

“Good morning Anna...it’s time to get up...”

The small girl stirred in her bedding dismissively, preoccupied with maintaining a state of bliss that only sleep could make possible.

A much larger hand than her own gave her back a slight rub, dragging her further from peace itself. “Don’t you want to open all the nice presents Santa brought you?”

*Presents? What was she talking about? She needed to get up for work and-*

*Oh. Right.*

It had been one of those dreams again. The kind where Anna wasn’t being awoken by a person countless times her size every morning. The kind where she could sleep soundly in her own home without a single soul claiming ownership over her. The kind where she’d fight the struggles of reality with caffeine and willpower, sitting at a desk completing menial tasks to secure the paycheck that guaranteed her survival until the next one. Pessimistic, she knew; but god if that hadn’t become her idea of paradise now.

Instead of such strange luxuries, she had become acquainted to the life of submissiveness that robbed her of all possible freedoms. Replaced by her alarm clock was now a doting “mother” that never seemed to take no for an answer, nor ever leave her unsupervised for a second; banishing the concept of privacy altogether in Anna’s life. Yes. The kind of life where it was inappropriate now for someone of her age and stature to be drinking coffee, much less working an “adult” job.

The filing work she’d done, reports she’d submitted, presentations she’d given, had all now been downgraded into clashing dolls with each other and learning that the cow goes *moo* for the fifty-fucking-thousandth time. The dreary grays of maturity couldn’t help but feel so tempting now; oh how she’d taken it for granted. Instead, every day now was regulated happiness showered in sickeningly bright colors and infantile songs and games. And oh how she missed playing with herself. She couldn’t remember the last time she was able to touch her own nether regions... It was despairing to think that someone else was now placing sanctions on her own crotch.

It was the cursed fate of a Little, someone who fell at the mercy of the “superior” Amazons. Every morning she’d have this sort of reflection; a longing to meticulously consider each and every possible way she could have avoided the fate she was now trapped in. Not that her regrets would ever change anything now, it was fair to say that stepping outside her apartment wasn’t the

smartest move in a world of Amazons. A fall from grace could not even begin to describe the constant dread Anna felt on a daily basis, and it almost felt like human instinct was what kept her going at times. That's all she could reason with, as anything else that might justify her will to see the sun rise would either be snack time at Daycare, or seeing the mischief from when the Cookie Monster was up to no good. But of course that wasn't the case. Even if the juice was really starting to grow on her...

"It seems like somebody had a soggy dream!" The maternal voice continued to coo from above, easily rolling over the drowsy Little. A hybrid noise between a squish and a splosh became audible to Anna's ears, and the faintest bit of liquid swam in her pants, forcing her to yet again acknowledge and lament her greatest setback of all and worst misfortune.

Almost ready to grimace, she cringed at those all too familiar words, as Mommy's repetition of them had long since conditioned Anna to know that was her 'cutesy' way of saying she'd done quite the number on her terribly thick and cushy diaper. By no means was Anna a bed wetter, or, at least not until Mommy got through with her. She'd long since ran out of tears for her bedtime 'accidents,' as she used to call them in protest. The excuses stopped though after Mommy kept reinforcing the point that they couldn't be accidents if that's what was supposed to happen, and you tend to stop calling the sky green if it never seems to stop being blue.

From Anna's opening eyes, past the shield of her pacifier, the unmistakable bulge pronounced itself on her crotch past the thin and snug pajama bottoms, decorated in swirling butterflies and smiling flowers. The aimless grins the motifs donned had clearly become something that mocked her, acutely aware of the garment they confined her to; intentionally hugging her waist and legs just to emphasize the unmistakable bulge that never left her bottom.

She could still remember the pair of panties that used to be around her legs like vivid war flashbacks. Each and every day that passed however, she fell farther from the feeling of adult cloth that hugged her in only the necessary ways. Now she had a cloud around her hips. The only luxury brands she ever wore now were either Pampers or Luvs. She'd miss her morning diaper change if she started to think about the toilet next. God how she missed her porcelain throne...

"Come on honey bunches! Aren't we excited to see what Santa brought us?" Mommy had started standing the groggy and bow-legged Anna up in her crib. The waistband of her diaper peaked past her bottoms as she raised her arms in a stretch and muffled yawn past the pacifier. Anna could feel the lukewarm pad shift with her movements. Whenever she woke up nowadays her wettings at night had gone from a question of "if" to "when." It was a tough pill to swallow that it was considered inevitable now, and the only thing which could keep her even remotely sane or invested in resistance was trying to guess when she last wet it. Judging by the neutral

temperature in her pants, it was at some point during the later half of the night. Needless to say, she was ready to feel dry again. Not that it would do much to change the constant smell of lavender powder she smelled. That was a package deal now, of course. Wherever she and her diapered bottom went, the telltale crinkle and smell would follow. The brand of infancy if you could call it that. The brand of shame.

Even amidst all that though, despite living 20 years of her life, only to be sent back to square one, her first Christmas in hell still had her spirits elevated by a somewhat mentionable amount. Anna wanted to believe that somehow beyond her Mommy's demeaning and condescending treatment, there was some form of genuine affection she had for her. Maybe her recent forms of complacency would at least earn her a smidgen of something resembling maturity. She could only hope. It was no secret that she did the gift shopping, but of course any parent would maintain the facade for their "baby." Anna suddenly felt reminded of past spankings when she tried to argue the tooth fairy wasn't real. Daycare never was the best place to raise controversial topics of discussion...

Mommy hooked a finger around the ring of Anna's pacifier and gently pulled it out, the slightest string of drool trying to maintain a connection between the teat and her lips. Immediately Anna could feel herself craving for that vanilla-flavored silicone again. She tried her best to stomach such urges though, as it's what the adult in her would want.

"Can you change me now? I want to be in something clean." Anna for the most part remained neutral, as submitting simply was not an option, and resistance was met with punishment. All she could do now was hold on for dear life as she compromise without rocking the boat too much.

"Such a good girl! Even you know how your morning's go!" She chuckled. "But..." Her butts never ended well. They were always on such a different wavelength, Anna had grown to know that what was sugar to Mommy was clearly salt to her. The only thing she could do now though was learn how to stomach it. "Since you've been such a good girl the past few weeks, and I know you're excited to see all the presents," Anna was then hoisted into the air as a strong arm pressed the soggy diaper closer to her. "Maybe we can do a diaper change *after* you open your presents!"

It was as if she thought she were doing Anna a service. How twisted could her mindset be?

"Tab-Mo..mmmy," Anna every once in a while still found herself getting caught on the name. It had mostly been curbed by repeated hypnosis though... Even when she made a mistake, instilled commands knew how to pick up the pieces for her. Why she didn't do away with her bladder

control too was beyond her. Maybe Mommy somehow got enjoyment out of a Little who's thoroughly broken themselves in. "I'd actually rather be changed now. Please?"

"That's okay honey," Mommy stroked the back of Anna's shoulder-length hair. "Mommy knows you like your wet diapers! I'll indulge you today since it's so special."

Anna bit her tongue at that one. It was one of those moments when Mommy knew just how cruel she was actually being, but despite everyone in the room knowing her true intentions, she still felt the need to dress them up in syrup and sugar.

"But first, let's do the potty song you've been learning at Daycare!"

No.

Anything but that.

"I think I wanna go open my presents instead!" Anna did her best to sound chipper, her voice sounding a little worried as her pulse raced. Mommy set her on the carpeted floor, her feet doing their best to support a soggy bottom.

"I think that means we're going to do the potty dance," Mommy said in a much more stern and commanding voice. "Unless we need to start the morning off with Mr.Bubbles and a spanking?"

God she had a name for everything...it was annoying to no end! Mr.Bubbles was someone she wasn't fond of though...or rather something. Too many times has she been blessed with his presence; an enema that gets her bowels moving in all the wrong directions. Needless to say, the threat of Mr.Bubbles already had her posing for the Potty Dance. She wished she could say she forgot, but how could you when they make you start the day with it and finish off on it too? And it was just a theory, but they were somehow working subliminal messaging into the Daycare to get you to remember it too. Who knows what else they might be poisoning their minds with...

"And let's get these things off too. Mommy needs to make sure the dance does the trick after all!" Mommy then took the liberty of snaking off Anna's pajama bottoms, leaving the discolored diaper on full display, the friendly and familiar faces of Barney characters plastered on front too. Clearly in a better mood than the half-naked Anna was.

Anna by this point was almost shaking, remembering what it feels like to do the dance. Christmas break had made her fortunate enough to score at least four days out of that living hell,

but trauma was fast-coming. This was the one thing she'd never get over. Especially in front of an audience.

“Chop chop hun-bun! Those presents are waiting for you!”

Anna took a deep breath and tried to maintain her big-girl composure. The thought of the Potty Dance already had the hardwired instructions flooding her head. Each lyric engrained like a carving to a rock.

Anna put on an artificial smile and began to move.

“I’m...not a big boy!” Anna started in a sing-song voice. “I’m notta big girl!” she wiggled her hips, the swollen diaper she wore following to-and-fro. “So when I gotta go potty, I like to pee my pants!” She leaned forward to her gushing Mommy, whilst Anna drilled her fingers into her cheeks with a forced cheshire grin. She could already feel an uncomfortable pressure on her abdomen. But not even the fear of what was to come could stop her almost mechanical motion now. Manual input was fast transitioning into automatic. The subliminal messaging the Daycare used really had a fix on her. “The potty is my diaper and I like to pee--my--pants!”

The only freedom she had in this ritual was whatever name she ended it on... It was obvious though she didn't have an option. By now her sphincter muscle was ready to lose a downhill battle. Tears started to form as something foreign kept her tone upbeat and diapered posture upright. “So I make my Mommy proud when I *poop, my, pants!*”

Like clockwork, Anna spun to face her back to Mommy, as she felt her body assume a crouched position on its own and allow herself to void the already soiled diaper she was trapped in. She could almost throw up as she felt the muddy mess invade her underpants, but wanted to openly sob when she could feel the slightest sense of pride the song was teaching her to feel. The slight crinkle from stretching plastic filled the room, as it made room for its new visitor. Needless to say, the cherry on top was when she smelled the unmistakable odor.

“Well?” Anna sniffled as she wiped her tears, standing in a much more heavy diaper now. “Are you happy? Can you change me now?”

Mommy certainly was smiling, and Anna could tell there was some malicious amusement hidden in there.

“Of course, sweetie!” Mommy cooed as she forcibly guided the pajama bottoms back up her legs, stretching them over the expanded diaper. She lifted Anna, squishing the mess into her backside as she supported her bottom. “After we open your presents, of course!”

“Something tells me Santa’s been keeping a close eye on you this year!”

A few new tears escaped Anna as she could only clutch the fabric of her Mommy’s nightgown for emotional support. Messing was never easy. How this monster could relish in a grown woman shitting herself was something Anna never expected to fathom. All her mind was occupied now was the snaking mess in her pants, conforming to the shifting real estate her Mommy’s hold was putting strain on.

They strolled down the hall, Mommy humming her Christmas carols along the way as with a free hand she unlocked the over-5 foot-tall baby gate at the stairs; an extra layer of security Anna had only ever once been skilled enough to challenge. The bars had simply proved too slippery however, and the lock was impossible to reach. The passive reminders of no escape were crushing.

“Let’s hope Santa brought you some baby powder, huh?” Mommy pretended to pinch her nose, giving Anna another uncomfortable shuffle in her arms.

“Maybe I wouldn’t need some if you-” The unusually vocal retaliation Anna was feeling in that moment quickly died without much struggle as she could see the stern expression in her dominator’s face. *Rule number 3, no backtalk.* Second only to permanent residency in diapers and addressing Mommy as Mommy. They’d been through this song and dance far too many times for Anna to not know any better Whether it actually was or not didn’t matter. Defiance usually meant backtalk. Which is why Anna shortly followed up with, “I’m sorry for being mean, Mommy...”

Mommy’s annoyance was still very real, but almost on a dime her expression changed to one of a much more somber and loving nature. “Well, it is Christmas after all... We’ll let you off with just a warning this time.”

Needless to say, a bullet dodged. Even if she was confined to babyhood, you’d never want to start Christmas on a low note... Despite everything, the themes of such a holiday kept her somewhat invested, at least curious to see the breathtaking array of wrapped and ribboned gifts. What may lay on the inside of them was a totally different story, which is why she’d much rather judge the book by its cover.

As she rounded the corner into the livingroom, Mommy was the first to let out an intentionally exasperated gasp. “Look Anna! Look at all the presents Santa brought you!”

In the corner, a towering tree of green was nestled; dressed in golds and silvers as spheres of shimmering color were suspended from the piny branches. A bright yellow star crowned its peak, with a shine complimented by the lights that spiraled around the giant tree. Two stockings hung alongside atop the fireplace, embroidered with the names *Mommy* and *Anna*, hers being noticeably smaller, as if to reinforce a power dynamic. As if the diapers and genetics weren’t enough to convey that.

From underneath the tree though, countless boxes of varying size spread outwards like a wave from the base of the tree. Covered in varied prints, no gift was wrapped the same as another, and each ribbon used to encase the already taped paper was a mix of some christmas red or green, followed by a golden trim. Snow pressed against the glass backyard doors, and truly tied together the Christmas scene. For almost a moment, even Anna forgot about the situation she was in, including the state of her pants. Sheer awe had captivated the Little’s attention, as even a small seed of eagerness was starting to bloom within her.

“Are...are these all for me?” There were too many to count at a glance, but if Anna had to have guessed, she could make out at least 20 different gifts. Maybe 30? Never had she been showered with so much financial affection!

“Well, I don’t see any other good girls in this house. Do you?”

Anna almost felt a little giddy when she was lowered to the carpeted floor, her first gift only a mere foot away. By chance, she could see a large sticker plastered on the front, reading:

TO : ANNA  
FROM : SANTA

Even if Mommy was trying to drive the point home, she’d at least stop arguing the existence of the fictional figure since she’d gone to such lengths.

The first one wasn’t terribly big, but of a decent size. She was so swept up in Christmas memories however, she stopped thinking about the likely nature of its contents. As she slipped off the ribbon and began to tear into the paper, a white flash caught her from the side. Mommy was crouched with her phone, getting just the right shot at the perfect angle of her Little. Pictures were something Anna wished would burn, but had stopped fighting them long ago when the stockpiles at this point had become enormous and any “backtalk” just meant another spanking. It

was pointless fighting a battle you knew you were going to lose. Or at least one that you've continuously lost.

But once the Christmas-y exterior gave way, and the gift was revealed, Anna remembered exactly where she was and how she was being treated. The glows of Christmas lights had become dampened and the golds and silvers didn't feel so bright anymore. Staring back at her was a package of flavored pacifiers. Proudly boasting: Banana!, Watermelon! Mango! She hated herself for still finding curiosity in the taste though... Vanilla was a nice flavor...

"Ooooh! Santa knows how much you like your pacis, doesn't he?"

Anna's foresight to avoid potential reprimand had her smiling in agreement, even if it was a weak one. She tried to put all her stock in appreciating the aesthetics of the morning. But a small ray of hope was still holding out for at least one big-girl gift!

"There's plenty more to go honey!" Mommy urged. "You can't sit in your morning poopies for too long you know!"

Anna did her best to ignore the condescending remark, already making a conscious effort not to move too much; lest she remind herself of what she was sitting in. Standing on her knees was the only thing she could do to comfortably relieve the stress.

Still with hope, her expectations carried on to the next gift, a bit larger in dimensions than before. It was a two-piece box which she had to lift the top off of, and was greeted to the sight of a new outfit to add to her already extensive and infantile wardrobe. It was a pale blue, thick cloth button-up attached to a black skirt. She was positive that it'd show off the tip of her day-diapers in even an idle position. Another tough pill to swallow.

"How pretty!" Mommy supplemented the commentary for her. "I think the caretakers are gonna find you irresistibly cute at daycare in this!"

What was at least the silver lining was the diaper cover she didn't see underneath. It was decorated in a lettered-block motif, but at least it was some form of modesty.

After a series of more outfits, bathing suits, Little baby-gearred toys and a new mobile, Anna had just about reached the end of her rope in presents and hope. Time and time again she had set herself up for disappointment; receiving not a single thing she could even remotely take adult-joy in. The pacifiers and a few other things, maybe as a baby... but clearly she was trying to



contradict that trend. Amongst the debris of torn paper and ribbons, there remained one last gift. It was almost hidden behind the tree.

“Okay, Anna, I think that’s the last one!” Of course it was. Mommy had probably been keeping a mental checklist of each and every gift that was opened. She was the one who wrapped them after all.

From its outward appearance, it was thin, but not hard. In fact, the wrapping paper easily crinkled when she pressed her hand down on it. At this point, she simply wanted to open whatever baby gift it could be out of a sense of urgency. Her diaper had become uncomfortably cold and the recent mess she had made was starting to smell a bit more...

As she tore the paper apart, she did little to guess at the contents since her interest had mostly been killed. Clearly this year was a holiday meant for Mommy and her photo album. Anna was just along for the unfortunate ride. But once she fully unwrapped the paper, Anna was suddenly taken aback.

P...panties?

The sight was unmistakable. Underneath the product’s original packaging, past the unicorns prancing on the crotch of them, a pack of assorted panties was unmistakable! By no means what an adult would wear in terms of pattern design, but certainly a step towards adulthood!

“What is it sweetie? What did he get you?” Mommy moved over the many gifts to get a closer look with her camera.

For the first time in what felt like forever, Anna happily clutched the one gift she was truly thankful for, and proudly held it in front of Mommy for the picture she knew was to follow.

“Panties! T...thank you Mommy!” She still despised the woman, but it was a kind gesture nonetheless. She paused with her smile for a few seconds, waiting for the flash.

“Ooh. Really now?” With curiosity on her face, Mommy easily pulled the package out of Anna’s hands, turning it over and looking. Clearly she was invested in this *surprise* sort of thing.

“Can I wear them now? Please?” Anna was already bursting to get out of this diaper. It was only better that it could be a shift into adult underwear now!

“I think Santa made a mistake, sweetie.”

What? A...mistake? *No, no, no.* What was she talking about? Suddenly Anna started to feel a bit uneasy. She didn't have possession of the panties anymore.

"Huh? But you got- I mean, Santa--Santa gave them to me!"

"I don't think Santa would have brought panties to someone who wears diapers 24/7, sweetheart." Mommy hadn't bothered to offer a look of sympathy, as she continued her puzzled expression, setting the panties aside on the couch.

"But...but he gave them to me..." The reality was too cruel. The trick Mommy was playing right now crossed a line Anna had never even considered. Tears were rolling down her cheeks as freedom was once again plucked from her tiny hands. "He..." Anna started to sniffle and sob. "HE GAVE THEM TO ME!"

"I know honey..." Mommy pulled Anna close to rub her back. "I'm sure Santa mixed up your gift with another big girl's," She knew just how to console her in all the wrong ways. "I'm sure the big girl who should be getting panties right now is surprised to be getting thick baby diapers, huh? Don't worry, I'm sure Santa will fix it by the end of the day. We just need to wait and see!" Mommy started to chuckle, as if she had effectively lightened the mood. But regardless of the mistake she made, Anna was too broken and hurt to keep herself reserved.

*Fuck you.* Anna internally screamed. She seathed with rage. *Fuck rules 1, 2, 3, 4 and all the rest!* The final screw on her lid popped off, and Anna exploded.

"NO!" Anna shouted, easily breaking away from the relaxed Amazon. "I'M TIRED OF BEING A BABY! I WANT TO BE AN ADULT! I DON'T CARE IF YOU MIXED THEM UP!" She resorted to protest in the only way she knew how, and collapsed to the ground, rapidly kicking and pounding her fists off the carpet. "I WANT TO BE BIG AGAIN! I HATE DIAPERS! I HATE LIVING LIKE THIS! I HATE YOU!" In between her screams and shouts, she kept her sobs and cries audible. The tears never stopped, and her cheeks felt wet. Surprisingly she wasn't shut down immediately, and after a few minutes she had already run low on fumes. Her screams became quiet as a constant cry gradually took precedence.

"Please...let me go home..."

"Anna..." Mommy's voice was somber, as if Anna had finally broken through to her. Anna could then feel an arm wrap around her stomach as she was lifted into the air. "If I had known this would happen..."

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. .  
“Maybe it would have been better to start off with Mr.Bubbles after all.”

Anna’s bottom lip began to quiver as they started to ascend the stairs, the panties zooming out of vision. She found it in herself to cry yet again as her wails filled the house. All she could feel was disappointment and betrayal, coupled with the smell of a mess she’d been sitting in for almost an hour. What didn’t help was when her weakened bladder invited a fresh stream into the crotch of her well-used diaper.

“Shh, shh...” Mommy cooed as she tried to soothe her. “Once we empty out your system you’ll feel *much* better.”

On the changing table, Anna whimpered as the back of her pants and diaper were pulled down in one swift motion, and she could then feel the tube insert into her backside. A rush of warm water began to invade her backside, making her quiver as she barely managed to stand on her hands and knees.

Mommy gave her a kiss on the forehead and smiled.

“Maybe we can think about pull-ups a few years from now.”

The warm torrent of water didn’t seem to stop. The overall shock had Anna completely speechless and stunned.

“But I wouldn’t get our hopes up! I don’t think your daycare offers potty training for Littles,”

“Not that you mind.” Mommy chuckled as she tussled Anna’s hair.

The tube was finally plucked from the Little’s backside, the used diaper being pulled back into place.

“But I think I already warned you about backtalk once this morning, didn’t I?”

Anna was already over her knee on the rocking chair, her abdomen feeling strange, and full.

“I’ll only spank you 10 times though,”

“It’s Christmas, after all.”