

# Welcome to the Family by Cowkites

Rachel's finger hovered over 'Dial' next to her mom's number in her phone. She groaned in annoyance and looked back over to her car that sat half-in a ditch, all four of its tires flat. The phone screen went dark. Its battery had just fallen below ten percent. Rachel would need to make up her mind.

It would have been easy for anyone else, but Rachel was stubborn. She had already flunked out of college; she couldn't bare another embarrassing phone call with her parents. They would tell her that everything was alright, that they would come and get their little princess. The thought alone made Rachel want to gag. She was a grown woman. She was in the middle of a trip home, her own personal walk of shame all the way back to mommy and daddy's house. There was no way she was going to actually have them pick her up.

She took one last look at her phone. Only one bar of service.

Rachel looked up to see a driveway tucked away in the woods next to her. Determined to be independent, Rachel put her phone in her pocket and made her way down the gravel drive. The trees around her grew closer, the sky darker. She had begun to worry that she had made the wrong decision. There was a large chance that the people at the end of this road could've been murderers; or there may have been nothing at all, an empty field. But Rachel was certain that she could handle herself.

Throughout her childhood her parents had babied, protected, and coddled her. She had not minded it at first; but as her parents overprotective and cutesy behavior carried on into her teenage years, Rachel had grown rebellious. Her parents didn't seem to mind, if anything they let Rachel do what she wanted; however, they were always certain to keep a close eye on her. College had been Rachel's way to free herself from them. Parties, one-night-stands, anything and everything Rachel wanted, she got in college; of course, she didn't exactly care for good grades.

Eventually, Rachel managed to reach the end of the drive. In the distance, a small cabin style home could be seen. By the time she reached their porch, night had fallen. A small mat at her feet said "Welcome to the Wilsons" in faded letters. The yard was trimmed and a few children's toys lay scattered near the porch steps. Rachel could feel herself relax as she knocked on the door. This was just the home of some kind family. Rachel had no need to worry.

The door was answered quickly. An older couple, homely and chubby, looked to Rachel with concern plain on their faces.

"Can we help you...?", the older woman asked.

“Rachel. My name is Rachel. My car...it broke down. I was wondering if I could use your phone to call a tow truck or something. Mine is almost dead and I can't keep a signal around here.

The older woman, Mrs. Wilson, smiled and nodded to her husband. “Robert will call for you. We know the man who runs the place. He's a nice fellow. Please come in.”

Rachel couldn't help but smile. She was an adult. She could get things done when she wanted.

Mrs. Wilson ushered Rachel into the guest room. “It's far too late to get anything else done tonight. Why don't you just get some sleep for all the hard work to be done tomorrow.”

“Alright...thanks Mrs. Wilson, I guess? Said it on the mat so I figured.”

The older woman smiled and nodded. “Yes dear. You can even call me mommy if you like. I always wanted a girl in the house...but me and Robert can't have children, so this is nice.”

Rachel had to stifle a laugh. “Alright, Mrs. Wilson. I'll see you tomorrow.”

Mrs. Wilson just smiled and closed the door behind her.

“That was fucking weird. Guess they don't get much company around here.”

Rachel checked her phone again. Still almost dead. She sighed and turned the phone off. Unsure of what to do, save go to bed, Rachel looked around the room. A floor length mirror caught her attention. She admired herself.

“Perfect ass. Bangin tits. Long gorgeous hair. What more could a woman want? I don't need college...I could just get a sugar daddy if I wanted. If! He'd have to offer more than money for fucking sure...”

Rachel continued to ramble on about herself for sometime. She stripped down to her underwear as she watched herself. She couldn't help but grin as she pressed her own breasts together and blew a kiss to the mirror.

*How many men could I drive wild with this look? It's a shame my phone is dead...I know a few guys who'd lose their shit over this...*

In her personal infatuation, Rachel had nearly forgotten the time. She needed to pee before she crawled into bed and she'd forgotten to ask where it was. Rachel crept out of her room and into the dark quiet hallway of the Wilsons' house. Toward the end of the hallway, a door was slightly ajar. Rachel slipped in and fondled the wall as she searched for a light switch.

*Click*

The room lit up before her and revealed, not a bathroom, but a nursery.

“Must be something for that old woman to fawn over...”

Rachel’s jaw dropped as the size of everything in the room became apparent to her. The crib, the changing table, even the toys were too large for a baby; however, they were the perfect size for an adult. And, as Rachel judged by the name that had been written on the crib’s headboard in pink paint that had yet to dry, this room had been intended for her.

“Oh fuck th--!”

A pair of arms wrapped around her waist and neck. Mr. Wilson yanked Rachel backward and into the hallway where his wife waited with a wheelchair.

“LET GO OF ME YOU ASSHOLES!”

Rachel gasped as a needle pricked her arm. She felt her body grow tired and heavy. Before long she was limp, but still conscious, in Mr. Wilson’s arms. Mrs. Wilson helped get Rachel into the wheelchair. A pair of straps kept her wrists secured to the chair while Mrs. Wilson held onto her shoulders and pushed her down and into the Wilsons’ basement. Rachel was terrified as she was wheeled down the steps, but no amount of adrenaline could keep her awake. Surgical equipment came into view as she neared the bottom. Rachel wanted to scream, but could barely manage a whisper as her eyes began to droop.

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Her eyes opened slowly. Rachel laid still for a moment, unsure of where she was or how she got there. It took some time for her eyes to become adjusted to the low light of the room she was in. As more and more of the room came into view, Rachel’s memories returned to her. She clinched her fists in anger. The Wilsons. What had they done to her?

Almost immediately, a sharp pain shot through her fingers. Rachel gasped, her voice far more weak and wet than she remembered. She relaxed her fingers and the pain dissipated, but it did not leave. Her entire body was sore. She could feel it as she moved to sit up. Her back, her legs, even her mouth hurt with a dull pain. As she righted herself, Rachel could feel something was off beyond the pain. Something light fell from her mouth. It landed on her crotch, though she could barely feel it. She tried to see what it was, but couldn’t make anything out. Rachel rubbed her eyes. It was then that she realized her glasses were gone.

*That explains that...*

Out of habit, Rachel reached to her left where her nightstand and her glasses usually were. Her arms felt and moved like lead. She had barely lifted her hand before she brushed up against something hard, something smooth. Her hands probed the dark to find a row of wooden bars beside her.

*Those assholes...did they put me in a cage?!*

Rachel used the bars to pull herself up. It was difficult, but her body had started to respond a bit better. She managed to get into a squat before she had to stop and rest. Something about her body felt strange. Foreign. With every motion Rachel made came a noise. A crinkling that reminded her of plastic. A smell accompanied the noise: that of urine masked poorly by baby powder.

*What...the...fuck...*

Unsure of what she might find, Rachel placed a shaky hand between her thighs. It took her a moment to realize that her still half-numb fingers had found something: a bulge between her legs. She squeezed and she heard the noise again, this time louder.

“WHA DA FUD?! A DIAPEW?!”

Though she had assumed from what she had seen that this would be the outcome of whatever the Wilsons had planned, Rachel still could not believe it hadn't all been a dream. She fell back onto her butt and grimaced at the sound of her diaper crinkling underneath her.

“Waid...why do I thound tho funny...”

Rachel ran her tongue around in her mouth. Her gums ached at the touch. She brought her fingers to her lips, scared at what she might find. Her index, middle, and ring fingers slipped in. Rachel expected more pain, but found relief if she sucked on her fingers. She spent a moment doing so while she searched for whatever had fallen out of her mouth prior.

Between her legs was a large pink pacifier. She must have slept with it in her mouth. No wonder Rachel had thought to suck on her fingers to sooth her sore gums.

*Why does my mouth feel so funny...? Like I'm missing something...*

“THA BEITH OOK MY EEF!”

Rachel could hardly believe it. Her teeth were gone. The Wilsons had drugged her, removed her teeth, diapered her like a baby, and left her in a crib to wet herself in her sleep. Rachel wondered what else they had done to her. Without her glasses, Rachel couldn't see clearly up close. She had to rely on touch to get a better idea of things.

Aside from her diaper, Rachel had been dressed in a pair of frilly pink socks and a pink top that left her belly exposed. Her belly was different too. Gone was her flat, toned tummy; instead, the Wilsons had somehow given her a slight chubby belly. Her strange body now made sense. It was as if they had given her a layer of baby fat. Her fingers were less delicate, her legs less slender, and her cheeks. She couldn't see them, but she knew that they were cute, pinchable; like a baby's.

*That sick bitch wanted a little girl...I was terrified that they'd put me in diapers, spank me, something weird, sexual probably...no...they just turned me into their baby! This is so much worse...*

Rachel placed her hands on her chest, unsurprised but still furious that she was now flat as a board. The large breasts that had gotten her so much attention, so many boyfriends, had been reduced to a pair of puffy nipples that couldn't even fill an A-Cup bra. Rachel grunted in frustration and tore at her shirt; but she was too weak, the fabric was cool and slick to the touch. Rachel had drooled on herself. Her entire chin was wet with spit.

Anyone else might have despaired at this moment, but Rachel was determined. She was a grown woman, not some baby. They might have tried to change her body to that of an infant, but her mind and her spirit were still an adult's. Rachel mustered all the strength that she could and stood. She wobbled on her weak legs for a moment, but managed to maintain balance. With one quick motion, Rachel swung her leg up and over the side of the crib. Her foot found the edge and she used it along with the adrenaline coursing through her body to lift herself over. Rachel landed on the carpet with a loud *thud*. She took a moment to breathe, but did not wait to stand again for fear that she might lose her momentum.

The nursery then lit up. Rachel lifted her head to find Mrs. Wilson in the doorway, a look of concern on her face.

"Did you hurt yourself, babygirl? It's a little early to be playing that rough, isn't it?"

"FUDD OOU BEICTH!"

Rachel didn't wait for Mrs. Wilson to respond. She charged at the older woman, intent to knock her down and make an escape before Mr. Wilson could get her; instead, Mrs. Wilson stopped her in her tracks and pulled her into a hug.

"Well good morning to you too! My, aren't you just affectionate today?"

"LEH GO OOU ATHHULL!"

Mrs. Wilson just laughed and patted Rachel's diapered butt. "So cranky!"

Rachel yelped as she felt a finger probe the inside of her diaper. “You really soaked these, didn’t you? I’m starting to think you don’t want to be potty-trained. But that’s okay Rachel, Mommy doesn’t mind babying you.”

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHmmmmph?!” Rachel’s scream was silenced with a pacifier. Mrs. Wilson held it to Rachel’s mouth as the girl struggled. “Shhhhhh...wet, without your paci, I bet you’re hungry too.”

Much like an actual toddler, Rachel was easily dragged along by her new ‘mommy’. Mrs. Wilson sat down in a rocking chair next to the crib and pulled Rachel into her lap. No matter how much Rachel kicked and squirmed, she could not escape the older woman’s grasp. The more she tried, the more exhausted she felt.

*I have so little energy...they must have done this too...maybe all the surgery...my body is too weak. I can’t fight her.*

“There we go, babygirl! All cuddled up in mommy’s lap. Time for some nummy-nums, hmmm? Want some yummy milk from mommy’s moo-moos?”

“...moo-moos...?”

Mrs. Wilson lifted her blouse and exposed her large breasts to Rachel. The sight of the older, homely woman’s breasts disgusted Rachel. The thought of being forced to suck on her nipples made her gag. But she had no strength to fight anymore, and she’d need to save what she had if she planned to escape.

Rachel’s face was brought to her new mommy’s boobs and her lips were pressed to her nipple. The taste of Mrs. Wilson’s breast milk reached Rachel’s tongue and she struggled to distance herself, but it was no use. Mrs. Wilson wasn’t letting her go.

“Eat, sweetpea. Mommy’s not letting you go until you eat up.”

Horrified, Rachel was forced to pretend she was sucking on her fingers. She did her best to convince herself that it was cow’s milk she was swallowing and not that of her captor. The feeling and taste of Mrs. Wilson’s nipple revolted and embarrassed her. A few weeks ago she had been an adult. She attended college. Had sex on the regular. And now she was diapered, dressed like a baby, and being breastfed for her breakfast.

Eventually, Rachel’s stomach was full and Mrs. Wilson let Rachel go. She set Rachel on the floor next to a pile of stuffed animals and toys, wiped her face with the corner of her apron, and made her way to the door.

“Mommy will be right back, okay? Play with your toys for a little bit princess.”

Rachel waited until the door was closed before she grabbed one of the stuffed animals, screamed into its fur, and then threw it to the floor in frustration. She stood back up and waddled to the door. The doorknob had a plastic covering on it. Babyproofing designed to keep small children from being able to get where they shouldn't. All Rachel had to do was press two of her fingers into the holes of the covering, grip the knob inside, and turn. Easy. Only Rachel's hands wouldn't listen to her. Her slightly pudgy fingers moved like they had gloves on and couldn't grip anything.

With what the Wilsons had done to her, baby-proof now meant Rachel-proof.

“I'm nah a baby...”

Determined to escape, Rachel put her brain to the task. She slipped her fingers into the holes and tugged downward with both hands. Her arms didn't have enough strength, but once she got down to her knees and put the weight of her body on it the covering began to bend. Just when it felt her fingers might give, the covering snapped off the door knob.

Rachel couldn't help but laugh in triumph. She turned the knob gently and poked her head out the door. To her left she could see the living room, kitchen, and front door; her way out. Unfortunately, the Wilsons could be heard in the kitchen. To her right was the bedrooms, more importantly, the guest room Rachel had stayed in that first night. Perhaps she would find her phone still inside. Rachel crawled as fast as she could down the hall and to the guest room. Scared of what might happen if she was caught, Rachel opened the door quickly and stumbled inside.

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Rachel fell to the floor, exhausted. It had been less than a few hours since she had been let out of her crib and her legs felt like mush beneath her. It took all she had to push herself up onto her hands and knees. Much like her thumb-sucking, crawling had become a necessary evil for when Rachel lacked the strength. Eager to dress herself in clothing that better fit her actual age, Rachel used her foot to push the door closed behind her, and crawled further into the room.

The guestroom was just as she had left it. The Wilsons had been so eager to get to work on their new baby, that they couldn't have been bothered with anything else. Her clothes still sat in a messy pile next to the bed and opposite the floor-length mirror she had admired herself in. Rachel crawled over to the clothing and plopped herself down next to them. As she had hoped, her phone was still in her shorts' pocket. As she expected, it was nearly dead.

The phone was difficult to grasp in Rachel's shaky, drool-covered hands. Without her glasses, the screen was impossible for her to understand. She had to work off of memory to pull up the

dial-pad, but even then her body worked against her. It took her three tries before she could successfully get her fingers to dial 9-1-1.

Rachel felt her heartbeat quicken. Though she could not see the signal, nor the battery life, she knew that both were next to none. She could hardly contain her excitement as the call connected. She then nearly cried aloud as the phone dropped below 1% and shut itself off.

*The call still connected! They'll know I tried to call...right?*

As annoyed as that outcome left her, Rachel still had more to do. She fought the urge to throw the phone out of frustration and instead let it fall through her fingers and onto the carpet. Then, after she cast a wary glance in the direction of the door, Rachel pulled herself forward and directly in front of the mirror.

If Rachel didn't know better, she would have sworn that the overgrown toddler looking back at her was in front of her and not actually her. She grimaced and ran her chubby fingers over her new body. Rachel was used to her arms, legs, and torso. Even the diaper around her waist no longer shocked her. It was her face that caused herself to tear up in frustration. Although the image in the mirror was fuzzy without her glasses, the lack of clarity made her look all too similar to her captors. The naturally high cheekbones she had always been so thankful for were obscured by her new pinchable chubby cheeks. Her toothless mouth and chin glistened with drool and only furthered the oversized-baby look. The once long, beautiful, and straight deep-purple hair she had worked so hard to maintain had been stripped of its color to her natural brunette, cut short, and had been put up in a pair of frizzy pigtails.

Determined to retain her dignity, Rachel looked away and down to the pile of her old clothing. She felt jealous of her old self. How often had she taken her good looks for granted? The skimpy shorts and tight crop-top she had worn that night of the wreck could only be worn by someone with a banging body and confidence to match. Rachel felt as if she had neither of those things now; at least, not enough to also pull off the matching skimpy thong and bra she had worn with them.

Rachel turned around and used the bed to help pull herself to her feet. She placed the pile of clothes on the bed behind her, pulled the thong free, and held it to her waist. As much as the fabric stretched, there was no way her new body would accommodate such tiny underwear; especially over such thick padding. She tried once again to remove the diaper, but only ended up frustrated at her own inability to work her fingers properly.

*Even an actual baby could take off her diaper if she tried! It's not fair!*

Rachel fought the urge to stomp her feet in frustration and instead decided to put the thong on anyway. She nearly fell as she stepped into the leg holes, surprised that she had the strength to



stand as she struggled to pull the thong over her diaper. She could feel the taut fabric of the thong press into the padding and push into her crotch and ass.

The matching bra was next. It was one of her favorites and the one she wore almost exclusively on first dates. It made her already large tits look even bigger and, with the right top, a mere bump in the road would threaten to expose herself to everyone around her. Rachel had always loved to show off. It was a sentiment she could no longer feel as she pulled the bra up to her flat chest and held it in place while she tried to hook it on.

“...come...on...!”

Rachel felt like a preteen girl with her first bra. While her brain knew what to do, her fingers just would not do what she told them. She grew impatient as she continued to struggle. Her face was red from the effort and embarrassment of being a grown woman incapable of hooking her own bra.

“Pwease...”

Drool began to drip down from her chin and onto the bra. Rachel grunted and stomped her foot in frustration. She was almost on the verge of tears. Then, without warning, Rachel felt a familiar pressure in her lower stomach.

“No...no...no pwease, not nowwwwww! Uh...oh...ohhhh...!”

Rachel’s face said it all. Her lips trembled and she sniffled as tears began to stream down her face. No matter how hard she tried to control it, her body worked against her. She felt helpless as the big baby in the mirror in front of her squatted slightly and let the bra fall down to her wrists.

*FFFFFPPPPPPPTHHHHH*

The loud fart was immediately followed by the pungent smell of shit as the seat of her diaper filled with mush. Rachel gasped in a mixture of relief and disgust. As humiliated as she was, the pleasure she felt from emptying her bowels was almost intoxicating; though it was immediately dampened by the thong that smushed all her mess into her ass and crotch.

*Why did I put that stupid thong on?! I-I can’t even keep my diapers clean. I-I’m not potty-trained anymore, am I?*

Rachel’s legs wobbled underneath her. She tried to steady herself on the bed behind her, but instead her hands slipped off the smooth sheets and she fell butt first in her own mess.

“I cuh-can’sh bewiebe I...I...p-poop myshewf...I-I...”

"I know that face. Did someone make a poopy in their diapies?"

Mrs. Wilson stood behind Rachel, just outside of what she could see in the mirror. Rachel had been so engrossed in putting on her bra she had been completely unaware of her captor as she entered the room and watched her struggle.

"Thash none ob your bushiness!", Rachel replied. "W-wha are you...?!" Rachel yelped as Mrs. Wilson grabbed her underneath her armpits and lifted her up onto the bed.

"Were you playing dress-up? That is so precious!"

"I'm thwyng tho weabe, you ps...psh...crathy wady!"

Mrs. Wilson laughed as she pulled the thong off of Rachel's diaper and the bra free of Rachel's arms. "Where are you going to waddle to in such a messy diaper? Don't worry babygirl, Mommy will get you all cleaned up and dressed so you can play."

Rachel tried to swat Mrs. Wilson's hands away, only to have the older woman easily push them away. Mrs. Wilson then lifted Rachel's ankles into the air and brought her free hand down in a few quick swats to the lumpy seat of Rachel's diaper.

*SMACK SMACK SMACK*

Between the thick padding and Mrs. Wilson's reluctance to punish her baby too hard, Rachel hardly felt any pain. It was the feeling of her own mess squishing into her backside that nearly put Rachel to tears.

"Mommy doesn't want to punish you like that sweetheart," Mrs. Wilson said. She reached into her pocket, pulled out a large pink pacifier, and stuffed it in Rachel's mouth. "Now just behave yourself for a little bit while Mommy cleans you up."

The first thought in Rachel's mind was to spit the pacifier out. There was nothing as humiliating to her as being silenced like a baby while she was forced to have her diaper changed. It was her to desire to not be spanked again in her messy diaper that kept her quiet. That and, though she would never admit it, the pacifier was even better than her fingers for soothing her sore gums.

Mrs. Wilson was delicate with Rachel. She tickled and teased her new baby; treated her like the child she had always wanted as opposed to the captive Rachel actually was. And, for a moment, Rachel was not unlike an actual baby. She refused to think about how she must've looked or how she felt with her legs spread, her bottom being cleaned with baby wipes, and the pacifier in her mouth gently rising and falling as she sucked on it. Her diaper needed to be

changed and her gums hurt. Rachel convinced herself that she played along to get what she wanted.

After she was taped into a fresh diaper, Rachel was lifted into a sitting position and dressed soft pink onesie. Mrs. Wilson took Rachel by the hand and led the disgruntled captive back into the living room.

“Leh me gooooooo!”

Rachel tugged at the crotch of her onesie, but the snaps kept the garment in place. Her fingers struggled to get a grip on her crotch. She cringed as her diaper crinkled at her touch. Rachel couldn't help but become upset; even her clothing was baby-proofed.

“Fud...fuuuuuudddkkk...kk...FUD YOU AN DISH DUMB ONETHIE!”

“You are such a handful, aren't you?” Even with Rachel as weak as she was, Mrs. Wilson still felt exhausted. “Why don't you have a little fun and watch some T.V. while Mommy rests, hmm?”

Rachel was more than willing to comply. If her new mommy was as tired as she said she was, then she might even fall asleep. And with Mr. Wilson at work, Rachel would have plenty of time to get out and find help. At least, that's what Rachel hoped. Mrs. Wilson was smart enough to know not to leave Rachel to her own devices. She had just the thing to keep her new baby busy.

Mrs. Wilson brought Rachel into the living room and plopped her down in front of the television. Rachel sucked on her pacifier and played the innocent child as Mrs. Wilson turned the T.V. on and switched the channel to some babyish cartoon about a princess. She didn't even fuss as Mrs. Wilson removed her pacifier and replaced it with a bottle of warm milk. Rachel decided that it was better than being breast-fed again, and she had been thirsty. It felt odd for Rachel to drink from a bottle, especially without any teeth. She was surprised how quickly she was able to get used to the motion of suckling. If she stayed any longer it would be the norm, wouldn't it?

“Alrighty babygirl, upsy-daisy!”

Rachel had barely finished her bottle before Mrs. Wilson lifted her from the floor and placed her in a seat that hung from the ceiling. Much like an actual child, Rachel had been far too distracted by the cartoon in front of her and the bottle of milk in her hands to notice Mrs. Wilson set it up behind her. The suspended pink seat was nothing more than an over-sized baby jumper. Rachel squirmed in the seat, annoyed that she had acted like Mrs. Wilson's baby only to end up completely helpless. How could she possibly escape now?

Even with her full weight in the chair, Rachel could hardly touch her toes to the floor. Any attempt to gain leverage made the chair bounce in response and left Rachel more annoyed than

before. If she left herself completely slack in the seat the elastic would pull at the sides and wedge the padding into her crotch. Rachel could tell that her bladder was full from the bottle. The increased pressure from the seat was enough to make her feel uncomfortable. If she pulled at the sides she could raise herself out of the seat slightly, but the effort it took her to remain up was far too great to sustain for long. Rachel would have to bide her time and wait for Mrs. Wilson to leave.

“Does baby like her jumper? Oh yes she does!” Mrs. Wilson gently pushed the large pacifier back in Rachel’s mouth and waited patiently in front of her until the familiar sucking sound could be heard. She patted Rachel on the head and disappeared behind her. Rachel waited a moment, uncertain if she was alone. Just when she thought she might be by herself, a finger slipped into the leg-hole of the seat and into her diaper. Rachel squirmed as Mrs. Wilson checked to see if she was wet.

“Still dry! That’s a record for you, isn’t it? Well I’m sure you’ll need to be changed before too long, hmm? Now be a good girl and watch your cartoon while Mommy rests her eyes for a second.”

Rachel strained her neck backward to watch Mrs. Wilson exit the room. When she was certain it was clear, she spat the pacifier out onto the floor and began to pull at the straps that kept the chair suspended.

“Crathy bithch...”

It took all her strength to pull herself up an inch. Rachel breathed a sigh of relief as the pressure on her bladder was reduced. Another inch and her arms began to shake from the effort. With both her arms occupied and her pacifier on the floor in front of the T.V., Rachel’s gums began to grow sore once again. Her eyes began to water as the pain got to her. Too weak to continue on, Rachel let herself drop into the seat.

“I-I can do eh...I...jus...need...a widdle west...”

Rachel whimpered as the seat bounced up and down from her first attempt. The pressure on her bladder returned as the seat jostled her. Rachel grimaced at her discomfort. She sucked on her fingers as she watched the cartoon absentmindedly. As much relief as her fingers brought, Rachel began to regret spitting out her pacifier.

The rest brought Rachel little strength. If anything, having sat in the chair for longer only made her more tired. The idea of bouncing up and down in her jumper and watching T.V. didn’t sound so bad. She hated that she wished she still had her pacifier.

“One mow...I’m nah gonna be a baby!”

Rachel reached up and yanked at the straps. In one quick burst of strength she pulled herself up nearly four inches; however, her celebration was short. With her fingers now covered in drool, the slick straps slipped between her palms and she fell hard back into the chair. Rachel gasped as the impact skinned her toes on the floor.

The sharp pain in her feet left Rachel teary eyed. She hardly noticed as the first warm spurt of urine soaked the crotch of her diaper. Another bounce in the chair and Rachel felt her bladder empty. She sucked on her thumb and whimpered as she wet herself..

“Ish nah faiw...”

Tears began to stream down Rachel’s cheeks as the pain from her feet hitting the hardwood began to hit her. Combined with the embarrassment of wetting herself, Rachel was completely done with her failed attempt at escape.

*I can’t get out of a baby jumper...I can’t keep my diapers dry...can I call myself an adult anymore?!*

It had only been a few seconds since Rachel had begun to cry before Mrs. Wilson made her way back into the living room.

“Sweetheart, what’s the matter? Did you drop your paci? Are you wet? Tired?”

Rachel refused to answer and seemed all the more a cranky baby because of that. Mrs. Wilson picked the pacifier up off the ground, cleaned it off, and popped it back in Rachel’s mouth. Rachel hated how calm it made her feel.

“Shhhhh...you need a nap. Yes you do. Come along with Mommy.”

Rachel was thankful to be removed from the seat and, though she would never admit it, she was actually tired.

*I’m just pretending...I have to play the baby...get on their good side and escape when I can. No harm in getting what I want in the meantime? Dumb bitch won’t know what hit her...*

Mrs. Wilson changed Rachel’s diaper before she put her down for her nap. Exhausted, Rachel put up no fight and laid perfectly still as Mrs. Wilson cleaned her. Rachel could barely keep her eyes open as Mrs. Wilson lowered the bars to her crib and helped get her inside. She was tucked in and kissed on the forehead. Rachel would’ve protested had she known, but she was already asleep.

Rachel could only imagine how she must've looked. Mrs. Wilson had woken her from her nap and left her in the playpen like a docile child while she readied supper. She had been dressed in a pastel yellow dress with a high waist and poofy sleeves that left Rachel feeling as if she had put on some kind of joke outfit for Halloween. The snaps and zippers that kept the outfit snug also kept Rachel's weak fingers from being able to pry the outfit off herself. Annoyed, Rachel sat with her back against the stretchy playpen wall, her arms crossed, an evil glare cast in Mrs. Wilson's direction.

*The bitch just doesn't let me out of her sight...the one time I was alone I couldn't even...no...I'm not gonna think about that...I've gotta get out of here...I'm not gonna be this hag's overgrown baby doll!*

"Don't you have just the cutest little pout! I bet you're just cranky cause you want some nummy-nums. Aren't you babygirl?"

The thought of being breast fed by her 'mommy' again was enough to make Rachel nearly throw up in her own mouth. Unfortunately for her, she was hungry and her stomach said as much as it growled as if in response.

"I'll take that as a yes! Robert, would you mind getting the baby's highchair?"

Mrs. Wilson opened the playpen and led Rachel out by the hand. Rachel attempted to yank herself back in response, but only managed to tug weakly at Mrs. Wilson's arm. She wondered if her strength would ever return.

The large high-chair was sized perfectly for baby Rachel. It was made from wood to support the weight of an adult body, no doubt the handiwork of Mr. Wilson and the seat and back were fitted with bright-pink cushions covered in a plastic layer designed to keep any mess off. Mr. Wilson removed the tray as Rachel was brought over. Together, Rachel's new parents lifted her into the seat. The tray was locked back in place and Rachel's diaper crinkled in response as the wood piece between her legs that kept her from sliding down pressed up against her crotch. Rachel grimaced as a jar of mashed carrots was placed in front of her. Her pacifier fell out of her mouth as a pink bib was brought into view. The words 'Mommy's Messy Baby' were written in baby block letters.

"Nuh uh! Nah gonna happen. Oou dwa are sthupid if oou think I'm gonna wear thad!"

The Wilsons ignored her as always. "We really need to get a pin for her paci. She keeps dropping it.", Mr. Wilson remarked. He reached around Rachel's neck and tried to secure the bib.

"No!" Rachel slapped the bib away.

“She’s so difficult today. And she just had her nap too...”

Rachel yelped as Mr. Wilson slipped a finger into her diaper. “She’s not wet. Must just be hungry. I’m sure she’ll settle down once she gets some food in her tummy.”

“Oou athholes are holdin me as a pwisona! THAS WHY I’M ANGWY! I’M NAH A BA--”

Rachel nearly gagged as a big spoonful of mashed carrots was pushed into her mouth. She grimaced as the food spilled past her lips and onto her chin and dress.

“What a messy baby! This is why you need your bib, babygirl. Robert, would you mind helping me here?”

With no warning, Rachel’s arms were lifted and her dress pulled up and over her head. A warm washcloth cleaned the baby food off her chin and neck and the bib was put on her successfully in Rachel’s confusion. Left naked save for her diaper and the bib, Rachel’s face grew red with embarrassment as the next spoonful was brought to her lips.

“Mmm mmm!” Rachel shook her head no, her lips sealed. She reached for the spoon with a shaky hand and Mrs. Wilson let her have it. “I can feed myself!” As gross as the food was, Rachel was hungry and she’d rather feed herself than be spoon-fed like a baby. She regretted her decision almost immediately. She was not used to her lack of teeth and had to close her mouth far more than she was used to so the food would not spill past her lips. Even with her being careful, the mush made its way to her chin, neck, bib, and even the crotch of her diaper. Somehow, Rachel had made even more of a mess.

*I can’t feed myself anymore! THIS DUMB BITCH DID THIS TO ME!*

Rachel screamed in frustration and tossed the spoon down onto the floor beside her. She was more upset than she had ever been. With her weak body and stuck in a high-chair, Rachel looked all the more like a kid throwing a temper tantrum. It would come as no surprise that Mrs. Wilson’s response was to free Rachel from the chair and spank her for her behavior.

“NO NO NO NO! I’M A BIG GUWL! AN ADULT! I DON- GED SPANKED!”

*THWAP THWAP THWAP*

There was little pain to be felt from being spanked over a diaper; however, the humiliation of it all was more than enough to get Rachel to quiet down.

*I’m too weak to fight back...if I just behave this won’t happen...but...I’m not her baby!*

Mrs. Wilson lifted Rachel from her lap and escorted her to a corner in the living room. “When you’re ready to behave, let mommy know. Until then, nose in the corner.”

Rachel balled her fists up in rage. She was a grown woman; she was tired of being treated like a baby. It was bad enough when she was headed home to her overprotective parents. They may have treated Rachel like a kid at times, but they didn’t put her back in diapers and give her spankings. For the first time in a while, Rachel missed her parents.

At first, Rachel wanted to prove a point. She stood with her nose in the corner, determined to show Mrs. Wilson that she wouldn’t ever be ready to behave; but after a few minutes had passed, Rachel’s legs had begun to wobble from the effort. Her stomach growled, more hungry than before now that Rachel had gotten a taste of some food. She could feel her resolve weaken as she felt her body reach its limit for discomfort.

Mrs. Wilson sat on the couch behind Rachel. She smiled to herself as Rachel began to fidget. Her new baby was as rebellious as Mrs. Wilson had expected; but as Rachel got used to her new home, she had begun to act more like the baby Mrs. Wilson desired.

Rachel turned her head slightly and looked at Mrs. Wilson from the corner of her eye.

*What does she want me to do...? Apologize? As if! Though...how long can I keep this up?*

Mrs. Wilson noticed Rachel’s glance and called out to her, “Ready to behave yourself, young lady?”

“N-no. M-maybe,” Rachel replied, “...um. Wha do you wan? I don wanna stan hewe anymowe.”

“Just apologize for your attitude and Mommy will feed you. Now be a good girl. Go on.”

The thought of being ‘Mommy’s good girl’ did not appeal to Rachel at all, but her stomach had begun to hurt.

“I’m sowwy...”

Rachel had expected Mrs. Wilson to want more from her, but the older woman just smiled and motioned for Rachel to come to her. Eager to eat, Rachel waddled across the room and sat on the couch next to her ‘Mommy’. Mrs. Wilson picked Rachel up by the waist and cradled her in her lap. Rachel squirmed, uncomfortable and unsure what Mrs. Wilson was doing. She didn’t realize what would happen until Mrs. Wilson had begun to lift her blouse and expose her large breasts to Rachel.

“No, no, no! Nah again! UH UH!”



Mrs. Wilson just tickled Rachel's tummy until her baby lost her frown. "You're hungry baby girl. Maybe if you start acting your age Mommy will let you eat in your high-chair again. But Mommy's milk is all you're getting for now."

Rachel could only whimper as her face was brought to Mrs. Wilson's nipple. Hungry and eager to get this ordeal over with, Rachel pressed her lips to her Mommy's breast and suckled. She decided that the breast milk tasted better this time. It was less of a shock to her than the first time and her stomach was pleased to have nourishment.

Mrs. Wilson gently rocked Rachel as she suckled. She could feel her baby's diaper grow warm and heavy with pee and, despite her size, Rachel looked like nothing more than the child Mrs. Wilson claimed her to be. Milk spilled past Rachel's lips and onto the bib she still wore. Her eyes were wet with tears, her face red with embarrassment.

By the time Rachel was content, her chin was drenched with drool and breast milk and her diaper was soaked through; the crotch sagged from the weight of her accident.

"You've made such a mess of yourself, haven't you? Looks like someone still needs her mommy, doesn't she?" Mrs. Wilson let Rachel sit up in her lap and stand. Rachel waddled even worse than before, annoyed that she couldn't even close her legs with the thick, wet padding between her legs. Mrs. Wilson took her by the hand before Rachel could think to toddle off and pulled her into the bathroom. Rachel sat on the toilet, her arms crossed as she watched Mrs. Wilson filled the bath.

"A little late for the potty, baby." Mrs. Wilson teased, "Mommy knows you love your diapers."

Rachel ignored Mrs. Wilson's remark. "I wanna showew. I dun wanna baf."

"How is mommy going to clean you like that. Now, enough nonsense babygirl." Mrs. Wilson removed the messy bib and diaper from Rachel. She then pulled Rachel into the warm water of the tub and splashed her playfully. Rachel took a swipe at Mrs. Wilson, only for the older woman to grab her wrist and begin to scrub Rachel's armpits.

"I CAN BAVE MYTHELF!"

Mrs. Wilson just chuckled and handed the soap to Rachel, "Alright sweetheart, do a good job while Mommy does your hair." Rachel practically hissed in response. She closed her fingers around the soap to get a better grip only to have it slip between her fingers and into the soapy water.

"Alright little-miss-bathe-yourself. Enough."

Rachel squirmed as Mrs. Wilson pulled the soap from the bath and stood Rachel up in the tub. Rachel's legs were spread apart and Mrs. Wilson began to scrub her crotch thoroughly. Rachel kicked and thrashed to get free, but Mrs. Wilson kept her still with her free arm.

*This is so humiliating!*

"Leh goooooo!"

Rachel grimaced, embarrassed that she could feel herself become aroused from the stimulation.

*Fucking hell...I am not getting off on this.*

A swift smack to her soapy butt tore Rachel from her thoughts. "Don't think I didn't notice. You're too young for that kind of behavior missy."

"I wathnd doin anythen!", Rachel replied, "Dun you daww fink dah!"

Mrs. Wilson didn't say anything; instead, she placed Rachel back in the water and finished washing her hair. From the corner of her eye, Rachel could see what Mrs. Wilson was using: just baby wash. No wonder her hair was so frizzy. Back when Rachel was an adult, she had a system; she had products, makeup, hairspray. Now all she got was baby powder and some cheap hair and body wash. No wonder her hair was so frizzy. No wonder she looked terrible.

Rachel could only fume as she waited for Mrs. Wilson to dry her off. She stood, naked and impatient as Mrs. Wilson spread Rachel's next diaper out on a baby blanket on the floor. Rachel was brought down to the floor, helpless compared to Mrs. Wilson's strength, and pinned while the diaper was taped in place.

*Back in diapers! And I can't do a damn thing!*

Mrs. Wilson pulled Rachel into her lap and towel-dried her baby's hair. Rachel could hardly stand to see her beautiful hair mistreated and brunette again; just as it was when she was still her actual parents' 'little princess'. A pair of cheap pink hair-ties were used to pull her hair back into their babyish, frizzy pigtails.

Rachel was dragged back to the nursery, dressed in a new onesie, and was lifted up and into her crib. She glared at Mrs. Wilson through the bars. She wanted her hatred to be known. Mrs. Wilson was unfazed. She popped Rachel's pacifier back in her mouth and made to leave the room.

"Wha..."

Though she could not see the clock, Rachel was certain it was still early. Sunlight was still visible from her window.

"I'm nah tiwed," Rachel said. Then, after she realized she sounded just like a cranky toddler, she added, "I'm an adu! WET ME GO!"

Mrs. Wilson reached above the crib and turned on the mobile. A soft nursery rhyme played as the baby block and teddy bear shaped figures danced in a circle above Rachel. Her mommy then switched out the room light and turned on Rachel's nightlight. "You'll be tired soon enough baby girl. You're too little to stay up late, you'll see. Besides you've got another day tomorrow and more fun with mommy! Isn't that exciting?"

"FUD OOU! OOU BECTH!" Rachel shook the bars of her crib and made to stand. Mrs. Wilson had already left by the time Rachel managed to get her balance. She attempted to swing her leg over the crib, much like that morning. Rachel could hardly get her toes to reach halfway up the bars.

She tried again.

And again.

Her leg went up less and less each time until Rachel's legs gave out beneath her. She fell backward into her crib and gasped. Mrs. Wilson was right. That little bit of effort had left Rachel exhausted. Her eyes had closed before she could even get angry at herself.

She slept like a baby.

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After her first week in the Wilsons' care, Rachel had begun to lose hope that she would be rescued. Any chance that she had to escape on her own dwindled with each passing day. As her body got used to her new life, Rachel's mind did too. Rachel had convinced herself that she acted childish to get her way, to get the Wilsons to do what she wanted; she would save her strength and escape when the time was right. Rachel had grown used to being breast fed and burped. She hardly noticed when she wet herself; though she cried for her Mommy to change her if she made a big enough mess. *It was the quickest way to get a clean diaper*, she would tell herself.

She only behaved herself to avoid spankings or timeout. Why would she curse, if it got her in trouble? Rachel would only get a chance to leave if their guard was let down, right? She needed them to believe that she was their baby. So Rachel inadvertently became a baby. Toys and T.V. had become her favorite activities. Things to do to keep her mind occupied, to escape from her new life as the Wilsons' baby. She would drool on herself absentmindedly in her baby jumper as

she watched her cartoons. She would babble to herself as she played with her dolls and stuffed animals. Her once adult vocabulary deteriorated under her mommy's care. Rachel had spent so many hours of each day being baby-talked to that words like 'diapie', 'moo-moos', and 'paci' had become commonplace for her. It didn't help that, without her teeth, the childish words were far easier to pronounce.

Rachel no longer tried to tear off her clothing. She was too weak to even dress herself and, though she would never admit it, Rachel had begun to like some of her babyish clothes. It started small at first: a pastel yellow t-shirt with a ducky on it. Then she started to like some of her dresses, even the pink ones. Onesies came next. Rachel even had a favorite paci. It was just a pastime she would claim. Something to get herself look forward to her day. A trick she played on herself to ignore just how used to her new diapered life she had gotten.

The one 'adult' activity she had was the journal she kept: a messy pile of paper filled with pictures and words written in crayon. Between her shaky hands and her lack of vision, Rachel's diary looked more like the school projects of a kindergartener. She used what alone time she had to scrawl in her pages. Every night, before bedtime; she laid on her stomach, sucked on her pacifier, and drew. She would write about her day, plans to escape, letters that she could sneak out and hope that someone would find.

At the end of everyday, Rachel would tell herself - *Tomorrow...I can leave tomorrow....* She would hide her 'journal' under her crib, be given a bath by her mommy, and would nearly fall asleep on her way back to the nursery. Dreams that were once of escape, became dreams of her new mommy and daddy, of her stuffed animals, and of the cartoon princesses she willingly watched each day.

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"What'd you find?"

Amanda looked up from the crude drawing in her hands to her partner, Adam Jones. They had been investigating a series of missing persons reports in the area. They had nearly driven past the property when they got a flat tire just before the driveway. A flat tire that they later found out was caused by a couple of rusty bits of metal that had been left on the road. As they explored more of the Wilson property, Amanda had begun to believe that the metal had been left there on purpose. A trap set to catch prey.

The house had been abandoned for some time. The oversized highchair had been their first sign. Adam wrote it off as some kind of fetish thing, and Amanda wanted to believe him; though she wasn't sure if that made things better or worse. It wasn't until they found the basement and the Wilsons' notes, that they knew something far more sinister had taken place.

“Aside from the surgical equipment and a nursery sized to fit a grown person? Just a drawing. A bunch of them actually. I was hoping they were made by a child...”

“But they weren’t.”

“No. But we figured that, didn’t we?”

Adam crouched beside Amanda and picked up the pile of drawings next to her. He pulled out his reading glasses and held them up to his face.

“‘Gotta leave. Don’t wanna wear diapers no more.’”

“‘Diapies’, Adam. She wrote it wrong.”

“And?”

“She was either into it, or so far gone that she thought it was fine to write that.”

“Hmmm. ‘Mommy makes me drink from her...moo-moos. I don’t...’”, Adam stopped reading and massaged the bridge of his nose, “Can you read this shit? It’s illegible.”

“Of course it is. If the Wilsons had their way, then she lived as their baby. I’m surprised she could do this much.” Amanda took the stack of papers from Adam and flipped through their contents. “Looks like she knew they were moving, but she didn’t know where. Her writing is really terrible here. She didn’t date any of it. No way you and I can tell how old this is.”

“So she could be anywhere...this...Raychil Willsin.”

“Rachel...though her last name isn’t Wilson like she’s written. She must just believe that.”

“No telling how far gone that girl is.”

“Let’s hope we find her while she can still hold a crayon.”

Adam and Amanda stood and made their way back through the rest of the house. Amanda was worried for Rachel. This was the third time a young woman had gone missing in the area and the second time they could confirm something like this had happened to the missing person. She could only hope that they would get a better lead soon, find out what happened to the missing people, and put an end to all this mess; less more young women end up like Rachel.