

The Dreamcaster: Chapter 14

By: CrissieBaby

“Baby girl, it’s time to wake up.”

Jane’s weary eyes fluttered open to a blur of pastel shapes spinning overhead. As her eyes adjusted, she became aware that what she was looking at was a plush mobile with five pastel dinosaurs spinning counter-clockwise.

The mobile would not hold Jane’s attention for long, though, as out of the corner of her eye, she saw the excited grin of her colleague turned caregiver, Rebecca. The strength of her smile sent shivers throughout her spine. She’d spent years getting to know Rebecca by this point. Never before had she smiled like this.

Rebecca reached down into the crib and cupped Jane’s chin softly, caressing her rosy cheek with her thumb. “Your Mommy will be here soon, so we need to get you ready to travel,” she said in a sugary sweet voice that reminded Jane of how someone would treat a newborn kitten, “Plus, I’ve been dying to talk to you since you passed out.”

Before Jane’s tired brain could even begin to process what her co-worker was saying, Rebecca was hastily lowering the bars of the crib...wait, crib? It suddenly became apparent to Jane that there was nowhere in this entire building that Rebecca could have procured a crib. Memories of the ring being pilfered from her desk flooded her brain as her anxiety rose. How many changes did Rebecca make while she was asleep?

Sitting up in what was, without a doubt, the most comfortable bed she’d ever sat in, Jane gasped with a mixture of panic and amazement. Gone were her desk and therapist couches, replaced with an adult baby’s dream nursery. From a massive playpen with a mountain of stuffies to the fully stocked changing table that put her make-shift workbench one at home to shame. As far as she could tell, not a single bit of her adult office remained. Not only that, but she was no longer wearing the dress that Sarah had picked out for her today, finding that she was now donning a bright blue, snap crotch onesie.

“What do you think? Is it enough? I did some digging through your computer and found loads of dream nursery ideas,” said Rebecca, causing Jane to flush with embarrassment, “Mmhmm, that’s right, I saw all your deepest, darkest desires with my own eyes. Such a naughty girl, getting so distracted by babyish things while at work. Yet another sign that you’re much too small to be a working adult.”

Jane couldn’t take this anymore. Did she want to be teased and taunted? Yes. Had she fantasized about this exact scenario in the past? Absolutely. And yet, regardless of how much she clearly wanted all of this, she refused to admit it.

Springing to her feet, Jane attempted to make a break for it. She didn’t know where she was going to go, but anywhere was less humiliating than where she was now. However, as she settled into her first step, a prickly pain spread throughout her foot, causing her to tumble back

onto her butt. Bending her leg inward, she became acutely aware of the spiked booties that were locked onto her feet, as well as a pair of matching mittens that forced her hands into balls. Her mind went blank trying to think up any possible way out, but Rebecca had played her like a fiddle.

“Awww! Don’t worry, baby cakes, Miss Rebecca will help you learn to walk in no time!” said Rebecca as she scooped Jane up into her arms.

The sudden movement caused something of a jolt to reverberate across all of Jane’s digestive system. Her stomach groaned at a low enough volume to go undetected by Rebecca, tossing and turning with each step she took.

BEEP BEEP!

Rebecca stopped in the middle of the room, shifting Jane onto her hip so she could reach into her pocket for her cell phone. It was a text from Sarah. “Shoot, Mommy’s gonna be here sooner than expected. We gotta get you dressed quick, baby girl,” she said, tucking her phone back in her pocket and picking up her pace as she made her way towards the changing table.

Jane wanted to cry. She had just avoided being conscious for the last diaper change. Now Rebecca was going to get a second round of seeing her princess parts. The thought alone sent blood to her cheeks and her aroused sex. As much as she wanted to deny it, she was so incredibly turned on by all of this. If Rebecca ever knew that, though, she’d never live it down.

However, what Jane did not expect was for Rebecca to set her down next to the changing table instead of on it. She bent down and scanned through the various diapers that she had at her disposal. She grabbed what looked to be the biggest, fluffiest diaper that Jane had ever seen and began to flatten it out across the changing table. She then turned her attention back to Jane, plucking her back up from the ground while cooing, “No time for a full diaper change, sweetie. Let’s just make sure there’s no chance of leaky-leaks on the way home.”

This was unbearably mortifying. Jane was helpless to stop her caregiver’s God-like control over this situation. Heck, with the amount of power Rebecca had, she might as well have been a Goddess. Soon, she found herself stationed on top of the monstrously huge diaper as Rebecca made quick work, folding it over top and pressing down the six tapes of her second diaper.

“There, all safe and plushy!” cooed Rebecca, squeezing the floop of Jane’s diaper. A rush of endorphins filled her body as her hand squished into the bulk of her charge’s extra thick double diapers. Perhaps she should...no that would be much too silly. She was the caregiver, not the baby, after all. Still, the thought of being diapered and babied like Jane was permeated in her brain, prompting her to scoff a little at the idea.

Jane, meanwhile, was an exasperated mess. Her heart was practically pulsing out of her chest. This was all happening way too fast. Before she could even come to grips with the added bulk between her legs, Rebecca had her back in her arms and headed towards a wide, pink

wardrobe. Her jaw dropped as Rebecca opened the wardrobe's double doors, unveiling a wide selection of adorable AB outfits.

Running her hands through the lineup of dresses and onesies, Rebecca could feel herself growing wet at the mere thought of dressing Jane up in one of these fabulous outfits. "You and I are gonna have lots of fun playing dress-up tomorrow!" she said with high enthusiasm, "Sadly, with Mommy Sarah almost here, we can only pick one. Go ahead, baby girl! Choose whatever you want!"

Glancing out the various embarrassing garments hung up in the wardrobe, Jane could feel her anxiety welling up in the pit of her guts. Each piece of clothing she looked at was worse than the next, at least in terms of how humiliating this was. In the back of her mind, she had to suppress the part of herself that was going gaga over all the pretty outfits she'd always dreamed of wearing. Only, when she dreamed of wearing them, Rebecca wasn't here...okay, she was! But that's not the point!

Shyly, Jane buried her head into Rebecca's arm, unwilling to select her humiliating uniform. She knew nothing good was likely to come of this. In spite of that fact, she had very little means to protest and this was the best she could do.

"Awww, I'm sorry, baby girl. That's way too much responsibility for you," cooed Rebecca, "Let me choose something I know you'll love."

Jane kept her head pressed to shoulder, not wanting to get even a glimpse of what embarrassing ensemble Rebecca was sure to pick out. However, this turned out to be a mistake, as the moment Rebecca shifted Jane's cradling position to grab the dress, her face fell right into Rebecca's boob.

Needless to say, Rebecca couldn't help but giggle at what she assumed was Jane being bold, grabbing her head and holding it tightly against her bountiful breast. "That's right, a hungry baby knows exactly where her meal should be. Sadly, mine don't produce much, but I wish they did so I could fill you up every day."

Already a blushing mess from being squished into her co-worker's boob, Jane's heart dropped as she heard the idle wish leave Rebecca's mouth, feeling the cool metal of the silver ring on the back of her neck. Not even a second passed before Jane could feel Rebecca's boob start to push against her face as it swelled outward, filling with a hardy supply of mother's milk.

Rebecca was both aware and unaware of this change it seemed. Her awareness came in the form of her erotic moaning as she clutched Jane's head tighter against her inflating mammaries. However, while she could clearly feel the changes, she didn't seem to acknowledge them, continuing to sort through the rack of clothing.

When the swelling came to a stop, Jane swore the boob her face was nuzzled against was at least the size of her own head, if not more. Sure enough, when Rebecca finally pulled her head away, she confirmed with her own eyes the volleyball-sized boobs that her co-worker now possessed.

Setting Jane down on the floor, Rebecca selected a darling pink and white dress with a wide skirt and a plethora of built-in crinolines that were sure to push the skirt's hem well above Jane's gargantuan diapers. "Arms up, baby girl," she said, waiting for Jane to obey her command.

Reluctantly, Jane lifted her arms, not wanting to find out what Rebecca's version of punishment would be. She'd likely be handed off to Sarah soon anyway, so there was no need to draw this process out.

Rebecca kneeled down and unsnapped the crotch of her onesie, which had been having a much harder time holding itself together with the second diaper in place. She then pulled it up over Jane's head, leaving her standing in nothing but her diapers. She quickly wrapped her arms around her petite assets, feeling extra self-conscious thanks in large part to Rebecca's sudden growth.

"Awww, there's no reason to be shy! It's nothing I haven't seen before," encouraged Rebecca, unaware of how her words were making everything so much worse. She grabbed Jane's wrists and pulled it upward, giggling as she stared at Jane's bare breasts for an elongated second. Then, without any further hesitation, she slipped the dress over Jane's head, letting the fluffy skirts float down and come to a halt at her midsection.

Much to Jane's chagrin, the dresses didn't even come close to covering even the tapes of her mammoth diapers. She might as well have been wearing a big neon sign that said "Adult Baby" on it. Somehow, even that would've been less overt.

Zippering up the dress, Rebecca stepped back to admire Jane's stunning outfit, clapping her hands with glee. Unable to resist, she ran back over and picked Jane up into a big hug.

The sudden motion sent Jane's stomach into somersaults and caused a not so flattering noise to escape her butt cheeks. In her head, she prayed that Rebecca didn't hear it, but as Rebecca looked down at her in her arms with a knowing grin, she knew her luck wasn't that good.

"Hehehe, uh oh! Looks like Jane's widdwe tummy is getting all noisy!" said Rebecca, showering Jane with affectionate nuzzles. She then leaned into Jane's ear and said the sentence that would ruin Jane's adult life forever, "There's really no need to get all blushy over it, Baby Jane. Whenever you feel the need to go, you should just go. You shouldn't ever have to worry about holding back your peepee or poopoo ever again."

TO BE CONTINUED...