

# Mommies Are Mandatory

*by Cowkites*

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"Tell me you're joking," Kat said to the government worker next to her. "A new law actually requires this?"

The government employee, an older woman named Gayle, nodded. She held a clipboard in one hand and a set of keys in the other. "You wouldn't have been summoned here otherwise." Gayle then unlocked the door before them and opened the door slowly; almost as if to build suspense.

Kat sighed through clenched teeth. She stared into the room before her. It looked every bit like a child's nursery. Only it was sized to accommodate an adult. "And just what does this entail? How long do I have to be here?"

Already tired of Kat's questions, Gayle huffed. "As long as necessary. Which may be a while dependent on your...attitude."

"Are you kidding me? I've got important shit to do at work. If this costs me that promotion, I'm gonna..." Kat's rant trailed off as she noticed the armed guard at the entrance to the hallway. "Is he really necessary?"

"You wouldn't believe how often people try to get out of their mandatory mommy-ing," an unknown voice answered. A tall, well-built blonde stood behind her. The woman was as well-endowed as she was confident. None of Kat's sass or attitude seemed to bother her. She gave them both a warm smile. "Now why don't we go inside..." The woman took the clipboard from Gayle. "...miss Katherine Smalls."

Kat grimaced. She hated her full name. She hated it almost as much as she hated being treated like a child. Kat was already enraged as the blonde pushed her into the room and shut the door behind them. "Just tell me what I need to do so I can get the hell out of here."

The woman ignored Kat's request. "Why don't you take a seat, Katherine." She motioned to a plastic chair in the center of the room. Despite everything having been sized for an adult, the chair was small; as if were intended for an actual child. Kat begrudgingly sat on it. It was horribly uncomfortable for her. When she tried to get up, the blonde placed a firm hand on her shoulder. "Stay right there, little girl. Mommy has some things she needs to say."

Katherine spat on the floor. "Don't call me Katherine. Don't call me 'little girl'. My name is Kat. K...A...T. Remember that."

The woman smiled. "My, my. Just a baby and she can already spell the first three letters of her name. Who taught you that, little girl?"

"Oh fu-k ooou!" Kat's words devolved into lisping babble by the sudden intrusion of a large, pink pacifier. Kat struggled against her 'mommy' for control, but the woman was surprisingly strong. Before Kat knew it, the pacifier was locked behind her head with a leather strap and buckle.

"And who taught you such foul language?" The woman sighed. She grabbed Kat by her shirt and pulled her up to her feet. She then dragged Kat across the room to a piece of furniture that Kat had originally assumed to be some kind of chair.

The padded wooden bench had two levels. Kat's mommy forced her over the bench with her stomach on the top part and her knees on bottom. Pink, leather restraints held her ankles and wrists in place. Far weaker than the blonde, Kat was forced to go along. She could only yell behind her pacifier gag as her mommy yanked her pants and boyshorts down around her knees. "Thtahp!"

"Ah ah ah...no fussing. You were brought here to learn a lesson. The only way a girl like you learns is through discipline. Maybe once you're behaving, mommy can be a little softer. Until then..."

*THWAP*

"You're going to be treated like the naughty girl you are."

*THWAP*

Kat hissed in pain around the pacifier. A floor length mirror in front of her gave her a clear view of her punishment. She closed her eyes, unable to watch a second longer. The embarrassment she felt was bad enough already. Thankfully, her mommy's bare hand wasn't enough to cause too much pain. Of course, her mommy knew that. The moment Kat closed her eyes, she switched to a hair brush.

*THWAP THWAP*

Kat cried out. She opened her eyes and saw the hairbrush as it was brought down against her bare bottom again and again. It hurt far more than her mommy's hand. Kat bore the pain as best she could, not wanting to show any weakness. She closed her eyes again. Unwilling to watch anymore.

"Open your eyes, Katherine. The mirror is there for a reason. Naughty girls need to see their punishment to better learn."

THUD

Kat stifled a yell. The last spank hurt worse of all. She opened her eyes to see a large paddle raised in the air and then brought back down on her bare bottom. "Nuuuuuuuh!"

*THUD THUD*

Kat started to cry. Tears and snot dripped down her face as drool covered her chin and neck. It was obvious then why she was forced to keep her eyes open. She looked ridiculous; like a naughty child finally learning her lesson. Kat openly sobbed as her mommy continued to punish her.

*THUD THUD*

Finally, her mommy relented. "Have we learned our lesson, little girl, or does mommy need to keep going?"

"I eard my essen! I eard!" Kat managed to exclaim between sobs.

"There...that wasn't so hard was it?" Her mommy asked. She lowered the paddle and freed Kat from the bench. She then yanked Kat's bottoms and underwear to her ankles and pressed her nose into a corner of the room. "I want you to stand there and think about how a good little girl is supposed to act while I ask you a few questions. Understand?"

Kat nodded. She tugged at her shirt as she sniffled, horrified that she was exposed in such a way.

"Good. Now it says here that you're lesbian. Is that correct?"

Kat nodded again.

"I see...and that's not your natural hair color, right? You just dye it black, but you're actually blonde."

Kat stifled a groan. "Uh huh..." She kept the fact that she was blonde a secret. Kat had heard too many dumb blonde jokes in her life. She refused to be seen as stupid or easy.

Her mommy smiled. "Just like mommy," she said. "And you live alone with no partner?"

Kat nodded or shook her head to every question she was asked. She rubbed her sore bottom as she listened and hoped that she would be let go soon.

"Alright, little girl, turn around and march yourself over to me."

Kat did as asked. She resisted the moment her mommy started to strip her, but a quick slap to her reddened rear and she immediately fell in line.

"Pants, dark clothing, short hair...this isn't how good girl's are supposed to dress, but I can fix that. We'll be getting rid of any piercings and tattoos while we're at it too."

"Wha? Buh...!"

"Mommy knows best, little one. A girl your age needs structure. She needs to be told how to act and what to do. Mommy will be thinking for you until you learn how to properly behave yourself."

Kat was forced across the room to a padded table. It was only once her mommy had forced her to lay atop it, that she realized what was in store for her. "Nuh...don! Nuh diapew!"

Kat's mommy smiled and she forced Kat into her restraints. She produced a thick, crinkly diaper from beneath the changing table and unfolded it before Kat. "What did mommy say? She's thinking for you now. And mommy thinks you need diapers." She slid the thick padding underneath Kat's butt. Next, she heavily powdered Kat's crotch and bottom until the smell of baby powder permeated the room.

Kat looked away as her mommy taped the diaper in place. She couldn't stand the sight. It hadn't been an hour since she had arrived and already she wanted to escape with what little dignity she had left.

"Awww...poor little girl. So grumpy. Here, little one." Kat's mommy held a baby bottle above Kat's head. It was huge and full of a shimmering, white liquid. "This will help you feel better." She then removed the pacifier from Kat's mouth and stuffed the nipple of the bottle in its place. "Drink it all and mommy will let you freely move about the room after. Refuse, and mommy will put you in a baby bouncer for the next hour."

Kat didn't need to be told twice. She downed the sickly sweet liquid as quick as she could. Some of it dribbled down her chin as she drained the bottle. She no longer cared how she looked. All she wanted was a chance at escape.

"Such a good girl drinking it all!" Kat's mommy praised her. She replaced the bottle with the pacifier, released the restraints, and helped Kat down to the floor. Kat was forced to her hands and knees like a baby. Her mommy then tousled her hair. It took all of Kat's strength not to slap the hand away. "Your toys are over there, little one. Be a good girl and play while mommy takes her notes to the office."

Kat forced a smile. She crawled over to the toys and played with the dolls until her mommy was satisfied. Kat waited patiently for her chance. She heard the door click shut behind her followed by the sound of receding footsteps. Kat turned around and slowly crawled to the door. About halfway across the room, a strange sensation struck Kat. She suddenly felt sluggish. Normally, that might have concerned Kat; but Kat ignored it. She couldn't risk a single second to indecision. So she continued to move. With each second the feeling intensified until Kat was yawning as she stood to look out the door window. A sharp pain in her stomach nearly caused Kat to double over in pain. Kat grew worried until a loud and long fart let loose. She grew embarrassed, but continued on. The door, thankfully, was unlocked. Kat pushed it open slowly and looked down the hallway to the main door. Like the door to her room, it was nothing special. A simple wooden door with a knob. On closer inspection, the knob had some kind of covering. Kat didn't care, she grew more tired by the second.

The urge to pee came over Kat as she snuck down the hall. She ignored it like the pain in her stomach and the tiredness that threatened to make her curl up on the floor. The guard was gone. Most likely on a coffee break. Kat smiled. She was almost free. Her hand was on the knob. Her mind was foggy, her legs shook, and her bladder threatened to burst; but it didn't matter. Kat was nearly free. "Uck fis pwace." Kat turned the knob. The plastic cover over the knob moved, but the knob did not turn. Kat grunted from frustration. "Ome on!" She turned and turned and turned the cover but the knob refused to turn. Her hands tingled and her fingers felt numb. Before long, she couldn't even turn the cover. Kat bit down on the pacifier and stifled a scream.

"It's baby-proofed, little girl," said a familiar voice.

Kat nearly jumped out of her skin. The sudden appearance of her mommy shocked Kat greatly. Her bladder released in response. Kat's muscles were too weak to stop the flow. She started to cry as she watched her diapers grow wet and heavy between her legs. Her knees then buckled and Kat fell backward onto her diapered butt. A firm hand was placed on her shoulder, while another gently squeezed the front of Kat's diaper. Kat felt the urine-soaked padding press against her skin. The sensation was unbearable. She tried to struggle, but it was pointless. She was exhausted. All she could do was yawn and try to remain upright.

"My, my. No wonder you've been so cranky," Kat's mommy said. "Have you been holding that in all day? And so sleepy. Poor thing."

Kat found herself leaning against the older woman. "Uck oou..." She could barely manage to get the words out. Her mommy smiled.

"No more pretending to be a big girl. A nice, long nap in your soggy diapers ought to fix that naughty behavior of yours..."

Kat couldn't think straight. Drool covered her chin and her words had turned to babble. "Mmmm baba...dwugged...guh...mama..." Kat's eyes drooped. She did not resist when she was picked up from the floor.

"Most of my girls manage to get that door open before I return. Looks like you're going to be easier to break in than I thought..."

The words washed over Kat as she was carried back into the nursery. Her mommy laid her down in the crib and tucked her in. Kat babbled incoherently and weakly flailed her arms. She couldn't muster the strength to even remove the blanket.

"Up here, little girl," said her mommy.

Kat looked up to see a mobile. It spun slowly to the notes of a nursery rhyme. Her eyes became fixed on the pastel shapes. Kat watched them spin as she lost what little strength she had left. "Nuh...baby...nnnn...mmmba..."

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Kat slept for what felt like an entire day. When she awoke, she found herself strapped into a large baby seat. Her hands were in mittens and her feet covered with booties. She wore a bright pink onesie with the words "Baby in Training" written on the chest and what Kat assumed to be the same wet diaper she fell asleep in. Her chin was cold and wet. The pacifier was still strapped around her head. Kat found it hard not to suck on it. The pacifier strangely made her feel better.

"Rise and shine, baby. Did you have a good nap?" Kat's mommy stood behind her. She looked down at Kat with a warm smile. "I took the liberty of properly dressing you and correcting your appearance. Why don't you take a look?" She turned the baby seat to the right until Kat faced a floor-length mirror.

Kat was horrified at the sight. She hardly recognized the woman in front of her. The butch woman Kat had been was completely gone and replaced by a ditzy looking blonde. Her flat chest now sported a set of d-cup breasts, her piercings were gone, and the tattoo on her arm with it. "Uht did oou do?!"

"The point of the mommy program is to turn unruly adults into obedient, acceptable little girls so that they can learn how to properly behave," the older woman explained. "No more dyed hair, no more piercings or tattoos, and no more independence. You should be happy, little girl. Mommy made you all better. And the best thing is, you look a little like me!"

Kat wanted to scream, but something kept her from doing it. "Uht's ong wife me?" she asked, teary eyed.

"Nothing," her mommy responded. "You're still just a naughty girl at heart, but don't worry. Mommy has just the thing to make you love the new you." She turned Kat's baby seat further to the right until Kat stared directly at a TV positioned on the floor directly before her. Her mommy turned it on.

The screen was solid pink, but something about it drew Kat in. She watched it as purple was slowly introduced in a swirling pattern until the screen was one large pink and purple swirl. Kat hardly noticed when her mommy put the headphones on her head and the teddy bear in her lap. Kat squeezed the fluffy bear as she focused on the screen. The words in her ear worked alongside the screen to reprogram Kat. To rid her of all the naughty behavior her mommy wanted gone. Kat took in every bit of it as she drooled all over herself.

*Your name is Katherine.*

*You're a good little girl that does whatever she is told.*

*You can't think for yourself and must listen to the adults around you.*

*If no adults are present or they are unable to give you directions, squeeze your teddy and do what it says.*

*You enjoy being a big baby.*

*You need your paci.*

*You love using your diapers.*

*You'll wet and mess them whenever you have to go.*

*You cannot change your own diaper.*

*You are not allowed to have sex.*

*You are not a big girl.*

*You cannot do big girl things.*

*You are obedient.*

*Your name is Katherine...*

The hypnotic training went on for hours until the old Kat was gone and replaced with little Katherine. Completely obedient and willing, Katherine no longer had any interest in resisting her mommying. She willingly wet herself and giggled around her pacifier as she did it. "Poddy pands Kitty!" She slurred. Unable to say her own name, Katherine said 'Kitty'. It was a name she had only ever been called once. She cursed out the person that had said it. But she was no longer that same woman. She was an obedient little girl and no more.

Kat's mommy removed the headphones and turned off the screen. "There we go! And don't you look just so happy!"

Katherine giggled. "Uh huh!"

"Looks like mommy is all done. Time to get you back out into society." She released Katherine from the chair and helped her stand. She then pinned a note to the front of Katherine's onesie and patted her head. "Take this to the lady at the front desk. She'll make sure you have a ride getting to and from work today. Wouldn't want you missing that chance at a promotion."

Katherine had completely forgotten about her job. She perked up at the thought. She knew she wasn't a big girl anymore, but it could be fun to pretend. Katherine waddled after her mommy to the front of the building. She couldn't wait to return to work and show everyone what a good girl she had become.

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Katherine sucked on her pacifier eagerly. She sat in her playpen and played quietly with her toys while her mommy worked. The woman she called mommy had once been her rival at work. When Katherine waddled in and asked her boss for a diaper change, she immediately lost her chance at the promotion. Unable to fire her due to the government's mandatory mommying laws, Katherine was demoted to her mommy's secretary when she got the position. Of course, Katherine couldn't read or write. So she hired another secretary and kept Katherine as her obedient little girl. Katherine was ecstatic. She didn't know why it had never occurred to her, but having a mommy was everything she had ever wanted. She did everything her mommy said and made sure to let everyone know how big a mommy's girl she had become.

"And this must be little Katherine," said one of the businessmen that visited her mommy. "Aren't you a little old to be in diapers?"

Katherine shook her head profusely. "Nuh uh! I'm mommy's baby girl!"

"Not an ounce of ambition left in her, huh?" said another.

"Nope," replied her mommy. "Not since I tipped the mommy program off about how naughty a girl she'd been. We both agree that it was for the best."

Katherine nodded. "I'm a big baby! I wuv my diapies!"

They all laughed and Katherine couldn't help but laugh along with them. She was too dumb to understand that it was at her expense. Even if she wasn't, Katherine wouldn't care. She had never been happier. She had everything she could ever want. What was a promotion and freewill when compared to being a mommy's girl for the rest of her days?