

A Doll's Diapered Tale by Cowkites

James grumbled to himself as he picked his sister's toys up off the floor. His parents had given him the option to get a job this summer or stay at home and do chores; if he had known this meant becoming, what he felt was, the home's personal maid he might have said otherwise.

The amount of toys on the floor baffled him. He had only just cleaned the house last night and his sister had already scattered her toys all throughout living room. Starting from her toy chest and leading all the way to her playpen his sister had laid the living room to waste with piles of blocks, dress-up clothes, and dolls. James held one such doll in his hand; it was his sister's favorite.

James sister, Michelle, named the doll Jenny and took it wherever she went in the house. If their mother hadn't made sure to make it a habit to keep the doll from going outside, then the soft pink dress and blonde locks of the cloth doll might be more worn than it already was. Much like every toy in the room, James paid little attention to the doll as he tossed it across the room into the pink princess chest that bore his sister's name.

"Ow!" A tiny voice called out from behind James as he was bending down. He turned his head and found that the doll he had thrown had landed perfectly on the rim of the box. As he went to nudge it inside the doll lifted itself to its cloth feet and peered at James with its glass eyes.

"That wasn't very nice, you know! You should treat your toys better!"

James was taken aback, unsure of how to deal with a talking doll; nothing had really prepared him for a moment like this.

"Michelle, can't speak? Spit your paci out if you wanna talk, sweetie."

"You're not my doll, I'm not Michelle, and I'm way too old for pacifiers."

The doll rubbed its eyes and furrowed the thin strings that were its eyebrows, "You must be James then, and sorry my eyes aren't so good; at least they aren't buttons. Also, the statement still stands: treat toys nicely. How would you like it if I played with you roughly? I bet you wouldn't. You'd probably whine more than those crybaby dolls."

"First off, are we just ignoring the fact that you're a talking doll? Second, I'm an adult; I don't play with toys and I don't cry like a baby. Third, I was cleaning up; you're just a doll. As much as Michelle rough houses with you, you can handle getting tossed in the toy chest."

For a moment the doll stared silently at James, her arms akimbo, "Okay. You're a big tough adult. You should be able to handle some playtime then."

"I'm not going to play with you. I'm going to stuff you in that chest with all the other toys and I'm going to forget that my sister's doll can talk."

The doll only smiled now, "Oh, I'm not the one who will end up in the toy chest."

"Wha--," James' question was caught in his throat as he felt his body begin to rise in the air. From the chest the doll slowly raised her arms and a white light shone behind her eyes. James kicked his legs weakly as he tried to fight against the pull, but the effect felt as strong as gravity.

Soon the whole room began to glow and pulsate with energy and James got the sinking feeling that everything around him was getting bigger. Between the blinding pulses of energy he watched, soon realizing that the only thing growing was the doll; James was shrinking. He watched as the doll's cloth skin turned to supple flesh, her blonde twine hair transformed to luscious golden curls that rested on her shoulders, and her juvenile looking attire shifted and transformed into a pair of loose pajamas. Her cute face beamed as she grabbed her now doll sized prey out of the air.

"Why what do we have here? A doll! This would be perfect for my little sister Michelle!"

"What did you do to me?! Let me go! It's so high up!"

"Are you sure you want me to let you go, little dolly? I was kind and didn't turn you to cloth like I was; I don't think you'd much enjoy the fall..." Jenny the doll, now Jenny the human loosened her grip somewhat, giggling as James clutched at her hands for dear life.

"N-n-no no no no! Make it stop!"

James had never been in such a situation before, and now that he had he realized just how terrified he was of heights. Jenny's hands held only his torso, leaving his entire lower body swinging far above the carpeted floor. Terrified more so of his position in Jenny's hands than his transformation James found himself crying in his captors hands begging for freedom.

"Oooooo so it is a crybaby doll! I wonder if this is the kind that wets itself too. Tell me dolly, do you say 'Uh oh!' when you tinkle your diaper?"

"This isn't funny; put me down!"

Jenny smirked at her prize, "How did you think I felt when you threw me? Or when I hit the side of the toy chest? How do you think it feels to be locked in a toy chest all day?" She walked over to the toy chest and began to empty its contents onto the floor, "Michelle was always kind to me. She never threw me, she never hit me, and she always let me sleep next to her as opposed to being stuck in the toy chest." She placed James inside the toy chest. Even standing on his

tip-toes, his hands could not reach the top, “You are a rude, childish *adult*. I think Michelle could teach you some manners. That’s why you and I are going to switch places. I’ll be her older sibling and you’ll be her doll. The only difference is that instead of an older brother and a doll, she’ll have an older sister and a *babydoll*.”

Furious at his current predicament, James banged his fists against the painted wood of the chest, “You bitch! You can’t do this to me! Mom and Michelle will know as soon as they come home that something’s wrong!”

Jenny rested her head on her hands, looking down at James in the wooden box, “Silly little dolly. I shrunk you down to the size of a doll. You don’t think I can make people’s memories replace you with me? James, sweetheart, I want you to look around yourself.”

James turned his head to where Jenny’s finger lazily pointed. In the corner furthest from him, a large pink box stood. On it were images of a doll named ‘Prissy Priscilla’ in various stages of dress; from naked, to diapered, to fully dollyed up in large, poofy skirts. Words covered the box in pink, glittery font that detailed the features and accessories included.

Features: Prissy Priscilla really is a baby that needs her mommy! Watch as she actually cries, wets, crawls, messes, and even drools. Prissy Priscilla is smart...for a baby dolly. She can speak just like a big girl, but she only knows a few words; careful not to upset her by saying too many big words!

Prissy Priscilla also includes: entire dolly nursery to properly take care of all of you baby’s needs (changing table, crib, rocking horse, rocking chair, diaper pail, dresser, and even more!); tons of adorable dress up and play clothes for little Priscilla to be dressed in; plenty of extra-thick, princess-print diapers for all of your Prissy Sissy’s extra-cute accidents; Priscilla even has her own toys to play with!

James’ jaw dropped further and further with each word he read. Taking a step back, James began to reassess the situation; there was no reasoning to this, he had to escape. Before he could even turn around he was grabbed again, lifted from the chest, and then held firmly to the carpet. He struggled and kicked against Jenny’s grip, but she easily held tight.

“Well Prissy Priscilla, what do you think of your packaging? Michelle is going to be thrilled to get you as a gift! You should be thankful; I’m helping you give your sister the best gift she’ll ever get. Of course all the credit goes to me.”

Seeing no other way out, James stopped struggling and pleaded with Jenny, “Listen, Jenny, I’m sorry I treated you poorly. I really am, please just change me back and I promise I’ll do whatever you want. I’ll even play with you...nicely...extra nice! I’d comb your hair and sing to you.”

For a moment, Jenny actually seemed touched, “Those are big words for you James. Would you play exclusively with dolls and wear dresses while you did so?”

“Yes, anything. I’d give anything!”

“Hmmm...” Jenny lightly scratched her chin, “James, if I remember correctly, didn’t you call me a bitch earlier?” James’ breath caught in his throat.

“Y-yes...” James figured there was no point in lying. Jenny stood and lifted James by the collar with her; dangling him over the floor as she walked to the couch. James covered his face in fear and cried out.

“Don’t you think dolls using such naughty language should be punished?” Jenny pulled James across her knee, and removed his shoes and pants. James shivered as his underwear was tugged down around his knees and his cock rested against her skin. Jenny impatiently patted James’ rear with her palm, “James, I need an answer.”

“...yes...”

SMACK

“Owww! I’m sorry! I’m sorry. Stop please!”

SMACK

“What’s a matter James? I thought you were a big adult who didn’t cry. Now, you’re practically naked on my knee crying during your spanking. Does that sound like a big boy to you?”

SMACK

“James...answer...something besides ‘wahhhhh!’.”

SMACK

James was gasping in between sobs, “N-n-n-no.”

SMACK

“What does it sound like?”

SMACK

“A I-I-I-little b-baby girlll...WAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

Jenny chuckled to herself as she hooked her finger around James' underwear and tugged it down around his feet and let them fall to the floor. Next she removed his shirt and socks without so much of a fight from the sobbing James.

"That's right James, a...little...baby...girl." Jenny accentuated each word with a light tap to his sore rear. She giggled with each wince from the sniveling, tiny *adult*. "Now before we get you looking the part, I'll let you have one last chance to feel like a big boy." Jenny grabbed the confused James underneath the armpits and lifted him. She closed her legs and rested him in the dip between them. She unbuttoned her pajama shirt and exposed her perky c-cup breasts, "Tell me James, how far have you ever gone with a girl?"

James just stared at the massive breasts before him, his tiny member rising slowly. "I'll take that as a 'nowhere'. You must be really salty that before you can even hit the adult dating scene, I'm putting you back in diapers. Well here's your chance to have fun big boy. Get up and take what you can get...if you can."

Shaking slightly, James stood and approached the mound of flesh that was Jenny's flat stomach and large breasts. He pressed his face against a nipple and hugged the breast. His cock pressed firmly against her stomach and he humped with delight. Before long a finger slid between his cock and her stomach and lightly knocked him back into the dip. Jenny's index finger began to stroke his cock while she cooed above him, "Is that all little James is satisfied with? Is he just gonna lie there and cum on my finger?"

James had to admit that he was perfectly fine with that, though he did want more; he accepted her challenge however, and tried to stand. Jenny's finger held him firm, "If that's all you can muster little man then maybe I should just put you in a dress and diapers already. Hmmm, would you like that?"

James' face turned red in embarrassment and he struggled harder to get up, but Jenny didn't even need to break a sweat to keep him helpless underneath her finger.

"So eager to get your manhood over with huh? Alright sweetie, look into Mommy's eyes." Despite his immediate suspicion, James couldn't help but look at the mentioning. Jenny's eyes, that were once a pale blue, were now a spiral of pink and light purple. The swirling pattern occupied all of James' thoughts and soon only Jenny's voice and the stimulation to his cock were all that remained in his mind.

"Your name is now Prissy Priscilla. You are Michelle's doll. You are incontinent and petulant and will need to be taken care of or else you will cry. You crave human attention, especially that of Michelle and I, and will feel forced to be obedient despite your innate desire to do otherwise. Whenever you are around Michelle you will feel the extreme need and desire to act like an infant. You will talk, crawl, and do everything else like a baby. You will not be able to fight it,

though you will hate every second. When I snap my fingers you will awake and cum the last bit of your manhood away; your cock will shrink and no longer be able to orgasm. You will forget all that I have said while you were in this trance. Does Prissy Priscilla, the sissy dolly understand?"

"Yes."

SNAP

James moaned loudly underneath Jenny's finger, his cum dribbling down the side of it and dripping onto his thighs.

"W-what did you do to me. My cock...my cock looks small. I-I feel weird..."

"Whatever do you mean Priscilla?" Not waiting for the toy to respond, Jenny lifted her out of her lap and carried her back over to the toy chest, "We'll have to get you cleaned up and dressed soon; Michelle will be back any moment and you two will have lots of playing to do.

Internally, Priscilla screamed as she was laid down on a washcloth and wiped clean of the last of her manhood, but on the outside she could only beam as Jenny delicately wiped her and slid one of the thick, pastel-colored diapers underneath her bottom. Priscilla posed obediently as frilled tights were pulled up her legs and adjusted around the thickness of the diaper. She could feel her once average cock inside its prison but any satisfaction she could get clearly no longer existed. A short, pink princess dress was pulled over her head. Priscilla waited patiently as Jenny moved the skirt delicately, making sure to expose her frilled and padded bottom nicely. With a flash of white light from above, brown hair spilled over Priscilla's shoulders and was then tied neatly with ribbon into two large pig-tails. Mittens and booties were put on hands and feet, and a large pacifier was stuffed securely in Priscilla's mouth.

Left helpless, humiliated, and oddly satisfied Priscilla was placed into the plastic packaging; her arms, legs, torso, and neck secured with pink zip ties. The plastic was replaced around her and she was lifted into the air as the sound of a door opening sounded throughout the house. As Michelle came into Priscilla's glitter-framed view, she felt Jenny's magic go to work as her bladder let loose into her diaper. Priscilla smiled goofily around her pacifier.

"Uh-oh!"