleasure! The crotch and the entire front of the diaper became soaked, feeling so hot against her hairless mound. The alarm went off and her breakfast filled her tummy, even as she squirmed off the remnants of the orgasms. Warmth, darkness, fullness, wetness.. so nice.

The morning began well enough, but the rest of the day she was in torment. She almost cried when she felt cramps, knowing what was to come. The diapers filled with her shit (whatever it was that she was eating made her movements very large and liquidy) and the orgasm that followed was as strong as the ones before Mommy applied the cream. How could anything that felt so disgusting also feel so good? At first she was afraid the cream had worn off already and she was going to have be trapped in the diaper set on 'full strength.' The orgasm from her messing left her fulfilled, but only briefly. Before long she was frustrated again. She pulled at the seat of the diapers, attempting to get it away from her skin, but they were so huge and smooth she couldn't get a good grip on them. All she did was make the shit suck and squelch against her, making her feel a whole new set of sensations.

Several hours passed with her curled up around her kitty on the sofa, moaning, alternately sucking on her pacifier or her bottle. The shit was finally absorbed by the diaper, and the wettings were back to normal, much to Lisa's relief. It was just messing that was overpowering, and at least that was only once a day. The diaper was starting to get heavy from all that she'd reluctantly put into it,

and was sagging a little. “You’d better come back soon, Mommy,” she called. “If this thing isn’t changed soon, it’s going to be around my ankles.”

Five days passed, and still no sign of Lisa’s Mommy. She was starting to get concerned that something had happened to her. Her imagination conjured up unpleasant scenarios, like Mommy getting killed in a car wreck or something. What would happen to Lisa? She had enough milk to last at least several more weeks, and there was the water from the bathtub faucet, but she didn’t know how much food was stored in the crib. She could starve! She’d have to call the police or someone to rescue her.. if Mommy was dead, then she wouldn’t have to worry about retribution. But if she wasn’t dead, and was just busy or testing her or something, she.. didn’t want to think about that. She didn’t want to die, or be killed, or anything. Living in diapers was preferable to that, she decided. Better not to risk it. Mommy could technically not have to contact her or visit her at all until the food ran out. But she was so lonely!

And horny. Not having any choice, her body adjusted to the perpetual tease and she was able to deal with that, but the wetness was driving her crazy with lust. She wanted to masturbate all the time, but the diaper made a perfect chastity belt. She walked around all day rubbing the crotch of her diaper or pushing into it with the heel of her hand. Her only relief came from using it as it meant to be used. By the end of the week, she was humiliated to find herself drinking bottle after bottle of formula (the apple juice was long gone) just so that she could wet more often and get the orgasms as reward. She wasn’t stupid, she knew that’s just what mother wanted. She was drinking more to wet herself *on purpose*. She didn’t like the thought, but what else could she do? She put it out of her mind as best she could, trying not to think about how she was submitting to Mommy’s desires. Sometimes she cried from the realization. But, at least, she couldn’t be punished for not doing what she was told.

The diaper was becoming increasingly difficult to deal with, pleasure aside. After a week it was so full and weighed so much that Lisa was having trouble walking. It would have certainly slid right off her hips if not for the waistband. The chain dug painfully into her hips when she walked, and she had to hold up the rubber panties with her hands to relieve the weight. So humiliating! It was much easier just to sit around all day, but that made her restless and sore. And sitting was made difficult by the diaper’s bulk; it was like sitting on an enormous pillow strapped to her butt. It was also humiliating to know that all that weight was her in truth own bodily waste.. she was literally wearing her toilet around her waist, pressed against her shaven, bare skin. Furthermore, the results of her wetting and messing had become very visible through the clear panties. The bottom half of the diaper was stained dirty brown and yellow. It made Lisa sick to

look at. The diapers were so large that none of her short dresses completely covered it, so she tried to conceal it with tights. She ruined two pairs trying to pull them over the huge diaper, but eventually got it right. The tights only covered half the diaper, and squeezed it uncomfortably snug around the tops of her thighs, so she gave up and settled on trying to avoid looking down or at any mirrors.

Lisa came running out of the bedroom, where she'd been sitting and looking out the window, when she heard the sound of keys jingling. Her Mommy was closing the door when Lisa bounded into the kitchen and almost lost her balance because of the leaden diaper. Mommy looked surprised at Lisa's entrance. "Hi, precious!" Lisa stood uncomfortably, sucking on her pacifier and tugging on her heavy diaper. Her Mommy sat down her box and opened her arms to Lisa, who instantly filled them. God, it felt so good to touch someone. She buried her face in her Mommy's shoulder. "Aww, I missed you, too, honey. Ow, your pacifier's digging in." Lisa spit it out.

"Please, Mommy, please, please change my diaper," she begged.

The woman slid her hand over Lisa's huge, swollen diaper. "My, my, you are in need of changing, aren't you sweetie? All right, let's go clean you up."

"Oh thank you thank you," Lisa breathed.

Her Mommy took hold of her chin and looked deep into her eyes. She was taller than Lisa, especially in heels, and Lisa had to look up. "I want you to know, baby, that I'm very, very proud of you. You're doing very well, and you're making me very happy. I told you you wouldn't go crazy," she smiled. "Come on." She led her to the bathroom.

After a long, hot bath and thorough scrubbing, Lisa was immersed in a cloud of baby powder. Taking the diaper off felt so wonderful. She felt light as a feather without that thing pulling her down. She only saw the inside for a second before Mommy folded it up, but what she saw almost made her throw up. It was such a mess, and she'd been living in it all week. "They won't always be this yucky," Mommy had told her. And for a little while she was finally free of the stimulation, but she knew it wouldn't last. As soon as she was dry, she was strapped to the changing table. Mommy put one disposable diaper inside the other and wrapped it around her baby. "There. Bet that feels a lot better, hmm?"

"Yes, it's wonderful." It felt so soft and dry, and much less bulky than the special diaper. She could even almost close her legs together. Much better. She squirmed to make it mold to her body.

"I can't tell you enough," Mommy was saying, "what a joy it was to watch this week. You thought *you* had a hard time concentrating. I could barely get any work done." It pleased Lisa in a strange way to be able to have this effect on Mommy. She couldn't remember ever having someone feel like that about her.

“I won’t make you wear those diapers again, for now. But I have some special panties I want you to put on.” She was already putting them on Lisa’s legs for her. “They have a lock on them that you’ll have to lock for yourself whenever I’m not here. You know better than to disobey, don’t you?” Lisa nodded mutely. “Good girl, I knew you would. The lock is electronic and has a timer. It automatically comes loose four hours after it’s been locked. Okay?” Again Lisa nodded. She wasn’t looking forward to it. She was hoping she’d be able to change herself right after wetting from now on. At least she’d be able to change herself sometimes. “Let’s go to the sofa. I’ve been aching to feed you all week,” she smiled.

Mommy came to visit her three days during the week. She would talk to her, change her, dress her, and feed her. She would even stay during her nap and stroke her body through the bars, or hold her mittened hand. A couple of times she would bind Lisa’s wrists together with a wide, soft ribbon and cuddle with her on the sofa. Lisa didn’t like being tied like that, but she could tell it was mostly just for show. The ties weren’t strong and she could pull her hands loose if she worked at it. She would read to her on the sofa like that, with Lisa’s head on her lap and her bound hands resting on her tummy. At least she read fantasy novels, which Lisa liked, instead of baby stories. She helped Lisa concentrate and learn to turn the constant stimulation of her wet diapers into more of a lust-inspired mild euphoria. By the end of nearly her third week in babyhood, Lisa was actually looking forward to wetting, and, much to her dismay, was even looking forward to messing. As soon as she felt the urge to pee, she would just let it go, forcing it out on occasion, in order for the reward.

It had been several days since Mommy’s last visit, and Lisa was in a foul mood. She looked forward to messing her diapers all day long, and once she did, it felt so wonderful. She was actually happy that she had done it, and she was ashamed of herself. She realized that if she didn’t get out of this soon, she was going to desire to wear diapers all the time, lock or no. She was going to be literally addicted to diapers. And that’s exactly what Mommy wanted for her. Her anger built all afternoon and she couldn’t sleep at all during her nap. The feelings of resentment towards her Mommy that had quieted during the previous week were rekindled. She moped about, feeling impotent in the diapers and dress. She threw the stupid stuffed cat in the corner. “I hate you,” she muttered quietly.

Mommy arrived and looked very excited about something. “I have a surprise for you today, sweetheart! Why isn’t your pacifier in your mouth?”

Lisa stood stoic in the living room. “Change me,” she said and slowly put the pacifier in her mouth.

“Hmmm, nope. It’s not time yet. We’ll get to it, don’t worry. I’ve been

working on this surprise for months, before you even got here. Now it's ready!" She was practically bouncing. Lisa was annoyed with her exuberance. She was irritable and she wanted to be changed. She didn't want any more surprises. Mommy put on a CD of soft new age music that she liked. Lisa just felt indignant at the liberties the woman was taking with her own stereo. She pulled Lisa to the sofa and sat her down. She produced the ribbon and reached for Lisa's wrists. "No," said Lisa, and held her arms firmly at her sides.

Mommy looked disappointed. "Oh." She looked about to push the issue, but was distracted by her own excitement. "Well, that's okay. It's not necessary. Here, lie down." She arranged Lisa's head on her lap, as if she was about to give her a bottle feeding, and took the pacifier out of her mouth.

Lisa wiped off a string of drool it pulled from her lips, glaring up at her Mommy. The woman was grinning and unbuttoning her blouse. What was this all about? Her attention was brought to Mommy's breasts. Either Mommy was wearing a smaller blouse or she'd had a small breast enlargement done in the past week that Lisa hadn't noticed. She unclasped the front of her bra and let breasts free. "Aah, that feels better." Her large breasts sagged a bit and her nipples were dark and swollen. Lisa was instantly filled with desire. It seemed like forever since she'd seen a woman's chest other than her own. She could smell the woman's scent beneath her. Oh, how she wanted to bury her face in them. Did Mommy feel that way about her? Did she want to have sex with her? Lisa suddenly wanted to cover her breasts with kisses, her thighs, her face. *Stop it!* This was the woman who'd kidnapped her, who did all these horrible things to her. She shouldn't feel this way about her at all. She strained to quell her lust and replace it with anger. Mommy was too self-involved to notice the change.

"Here, I've been wanting to do this for so long." She leaned forward. Her breasts hung down, grazing Lisa's face. She pulled her head into her chest, smothering Lisa in the soft flesh. "Ooooooh yes baby."

Lisa scrunched her eyes shut. Don't think about it don't think about it, she told herself. Her hands were tight fists. She had to restrain herself from pushing the woman away. *Just go along with it*, she thought, *just go along with it and don't think about her warm skin, don't think about opening-*

"Open your mouth," Mommy ordered, breathing heavily. Reluctantly, Lisa parted her lips. Mommy positioned one of her erect nipples over her mouth and pushed it in with a heavy sigh. She pressed her breast near the nipple, and warm, sweet fluid sprayed over Lisa's tongue. Lisa swallowed. *Oh my god it's milk*, she thought. *It's breast milk real breast milk and she's breastfeeding me like a baby she's breast-feeding me oh my god I want to drink it I want to suck it all in I want-- NO. She's just manipulating me again, she wants me to be a real baby and*

I don't want to be I want to be free and I hate her, hate her hate her! Before she realized what she was doing, Lisa felt her jaw tighten. The sweet milk was replaced with a sharp, metallic taste. Her eyes fluttered open to see Mommy staring in wide-eyed shock at her.

“Oooooow!” She roughly pushed Lisa off her lap and leapt to her feet. Hands clutching her injured breast, she backed away from Lisa as if she was facing a coiled snake. “You bit me! I can’t believe it, you really bit me, you brat!” she yelled at Lisa, who glared defiantly up at her from the floor. The woman uncovered her breast to look at the damage. A deep purple ring of teeth marks ringed her nipple, several filling with blood. A single drop rolled down her breast. “You bit me,” she said again shakily.

Whoa! I didn't mean to do that! Not that hard. Tell her you're sorry, tell her you didn't mean it! Throw yourself at her feet, do anything. But what came out was, “Maybe you shouldn’t have put your fat tit in my mouth, you b-bitch.” Oh god, what was she saying! Take it back! Her jaw worked, but she couldn’t say anything. Neither could Mommy apparently, who was looking at her, quite literally, like a mother who didn’t recognize her own child.

“You... you little shit!” she spat and went into the bathroom. She came back a few seconds later with a wad of toilet paper over her nipple. which she held in place with her bra. “I don’t believe you. After all I’ve done for you! Here I was, just trying to give you a present.. from my own body.. and you fucking draw blood! You little slut! Do you know what I had to go through to be able to do this for you? I had to take pills that made me sick. I had to get huge fucking *shots* in my fucking *breasts*, you whore! Do you know how much that hurt? And this is how you thank me?”

Had Mommy really done all that for her? Any remnants of Lisa’s anger were in tatters. She felt like a little girl being chewed out by her mother. Her chest hurt as guilt welled up in her. “I...I...”

“No! Don’t say another word! Not one word. You’re in enough trouble already.” She saw Lisa prepare herself for the pain that would undoubtedly follow. “Oh, no you’re not getting off that easy. This is no simple shock punishment, brat. This is big time.” Her voice was cold and hard. Lisa had never seen her this angry. Every word stabbed into her. Were those tears she saw in Mommy’s eyes? She felt like crying, herself. “I’m so pissed at you I can’t even think. I can’t stand to look at you right now. I’m going to go and think of your punishment.” She quickly gathered her things and exited through the kitchen, wiping her eyes.

Lisa found her voice. “No! Wait! Come back!” She ran after Mommy, but she was already walking down the driveway. Lisa wanted to run out after her, but

she knew she couldn't. Instead she banged on the panes as Mommy got into her car and drove away. "Wait! Please! I'm sorry, I'm so sorry! I didn't mean it, please just come back! Don't leave me!" she wailed.

Despondently she wandered into the living room. "Please come back," she was saying quietly to herself. She could still smell perfume. Mommy's CD was still playing softly on the stereo. It wrenched her guts and she felt like she was going to throw up. She went to the corner where she'd kicked her kitty and gingerly picked it up. She meticulously brushed the dust off its soft fur and hugged it hard to her chest. "I'm so sorry." She leaned against the wall and slid down it, pressing herself into the corner. She was so confused. Feeling this way about that woman. She shouldn't feel guilty about what she did, but she felt horrible. The only time she could remember feeling this bad was when her last lover had walked out on her. And that was a person she'd loved. She didn't love Mommy. Did she? All she knew was that it hurt. She made Mommy cry. The names Mommy called her kept echoing through her mind. She cried hard for a long time, finally causing herself to dry heave. She had to wet once, and for the first time in weeks, the wet diaper didn't give her any pleasure. The pain over-rid anything the diaper could cause. It was still dirty from the afternoon's messing and she considered getting up to change it, but she was too exhausted. She fell asleep in the corner, using the kitty for a pillow.

She woke up to the sound of the crib alarm. She looked into the bedroom. It was already locked. That was the second buzzer. She must have slept through the first. No food, no bed. She was locked out. It seemed fitting. She could have slept on the sofa, or find something to protect her from the chilly air, but she didn't want to. She deserved to sleep on the floor in the cold, she wanted to feel miserable. She missed the warmth and bound security of the crib. She slept fitfully on the on the carpet, frequently waking during the night. She had horrible visions of what her punishment might be. Put her back into the big diaper? No, that would be reward at this point as much as punishment. Maybe just leave out the diaper and lock her in rubber panties. Or keep her trapped in the crib for weeks. She would give anything to make it back like it was, her head on Mommy's lap, feeding her, reading to her. She was terrified.

In the morning she sat up and groggily looked around. High heels in the kitchen.. Mommy was here! She met her in the living room doorway. The woman folded her arms and regarded Lisa coolly. Lisa, her kitty dangling by its leg, ventured, "Hi?"

"Hello," Mommy said. "You look terrible."

Lisa shrugged. "I didn't sleep good. I missed the crib."

"I noticed."

“I didn’t mean to. Miss it. I-I’m hungry.”

“No doubt. But it’s for the best. With what I’m going to do, you’d be better on an empty stomach,” Mommy said. A chill went up Lisa’s spine. “You smell terrible, too. Come on.”

Mommy changed Lisa’s diaper in silence. At least she was fuming anymore, but the silence was almost as bad. Lisa kept wanting to ask what her punishment would be, but she was too scared. Finally she blurted out, “I’m sorry! I really am, I mean it! It was an accident. It’s not.. I didn’t.. please, Mommy, I’m so sorry. Let me suck your nipple, I won’t bite, I won’t ever bite, please!”

“I know you won’t,” the woman said cryptically. “How do I know you’re sorry?”

“I am! I swear I am.”

Mommy’s features warmed. “Perhaps you are. Are you willing to take whatever punishment I give you?”

Ooh, sticky question. “Y-yes,” Lisa gulped. “But I’m scared.”

“Don’t be. You’ll be upset, I know. But you’re a strong little girl, you can take it. Right?” She put her hand on Lisa’s forehead.

It felt positively heavenly to be touched in affection again. “Sh-sure.”

“Good. Let’s get started.”

Mommy set a chair in the middle of the room and placed a wastebasket behind it. She brandished scissors. *Eep!* “Sit,” she ordered.

Very nervous, Lisa carefully set herself on the chair. Mommy took hold of Lisa’s hair and pulled her head over the back of the chair. “Oh..no!” Lisa shouted and covered her exposed neck.

“Oh, stop it.” Mommy plunged the scissors into Lisa’s thick, blonde hair and started cutting. Oh. That. Lisa almost laughed. Okay, so she was cutting her hair. She didn’t relish the loss, but she could cope. She’d worn it short before.. but not quite as short as Mommy was cutting it. Heaps of golden hair fell into the wastebasket, leaving barely an inch of spiky fluff. Lisa whimpered. “What?”

Mommy asked.

“Isn’t it too short? It’s uneven.”

“Why do you mind? I’m the only one who’ll know.”

“Yeah, but.. I don’t want to be ugly.”

“Don’t worry,” Mommy said as she cut. “You could never be ugly.”

That was nice to hear. Hair would grow back, anyway. Sitting on a hard chair was awkward in the diaper and satin dress; she kept sliding down. She pulled the hem down to conceal her thighs, which brought something she’d been worrying about to mind. “Mommy?”

“Hmm?”

“I, uh, think you should change my diet.”

“Why’s that?”

“Well, it’s just, what you’ve been feeding me, and the milk and all, it’s kind of fattening. I’ve gained several pounds.”

“I know. I want you like that.”

“How come?”

“Babyfat,” Mommy explained, and grinned. *Oh great*, Lisa thought. Well, it wasn’t that much weight. And she’d made Mommy smile. That felt wonderful. She didn’t want to gain anything, but this was definitely not the time to argue.

Mommy finished and went to get something in the bathroom while Lisa explored her head. Never be ugly? Ha! Mommy was no hair stylist. The only hair of length left were a few ringlets dangling from the front of her hair line. “Is this it? My punishment?”

“Not remotely. That will just make what I’m going to do easier on you.” That didn’t sound promising. “In fact,” Mommy added as she returned with a cup of water, “what I’m going to is going to be very painful, so I need to knock you out. I could make you stay awake, but I won’t be that cruel. You can either get an injection or drink this. Your choice.”

Very painful? Oh, no! What was she going to do? Unconscious, she would be completely helpless. Mommy could even kill her if she wanted. But Lisa didn’t believe she’d do that. “I don’t suppose I could talk you out of this?”

“No. Don’t worry dear, it won’t hurt if you take this. It won’t be that bad,” she soothed.

Lisa almost reached for cup, but a thought struck her. She hated shots. What would Mommy want? “I can’t.. I can’t take that.”

“Why not?” Mommy looked displeased.

“It’s.. a cup. I should only drink from bottles,” ventured Lisa. Was that the right thing to say? Oh, it was. Mommy’s eyes twinkled, and she shuddered a bit.

“Baby, Lisa. Oh yes. Of course.” She prepared a syringe. Lisa thought maybe this was a bad idea, cringing in her seat. The sting made Lisa bite her lip. She rubbed her arm, wondering how long it would take to..

Lisa woke slowly. She felt sleepy. She was on the changing table. Mommy was sitting next to her. Holding her hand. Nice. She moved her head to look. Felt strange. Wait.. she tried to clear her mind. *The punishment! Mommy did something to me.* She made a quick inventory of her body. Fingers, toes.. all there. But her mouth was sore. God, her teeth! Her teeth were all.. no, not all gone. The front two teeth on the top and bottom were missing! All she could feel was stitched gums where’d they’d been. She couldn’t open her mouth, a strap or something under her

chin was holding her remaining teeth clamped firmly together. “Mommmyyy,” she moaned.

“There, there, baby, I’m here. Mommy’s here. Shhh,” she cooed, stroking Lisa’s forehead. Lisa could tell she was wearing something on her head. She reached up and felt.. satin, of course. She sat up, fighting a bout of dizziness, and looked in the mirror. A pink bonnet! It completely and snugly encompassed her head but for an oval that framed her face. There was a large, floppy ruffle that came from the top of the opening. Her remaining bangs were pulled from under the bonnet, dangling along the sides of her face. The edges of the opening were too tight to even squeeze a finger under. It wasn’t uncomfortable, but it fit perfectly enough to keep her from opening her mouth even a little. There were no zippers or buttons. How was she going to take it off? Her answer was the seam that joined the halves that covered the underside of her jaw; the bonnet was sewn shut. Sewn shut! Lisa felt like crying. Shaking, she opened her lips, seeing the dark gap in her teeth. Then she did cry.

“Mommmyy!” she wailed. “My teeth!” At least, that’s what she wanted to say. What came out was ‘My teess!’ *No, no, not a lisp, too!* Huge sobs wracked her body, sounding odd through her clenched teeth.

Her Mommy held her crushingly close the whole time, whispering to her, comforting her. When the sobs abated, she pressed something soft into Lisa’s arms. “Shhhh, here’s your kitty.” Lisa latched onto it. Mommy sat on the table beside Lisa and gently rubbed her back.

Lisa leaned into her. “But.. my teess.”

“I know, I know. But I had to make sure you’d never bite again.”

Lisa shook her head. “But I wouldn’t.”

“I know you wouldn’t. This for you as much as me.”

Lisa didn’t understand. “I look horrible. I’m a whreak,” she said. She couldn’t pronounce her F’s now.

“No. No, you’re not a freak. You’re my precious little baby, my little Lisa. Hey, don’t worry,” she wiped the tears off Lisa’s cheeks. “I’m going to get you some excellent replacements for later. You’ll look just the same, I promise. No one will ever know but me. Okay?”

Lisa sniffed. “A-and the.. bonnet.” She tugged at it.

“Isn’t it cute? You’re going to wear it for a long time, that’s why I cut your hair. You’ll get used to it. You’ll be fine. Again, I promise. Has Mommy ever lied to you?”

No, Lisa conceded, she hadn’t. Lisa leaned against Mommy for a long time in introspection, touching her tongue to her lips through closed teeth. There were worse things, she guessed. This really wasn’t so bad. At least Mommy was here to

comfort her. It didn't seem very significant to her that this was the same woman who'd put her in the position to bite or pulled her teeth out. It was fair punishment. She was freed of the guilt she'd had for biting her Mommy. It was an incredible relief. All she needed was someone there for her who cared for her. "Are you thtill mad at me?" she asked hesitantly.

"Oh, no, precious baby doll, no. I could never stay mad at you. Honey, when I got home last night I was so furious with you. I was planning a much worse punishment, but when I saw you crying, how bad you were hurting, it positively broke my heart. No, sweetie, I'm not mad at you anymore. Promise me you won't ever do anything that will make punish you like that again."

Lisa practically wept with relief. "I promith, Mommy."

Mommy was smiling. "Here, let me try something." She brought out a new giant pacifier. "I've had this for a long time, but it never worked very well. Let's see if it works on you." She pushed it into the gap in Lisa's teeth. It was hard plastic with a latex cover, unlike the rubber nipple or her other pacifier. The wide part had to be forced through her teeth, as she was unable to open her mouth for it. It hurt her tender gums going in, but the thinner stem fit nicely in the gap. She dutifully sucked on it, but it didn't yield and was uncomfortable on the roof of her mouth. "No, not like that," Mommy said. She started pushing a rubber button on the outside which pumped air into the nipple. The inflatable layer of latex separated from the plastic nipple and inflated. It didn't take much to fill the small space. It completely filled Lisa's mouth, immobilizing her tongue. The inflatable part was anchored at the tip of the nipple, so it only filled outwards and not far back into her throat, which would make her gag. It felt so strange to have her mouth so full and something sticking between her teeth while it was shut. Weird, but kind of neat. At least it made her Mommy happy. Anything for that.

Mommy hooked a finger into the pacifier ring and pulled. Lisa's head went with it; the nipple was trapped behind her teeth and was not coming out. "Perfect!" Mommy said happily. "Who needs a collar? This is much better for leading baby around. I'm going to have lots of fun with this." She twisted the ring and the nipple deflated. She gently pulled it from Lisa mouth, mindful of her sore gums. "Are you thirsty yet?"

Lisa nodded.

"Okay, I have a bottle ready. Put your head in my lap." Oh joy! Yes, this is where she wanted to be, with the woman's soft lap cradling her. Mommy easily slid the nipple between her teeth and Lisa started sucking. The muscles had gotten stronger over the weeks and she was able to finish the bottle quickly. "When can I drink from your breatht again?" Lisa asked. "I really want to."

"I'm glad. We can do that later. I'm taking a small vacation. I'm going to be

here with you for a few days.”

“All day?” Lisa asked hopefully. Lisa liked the thought of Mommy being there when she fell asleep and woke up.

“All day. But right now,” Mommy started removing her blouse. “Right now..” She pulled Lisa’s head up and kissed her softly on the lips. Lisa moaned as their passion increased. Mommy’s tongue entered her mouth, licking at her teeth, tongue, gums. Lisa couldn’t keep Mommy’s tongue out of her mouth even if she wanted to. It excited her immensely.

Mommy pushed Lisa onto her back and they made strange love on the changing table. Mommy enraptured by seeing and touching her creation, and Lisa in sheer bliss from the loving presence of her mother and losing control of her bladder and bowels at the moment of her greatest pleasure.

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Several months later, all notions of escape had vanished from Lisa’s mind. She was.. happy. She felt loved and contented, and didn’t have to concern herself with anything. Mommy took care of everything for her. It no longer seemed odd knowing she was being watched over all the time. It made her feel safe. She loved dressing up for her Mommy, wearing anything she asked, no matter how uncomfortable or silly she felt. Mommy came by three or four times a week and would shower her with gifts and affection. She even brought over movies they’d watch together on the sofa. She gained some weight, but didn’t care; it made her Mommy happy.

Mommy had removed the bonnet once to wash it, cut Lisa’s hair, and give her a good cleansing. Lisa was distressed because her jaw felt weak and it was hard to open. But Mommy quickly replaced the bonnet and sewed it shut again, so Lisa didn’t have to worry about it.

Wetting and messing became second-nature. Or first. She didn’t need to wear the locking rubber panties anymore. Now, after she wet, she would wear the diaper happily and not change it until she had to go again. Sometimes not even then. She had feared that she would get used to the pleasures of using the diapers after a time, but the orgasms and euphoria of the hot wetness were just as strong and comforting as ever. It just felt so wonderful to not even have to worry about using the toilet anymore. Whenever she felt the urge, she let it go. She was concerned because, lately, she was having trouble holding it in when she tried to, and could no longer stop the flow of anything into her diapers once it had started. But Mommy told her not to trouble herself about it, so she didn’t.

Lisa was waiting by the door when she heard the car pull up. It was a beautiful day, and a fragrant breeze was drifting through the house. Lisa pounced as soon as the door opened. “Mommy, Mommy!” she shouted and covered the

woman with kisses. Mommy laughed and extricated herself from the squirmy girl. "It's great to see you, too, precious."

Lisa clasped her hands behind her back and peeked coquettishly at Mommy through her bonnet. "Change me?" She knew Mommy loved that.

"Tempting, but not just yet," she said. Lisa pouted. "Lisa. How would you feel about having someone else here?"

Lisa was confused. "What do you mean? A whithitor?"

"Visitor? No, I mean another baby. I've decided on getting another baby and I wondered if you'd like her to live here with you. You could help her get adjusted to her new life."

A momentary pang of jealousy was replaced by the idea of having another girl with her. She wouldn't be lonely anymore! Someone else to snuggle with and talk to whenever she wanted.. it would be wonderful! It'd be great to help another girl through what she went through in the first few weeks. Maybe she could make it a lot easier for her. And she could help dress her and they could change each others diapers and feed each other bottles.. Lisa was ecstatic! "Yeth! Oh pleath, yeth! I'd luth to have another baby here, Mommy."

"I thought you'd say that. Well--"

"Oh! Oh!" Lisa interrupted, her mind racing with possibilities. "Could you change the crib? Make it bigger? Tho we could thleep together?"

"Would you like that? Being all bound up and cuddled with someone in your sleep? I'll see what I can do."

"Yeth, that would be great! Oh, I can hardly wait."

"You won't have to. She's here."

"Where!?"

"Bundled up in my trunk," Mommy grinned. "And she's *not* happy about it, either. Come with me and help me get her in. She's quite a handful. But then, so were you."

Lisa, hopping with excitement, followed her Mommy outside to meet her new baby sister.