

The Disciplinarian by Cowkites

Still nothing...not a single text back in two weeks...

Mel was worried. Her best friend, Cass Greene, had been completely off the grid for the past few weeks. None of Mel's texts or social media messages were even 'read'. The two had promised one another to stay in contact despite Cass' having gone home for the Summer. Mel had been a bit thrown off when she had heard the news; especially since Cass hated going home. Ever since her dad had passed, her mom behaved strangely. Long calls, constant texts, and even going home for a weekend had become commonplace. What concerned Mel most was Cass' gradual change in appearance. The two of them had always been somewhat tomboyish. They both had relatively short, dyed hair; avoided dress and skirts like the plague; and had no interest in makeup or being traditionally pretty.

Before the Summer, Cass had stopped redying her hair and was even letting it grow out some. Dresses had started to enter her wardrobe. The blacks and dark colors in her outfits turned to neons and pastels. Mel had to admit that she couldn't help but find Cass' new look cute, but she felt that something was off with her friend's sudden change in style.

Mel looked much the same, though she kept her hair's length to her chin and usually kept it tied back. She wore loose tank-tops and skinny jeans, both of which were a struggle to find a proper size with her naturally curvy figure and well-endowed chest. Mel oftentimes felt envious of Cass' petite frame.

Worried that something might have happened, Mel decided to take a small break from her lonely Summer and visit her best friend for a few days. She tried to ask if it was okay to come over, but those messages were left 'read' and not replied to like her other ones. In the past, Cass had invited her over so Mel was sure it was fine; though it had been some time since the last invitation.

Cass' mother lived in a gated community sequestered away in a valley a few hours drive away from Mel and Cass' college. She had moved there from the suburbs when her husband passed. With the money he had left their family, Cass and her mom would be well off for some time. Though Mel would never admit it, she was jealous of the comfort in which they lived. Mel had spent her youth in foster homes and had to work hard to get where she was. She wouldn't mind being able to truly relax for a time. She hoped that she might get a taste of it over the few days that she would stay with them.

Mel arrived at the community in the late afternoon. Thanks to a school bus and the impatience of security, Mel managed to sneak in without any trouble. A few minutes later, Mel had managed to make her way to Cass' doorstep. She couldn't help but feel excited to see her friend again.

It took some time of sporadic knocking for the door to finally open. An older woman with the same blonde hair and facial structure as Cass answered the door. She was taller than both Cass and Mel. It seemed that Cass took after her father when it came to height.

“Can I help you, young lady?”

“Hi. You must be Cass’ mom. I’m Mel, her best friend. I know this is unannounced, but I came to visit Cass. I haven’t been able to get ahold of her for a while and I was worried.”

Cass’ mom smiled and embraced Mel in a warm hug.

“She’ll be so happy to see you. I think all this mommy-daughter bonding has left her eager to have some play-time. Come in, please.”

Mel smiled, though she cringed internally. She couldn’t imagine spending time with a mom who insisted on ‘mommy-daughter’ bonding. Is this the reason why Cass had behaved so differently?

“Cassandra, Melanie is here to visit.”

Cassandra? Melanie? What is this woman’s deal...

Mel followed Cass’ mom into the living room. Cass sat on the couch and watched some brightly colored cartoon. She turned back to greet Mel. Her legs were crossed on the couch, a small bag of gummies in her lap. Cass’ attire was more strange than ever. Her hair was now completely blonde, went past her chin, and her bangs were pinned back with a pink barrette. She wore a pastel pink summer dress with lace trim along the skirt. A pair of white and pink knee socks and pinks flats completed the childish outfit. Cass’ face was a shade of red and her mouth obviously full.

“How many times have I told you about eating in the living room Cassandra?” Cass’ mother asked. She approached Cass with her hand outstretched. Mel’s friend looked from her mother to Mel and then back before she handed the gummies over, a guilty look on her face.

“Sorry”, Cass said, her speech slurred from the gummies still in her mouth.

Cass’ mother sighed and took the bag back into the kitchen. Alone with her friend for the first time in weeks, Mel sat down next to Cass and gave her a hug. “You look so fucking weird, Cass. But I’m glad to see you.”

“I thought I might...I feel bad for not being too bothered by it. Oh and um...watch the language okay? My mommy -- my mom, will get mad.”

Mel raised an eyebrow. Her confusion was obvious. "What is going on? You're acting so strange. And what's with your mom? We're grown women Cass, we can curse if we want. What is she gonna do, spank you?"

Cass was silent for a moment.

"Just please go along with this. My mom needs it. Ever since Dad passed, she's been acting really weird...but she's been really happy since I came back. I'm just humoring her."

"Ugh...okay Cass." Mel replied. "Is this why you didn't want me coming here. Embarrassed?"

"Yeah. Well I mean...I'm kind of used to it now. But, you being here kind of reminded me that this might be a little..."

"Not normal?"

"Yeah...but please please please, just go along with it. You can stay here...but she might ask you to um...behave yourself."

"What does that mean?"

"Well...no cursing, inside voice please, and play nice. Okay?"

"Okay...", Mel said. She could hardly believe what had become of Cass' life since she went home.

"Melanie, sweetheart? Do you wanna see where you'll be staying? Maybe change into something a little less...abrasive."

Mel looked down at clothes. Torn jeans, a loose tank that exposed some of her bra, and some beat up old boots. "Really...?" Mel began. She looked over to see Cass, an expression on her face that pleaded with Mel. "...excited to see it, Mrs. Greene."

Mrs. Greene took Cass by the hand and made her way to the stairs. "Please, dear. You can call me Mommy if you like. I wouldn't mind having another daughter while you're here."

Cass exchanged another glance with her. "I suppose that would be okay...mom."

Mrs. Greene stared at her for a moment before she gave Mel a thin smile and continued upstairs. "You'll be sleeping in Cassandra's room. I put another bed in there in case she had any sleepovers or if one of her friend's needed to nap."

Cass' room was far different than her dorm. At college her room had been decorated with posters of punk bands, dirty clothes covered floor, and more than a few empty beer bottles were scattered across her desk. This room was the complete opposite. It was brightly lit and filled to the brim with pastel colored decorations. Cutesy pink and floral sheets were on both of the twin-sized beds. In between them, stuffed animals of all shapes and sizes had been placed in a messy pile. Cass' wardrobe was painted white with pink trim as was her bed frame. Even the curtains were a shade of pink. Mel looked to Cass for some kind of explanation, but her friend just bit her lip, embarrassed.

"Cassandra, sweetheart, what has Mommy told you about your stuffies. Don't just leave them all over the place. Straighten them up before you two get ready for bed."

"Yes Mom -- Mommy..."

Mrs. Greene smiled and tousled her daughter's hair. "Melanie, go ahead and change out of those clothes. Cassandra should have some pajamas you can borrow."

"Um...okay, but are you serious about going to bed? The sun just set. It's hardly after eight o'clock."

The older woman shook her head slowly and sighed. Like a mother who had explained something one too many times to a child, Mrs. Greene talked down to Mel. "Because it's past Cassandra's bedtime and I won't have you keeping her up like you do at school."

"I'm sorry, what?"

"Melanie..." Cass sat on the floor next to Mel and tugged at her jeans. She held a stuffed rabbit in her hands.

"Melanie? It's *Mel*, Cass. I know you told me to fucking play along, but this is absolutely ridiculous! I'm not gonna let your Mom treat you and me like little fucking kids."

"Alright! I've had just about enough of your attitude, young lady!" Mrs. Greene grabbed Mel by the arm, turned her around, and pinned her down on the bed. "I understand you've had a rough childhood, but I'm just trying to properly raise my daughter and teach you some manners. You may not like it, but you'll thank me when you're older."

Mel laughed aloud. She couldn't believe Mrs. Greene's audacity. "How fucking dare y--"

Whirrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

Mel began to stutter as the strange noise grew louder in her mind.

Wha--What's happening...I...I can't think straight...

"Maybe this will put an end to your potty mouth!"

SMACK SMACK SMACK

Mrs. Greene had released Mel's arm and tugged down her jeans and boyshorts. Mel was left helpless as the whirring noise grew louder. After a few more smacks to her exposed rear, Mel felt ready to throw in the towel.

"I-I'm sorry! I'm sorry. Puh-please. I won't do it again."

"Good."

Mel was unsure if she was too scared or too weak to move. The noise had finally died down, but she could still feel it in her brain as odd as it was. Her thoughts felt less intelligent, slower; bogged down by a strange static in her brain. She yelped as Mrs. Greene flipped her over and began to strip her of her shoes, pants, and underwear. Half-naked and disoriented, Mel didn't bother to fight as Mrs. Greene stripped her naked.

"Cassandra?" Mrs. Greene looked down to her daughter. Cass had stopped sorting the stuffed animals and stared off into space, the stuffed rabbit from earlier in her lap, her finger far up her nose. "Cassie, sweetheart, stop picking your nose. It's a bad habit."

"Soww -- Sorry mommy."

"That's okay baby. Can you get something cute for Melly here?"

Mel's face grew red with embarrassment as some of her senses returned to her. She was uncertain of what had happened, but with Mrs. Greene effectively in control she was more than happy to be dressed; even if the clothing would be humiliating.

"Hewe mommy."

Cass had returned absentmindedly sucking her thumb, clothes in hand: a pink nightie with a cartoon cat on the chest and a pair of matching panties with paw prints on the butt. As she had figured, Mel hated them; but she took the outfit nonetheless.

"Do I need to dress you, or are you going to behave yourself?"

"I'll behave myself *mom*."

Mrs. Greene just sighed and stood. She hugged her daughter and kissed her on the forehead. Get in your jammies. I'll be back to make sure you two are in bed, so be a good girl and do so."

"M'kay."

Mel dressed herself and watched the door until she was certain Mrs. Greene was beyond earshot. "What the...heck *Cassie*? Your mom just spanked me! This has gone too far. An-And I don't know what she did, but I-I feel all weird now. Has this happened to you?"

"Mhm. Mommy spanked me this morning 'cause I was being naughty..."

"You're twenty-two Cass! We are both way too old to be getting spanked for 'being naughty!'"

Cass bit her lip and looked away. She remained silent as she stripped down and changed into pink footie pajamas complete with a butt-flap. "We should get in bed. Mommy's gonna be back soon."

Mel cursed under her breath. She couldn't shake the strange feeling from earlier, but she was certain it had something to do with Cass' strange behaviour. "Fine, but you, your mom, and I are having a talk tomorrow. This is crazy."

"What's crazy Melly-bear?" Mrs. Greene asked. She stood in the doorway. Her finger on the lightswitch.

"N-Nothing."

Mrs. Greene smiled warmly, then turned off the light. She began to pull the door to when Cass called to her. "Mommy? Can you um...turn on the thing please..."

"Of course babygirl."

Mel watched, her mouth agape as Cass' mother turned on the nightlight next to Cass' bed. "Nightie-night girls. Don't let the bedbugs bite."

It was silent for some time; though there was the occasional yawn from Cass.

"Are you actually afraid of the dark, Cass? When the he -- heck did this come up?"

Cass yawned again which triggered Mel to do the same. "I'm sweepy...tomorrow pwease..."

Mel grunted in response. She was surprised how tired she had become. Would she really fall asleep so easily before nine o'clock? It had been years since she had gone to bed in the P.M.

As Mel began to drift, the static in her brain seemed to intensify. The strange feeling sent her off into a deep sleep.

When Mel awoke the next morning it took her a few minutes to remember what had transpired the night previous. She could hardly believe that Mrs. Greene had spanked her. What seemed even more ridiculous to her was that Cass had been perfectly fine with it.

What has gotten into you Cass...? Did you hear that noise too?

Cass was already awake. She sat up in her bed, the blankets wrapped around her torso, a look of discomfort on her face.

“Cass? What’s wrong?” Cass remained quiet, though her lip began to tremble.

It was then that Mel noticed something off about Cass, something off about their whole room. Cass’ sheets, and Mel’s with them, had changed from their floral patterns to a set of cartoon princess sheets. The floor was now covered not only in stuffed animals, but toys as well. Cass’ bed was now equipped with detachable white plastic rails, the kind that would keep a small child from falling off in the night. A pacifier sat in a puddle of drool on Cass’ pillow and, from what Mel could see poking out of Cass’ sheets, it looked as if her friend’s pajamas had changed as well. The kitty cat jammies were gone, replaced by something soft and pink with snaps on the shoulders. A large dark stain in Cass’ blankets was the last and most worrisome thing Mel noticed.

“Don’t tell Mommy, Melly! I dun wanna get in trouble...”

Mel shot from her bed and ran to Cass’ side. In her panic she hardly noticed the change in her own outfit: a pair of matching Barbie doll panties and shirt that was too short and too tight for Mel.

“Did you wet yourself? Cass, you gotta notice that something odd is going on here! This isn’t just some weird thing you’ve just gotta deal with. Your mom is doing something to us. You’re twenty...” Mel fell silent for a moment. She couldn’t escape the feeling that she had forgotten something.

“I’m twenty?”

“Y-Yes! You’re a grown up. You shouldn’t be having accidents an-and sucking on pacifiers.” Mel took the stuffed rabbit from Cass and tossed it to the floor. “You don’t need to cuddle a stuffie!”

“Mr. Whiskers!” Cass looked distraught. She then went quiet and looked to Mel, nervous. “I-I know I’m a big girl. I just wanna help mommy. I don’t mind playing the baby for her.”

“It’s just you and me here, Cass. Don’t call her mommy. And you aren’t playing the baby at this point. You *are* the baby. We need to get out of here. Get away from your mom and clear our heads.”

“Oh, Cassie sweetheart, did you have an accident?”

Mel nearly jumped off the bed. She had been so distracted with Cass that she didn’t even notice Mrs. Greene open the door.

“Cass only did it ‘cause you made her. I don’t know how, but you’re doing something...”

Mrs. Greene grabbed Mel by the arm and pulled her back to her own bed. Mel was sat down and Mrs. Greene bent over to face her. “Such an active imagination, Melly. Please just behave yourself. We don’t want a repeat of last night, do we?”

Mel fought the compulsion to swing at Mrs. Greene; instead she looked away to Cass, who looked more confused than anything.

“Alright sweetie. You know the rules. You can’t keep ‘em dry, you lose the privilege.” Mrs. Greene walked over to Cass’ wardrobe and opened the bottom drawer. Mel gasped as several rows of thick, pink disposable diapers came into view. Cass whimpered, but freed herself from the blankets and stood next to the bed nonetheless. The rest of her outfit was revealed, a pink baby onesie with a snap-crotch that was soaked through. Cass tugged at the snaps, too embarrassed to look anywhere but down.

“Let mommy help you, pumpkin.”

Mrs. Greene placed a diaper, some baby wipes, and talcum powder down on the bed. She then bent down, undid the snaps, and stripped Cass of her wet panties and onesie. Mel fumed, unwilling to stay silent as her best friend was humiliated and diapered in front of her.

“Diapers?! Seriously? She’s not a baby you fucking psycho!”

Cass hid her face behind her hands as her mother stood and faced Mel. “Where are your manners, young lady?! Is that anyway to talk to your mommy?”

“You...are not...my mommy...YOU PSYCHO BITCH!”

Mrs. Greene sighed and shook her head. “Melly, timeout. Right now!”

“Oh fuck you cu-”

Whirrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

Mel's words turned to nonsense as her mind went blank. Her entire body felt weak and refused to listen to her fight or flight response.

“Nose in the corner, little miss pottymouth. I'll deal with you once I've got Cassie cleaned up.”

No matter how hard Mel tried, her mind was empty save for the noise. Left directionless, her body responded to Mrs. Greene's command. Mel's face burned with embarrassment as she pushed her nose into the corner of their room and was forced to wait for her best friend to be diapered and dressed by their 'mommy'.

Even as the noise receded from her mind, Mel's thoughts felt censored and half-formed.

I'm n- whirrrrrrr -a baby. She's n- whirrrrrrr -my mommy...

Mel gave up on thinking; instead, she listened to the crinkling of the diaper being taped around Cass' waist and waited for whatever punishment her mommy had in store for her.

“Turn around, Melanie.”

The command seemed to rid Mel of what was left of the noise, though her mind felt foggy nonetheless. She turned and faced Mrs. Greene; who sat on the bed, a diapered Cass in her lap. She had dressed Cass in a denim skirtall, a yellow t-shirt with a duck on the chest, a pair of frilly pink ankle socks, and pink light-up sneakers. Cass sat patiently and sucked on her pacifier as Mrs. Greene tied her hair up into pigtails.

She's not fighting this at all...am I gonna start acting like that? Like a big baby...

“Are you ready to apologize for your behavior? Just be a good girl and behave yourself?”

Mel hesitated for a moment. She looked down at her feet, unsure of what to say; and discovered that in the span of time that she was in timeout, her clothing had changed into a pair of footie pajamas. Mel cursed under her breath, though it was far more tame than she was used to. She placed a shaky hand to her rear and felt a butt flap. Her outfit had changed to the very same one Cass had worn the night previous.

“What's the matter, Melly? Do you need to go potty?”

“N-No mommy!”

I'm becoming like Cass! How many more times will I hear that noise before I end up sucking on a pacifier in diapers?! I-I have to behave myself...it only happens when mommy -- Mrs. Greene is upset...

Mrs. Greene lifted Cass off her lap and placed her on the floor in front of the toys. She stood and approached Mel. Her hands rested on Mel's shoulders as she looked the younger woman in the eyes. "So what do you say?"

"I-I'm sorry mommy...I'll be a good girl."

"There that wasn't so bad, was it?" Mrs. Greene pulled Mel into a warm embrace and lightly patted her bottom. "So much better than a spanking. Mommy doesn't like spanking her little princesses. Now, do you need mommy's help to get dressed?"

Mel looked at Cass and shuttered at the thought of what her 'mommy' might dress her in. "No mommy. I can dress -- dress myself."

Dress?! Did I just talk like that?! What's happening to me?

"That's mommy's big girl! Now you two be good for a bit. Mommy has to get started on breakfast. Be a good big sister and keep an eye on Cassie, okay Melly?"

"Okay mommy."

Mel held a fake smile until the door to their room was pulled shut. She then dropped to the floor next to Cass and looked to her friend, unsure of how else she might have changed.

"Cassie? Cass, I mean; are you okay?"

"Yeth I-" Cass' face turned red and she spit the pacifier out onto her lap. "I'm okay. I promise."

"You're dressed and sound like a baby. We've gotta...Cass? What's the matter?"

Cass' bottom lip quivered, her eyes were wet; she was on the verge of crying. "I'm nah a baby. You're nah nice, Mewwy."

Mel had to take a moment to collect herself so that she wouldn't scream in frustration. "That's not what I meant. I wouldn't be mean to you Cass. I just meant what mommy did. Of course you're not a baby. You wore big girl panties until this morning right?"

Cass sniffled, but had composed herself for the most part. "I did...but I had an ack-uh-dent."

“‘Accident’ Cassie. You’re a grown up remember? You only wet ‘cause mommy made you. It’s that weird noise...”

Cass stared off into space for a moment. She began to suck on her fingers as she grew distracted by the pile of toys in front of her. “Um...how ol’ am I again?”

Worried she might lose her, Mel placed herself directly in front of Cass and pulled her friend’s hands into her own. “Stick with me here Cass. I’m a year older than you, remember?”

“You’re this many?” Cass held up her hand, all her fingers save her thumb were up.

“One, two, th-three, four?” Mel counted under her breath. For the first time in nearly two decades, Mel needed to take her time to count. “N-no. I’m older than that. Four...f-four...ty...fourteen! Right...?”

Mel held her head in her hands. No amount of concentration could make the information in her brain clearer. She knew she wasn’t a kid. She knew Cass didn’t belong in diapers, but the finer details had become fuzzy.

“Awe you otay?” Cass had gone back to sucking on her fingers.

“We have to find out how mommy is doing this. Maybe we can reverse it?”

“I can weaw big gurl pannies ‘gain?”

“Uh huh! No more diapers and no more mommy telling us what to do! But we have to keep this secret, okay? Mommy can’t find out.”

Cass nodded and giggled. Mel couldn’t help but laugh along too.

This can work out...whatever’s going on...we’re nah gonna be babies!

The door to the room opened. Mrs. Greene entered, took the two by their hands, and led them to the kitchen. A high chair and booster seat were positioned next to the table. Sippy cups, jars of baby food, and a plate of cut up scrambled eggs waited for the two girls.

S-She’s not gonna feed us...right?

“We’ve got a big day today girls. Let’s start it off right with some yummy breakfast. Mommy’s already had hers, so she can help you girls get full tummies!”

Ah frick...

Mel grumbled to herself under her breath. Cass had insisted on helping her get dressed and, after she nearly cried to get her way, Mel gave in. As such, she was dressed far more childish than she had wanted; not that there was anything 'adult' to wear in their wardrobe. The pastel colored tops and frilly skirts had been one thing; the pink babydoll dress, white tights, and ballet slippers Cass had made her wear were another. Forced to leave before they received a visit from 'the tickle monster', Mel could do little but chase after Cass, who insisted they hold hands.

We just talked about getting out of here and she's practically skipping to her mommy. I can hardly keep her attention on something for a few minutes. Really gotta find what's causing this.

"Oh my goodness! Did you let Cassie dress you, Melly? You're supposed to be the big sister, you know?"

Cass giggled as Mrs. Greene teased Mel. Mel crossed her arms and looked away, more than annoyed with the whole situation. "Maybe we should put Melly in the highchair, huh Cassie?"

Highchair?!

Mel looked past Mrs. Greene into the dining room. A large pink and white plastic high chair sat at the head of the table. Two chairs were positioned next to it, one with a bright pink booster seat and one without. Mel could only hope Mrs. Greene had been joking.

"Don't worry Melly," Mrs. Greene said, "As cute as you look, you're not the one mommy needs to keep an eye -- and a bib -- on." Mrs. Greene removed the white plastic tray from the chair and lifted Cass into the seat with ease. Once Cass was buckled in, the tray was replaced and a bib that read 'Mommy's Messy Girl' was put around her neck. A few jars of baby food were placed on the table along with two sippy cups full of juice. Mel nearly panicked until Mrs. Greene produced a small pink plate of scrambled eggs and placed them in front of the chair with the booster seat.

"Um...mommy. Are you really gonna feed Cassie that?"

Mrs. Greene picked up a large spoonful of mashed carrots and brought them to Cass' lips. "Little Cassie's too young to feed herself, sweetheart. And you aren't old enough to feed her either."

"Buh mommy! Imma big guwl..."

"Mommy knows, pumpkin. You're such a big girl that you get to help mommy land this plane."

Cass looked as if she would refuse to go along with her mother's antics. For a moment, Mel was proud to see that her friend had some willpower left; that was until Mrs. Greene began to make plane noises to which Cass crumbled and let the spoonful of baby food into her mouth with a giggle. "Good girl! Isn't that so yummy?"

Mel couldn't help but feel hopeless as she watched baby food dribble past Cass' lips and onto her bib. Just how long would it be until Mel shared her best friend's fate?

Momentarily defeated, Mel pulled herself into the booster seat and poked at her eggs.

"Don't play with your food, Melly. Or does mommy need to feed you once she's done with Cassie?"

"No mommy..."

Mel began to eat. She hated that the food actually tasted good. As if what had happened wasn't enough, she didn't need any reasons to enjoy her new 'home'. She hated it there. And even if she did end up like Cass, she wouldn't go down without a fight.

Fired up, Mel finished her food and hopped out of the booster seat. She had a plan. "Mommy? Can we go to tha park taday?"

Mrs. Greene raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Someone's in a good mood. Were you just cranky because you were hungry?"

"Mommyyyyyy."

"Alright little one. We can go. But only after your sister is done eating. Why don't you go play or watch T.V. for a little bit, okay?"

"Otay!"

Mel turned and made her way back to their room. She grinned from ear to ear, certain she had just found her way out.

Mommy may think me and Cass are dumb babies. An-And she may have tricked Cass a lil' bit. But other people'll know! They'll know we aren't babies. And while mommy is distr...busy, Imma find out what she's been up to!

Mrs. Greene's room was a few doors down from Mel and Cass'. To Mel's surprise, there was nothing out of the ordinary. Nothing strange in her closet, under her bed, or even in her underwear drawer; the woman was quite tame. Mel had nearly given up hope. That was until she took one last look at Mrs. Greene's desk. On it were a stack of parenting books and

magazines. Mel looked around the room and toward the hallway. Certain she was alone, Mel began to look through the materials for any clue as to what had gone on.

Mel grimaced at the pages. The first few that she went through held little significance and only served as a reminder of the changes Mel had undergone. Not only had some of the bigger words become nearly impossible for her to read or make sense of, but many of the core concepts the books discussed were lost on her. She began to tear up in frustration.

I can't even read good...mommy's gonna put me back in diapers too! I-I can't let that happen...I gotta find somethin'....

It was then, out of the corner of her eye, that Mel noticed a discarded box next to Mrs. Greene's desk. The plain brown box looked unrelated, but the paperwork inside suggested otherwise. A small circular device, The Disciplinarian, was detailed inside.

"A tool for unruly chil-chill-dren...children. Your pr-precious child back after just a few presses...' What the heck is this...?"

A knock sounded behind Mel: Mrs. Greene's hand on the door frame.

"Should you be in here, Melly?"

Mel dropped the box and turned. Mrs. Greene stood with her hands on her hips, an eyebrow raised. A tiny silver disk was attached to her belt. A delicate finger circled one of two buttons on the device.

So that's how she's doing it?! If mommy uses it now...I'll need to play dumb, until me and Cass escape...

"I'm sowwy Mommy. I wanted to pway wif your things."

Mrs. Greene removed her finger from The Disciplinarian and smiled. "Well...be sure to ask next time, sweetheart. Now come along, your sister is waiting. We're going to the park, remember?" She held out her hand and motioned to Mel.

"Okay mommy." Mel tossed down the box and skipped to Mrs. Greene. She was more than eager to play the simple child if it meant that she would finally be free of her 'mommy'.

Cass waited for them at the front door. Mrs. Greene had pinned a pacifier to her daughter's shirt, which Cass now sucked on noisily as she picked at her nose. Her other hand was stuffed down the back of her diaper. Mel cringed at the sight, but was thankful that Cass at least attempted to wipe any boogers off on her skirt before she bear-hugged the both of them.

“Alright girls, out to the van. Melly, help your sister get in her car seat while mommy loads the stroller.”

“Stroller? Why do w-”

“C’mon Mewwy!”

Cass toddled out the door as quick as she could. Mel watched her friend, turned baby sister, stomp awkwardly on the stone pathway to the car. Cass giggled with each step and nearly fell over twice before she plopped down on her butt next to the minivan. “Mewwwwwy!” She called, a stupid grin plastered on her face.

“Cassie...you’re s’posed ta be a big girl. Stop actin’ like a baby. I can see your diaper.”

Cass stuck out her tongue. “I ‘member...I jus feel funny.” Cass then stood and straightened out her skirt, as if to make herself more presentable. She tugged on the car door to open it, but gave up after a few tries. “Mewwy, can you open?”

Together, they just barely managed to slide the door open by the time Mrs. Greene had loaded the stroller in the back. Secured in one of the backseats was a large pastel pink car seat, sized perfectly to fit Cass. Cass looked to Mel, unsure of what her ‘big sister’ wanted her to do.

As if she sensed Cass and Mel’s hesitation, Mrs. Greene opened the door opposite them and waved Cass over. “Come on, pumpkin. Mommy will get you strapped in.” Cass responded immediately and crawled into the van. To Mel, it was like a switch had been flicked in Cass’ head.

If we can just get away from mommy...maybe we can start bein’ normal again. Big girls...

“Melly, sweetheart? Are you daydreaming? Get up in your booster seat.” Mel clambered into the van and plopped down into the seat. She waited patiently for Mrs. Greene to buckle her in.

D-Did I do the same thing just now? Doing what mommy asked me to...? O-Or am I just playing along, pretending? No...doesn’t matter. Just gotta get to the park...find someone...

The park was a short drive away; or at least, that’s how it felt to Mel. The whole ride she had kicked her legs back and forth in childlike excitement. By the time Mrs. Greene opened the door for her Mel was so worked up she tried to jump out of the car still buckled into her seat. Mrs. Greene chided Mel for her behaviour and after that Mel did her best to seem patient. As much as she wanted to run, she would have to wait until it seemed natural for her to try wander off from her mommy.

Eventually, they had spread a small blanket in the shade of a tree. As Mel had expected, Mrs. Greene kept Cass close. Though she was clearly mentally unstable, the woman acted like any good mother would. Mel kept them company for a time, unsure of when it would be best to leave. She was surprised when her mommy urged her to go play.

“Just stay where I can see you, sweetpea.”

Mel kissed Cass on the forehead and winked. She hoped her friend would understand her leaving. Mel then turned and ran as fast as she could; though she realized after a few seconds that she ran far slower than she remembered, no doubt another side effect of what The Disciplinarian had done. Mel waited until Mrs. Greene turned her attention to Cass before she ducked behind a grouping of trees and made her way to the closest grown-ups she could find. A young couple sat on a bench nearby. As she approached, Mel became painfully aware of her attire. She was dressed ridiculously for a girl her age; at least she assumed as the exact number now eluded her.

I'm dressed like a baby...gosh why did I let my baby sister dress me...Cassie I mean...she's my best friend! Nah some dumb baby...

The couple looked over to see Mel approach. She tugged at her skirt, nervous to start such an odd conversation. “Umm...excuse me but...”

Why am I being so shy?! I've been held against my will for gosh sake!

“I need help! Me an-an my sister...I mean my fwiend Cassie...we got dwessed like dis an-an everything keeps changing all funny 'cause of this thing mommy has an-”

“Are you okay?” The first woman asked. She looked genuinely concerned.

“She looks like she's about to cry, babe.” Her partner said, then to Mel she asked: “Where's your mommy, sweetheart?”

Mel stood there for a moment, confused. She looked around, caught between two distinct and conflicting feelings. One part of her felt lost. She didn't actually know where her mommy was. She looked around and felt herself grow more panicked as she tried to find the blanket where Mrs. Greene and Cass were. The other side of Mel was confused, angry. She knew something was wrong. She was a grown woman. Why did everyone treat her like a child? This wasn't at all how she imagined her escape would start.

“Um...I-I don't...I'm nah a baby! I mean it...”

The couple both stood. One held Mel's hand while they looked around. She clutched at the stranger's hand and sucked her thumb for comfort. The relief she felt when Mrs. Greene came into view worried her. That and how she so easily carried Cass.

S-She shouldn't be able to do that...how can mommy be so strong?

"Oh my goodness. Ladies I am so sorry! Mel, didn't mommy tell you to stay where she can see you? I was so worried!"

Mel was handed off to Mrs. Greene who thanked the two women profusely.

That was not at all what Mel had expected to happen. Where did all her fight go? Why did she feel so weak as she held her mommy's hand. These women, they weren't much taller than Mel. As odd as it all felt to Mel she knew that she shouldn't be treated like some baby. Some part of her panicked then, for an instant she felt her old self return. This was her last chance, she knew.

"N-No. No! I'm n-**not** a baby! My mommy -- this woman, is doing something. She's using that thing on her belt to make everyone think I'm a ba-"

Whirrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

"I'm nah...I'm nah a ba-"

Whirrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

"Imma...baby..."

Mel's mind went blank, her words fell apart into nonsense, and her crotch grew warm with urine as her bladder released. She could feel her piss soak her panties and drip down her thighs. Her tights felt clammy against her skin as she drenched them. Even her ballet slippers grew moist from the massive wetting.

Cass grew upset, though it was hard for her to understand why. She got some sinking feeling that something bad had happened to Mel. Her childlike mind tried to make sense of it. She saw Mel's soaked tights and thought she must be upset that she had an accident. After that, her mind began to drift. She grew distracted by the pacifier in her mouth and began to wonder why she even cried in the first place.

Mel remembered little of what happened next. She had fuzzy memories of being escorted back to the blanket to be punished. The spanking that followed was short, but it got the point across. Mel remained quiet while Mrs. Greene stripped her of her wet clothing. A pacifier kept her quiet as she laid there, naked save for the diaper around her waist. She could feel the cool air on her nipples as she waddled behind her mommy to the van. Part of her felt that she should cover

herself, or be ashamed; but every adult thought was drowned out by the repetitive whirring still in her head. And with no spare clothes, Mel would have to wait until they got home before she could be dressed again.

The ride back confused Mel. Her booster seat was gone, replaced by a car seat similar to her sister's. The effects of the device began to weaken and with that part of her old self returned. The pacifier, the diaper, the car seat. Mel knew she didn't belong in it; at least that's what she tried to tell herself. No matter how much she tried to fight her infantile thoughts, she couldn't help but feel safe and comforted by it all.

I gotta...fight this...I'm nah mommy's baby...Cassie n' me...we're gonna leave and be big girls again...

"Mmmmmph..." Mel grunted behind her pacifier. She felt a strange yet familiar feeling in stomach.

Mrs. Greene looked up at her through the rear-view mirror. "Oh, I know that face. Are you trying to make mommy a present, babygirl?"

Mel's face turned crimson. How much had that last use of the device done to her? Did she even have control anymore? She did her best to maintain control over her bowels. Perhaps if she behaved herself, her mommy might let her use the potty.

By the time they arrived home, Mel felt on the verge of messing. She squirmed in her car seat as she waited for her mommy to free her and take her inside the house. It was all she could do not to cry in frustration as she watched Mrs. Greene help Cass first.

PRRRRPTH

Mel froze, terrified that she had just lost control.

"Oh my goodness, Cassie. Here I was worried about Melly's poopy diapers."

Cass' face was one of pure bliss. Mel felt truly helpless as she watched Cass happily poop in her diapers. The seat of her diaper sagged from the weight of the mess. Mrs. Greene waited until her daughter had finished before she picked her up and placed her on the van floor. The sigh of relief Cass uttered as the diaper squished into her backside disgusted Mel. Had her friend really been changed so much? Had she no shame?

She was so distracted by Cass, Mel hardly noticed that Mrs. Greene had made her way to her side of the car. Mel flinched as her mommy's finger slipped in the leg hole of her diaper. "Still dry. What a pleasant surprise! Almost ready for pull-ups, aren't you Melly-bear?" Mrs. Greene then blew a raspberry on Mel's exposed stomach, eliciting a childish giggle from Mel. "Is

mommy's widdle girl ticklwish? Huh? Is she?" Just a few days ago, Mel would've taken a swing at the woman for talking to her like that. Now, she could only laugh as her bladder released from the stimulation. She felt embarrassed with herself with how calm she felt.

Why does it feel so nat...nat-too-rul...so good...to make pee-pee in my diapies...

"Oh dear...well, big girl panties are a long ways off for you. Mommy will just wait to change you. I'm sure you'll be as messy as your sister in a few minutes."

It took some effort, but Mrs. Greene finally managed to get her two overgrown toddlers inside and to their room. Much like before, their home had changed with the use of the device. Two high chairs now sat in the kitchen, toys and stuffed animals were scattered throughout the living room around their playpen and their baby jumpers, and Cass' childhood room had become a nursery to Mrs. Greene's two little girls. Mel's bed had been replaced with a large wooden changing table. Cass' bed was now a large pink and white crib filled with soft blankets and pillows; easily big enough for both girls.

Mel took it all in as Cass babbled on the changing table above her. Any semblance of her adult intelligence and personality gone. Little Cassie had no desire to be an adult; instead she enjoyed when mommy changed her diapers. She liked to play with her mommy's shirt and talk about the cartoons she watched.

Eventually, Cass was set on the ground next to Mel. They were both naked save for their diapers now. Mel blushed and looked away, though part of her didn't understand why. She looked over to see Mrs. Greene collapse in the rocking chair. Her mommy smiled at her and Mel frowned in turn. It had become difficult to remember her anger, but she felt it still in her; it felt almost primal.

"Why the stink-face, Melly-bear?" Mrs. Greene smiled and leaned forward.

"I don't wike oou...Oou're nah my mommy!"

Mrs. Greene feigned a hurt look. "My my, you are cranky!" She paused for a moment, then removed the device from her belt and began to unhook her bra. "I know what my little girl wants. Mommy got so worried about you, she forgot to feed you after your sister. Come to mama baby!"

Is she gonna...? Mommy wants ta feed me?

Mel looked to the nightstand where Mrs. Greene had just set her bra. Underneath one of the 34DD beige bra cups sat the device. She knew this would be her last chance to escape. Mel prepared herself mentally for what she was about to willingly subject herself to. Could there be

anything more humiliating, more infantile than to allow herself to be breastfed by the woman that forcibly regressed her? Mel pretended she heard the whirring noise.

Mrs. Greene pulled Mel into her lap and stroked her new daughter's hair lovingly. She pressed Mel's head into her breast, and dragged her nipple along her cheek. Almost instinctually, Mel latched onto the nipple and began to suckle. Her eyes grew wet with frustration. Adulthood sat on the nightstand next to her and she couldn't muster the strength to reach for it; instead, her hands rested in her lap and her mouth worked her mommy's nipple. Mel couldn't stand how hungry she was, how eager she suckled the milk from her mommy's breast.

"Mmmphh...hmmm..." Grunts were all Mel could muster.

"Shhh...shhh...it's almost nap time for you babygirl. Just relax, hmm?"

Mel felt her eyes begin to droop. Part of her embraced the her exhaustion. It would be such an easy out to all her problems. With no more adult thoughts, she would have no problem with being babied. She couldn't help but wonder if being taken care of for the rest of her life would be so bad.

The other part of her bit into her mommy's nipple and swung her hands backward. Mrs. Greene cried out in pain, but held onto Mel as the diapered girl twisted around in her lap and reached for the device.

"What on Earth has gotten into you?!" Mrs. Greene cried. Exasperated, she picked Mel up and away from the chair, placed her in the crib, and locked the bars in place. "Sit in there and think about what you've done, you naughty naughty girl!"

"Nooooo!" Mel shook the bars of the crib as Mrs. Greene grabbed her blouse and left the room.

So close! So close and I still didn't do it...still jus' a baby...

On the verge of tears, Mel nearly admitted defeat; that was until she realized Mrs. Greene had left both the device and Cass still in the room. She hadn't lost yet.

"Cath! Cathie -- Cass!"

Cass looked up from her toys and waved at Mel, a dumb grin on her face. "Mewwy's in twouble! You been naughdie, Mewwy!"

"Cassss...pay attention! I'm you're big sistew, 'member? You're s'ppose ta wisten ta me."

Cass furrowed her brow, her attempt at looking serious. It was obvious that she held back a giggle.

"You see da silver circle? On tha nigh-stan? Can you bwing it to me?"

Cass stood and wobbled with her hands out for a moment before she got her balance. She bent over and picked a block off the ground and skipped back over to Mel. "Dis?"

"No Cass. Tha-tha circle...the one that, um..." Mel felt more of her memory elude her. It had become difficult to even describe a basic shape. "It's gway. Mommy wears it!"

A look of realization and excitement crossed Cass' face. "Otay!"

Cass waddled over to the nightstand and grabbed it with her drool covered fingers. She held it up, proud that she remembered the color and began to walk back to Mel.

"Good girl, Cassie!"

Cass beamed at the praise from her big sister.

We did it...we're gonna wear big girl panties again! I didn't even go poopy! Dumb mommy...

Only a few feet away, Cass began to wobble. She stumbled through the toys she had left scattered on the ground, until she eventually lost her balance and fell backward onto her diapered butt. Mel felt her heart jump as the device fell from Cass' hands and onto the soft carpet.

"Don't woo-wee Mewwy, I gah id!"

Cass slapped her hand down on the device and pressed it into her palm as she grabbed it.

Whirrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

Mel gasped and clutched at the bars of the crib. Cass remained unaffected by the noise. No longer the unruly child she was, the noise only made her feel calm. She watched Mel whimper in the crib for a moment before she grew distracted, stuffed her fingers in her mouth, and returned to her toys.

Mel felt what little bit of her adulthood remained leave her. Her mind went completely blank and drool collected on her chin as she sucked her thumb for comfort. The bright pinks and pastels of the room distracted her simple mind. The soft blankets wrapped around her feet made her feel calm and sleepy. She felt no embarrassment as she farted loudly into her diaper.

"Hmmmmmfff..." She sighed in relief as the warm mush filled the seat of her diaper. Never had something so infantile felt so natural. Mel then fell backward, the same pure look of bliss on her

face as had been on Cass. The mess pressed up against her backside as her eyes began to droop. Just as mommy had predicted, baby needed her nap.

I...Imma...baby...diapie...dumb baby...no wanna be...big girl...

Cassandra and Melanie Greene, or Cassie and Melly (as their mom liked to call them), sat together in a small indoor playground at the mall. Their mommy conversed with another mother on a bench nearby. She made sure to keep a close eye on her girls. They had a bad habit of getting into trouble.

Melly straddled a bouncy horse, her thick diaper poking out the bottom of her favorite pink babydoll dress. Cassie sat next to her and played with the two dolls her mommy had allowed her to bring along. Her now long blonde hair had been pulled into a pair of adorable pigtails with pink ribbon. She wore a babydoll dress identical to Melly's, a gift she had gotten for her birthday after she had thrown multiple tantrums over her not being able to have Melly's. If not for the difference in hair color, Melly and Cassie almost looked like twins.

"Mewwy! You wanna pway dollies?"

Melly looked down at her sister and grinned. Cassie offered her the two dolls to pick from: a handmade pair of women their mother had made. Something about them looked painfully familiar to Melly.

"Imma be the mommy! An-an you can be tha bayyyyy-beeeee!"

Melly frowned. She hated being the baby; however, something else bothered her more. It felt like something was on the tip of her tongue. She turned the doll over and examined it more. It resembled a young woman with short hair and boyish attire. Melly had always felt drawn to this doll, especially since Cassie never wanted to share the other one. Something about the doll's face looked familiar. The more she looked at it, the more something felt wrong.

"MEWWY! Be the baby! You're not pwaying right! MOMMY!"

She tried to ignore Cassie's outburst. Mel rocked back and forth on the horse and looked around at all the children that ran around her. She just couldn't shake the feeling that there was some difference, that maybe she should be on the bench with mommy and not on the horsie. It didn't make sense to her. It made her feel upset.

THBPTHBPT!!!

Cassie giggled at the loud fart. "Mewwy tooted!"

Melly ignored her sister's teasing and strained. All her previous thoughts disappeared as she pushed the mess into her diaper. She grabbed the pacifier pinned to her dress and sucked on it noisily as she rocked back and forth on the horsie. Mel giggled around her paci, certain that she had only been upset because she needed to go potty.

Having heard Cassie's call, Mrs. Greene approached and checked to see if her girls were okay.

"Whew, someone made a mess, didn't she?"

Cassie giggled and pointed at her sister. "Mewwy's tha baby, mommy!"

"She certainly is, isn't she?" Melly felt her mommy lift her skirt and check her diaper.

"I wub oou mommy!" She said with a giggle, her troubled thoughts now gone; her mind completely blank save for the adoration and love of her mommy.

"Mommy knows, pumpkin. And she loves her babies too."