

A *HUGE* thank you to the person who commissioned this story! It was amazing getting to work and collaborate with them, especially practicing a slightly different than usual approach with a pseudo-dual narrative from two characters. And to make it brief, *yes* this has continuity with other stories of mine!

If you haven't read "It's Christmas, After All" or "Digital Remains," I highly recommend reading those shorts first just to put yourself in the exact context this story plays off of. It makes some of the themes that this story tries to poke at a bit more meaningful, as well as some of the subtle references. But that's my rant; enjoy!

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"Mhm? Uh-huh?"

*Shut up.*

"Really!?" A faux chuckle came from the giant on the giant couch. It was always fake when it was over the phone. It was all fake. All superficial. All a bunch of misery dressed in makeup.

"No! Stop it!" the Amazon went on and on with her exaggerated tone, gossip and gabbity.

"Oh? Anna? Good as always! –Well, sometimes the occasional temper, but it's not like you can expect any less," she continued to laugh.

The girl from her four-walled prison cell narrowed her eyes, trying to focus on the digital screen. Why couldn't these conversations happen anywhere else? Somewhere that Anna wasn't, or at least far enough out of earshot to completely muffle or tune out the noise. Pay a bit more attention to the subliminal cartoons, plug her ears with the stuffed animals littered across the multicolored mat. Hell, take a nap, even.

But that's just who Mommy was. Mommy, Mama, Mother, Mater, Mummy, Ma; anything that sufficed as a hardwired substitute for the name Anna did but did not know. With dwindling confidence could she even put a spelling to the she-who-must-not-be-named. Not "must-not," but "could-not." Whenever she tried to speak it nowadays her tongue would make a sharp turn and babble into gibberish, or the part of her mind that wasn't hers would steer completely into the indoctrinated lane straight for Mommy Town.

It was from a bygone era, but in a distant life when Anna was free and her actual independent self, she could remember people exactly like Mommy. Brazenly strutting about in public with a phone glued to their ear, walking and talking like their surroundings were just dressings to their own personal fantasy. Apparently Mommy didn't consider this kind of space public, not that it

mattered. It never mattered when it was time for diaper checks or even performing a diaper change. Poor Anna wished she could still find the embarrassment in herself to care, yet enough public changes on the park bench had become sickeningly desensitizing.

“Yes! That’s right!” Mommy made a small squeal of glee. “Third year of daycare! Awh, really—I’m so proud of how far my little Anna’s come!”

*Just focus. Focus on the cartoons...*

“She’s made so many cute friends at daycare, honestly. It’s like a revolving door with all the playdates she goes on!”

*What is Jessica the Jaguar doing today? Stopping Freddie Ferret from stealing all the oranges from Mama Mary’s Meadow again? So interesting. So very interesting.*

“Hm? Oh, yes. Plenty of times, trust me. With how many messy diapers I have to deal with in the mornings, it almost makes me wish I potty trained her. *Almost!*”

Thankfully the mat Anna sat on was plush, trying to forget that the very world existed with her short, rounded fingernails plunging into the ground like a giant stress ball. It was all old, it was all the same. She’d heard it all over and over again, but the feelings stayed the same. She’d lost out on the battle against embarrassment. It’d come and come until nothing was left. Nothing but anger and frustration. That never seemed to leave, yet only with time it went out faster and faster once reality made it clear that there was nothing she could do. No one she could turn to.

It made her feel sick, like a knot was tied twice-over in her stomach, tumbling and adding all sorts of discomfort. She was stuck, and it’d been that way for years now. Approximately three. Her concept of time was vague and restricted, to say the least. She tracked the day by events, not numbers. Her morning bottle. The ride to daycare. Afternoon diaper change. Half-past snacktime. Bath time. Bed time.

Blink and suddenly a week goes by. Blink twice and suddenly a month. Close your eyes for a full second and suddenly a year. A whole year. Times three.

Thirst as her new distraction, Anna without losing sight of the TV grabbed her nearby crutch. Rearing her head back with both hands, she nursed a bottle of white substance, down and down it went through rhythmic spurts, far too perfected in technique than she would have liked. After all, she’d been given three years of practice.

But the discomfort stayed as the conversation continued.

“Mommy?” Anna finally turned her head over to the Amazon, still chatting away, holding a mug of something Anna hadn’t tasted in a lifetime. Something only for “grown-ups.”

“No! No, I haven’t told her yet,” Mommy in her own bubble went on with the other person on the phone. “Tomorrow, though!”

“Mommy?” Anna raised her voice. That was the balancing game. Trying to get attention without being deemed as “bratty.”

“I have just about everything. Oh! I’m so excited! It’s going to be just like—”

“Mommy!” Anna shouted fully this time, clearly getting the woman’s attention this time.

Mommy’s eyes were on Anna and the mug was being set down. “Kat? Could you just hold on a second?” Next the phone went down. “Anna, baby? What is it? Mommy’s on the phone right now. Do you want some more milk?”

“No,” Anna’s head gestured the same way her words communicated. “Can you please talk someplace else?” Anna’s hand went back and behind, pointing up at the screen. “I’m tryna watch!”

And instead, all she got was an increasing volume on the screen.

“There you go, baby. Now no more interrupting, got it?”

Anna was already facing the tv again, glumly accepting the compromise.

“Hello? Still there? Yes,” she laughed, “she’s watching cartoons right now. No fusses during a diaper change when I have that on for her!”

And yet a little louder volume didn’t do much if it meant Mommy talking even louder just to compensate. Anna grumbled, yet stayed quiet, but her body didn’t. Maybe it was finally starting to physically reject everything. Everything that’s happened. All the torture and misfortune she’d been forced to experience on a day-to-day basis. From the beginning up to the present. Birthdays. Halloween. Christmas.

With that small flame of courage and rage, she scooped on her thickly padded bottom over to the nearest set of bars, grasping them as she pulled herself up and onto her knees. It was a start

and maybe a way she could reclaim something. Something just to hold on, or subside this horrible–

A horrible gurgle. A small spurt of gas. A growing pressure that came as quickly as it pressed against her backside like an unyielding force. A tiny grunt left Anna’s mouth, clutching tighter and her body without command pushed in all the wrong places, “subsiding” the discomfort.

The world she lived in was a warped place to have her thinking that there lied dignity in shitting a pair of panties. And yet, only because her basis was messing a diaper. Her diaper. Her already moistened, crinkling diaper of smiling puppies and kitties prancing all over. Those same motifs would be delighted to know that she was making more space for them to play as her emptying mess expanded the diaper to the point of sagging.

Anna’s hands left the bars and she fell back, ideally because her grip had simply slipped. However, ideals as she had known them were long gone. Either it was time to accept ideals as fantasy or to warp her worldview just to find new ones. Regardless, her quiet, panting breath said enough as from her half-standing assisted position she fell back on her lumpy, muddy bum, all encased in a prison she had known far too well for far too long.

At least the discomfort was gone. Replaced by a familiar, bad smell. How it used to make her gag. Used to.

Maybe once upon a time Anna would have revolted and stood right back up in disgust, but there were too many crippling reasons for why she wouldn’t and why she couldn’t. And in such a fragile state that could still rock her heart, the girl opted for her few means of coping, or at least trying to forget. Anna’s hand need only travel down the strap clipped to the collar of her shirt, finding a “coping tool” attached to it. Grabbing it by the plastic ring she popped the silicone teat into her mouth. Quiet and reserved, trying to stay composed.

“Oh, Kat–” Anna could hear Mommy likely interrupt her friend, “Gotta go. Smells like someone has a case of the number poos!”

With all the time she’d been given to figure out her Mommy as a person, Anna knew better than to consider the urgency of a diaper change any kind of mercy. Mommy like Anna must have grown accustomed to the smell, but that didn’t mean she liked it any more than Anna did.

In trying to stay oblivious to her own mess that she was forced to sit in, Anna quietly watched the TV, doing her best not to smell, nor to move, lest any of her senses be assaulted further.

But she barely even flinched when the surprise grope happened. Her face certainly contorted as she felt Mommy's hand press against the back of her diaper, smearing and massaging what was at least a contained mess that could have been worse, and worse it had just been made. But she barely moved. As much of a surprise as it was, it really wasn't. By this point it never was. Routine and repetition as her witness, rarely anything more than a new episode of her favorite cartoon could even remotely hit her as one.

"Uh-huh, thought so," Mommy spoke, finally hooking the back of Anna's diaper to peer inside, maybe just to marvel at how ever so kindly she had dispersed the hot waste across Anna's backside.

And after an exhale through her Mommy's nose, Anna could feel her larger hand tussling the hair atop her head.

"Okay, sweetheart. Let's get that diapie changed, then we'll figure out something for lunch!"

Anna held up her arms, but she didn't take her eyes away from the tv. Half her mind was still focused on the cartoon, admittedly. A small noise left her mouth once she fully realized that they were headed to the nursery.

"Wait!" Anna suddenly spoke up. "Here? Change me here?" She pointed accusingly at the TV. "I wanna watch!"

Mommy looked as skeptical as the day Anna had told her that she was capable of using a porcelain toilet and not the kind that was taped over her hips. Having a full diaper right then didn't let her reminisce on that fondly.

But Mommy rolled her eyes with a grin. "Well, if it means no temper tantrum..."

That's all that life was now. Soon, Anna was staring up at the high, high ceiling, laying back on a plastic mat of suns and moons.

Mommy's head partly hung over her, tugging at the prison on her hips with a brand new cage waiting by her side. And as the cold, wet wipe offered a clean slate for Anna's backside, round and round again life had come into full-view with its stagnant perspective of diapers, daycare, playdates and more. More and more of the same demeaning, belittling and fanatical infantilism.

"Oh! That's right!" Mommy suddenly spoke up with a dose of enthusiasm. She always spoke in happy notes around Anna, like her toddler-shaped mind wouldn't recognize it otherwise. "We still have your favorite for lunch! Bananas and Prunes! Mmmm!"

More mashed food from a glass jar, spoon-fed in her high chair, all courtesy of her warden. It was no smiling matter, nor a laughing one, but Anna did so anyway. Made so, really, as she squirmed from Mommy's nails lightly scraping the bottom of her foot.

Favorite was a grossly strong word, but...bananas weren't bad.

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"Any bad reports?" Mommy asked with Anna held against her hip, always seeming to be spoken of like she wasn't in the room. There were still residual screams and squeals of the Littles left over who had yet to be picked up by their "parents."

"Not-a-one!" The daycare worker smiled with her elbows in her hands. "It's always fun though getting to see her and Alice toddling around! Well, crawling," she chuckled. "But no, she's been extra polite lately. Right, Anna?" the Nanny smiled at her, yet Anna slightly stiffened.

"Uh-huh..." she obediently nodded, hoping to become just the topic again and not the spectacle.

Both Mommy and Nanny shared a laugh.

"She's a little wet, but it's nothing I don't think she minds; it'll hold," the daycare worker added, speaking so casually like it was the weather. And by this point Anna couldn't see it as any way but that either. A shitty feeling, but an immovable truth. The worst is being told what goes on in your pants before you even realize it. Apparently she was wet.

"Then I'll take your word for it!" Mommy chipperly spoke while she adjusted Anna in her arms. "We need to hurry, though! If we're not too late we can beat the traffic..."

"Oh! Well, get going then!" the daycare worker ushered them off with a kind smile. Supposedly kind. "Bye-bye, Anna! See you in a few days!"

And weakly back, as she was constantly forced to, Anna waved.

Dejected and disinterested, she did so, "Bye-bye, Nanny Desna..."

Mommy was usually pretty deft and swift at what she did. Changing diapers, putting on onesies, taking off onesies, replacing empty bottles with full ones and so forth. She was always quick with the car seat, too. Every strap that fed into the crotch, shoulder and waist-strap machination and kept Anna snugly in place.

“Sorry, Anna,” Mommy said from the front seat, peering back just to back out of the parking space, “Mommy will change you once we get home. We need to run one small errand!”

Errands. Not unusual, but typically not after daycare. Anna didn’t care to ask. Instead she leaned forward the few approximate millimeters that her car seat allowed to get her vision beyond the car seat’s mesh padded siding and out the window.

“Mommy? I want juice.”

“We say ‘please’ when we want things, sweetheart.”

“I *please* want juice.”

“Such manners!” Mommy commented the same way she always did when Anna met minimum expectations. After all, that’s all she did expect. Twistedly, expectations were not meant to be exceeded. Trying to talk like a “grown-up” or thinking she deserved panties was tantamount to misbehavior, temper tantrums and sin, yet dropping the P-word like a cure-all medicine seemed to make her the brightest star in the world.

Anna couldn’t see it, but she knew the seat in front of her was her diaper bag, fully stocked with anything she could possibly ever need to continue living her life as a baby, and that meant juice.

“Both hands,” Mommy reminded with a tinge of warning in her voice.

Anna with both hands accepted the sippy cup, a little happier than she would have liked to not get a bottle. Somehow car rides and outings meant sippy cups, but being at home meant bottles. It was all peanuts to slightly bigger peanuts, but by this point her standards had been broken so badly that the marginal difference could be her highlight of the day. Maybe the week, even. At least Alice helped it seem that way. Life had become so dull that anything was an endless, recycled talking point.

“Thank yooh—” Anna partially mouthed with the sippy stout reaching her lips mid-sentence. Why wait to finish a sentence if she was thirsty? Why wait when no one would care?

It was a cream yellow T-shirt and pastel skirt kind of day, matched with white socks and velcro light-up sneakers. All tied together by the ample puff between her legs, crinkling each time she swung her legs.

Her memory wasn't built like a camera, but Anna knew when they weren't going along a usual route. Different billboards, not the same big colored signs. Intuition? A lot of reasons why she knew they were headed someplace new. Someplace different.

They went through a tunnel, even, which if memory served, that meant they were in the dense city.

Coinciding with the new warmth she was feeling in her diaper, Anna asked aloud, "Mommy? Where are we going?"

"We're going to pick someone up, sweetheart! But you need to promise Mommy that you're going to be on your *best* behavior, understood? That means quiet time for the rest of the car ride."

Quiet time. A soft-handed way of saying be quiet. Be seen, but not heard. It wasn't often when that happened. To Mommy's credit, Anna was almost always allowed to speak, as long as it was using appropriate words and topics. Not about stocks and society, mind you, but toys and daycare.

But by this point Anna knew best not to pester. Better to listen and fall in line. Grabbing the pacifier hanging from the collar of her shirt, she quietly sucked, an addiction she wasn't a fan of developing, minding her own business. Maybe that's why she didn't mind quiet time. Time where she didn't get to speak meant time to herself. Usually.

Anna still watched, however, watching as they pulled into a stretch of road between a network of parked cars and a tall building connecting to something shrouding over them.

She could see plenty of grown— Amazons, leaving through glass sliding doors with large suitcases in tow. Only did it hit Anna that they were at a Portal Station. But for who?

"Mo—" Anna started to ask, but her pacifier finished for her by muffling her voice into silence.

Quiet time.

But being quiet didn't mean she couldn't stare. She tried to observe Mommy's body language, who was leaning out from the steering wheel, trying to spot something out the window facing the building.



“Oh...!” Mommy quietly gasped, “hi...!” she mouthed in another whisper. Whoever she saw, she had found them and was overjoyed. Anna looked herself, spotting an Amazon in a navy blue windbreaker sort of jacket walking up to the car.

Without a word, Mommy got out of the front seat, and Anna watched her from all the windows walk around the car and up to the Amazon in the jacket. Wait, wrong. Up to someone else? Down to?

The first thing she noticed was Mommy look down at the ground with a wide grin. Maybe not the ground, but something too short that went beyond Anna’s limited scope of vision. Something shorter than the car door, at least.

Mommy leaned down to the point Anna saw her back, then she stood. Stood with something else. Someone else.

Surprise.

Wide-eyed, Anna stared at the Little in Mommy’s arms. Her hair reached her shoulders and it was three whole different shades of brown. Her nails went past her fingers by just the slightest amount, and she wore traces of...makeup? Bewildered, Anna couldn’t take her eyes off the Little. It didn’t make any sense.

She wore a blazer and a blouse; slacks with...stockings...? And...heels? Her fucking knees came together!

And suddenly Anna felt herself trying to squeeze her own, but looked down once the bouncer between them crinkled in protest. If that Little could do it though, that meant she wasn’t wearing a...?

Anna kept trying to turn her head, following them as they moved around her, but this stupid fucking car seat wouldn’t let her! For the first time in a long time she tried to thrash against the straps, but she hardly even budged. What was going on?

Mommy and the strange Little were standing on the other end and the door was pulled open.

“And this is Anna...!” Mommy spoke excitedly, leaning down just a tiny bit, sitting the Little on the seat. The grown-up seat. Not in a car seat. A tinge of something hit her like a ton of bricks. The same tinge that she felt when she saw her knees together, and not the kind that she felt in her bladder.

“Hi...!” The Little smiled. She smiled? The Little waved at Anna from her seat, then spun her head back up at Mommy. “Awh! She’s so cute! How old is she?”

“Well, she likes to pretend that she’s 24, but really she’s my forever-3 baby!”

The Little laughed. She laughed? Anna couldn’t understand what in God’s name was happening, and all she could do was bite down on the bulb of her pacifier. Confused. Annoyed. Worried.

What was this Little doing? Why was she here? Was she missing something or was she just an idiot?

Then she waved at Anna. Waved, like this was some fucking playdate or something. “Hi there, uhm...Anna!” Then in careful enunciation, just like Nanny Desna would always do, she said, “My name is Sarah! Can you say ‘Sarah?’” It was learning animal sounds all over again.

Anna’s eyes were wide, but her mouth was closed. No more open than it needed to be for her paci, which she bit and sucked on vigorously. There wasn’t enough flavoring in the world on those things to simmer down the emotions she was feeling.

“Not a talker?” Sarah asked as she looked back at Mommy, who was busy between the trunk and passenger door.

“Oh, don’t worry, she is! She just had a busy day at daycare today. In fact, she’s waiting on a diaper change that I promised her!”

Sarah nodded, but she did glance over at Anna again before picking up on Mommy’s voice.

“Oh! We almost forgot your suitcase!” Mommy chuckled, and Anna watched intently as she walked to her side of the car. The side where the windows were shut and sound couldn’t reach. Frantically, she spun her head back at Sarah.

“Ruhn,” Anna muttered through her unintentional pacifier lisp. She yanked it out of her mouth as if to throw it, but the strap on her collar went taut and slapped against her shirt, hanging close by. “Run. You need to run.” Anna repeated.

“Wh-what?” Sarah smiled awkwardly, like she didn’t quite understand. Of course she didn’t, because if she did, she wouldn’t be here right now.

“I *am* 24,” Anna spoke hurriedly, just noticing Mommy starting to come back around. “You need to—”

“Sorry about that!” Mommy announced from the trunk. “Suitcase: check. And, oh! I’m so sorry! I meant to set this up before we came...”

Sarah still looked at Anna skeptically, sucking heavily on her pacifier like she was a chainsmoker, gluing her face to the window. “It’s no...” then she looked up at Mommy with a sizable chair in her arms.

Anna glanced, expecting something, then looking away the moment she was found to be correct.

“Is...is that a car seat?” Sarah asked.

“Yes, it is!” Mommy nodded chipperly. “Sarah, it’s against the law here for Littles to ride in cars without one. If it’s okay with you, I’d rather not get in trouble with the police on your first day here?”

Mommy laughed, so Sarah did too. What a fool. What an absolute fool.

And as the laughter faded, apparently Sarah was still in the minority. “I appreciate the concern, but really, I...”

“Sarah, this isn’t really up for discussion...” Mommy spoke like she was acting before she finished her words. Hah. Like Little like Mommy.

“...Right...” Sarah slipped closer over to Anna, at least to wait while Mommy set up the seat. What’s more, it looked just like Anna’s. Maybe a different color here or there, but functionally the same. Confinement nonetheless.

Anna didn’t watch, but she was certainly forced to hear, enduring her most unexpected session of quiet time.

“W-wait! You don’t need to—!”

“If I can lift my Anna around all day, I can promise I won’t drop someone just as big as her?”

The poor pushover of a Little was being lifted against her will. Was this like culture shock or something?

“Oh! Uhm, that’s okay, you really don’t need to—”

“It’s fine, I insist,” Mommy spoke assuredly over the sound of buckles slipping into inserts. “Besides, these can be a little tough for Littles to work with. Poor Anna tried an awful lot when she first started using one.”

“Right, it’s a good thing they’re kid-proofed, right?” Sarah added, but by this point Anna could hear the slightest sliver of skepticism. Too late.

Anna could hear the ear-to-ear smile in Mommy’s voice.

“Isn’t it?”

Then the door shut, and another opened. Mommy was back in the front seat.

“Okay, kids!” Mommy announced with a hand adjusting her rear-view mirror. “All set?”

“Uhm...yep!” Sarah said, then the car rolled into motion.

“Really, though, thank you so much!” Sarah spoke with gratitude to the back of the seat in front of her. “I can’t tell you how happy I was once I got in touch with someone from here!”

“Of course! I’m so happy I could help out,” Mommy conversed back with her. It was like the twilight zone from Anna’s perspective, regardless of the context. Mommy treating a Little like a...grown-up. Sort of. “Sometimes it can get a little boring with just me and Anna around the house! It’ll be nice to have a fresh face.”

“Glad I could help!” Sarah chuckled. “I’m just so excited to get to be in this dimension!” Anna could hear the newbie marvel as she tried to look from her carseat, but the slight noises made it known she was quickly figuring out the limits of her vantage point. “There isn’t a whole lot of news that reaches our dimension about this place, so I was really eager to get some firsthand experience!”

“Oh, well don’t you worry. You’ll be getting plenty of that,” Mommy spoke confidently, and in a spark of horror it fully clicked for poor Anna. A girl who had just played her part in being an obedient bystander to what was happening.

Anna finally looked over at Sarah, who only noticed her attention a second later.

“Hi Anna!” Sarah innocently waved again. God, if only she knew how she looked. Maybe it was the pot calling the kettle black, but at least Anna no longer had anything to lose. Sarah glanced ahead, “She must be shy, huh?”

“She can be,” Mommy said, “but she’ll come around. I’m sure you two are going to be great friends!”

Sarah laughed. Anna stayed confused and angry. How was she not getting it? Why was she still laughing, like this ended in some way that was good for her? Did...did she actually think Anna was a kid? Mommy’s kid? Was that it?

Anna looked down at herself with a furrowed brow. Velcro sneakers, a pastel skirt too short for her wet diaper, all with a shirt hanging onto her trusty pacifier, strapped in her car seat, so less. Of course it looked that way. In her ongoing years of living like a baby, she’d apparently grown to look the part far more than she had realized, case and point being Sarah’s sweet, foolish ignorance.

But now that everything was clear from Anna’s perspective, there was only one way that this could go. Only one way that it’d end. All that came from the charade of stalling the inevitable reveal, forcing Anna into “quiet time” was simply the satisfaction of shock. All for Mommy’s own pleasure.

And so, finally feeling a twinge and discomfort that didn’t end in her diaper being any more wet or dirty, Anna spat out her pacifier again, roughly grabbing the edge of her shirt and tugging it up underneath her car seat straps.

“Uhm...Tabitha...? What is Anna...?”

And with her bare chest exposed, Anna groped herself just to emphasize one of her breasts, giving Sarah a stone-cold look.

“I’m an adult just like you. I’m twenty-funny-four.”

An eerie silence, save for the car driving across the highway followed her statement.

Not even caring to pull back down her shirt, all Anna did was return her pacifier to her mouth, letting her very adult breasts hang out, just in case Sarah wanted to think otherwise. Whatever. The punishment was worth it. If Anna was stuck like this, the last thing she'd do is let Mommy think she had total control, even if it was in the smallest ways imaginable. Little victories.

Sarah was quiet, but finally the complacent, somewhat skeptical look on her face was gone. She looked at Anna, then ahead, then back, then ahead again.

“Anna...” Mommy sighed disappointedly, “we agreed to quiet time...”

Sarah was muttering something, at a loss for words. It took so little, but her tone finally caught up to speed with what reality was now. She was strapped in a car seat she couldn't remove herself from, sitting across from a peer around her age dressed in a thick diaper and the latest trend-setting toddler-esque clothes that had already tried to warn her once.

A show was certainly awaiting Anna at home, and it wouldn't be cartoons. She could already imagine it; getting cozy with her giant stuffed teddy bear, suckling down a bottle of milk while the whole performance unfolded. Maybe it hadn't hit the girl yet, but poor Sarah was as fucked as Anna's diaper was wet.

“H...huh?”

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“STOP! STOP! PLEASE! PLEASE STOP...!”

Anna layed on her stomach with a frown, watching through her playpen the re-run on TV. So very much not what she was expecting.

Then she had a double-take, almost thinking it was the episode of Mama Mary's lesson on good Little boys and girls learning not to hit each other and keep their hands to themselves.

*Slap! Slap!* And so the cracks of thunder upstairs went.

Anna shuddered just from the phantom pains of her last spanking. This cartoon wasn't terrible, but she felt that a plothole regarding Amazon's exception to the whole “no hitting” rule was an intentional conspiracy.

“P-PLEASE!” Shrieks and sobs echoed from upstairs, through the floors, inside Anna's nursery.

Mommy could be heard as well, not as loudly, but a thousand times more authoritatively.

“Are you going to behave?!”

And in a broken, battered cry, Sarah wailed throughout the house in sobbing tears,

“Y-YES...!!!”

With a bored sigh, Anna checked the time by rolling over in the playpen, cupping the front of her diaper.

*Dry. Sort of? Yes. Dry.*

Not even half-past her diaper change and Sarah was already going through her first “break.” There would be plenty more, certainly, but the first was always the worst because her maturity had been reversed. Only downward spirals from here. Down...down...down...

Anna frowned up at the ceiling. Did she even make it that long? No, probably not. She was diapered before they even left her apartment.

The car ride after Anna’s “outburst” was certainly an awkward one. Call Anna weird for being the one used to diapers by now, but at least she wasn’t the hysterical, panicky fool that willingly let themselves be put in a car seat. What gives? Where could she possibly be from that let stupidity as potent as that run wild? Anna pursed her lips, fishing for her bottle nearby. She *did* mention something about a different dimension...

Once Sarah realized the position that she was in she went through all the stages in record time.

Shock. Anna grinned, remembering flashing her breast. That certainly did the trick.

Denial. The amount of times she spoke about Mommy’s fake online persona, like her real self was the impostor.

Anger. Anna certainly felt inferior seeing her dressed all mature and business-like, but grown-ups didn’t use car seats, which is why her yells and screams did nothing more than make Mommy crank up the nursery rhymes on the radio.

Bargaining. Like Sarah had more money to give than what an adoptable Little was worth in gold.

Depression. She certainly did go quiet for the rest of the ride, save for some tears.

And... What were the other ones?

Anna stuck out her fingers, slowly counting her digits. Then she realized numbers weren’t the problem; she just forgot how the other stages went. Either way, really fast with how Sarah processed things. A whole second sippy cup of juice kind of fast. It would’ve been a third, but Anna had unknowingly pushed her diaper to a dangerous point. That made her blush a little. She *was* a self-admitted juice junky... Mommy never did let her have thirds...

Sarah tried to kick and punch, undo the straps to her car seat, but Mommy was especially good at wrangling her inside. Partly because she was an Amazon, and partly because this wasn't her first rodeo. Anna stared up at the high edge of her playpen.

While she was a trendsetter, that meant Sarah had just that many less surprising tricks she could pull on Mommy. If Anna had done it, Sarah certainly couldn't.

Anna heard the voices before the footsteps coming down. "B-bu-but...!" Sarah was sniffing, sobbing from both the pain her bum was burning with and the finality of her circumstances. "B-but you said...! You said I c-could interview you!"

"And you *can*, sweetheart?" Mommy, back to syrup and honey, all to wash down the gallons of humiliation that would assuredly be pumping through Sarah's system soon enough, said soothingly. "I never said you couldn't, right?"

"B-but I'm not a baby!" Sarah cried, and finally she and Mommy appeared.

And finally, Anna's ego could rest easy knowing that the threat was no longer.

In Mommy's arms wasn't the same Little from the Portal Station just a while ago. No more blazer, no more slacks or heels, and no bra or panties either that she'd probably been wearing. A speck of curiosity made Anna wonder what kind she'd been wearing. The only time she could see panties now was when Mommy had to hold her in the stall so she could use the big kid potty.

Anna shook her head.

*Toilet...toilet...*

Sarah's cheeks were wet and a burning red. Mommy had certainly taken the fast-and-easy route, who for a Little was anything but. Despite all her clothes being gone, she'd been given barely anything in exchange. A fresh diaper and a pair of frilly-cuffed socks. Didn't she look dignified?

With one arm shielding her naked breasts, Sarah's other hand was uselessly tugging at her diaper. She'd figure out how strong it was soon enough.

"Okay...! Down we go..." Mommy cooed as Anna's personal oasis had just turned into a timeshare.



The moment Anna and Sarah met eyes, the woman still fighting for dignity sprinted away to the corner of the playpen in tears, hiding behind the large stuffed bear. Anna rolled her eyes.

*She'll get used to it.*

“Sarah?” Mommy sat on her knees, still high enough to easily see into the playpen, but close enough to address the masses. “I’m sure you must be having a *lot* of very *big* feelings right now, maybe even Anna, too, but I need you to remember something, okay?”

Sarah still watched from her small rubble of cover, wiping her eyes.

“Please...” Sarah croaked in a tired voice, wiping at the glossiness in her eyes.

“Sarah?” Mommy’s stern voice had just swapped in. “It’s very important that you listen to Mommy from now on, understood?”

“B-but—!”

“Do we need another spanking? Is that it?”

Like a trigger Sarah fired back immediately, “N-No!” She still looked ready to take the stand, but she was properly silenced. Anna by yet another coincidence could feel the faintest stream in her diaper as well, watching both ends silently.

Enough had been said and Sarah went as quiet as she could, save for the occasional hiccup.

“Sarah? This is Anna: your *new* big sister!”

Anna raised her eyebrows. Sister, she saw coming, but the big sister?

“And Anna, this is Sarah! Your *new* little sister!”

Anna looked over at Sarah again, who sunk deeper behind the teddy bear in simultaneous fear and disbelief. Spankings worked real wonders when it came to attitude changes, after all. Needless to say, there wasn’t any degree of affection for a litany of reasons.

“Anna?” Mommy got her attention again, “Sarah used to be a ‘journalist’! That means she used to write *lots* of stories! Doesn’t that sound cool?”

Anna’s puppeteer nodded her head for her.

“I-I still am though...!” Sarah groaned, only half-visible from her proxy.

And she was promptly ignored. “Sarah? Can you show me what a *big* girl you are by learning lots of stuff about your big sister? Doesn’t that sound like fun?”

Sarah looked like she was about to say something that she shouldn’t, which is why in a peppy voice Anna shouted, “Yeah!”

It was a knee-jerk reaction, but Mommy smiled nonetheless. Crisis averted.

Whether she knew it was an act or not, Mommy seemed overjoyed at the sound of her voice. “Look at you, Anna! Oh! You two look so cute together already!”

“Mommy, Mommy!” Anna spoke up again, “snacks! Please!”

“Hm...” Mommy looked over Anna and at the other Little in the prison. “I *should* get started on getting Sarah’s tummy where it needs to be...” She clasped her hands cheerily. “Okie-dokie! You girls play nice and get to know each other while I make us a snack, alright?”

“Kaaay~!” Anna waved her off into the kitchen. The moment she was gone, Anna sighed with her head back on the TV. Finally, peace and quiet.

Uninterrupted cartoons ensued for all of three forced giggles from Anna before a quiet voice interrupted her trance.

“Hey...! Anna? Right? That’s your name?”

Ugh. “What?” Anna asked back without turning her head. Did she really need to bother her? The most Anna ever got was three episodes before dinner, bath, and bedtime. Four, *maybe* if Mommy was running behind.

“What...what is this!?” Sarah kept her voice low, but the desperation and urgency was high. “What the hell is going on here...!”

“Ah—” Anna waved her finger aimlessly back at her. “Mommy doesn’t let us use bad words. You’re gonna have to get used to that.” Unless Mommy changed her parenting style, the ability to swear at all would be taken from her soon enough. Being a biologically only child, Anna was certainly new to the realm of sibling dynamics. She had no clue if her “younger” sister’s misbehavior somehow became the fault of the older sibling.

But on another note, Anna pondered: would she be rewarded for being a tattletale?

“You...you can’t be serious...! Anna! Please! Stop and think for a second! This isn’t right! This...”

Anna could hear her start to move, which is why the Little froze in her tracks. Moving was an easy way to make her diaper crinkle. While Anna couldn’t see it, Sarah watched her own lower half in complete mortified disgust.

“If you don’t wanna crinkle as much, just wet your diaper.” The cartoon-busy Little rolled her eyes. She needed to start charging with all these tips she was giving out.

“No...!” Sarah spat back with utter shock and disgust. Whatever. It was a distant memory, but Anna could remember feeling some adversity to it as well. “Just...ugh! Can’t you please just come over here and talk to me?”

And lose her comfy spot right in front of the TV? It was the perfect angle that let her see the most through the bars; like hell she was gonna take the time to rediscover it again. “If you wanna talk, come over here.”

Sarah wasn’t saying much, but her frustrated groans and tongue clicks made it clear just how much of a battle she was waging with her emotions. Dignity was at odds with perseverance. But the conclusion needn’t be said when a demure, humbled waddle sounded off in earshot, parking next to Anna.

Anna looked up, finding not the stuffed bear anymore, but a half-naked Little. Call it a mental game, but Sarah took the general’s pose, hands planted on her knees, sitting bow-legged. But of course, Anna’s cultured mind knew it was just fancy talk for criss-cross applesauce.

Whatever it was, Sarah winced nonetheless, feeling the heat from the moment's prior upstairs radiate inside her diaper.

“Stuffy doesn’t like being moved, by the way,” Anna decided to mention. She wasn’t a rule enforcer, but she was a rule reminder-er.

“Stuff...?” Sarah asked confusedly, glancing at the stuffed toy she’d knocked to the side. “The...bear?” Snapping out of it she shook her head. “No! That’s not the point!” She cried fiercely. “Listen! I came over here, so please tell me what the *fuck* is going on!?”

Absent-mindedly, Anna's hand found itself groping Stuff's nearby leg like a stress ball. "Can you be more quiet? I can't hear my cartoons..." she grumbled.

"Anna...! Come on already!" Jesus! Was she talking to an actual toddler?

*Great. Guess we know who's going to be the whiner of the family.*

Even worse, the commercials just started playing. It didn't make any sense; why advertise diapers to Littles that were already in them and didn't have any money? Save stupid stuff like that for the grown-up – for the *Amazon* channels.

The Little on her stomach sighed annoyedly, pivoting on her center and supporting her chin to look up at Sarah trying to act all composed.

"You've got until commercials are done."

After she sighed and rubbed her eyes, it was hardly a gesture worth smiling over, given the circumstances, but regardless Sarah gruffed, "Thank you..."

Anna nodded with her head sitting on her hands, waiting for pointless questions.

*Tick-tock. Cartoons on the clock...*

"I'm...I'm not from this..." Sarah's head panned up and around the room, as much as what was visible beyond the playpen, "this dimension..." She'd been whisked away so quickly that there was barely any time to admire the sheer size of this place. Now she was certainly being smothered with the worst of it.

"Sorta figured. You were kinda silly for letting Mommy put you in a car seat like that." Granted, probably the moment she came through the portal she was royally screwed. Anna didn't know a whole lot about the portal traveling business, but putting any Littles in the same place as an Amazon always seemed to end like this.

"But she wasn't like that!" Sarah swiped her hand out angrily. "She...!"

"What did you even come here for?" Anna frowned. Coming to this dimension alone was basically begging for diapers. What sympathy was there for someone so brazenly stupid?

Sarah, bodacious body and all let it hang out free while she ran her hands through her hair, likely to comb out the madness Anna was spitting at her. "I came here because I'm a *journalist!*"

“You write stories?” Maybe it was a little mean to play along with Mommy’s verbiage, but even Anna liked watching the commercials sometimes.

“I *report!*” Sarah stressed and only found more bark in her voice. “I write *articles* and *reports!* I investigate! Learn about stuff and share it with the world! Not piss in diapers and be some giant’s *fucking* pet!”

“And how’s the investigation?”

She looked ready to say something back with her glare, but her brow twitched and quivered. “I...I was tricked...” Sarah looked away, but the corner of her mouth tugged like she was ready to bite.

And yet somehow the emotion barely incited the much more calm one. “Well duh,” now there was a tinge of curiosity, though, “what did Mommy even tell you?”

“She said I could come and live with her for a couple days. I—`Christ, the retrospect couldn’t have felt any more obvious, “...I could learn more about Amazons; what you people call the giants here?”

“We call them grown-ups, too,” Anna added.

That remark put a weird look on Sarah’s face. “*We’re* grown-ups too, Anna,” she reminded, then continued. “*Tabitha,*” and not Mommy or whatever the fuck that twisted monster wanted, “said she was willing to teach me about daily life here and help me learn about Amazons! It was all for an article I was writing! That I’m *still* writing!” And what a scoop this’d be.

“Well,” even to a Little well-processed into the daycare system, the irony was as potent as the baby powder smell from both of their diapers, “don’t worry, cuz you’re still gonna get to learn about daily life here...”

“What? Are you serious?” Sarah scoffed with an inane laugh. “I was *kidnapped!*” And the moment she heard herself, a divine revelation occurred. “And...wait, you were kidnapped too?”

*Ding. Ding. Did it finally click?*

“No.” A second of silence. “I *like* wetting diapers and drinking from bottles all day.” Hate wouldn’t even be the right word anymore. Anna was just used to it.

Sarah stared like there was something deeper in the girl. “Holy shit...”

Anna heard the dry, crinkly squish of her diaper adjusting on the mat. “I was trying to interview a kidnapper...! A criminal...!”

“Wrong. And wrong. Mommy’s not a crim...minal.” Some days big words felt more complicated than others. “She *adopted* you. No kid-napping.”

“You can’t be serious! Yes she did! You saw it! Ugh...!” And Anna had tried to warn her too, now that Sarah thought about it. How stupid was she? Anna may have been thinking it from the start, but now Sarah was right alongside her. But where was that girl now? The one that tried to save her?

“I saw you let yourself be put inna car seat? Even if she grabbed you and you knew what was happening, nobody would’ve stopped her.”

“What? So everyone just lets this happen to people? They just let people get taken?” Culture shock didn’t even begin to describe something so inhumane.

Was it really that hard to believe? Cue another eye roll. *Weird foreigners*. “Well, yeah. That’s normal here.”

“No...! Think, Anna! That can’t be normal! She...she’s a criminal! We need to call the police somehow!”

“Sarah,” Anna sighed, finally cutting to the chase, “Nobody is coming. You’ve been adopted and that’s it. This is your life now. You’re Mommy’s baby and you’re my little sister. You’re not a journalist, you’re not a grown-up. You’re a baby, just like me.”

“No I’m not!” Sarah raised her voice, but in a split second looked at the doorway to the kitchen and bit her tongue. Did *she* hear? Nothing. Good. Sarah doubled down. “Y-you’re not either! How doesn’t this bother you? How can you just lay around in a playpen watching cartoons?! You had to be normal at some point, right? This had to have been insane at some point?!”

*Normal.*

Anna clenched her fists. That was definitely a word she didn’t like to hear. Thankfully daycare taught her better than to hit others, so just to flex her emotions she grabbed Stuff’s leg again, slapping her open palm on the mat.

Anger was always hard to deal with, especially now as Mommy's baby. Without many outlets she had to channel it wisely.

*Normal. This little silly had the nerve to decide what normal was?*

With a slight huff in her breath and carrying a sense of reluctance, Anna said, "Grab my hands."

"Wh...what?"

"Grab my hands," Anna repeated, making grabbing motions. "I wanna go upsies."

"Anna, what are you talking about? This isn't the--!"

"Grab. My. Hands." she commanded simply and angrily.

Sarah rose to her feet standing on shaky legs by a newborn fawn, still winded by the burning sensation on her backside.

"I can't believe she took my clothes..." Sarah groaned, finally back to shielding her chest with one arm.

"You already saw mine," Anna quipped. She already didn't want to do this; to remind herself. "We're gonna see all the rest when it's bath time."

She shuddered at the thought, but slowly, Sarah's arm left her chest, letting her naked breasts be as visible once again like Anna's few but remaining insecurities.

She grabbed both of Anna's hands, and with a grunt of little upper body strength, Anna tugged Sarah forward while she brought herself to her knees.

"Anna? What's the point of this? What are you doing?"

"Just pull," Anna said quickly and dismissively. Anything to get this wannabe journalist to stop asking questions. To stop trying to talk about what once was and would never be again.

Sarah did pull up with her hands, grunting as she just about had to make up 90% of the effort. Slowly, and shakily, Anna did her best to remember the functions. To remember how things worked down there.

Feeling an unexpected wave of nervousness, Anna's first foot came from underneath her, sloppily planting itself on the floor. It wasn't a lot, but she could send some strength down there just to make her leg semi-straight. Then, the moment of truth, the second.

It was wobbly and far from perfect, but in a shocking moment, at least to Anna, she was standing. She was wide-eyed, and suddenly so was Sarah once she realized.

But, paradise was but momentary. Finally Anna lost her strength and Sarah could not compensate. Anna tumbled back and Sarah fell forward right on top of her.

Neither girl said anything for a few moments, nothing more than Anna breathing tiredly.

"Y-you...you can't walk?"

"Now leave me alone..." Anna tried not to snifle. "I wanna watch cartoons..."

Sarah looked like she wanted to say something else, slowly reaching out a hand, but Mommy was back not a second later.

"Okay, girls! Who wants some yummy applesauce?"

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"Sarah, baby?" Mommy put on her best pouty lip, "Don't you wanna finish your din-din? There's still some time to play before bed time?" she waved the spoonful of mush coaxingly, but Sarah's lip quivered back in disgust.

"As *if!*" she kicked angrily, but all she hit was the air. She first tried standing and jumping from the high, high chair the moment she was sat in it, but Amazonian-strength buckles and straps prevented such things, even the thought of escape itself.

Sarah was still dealing from secondhand disgust after catching glimpses of Anna eat this horrid goop like it was caviar. Maybe it was a stretch, but she saw Anna take it down like it was actual food. Meanwhile, Sarah was fighting her gag reflex.

"Don't be so fussy~" Mommy cooed with a smile, and all Sarah could do was thrash. She'd starve if she had to. Let that be the end of the story. Maybe somehow her body could make it back home and the truth would be etched on her tombstone. "Don't you wanna go play with your big sister before bed? Huh?"



“No!” Sarah yelled. “What I *want* is for you to—!”

Oldest trick in the book. Anna knew what’d happened the moment she heard the gasp from a girl busy with a mouthful of unexpected food.

“Mmmm!” Mama cooed as she pulled out the spoon. As soon as it was about to come in, Sarah had slammed her mouth shut, but she was only so fast. Not fast enough. The spoon had left yet took none of the food with it. A warm mush sat atop Sarah’s tongue, petrified in horror as her tastebuds were forced to experience such slimy, bland and gross.

Turkey and squash was it? Ham and peas? Carrots and cyanide? Sarah had forgotten the sales pitch already precisely because it all sounded horrid. Nothing known as solid, chewable food ever had any business being anything but that, and yet here they were. Sitting inside Sarah’s mouth.

And the moment she moved to retaliate her mind had been read.

“Ah-ah!” Mommy slipped her hand right in front of Sarah’s mouth; right where she was aiming to spit it all. “Ohhh no,” she chuckled, like this was some game and not a grown woman desperately trying to cling onto her adulthood. “Your big sister tried that *plenty* of times before. I know a spitty baby when I see one!”

Mommy grabbed the bottle of milk sitting in the cupholder of the plastic tray, shaking it temptingly. “If you be a good girl and swallow, Mommy’ll let you wash it down?”

And as Anna barely even listened, wondering more why Sarah couldn’t just suck it up and be a good girl, Sarah was racking her brain to try and do her utmost to be a good *adult*, and yet it was a slipping battle as the food had more and more time to settle, it was already starting to creep down her throat.

Tilting her head up with extreme reluctance, Sarah took a deep swallow, sending chills down her spine as the substance slipped inside of her.

Gasping for air, physically ill from the residue still caking her mouth, Sarah shook with a set of eyes staring off into the abyss. It tasted horrible. Maybe she was hallucinating, but she could have sworn that there were the tiniest chunks of...!

“Time for milkies!” Mommy announced the moment Sarah stopped moving, having her orifice invaded once again.

A long squirt of milk shot from the silicone nipple, filling her mouth against her will.

She swallowed, and it did wash the taste down, but the milk itself was artificial. Sweet, but the strangest aftertaste... what kind of cows did this dimension have?

“Mm!” Mommy resounded cheerily looking at the trusty baby bottle. “I was a little worried we’d need to get you a different formula from Anna’s since you’re from another dimension, but I think somebody liked that!”

“F...” Was this real? This couldn’t be happening. A place like this couldn’t actually exist. No...not really... This was a dream. No, a fucking nightmare. “F-formula...! Y-you can’t be—!”

“Aaand another~!”

*Yep.* Anna grinned, listening from the playpen in the next room over. Textbook mistake. The only reason Mommy didn’t punish Sarah talking like that was solely because she *wanted* her talking. Opening her mouth. Unknowingly asking for more.

“Uh-oh! Poor baby got some on her bib...! Don’t worry; we’ve got a whole bowl to get through!”

Anna smiled to herself. This was definitely going to be a four-cartoons-before-bed kind of night.

A whole diaper change and pajama dressing session later and both sisters were sharing a crib.

Anna quietly side-eyed the other girl obviously going through some things, caring not for her feelings but the fact that Anna’s limited space had been infringed upon. Hopefully there was a second crib in the works.

“Awh! Don’t you two look so cute together!” Mommy fawned from the side of the crib. “Can you both say goodnight to Mommy?”

A switch had been flipped and Anna was already bouncing on her knees. “Night-night, Mommy!”

“Goodnight, sugarplum!” Mommy smiled with a tickle under the girl’s chin.

Sarah was huddled against the corner of the crib, not even hearing the small noise from Anna. Probably a giggle from playing suck-up to the head jailer.

An expectant Mommy turned her head. “Sarah? Can I have a goodnight?”

“No. Never.”

Mommy’s eyelids drooped. Sad wasn’t the right word, more akin to annoyed. But all she did was exhale through her nose.

Anna frowned. Mommy was being exceptionally lenient with her...

“Oh!” Mommy suddenly perked up from the crib. “I almost forgot your nighttime bottles...” and soon Mommy was gone.

“God!” Sarah shouted in anger, kicking her bare feet at the bars of the crib. “Where does she get off!? Making us eat stuff meant for fucking newborns?!” She looked at Anna who was still using the crib bars for support. “But let me guess; you’re actually *fine* with that stuff, aren’t you?”

“You’re just jealous I got chicken ‘n broccoli and you got that yucky ham stuff...” Honestly, maybe having a little sister did have its upsides. Maybe if Mommy enforced a pecking order that meant Anna could get all the good food...

Sarah covered her nose just to give it a moment of peace. This nursery was like a perfume department if the only free samples given out were spurts of baby powder. Had there been any dust on the shelves or railings of the crib, surely it’d be a fine white powder.

“Is that all you eat? All she feeds you? And what was that milk stuff? Is she feeding us *formula*?!” Her stomach was full of soft foods and prescribed milk. The situation couldn’t have been any worse. She’d been violated on all accounts, but food like that being forced inside of her hit a whole new level of personal body horror.

“Wasn’t it tasty?” Anna grinned. It wasn’t like a vanilla milkshake, but it’d been so long since she had one that formula milk practically was her new vice. Forget what vanilla tastes like for long enough and you just start filling the void with something else.

“No, it was not. None of it was. You just *eat* that stuff?”

“You’ll get used to it.”

“No I won’t, because I’m not staying. I’m getting out of here.”

“Uh-huh.”

“What? You don’t believe me?”

“That’s as real as Jessica the Jaguar,” Anna said, waited, then noticed Sarah giving her a weird look. Of course she didn’t get the reference. So uncultured. “No, I don’t believe you.”

“Well I *am* getting out of here.” And begrudgingly, it would not be tonight. Too many unknowns, too much she still needed to find out and research. Laugh all they want, Tabitha and her babyslave, but Sarah *did* take pride in her skills as a journalist. She knew what patience was, probably more than Anna was willing to pay attention to an actual adult conversation.

For the night, Anna had been dressed in a striped onesie, which she had no real qualms with, looking at Sarah with superiority and something else she didn’t like, but couldn’t place.

The only reason Sarah wasn’t naked right then was because clothes were clothes and she considered herself to have gotten the just slightly longer stick.

Instead of a onesie she’d won the two-piece set of snug-snug long-sleeve shirt of butterflies and bees, along with a snug-snug pair of pajama bottoms with snug-snug cuffs at the ankles. They clung to her like it was trying to take a wrinkle record of all the creases on her still unused diaper. Clothes was maybe a strong word, given all it did was give her even more of a diaper bum.

“Mommy’s has your ba-bas!” The Amazon strode into the nursery, two bottles in hand. Anna accepted hers willingly, but Sarah’s had been dropped in her lap. She contemplated chucking it right back out, but even she was winded by this point. Tired and in need of rest. If any kind of escape was going to be possible, energy was essential.

Without touching it Sarah could tell that it was warm. Gross. More formula, undoubtedly.

“Okay, girls, make sure you drink it *all* down, alright?” She looked especially at Sarah. “I want empty bottles by the time I get you two up tomorrow.”

“Khay...” Anna mumbled, already busy suckling down hers.

“Goodnight, you two! Mommy loves you!” She blew them both a kiss, then reached her hand over a...a mobile hanging over the crib, turning the dial. Why hadn’t Sarah noticed that?

Mommy strode out just as the mechanical toy came to life, playing a gentle lullaby as hanging ornaments slowly went round and round.

*One of those nights...* Anna looked up only for a second, falling on her back, bottle still in her mouth.

“Finally...” Sarah sighed, alone for the night. She glanced over at Anna. Sort of. ”Anna... what do—” she started to speak, then her nose twitched. “Anna...did you seriously...?”

“Hm?” Anna stopped sucking just to look from behind her bottle.

“Did you shi—”

And quite quickly, Anna shot her finger out at something and Sarah’s gaze followed.

Some plastic box, like a white block strapped over the side of the crib with a speaker on it hung there. Was that a baby monitor?

Quietly looking down at the mattress, Sarah fought the urge not to laugh. What a fool she was for thinking that there was any privacy at all. Not even when they slept...

“Did...did you seriously...*poop* your diaper?” More importantly, that woman hadn’t changed her? “Ugh!” she pinched her nose, “how can you even stand that smell?!”

Anna shrugged. “You get used to it. And Mommy’s really good at pressing my buttons.” Really good.

“Do you have to keep calling her that? Please? Can’t we agree on something that at least makes it *seem* like this isn’t what she wants it to be?” Some way to start a foothold of resistance?

“Yes,” Anna answered quite plainly, “I do.”

“Anna! Come on? Is it really that hard for you?”

“Yes,” she said much more coldly, biting on the nipple of her bottle, “it’s really hard.”

Discerning a mindfucked toddler-adult like Anna was quickly found to be a hard task for Sarah, so she didn’t bother trying. Instead, she let sleeping toddlers lie just to focus on realistic prospects.

“Mommy doesn’t change nighttime diapers...” Anna dejectedly added. Getting Sarah probably had her in a good mood, but not enough goodness under the whole flipping sun could get Mommy to go back on her rules.

“Such bullshit...” Sarah whispered as quietly as she could.

“Don’t forget to drink your milk,” Anna added, already yawning.

“Are you actually tired?” It couldn’t be any later than 8:00!

“Mhm...” Anna rolled on her side, getting comfy. Once upon a time, falling asleep in a messy diaper was difficult, but not so much anymore. Lots of practice.

“And there’s no way I’m drinking this stuff...” Sarah chucked the bottle against the side of the crib next to her, incidentally looking up at the mobile for some reason.

“She’ll get mad...” the much more sleepy girl nuzzled against her pillow, bottle close against her chest.

“Then...let her,” Sarah blinked, rubbing her eyes. Maybe this stupid mattress was soft, but that wasn’t any excuse to be getting tired...! Maybe everything today had worn her out. Traveling, getting kidnapped, being force fed mush from a jar and spanked...

“Just...half...” Anna whispered, already about to drift off completely, whilst Sarah was doing her best to ignore the smell of a messy diaper. and yet still somehow able to find tiredness in herself.

Half? Sarah looked at the tall, girthy bottle with dismay. Why drink any of it? And to answer with the most likely result, Sarah’s butt twitched right then. Another spanking. Sarah sighed the more she looked at it, feeling queasy maybe from both tonight’s dinner and what she was contemplating right then. Swallow her pride just this once to avoid a physical beating in the morning...

*For the greater good.* A lesser evil, she told herself as she slowly lifted the bottle to her mouth.

To avoid a fate worse than this one...

And she suckled. It started very slow. Very. She was slow on account of inexperience and extreme reluctance to actually be doing this. The moment the first squirt of milk ebbed from the bulb in her mouth, a line had been crossed.

Suck, suck, suck. Down the bottle went little by little until Sarah felt fuller and fuller. One whole bottle later and she was on her side, laying on the opposite end of the crib. She was bloated and it smelled horrible, courtesy of Anna's butt facing Sarah's end of the mattress, yet somehow in spite of all that she was feeling sleepy. So sleepy.

Staring up at the puppy dog prancing in circles on the mobile, Sarah finally closed her eyes and was out like a light. Maybe in her dreams she'd figure out at least the beginning of how she might escape. With a stomach full of baby food and formula, the grown woman, struggling journalist, fell asleep soundly.

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Full couldn't even begin to describe how it felt in the morning. It was a slow awakening at first once Sarah opened her eyes, but the tiredness didn't linger for long when she felt the painful strain on her ready-to-explode bladder and twitching sphincter.

Immediately she shot up from the mattress, overwhelmed by an unbearably strong urge to pee and poop.

*Wh-what the hell?!* Sarah sat nervously, unsure why the pressure was so strong...! How quickly did all that milk and food go through her system? Whatever the reason, it was starting to hurt trying to hold it in, but...

In a frenzy, Sarah tugged down the front of her snug pajama bottoms, immediately yoinking at the tapes on her diaper. And yet all she managed was to jerk herself forward with the tapes looking no less different since when that Amazon applied them herself.

What was this? Were the diapers designed for only Amazons? As the realization set in, things were quickly becoming clear.

"A...Anna!" Sarah jostled the sound asleep girl in a whisper, repeatedly looking back up at the baby monitor, afraid it might do something or sound some kind of alarm. The smell of a messy diaper was coming back to her senses in full swing. It was bad and gag-worthy, but her nose had been forced to endure it all night, she'd unfortunately acclimated to the stench just the tiniest bit.

"Wake...up!"

"Hnn...?" Anna sleepily groaned, stretching in place before rolling over right up against the side of the crib. Tiny slits appeared between her eyelids as she yawned.

With a great bit yawn she asked, “Sa...rah?”

“Yes!” Now Sarah was the one bouncing on her knees, only for a whole different reason than the suck-up plays Anna would put on. Trying to press a hand against her crotch through the diaper, Sarah whispered frantically, “I need to pee! And poop!”

Mommy wasn't there to wake them up, so she'd lost interest entirely. “I...don't...” Anna closed her eyes again, snuggling up against a stray stuffed animal.

“Well I *do*!” Sarah hissed. “I'm going to try and get to the bathroom! Quick! She's probably still asleep! You know some way to lower the side of the crib, right?”

“Hmm?” A discomforted look appeared on Anna's face. “No...don't know...” She'd certainly tried quite a long time ago, but she stopped caring when she started waking up wet on her own. There wasn't anything worth waking up to prevent. Besides, her beauty sleep thanked her for not trying anymore.

“Please...! You've gotta know something!” Sarah winced, feeling a slight spasm in her backside. Her bowels and bladder weren't going to wait much longer, and even if by some miraculous fate Sarah *did* figure out how to escape that crib, her doubts on making it to a toilet were seriously mounting. But that was precisely it. She couldn't give up. She couldn't wind up like the girl already content sleeping with poop in their pants...!

Then she involuntarily gasped. “E-eh!” Sarah immediately tried to squeeze her legs, but it was impossible with a diaper that thick on her hips. Just like she gasped against her will, so did her bladder have one last spasm and spurt a hot stream into her padding. First it was a spurt, and the moment Sarah tried to will it shut again, a long, uninterrupted stream of pee came barging through.

She developed the thousand yard stare as she mortifyingly wet her diaper. The relief was instant as she panted while it happened, but her face felt hotter and hotter. Wetting a diaper. Wetting *her* diaper. She didn't actually just do that, right? This wasn't her. This was somebody else. Sarah didn't *wet* diapers! She was an adult! She—!

And then Sarah grunted, much more crudely than Anna did last night. The moment her bladder had eased itself and the pressure was subsiding, its brother-in-arms, her bowels, took that as a cue. As she peed her grip on the backdoor slipped just as fast until the door came flying off its hinges. A pseudo-solid mess took its sweet time in slowly creeping out of her.



Sarah was beyond coherent words as she mindlessly mumbled and murmured in shock, holding onto the crib bars for dear life. It was a feeling and experience she hadn't felt in literal decades. A feeling she didn't even remember because she wasn't even cognisant enough at the time to process...! It was potty training all over again, except backwards.

By the time it was over, it felt like a sauna in Sarah's pants and she didn't budge. Standing on her knees, leaning against the side of the crib, she dared not move, not with a literal landmine in her diaper now.

She blinked.

*I...I pooped myself...*

Was it the food? The milk? Sarah didn't know, but it was disgusting nonetheless. Absolutely mortifying. Even if Anna didn't care and that Amazon would likely relish in it, the one Sarah could be thankful for was her still in-tact feeling of self-disgust. If she could still hate and revolt, that's all that mattered.

The moment she shifted her hips she felt the weight between her legs slightly shift.

*Jesus...get me out of this thing already!*

And like mysterious clockwork, Mommy appeared right then.

"Good morning, my little angels!" she sang as she came over to the curtains.

Sarah's look was ireful and pure hatred.

"Get me out of this thing already! What kind of drugs did you give me?!"

"Good morning to you too, Sarah!" Mommy smiled with a pat on the angry Little's head. Then she made an audible sniff. "Oh! I think somebody had a little too much dinner from last night, huh?" Mommy giggled, and despite knowing full well it was gaslighting, it didn't stop Sarah from blushing heavily.

Anna was stirring right then, now aware enough to know it wasn't Sarah making a ruckus this time.

"Get. Me. Out. Of. This. Thing!" Sarah borderline yelled.

“We use ‘please’ and ‘thank you’ in this house, sweetheart,” Mommy gave her a sideways glance, “so until you start minding your manners there won’t be any favors.”

And so, promptly ignoring Sarah, she watched as Mommy’s hands descended into the crib, lifting Anna out first with a full diaper straining the crotch of her onesie. “Good morning my little gumdrop!” Mommy softly cooed, rubbing noses with the girl. “Did you sleep well? Did you? Did you?”

Mommy lifted Anna a little bit higher just to sniff between her legs.

“Oopsies! You were a little poopsy when we put you down...” Mommy mentioned as an afterthought as she carried Anna over to the changing table.

Sarah grit her teeth frustratingly. She was being made to wait? Wait for the girl who could live the rest of her life in shit-filled diapers and not even care? Where was the fucking fairness in that?!

One clean diaper later and Anna was sat on the carpeted floor, shirt and a short skirt to boot.

“Okay, Sarah,” Mommy announced as she lifted the girl. “Today’s gonna be a busy day!”

And before she knew it Sarah was laid down on the mat, instantly shuddering from the emotionally painful smooch she felt in her diaper once it pressed against the mat. It was smearing, creeping all over now...!

“B-busy...? How?”

“Well, first Mommy needs to take you to the adoption center,” she tore off the diaper tapes with ease; the same ones Sarah couldn’t even budge, “then the salon to make you the pretty little girl that you should be, and then just a *few* more errands!” Mommy grinned as she looked down at Anna. “Big sisters don’t like sharing *all* their stuff, right?”

“Uh-huh,” Anna chimed right back. At least Mommy understood.

Adoption center? Salon? They were all such seemingly simple destinations, but Sarah knew that it couldn’t be. Was this kidnapping about to be made official? Was Anna serious about all that from yesterday?

A cold wipe against her dirty bottom broke her train of thought.

“But first, let’s get some breakfast in our tummies,” Mommy concluded by sealing the last tape on Sarah’s new diaper. Her second diaper. One of hopefully very few.

What was today going to be like?

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“Annnd three, two—!”

*One? Where was the one?!*

Wrong!

Sarah trembled and flinched once she felt the concentrated puncture against her asscheek. She braced for the pain, but...it didn’t hurt. In fact, other than the thing pressing against her butt, she didn’t feel anything? Her hands were being held down to the table by some nurse, but she spun her head freely, catching sight of Tabitha in the corner holding a slightly interested Anna in her arms.

She was waiting for the pain as the doctor pulled away with a tube-like device that seemed like an oversized syringe, except without the sharp and pointy bit.

“All done?” Mommy asked excitedly.

“All done!” The doctor smiled back at her. “The nurse will provide you the certificate and tracking information in just a few minutes; give her a second to get that all for you.”

“Thank you so much, doctor!” Mommy couldn’t have sounded more elated, and that made Sarah uneasy.

*What the hell did they just do to me?*

The next stop was the salon and Sarah was getting similar degrees of freedom, what with a buckle between her legs and around her waist. The only thing stopping her from continuing to scream was the pacifier stuck in her mouth; inflated, for some reason? Bigger than when it first went in? The other thing that was at least passable was the traditional cape that any customer got, apparently Littles included, to protect their clothes from hair. Hair that Sarah was worriedly about to lose.

“Mom, I *love* how you have them matching!” The stylist joyfully remarked.

Anna couldn't care less to be in a skirt and diaper. Well, maybe she did. The breeze on her legs was nice. Sarah though couldn't be more aggravated. She hadn't worn a skirt since elementary school. The second she got a say in her own wardrobe, freedom between the knees and a breeze on her inner thighs were the last thing she'd ever dress for!

Sarah looked up at Anna skeptically, wondering if she even knew what pants were at this point. Was there *anything* that could cover up their diaper during the day?

*Leave my fucking hair alone!* Sarah shouted as the Amazon watched them in the mirror while she inspected locks and strands of it, like she was sizing up a guinea pig for dissection.

“What's that, hun-bun?” the stylist smiled down at her, pressing her finger on the pacifier gag. “I can't understand you if you've got that in there!”

“And it's going to stay there until Sarah learns to behave,” Mommy added with a sigh. “I thought one spanking was plenty enough, but I think we're going to need one by the time we get home...”

“Don't be like that, Mommy~” the stylist cooed jokingly as she grabbed a tool from nearby. Sarah watched too, nervously. Was that a straightener...?! Then, facing the mirror, Sarah had to endure the embarrassment once the worker lifted the front of her cape, flashing her skirt riding up from the strap and her dry diaper peering between. “Nope, she looks dry. Maybe a nap?”

“There'll be plenty of time to nap in the car,” Mommy said simply while she bounced Anna on her knee. Anna couldn't help but giggle. Bounces were kinda fun, especially when wet.

“Actually,” the stylist turned her head, “Georgina? You're free, right?”

“Yep!” another Amazon called from a station.

“Could you help me out? Mommy wants her nails done too.”

“Baby style?”

“You know it!”

And as the world moved around her, Sarah pensively watched on edge the entire time. Another Amazon came over with a table on wheels, bringing it up to Sarah like a dinner tray in bed.

“Hi there!” the woman who could only be Georgina cooed. In her hand was...a file? A fucking file?!

In an instinctual whimper of fear, Sarah tugged her hands behind her back, behind the cape.

“Mommy?” Georgina had taken to the title as well, “are we okay with straps?”

“Whatever she needs to behave!”

Straps? Sarah had been watching the conversation, too slow on the uptake once the Amazon’s hand shot forward underneath the cape, like she could track fucking heat signatures with the way she singled out her hand instantly!

“Oh wow!” Georgina remarked as Sarah tried to scream, watching her wrist fall into a padded cuff. The Amazon traced her long fingers and pointed nails along Sarah’s. “For a Little these aren’t too bad!”

Her nails extended beyond the finger and had been filed once already, except to a point that Sarah liked. To a point that made her feel dignified. But she flinched the moment the light sanding started. She tried to move her hand, but the wrist strap kept her from doing so. Right before her very eyes she watched Georgina file away her maturity. Her adulthood, all the while humming what could’ve only been a fucking nursery rhyme...!

“Mommy?” The stylist in charge of the hair called over. “So we’re straightening and dyeing it all?”

“Yes please!”

“Straightening?!” Sarah watched the waves in her hair like they were her firstborn child. She tried to commit the wonderful blend of tones in her hair to memory. It was all about to be washed away. All of it.

And just through the sound of her nails being shaved away and the slight steam of the straightener equalizing her hair, Sarah heard Mommy ask something.

“Oh, and do you still do hair removal?”

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“Heeeeyyy...!” Anna impatiently called. Sarah looked up from a daze. “I rolled it over! Roll it back!”

It’d been a couple days since everything, and Sarah was reflecting. Thinking. Pensively. Both sisters were sitting in their playpen, legs spread apart, matching diapers on full display without their shirts even making it to the waistband.

Quietly, Sarah rolled the rubber ball back.

“I can’t believe we have to play this *dumb* game...” Anna cursed as best as she could, rolling it right back. She frowned over at the black screen, making a weak kick. She could be watching cartoons right now! But no. Instead, she had to do stupid *bonding* with her sister while Mommy was busy in the other room with something.

*Stupid. So stupid.*

“It’s your turn again!” Anna said once again with impatience.

“Here,” Sarah huffed, rolling it back. “Can’t we stop already? Haven’t we been doing this for half an hour already?”

“Dunno,” Anna could barely even track a minute anymore. If it wasn’t measured in diaper changes, baths or cartoons, the concept was completely beyond her.

With a sigh Sarah got back up on her feet, letting the ball roll by completely.

“Hey! We’re not done!”

“Says who?” Sarah crinkled off to the edge of the playpen.

“Says your *big* sister!” Anna grouched. “Keep playing!”

“God, would you listen to yourself?” Sarah fired a look of disdain, then her look faltered the moment she saw Anna sitting there. She wasn’t sitting by choice.

“Look, I...” Sarah wanted to apologize, but that felt wrong for a lot of reasons. Apologies didn’t fix atrophied muscles, and baby legs only excused so much bullshit. “I need to pee. Are you gonna help me get out of this playpen?”

“Wet your diaper,” Anna sighed in frustration, laying on her back, grabbing a nearby bottle. She couldn’t remember if it was Sarah’s or hers. Whatever.

“No. Absolutely not.”

“You’ve already done it before, though?” Seriously, what was with this girl? She’d already pooped and peed herself so many times already! What did she think she was proving?

The urge was getting stronger in the girl as she tried grabbing the bars of the pen, seeing if it was possible to climb...

And on a different, somewhat random note, Anna said out loud, “You can’t run, by the way.”

“What? Excuse me?” Sarah turned her head.

“Run away. Can’t do that anymore. You sorta could at the start,” not that Mommy would let her get away, though, “but not now.”

Obviously Sarah hardly saw it that way. “Just because I was *forced* to piss myself, that doesn’t change anything.”

“Yeah, but Mommy took you to that doctor.”

“What?”

“That thing they did to your butt?”

Anna was all talk and indoctrinated propaganda by this point, but the second Sarah thought she had a snowball’s chance of making coherent sense, she froze. And so with a heavy dose of skepticism, she asked, “...What thing... What did they do?” If there was even a modicum’s chance of Anna telling the truth, it was worth hearing out.

“They put a chip thingy in your butt,” Anna rolled over, showing off her diapered ass. “I got one too.”

“A chip?” Was this some Big Brother sort of propaganda now? Big Sister, more like. “Yeah? And who told you that?”

“Mommy.” Sort of. Described as “a way Mommy can keep you safe.” Anna thought on it for a second longer. “Alice told me too.”

“Alice?” The first Sarah had ever heard such a name. Imaginary? “Who the hell is Alice?”

“Friend. From daycare.” Sarah had yet to go. Probably in a couple more bedtimes.

Sarah scoffed, trying to grasp the bars and climb, but slipping down frictionlessly. “You’re ridiculous...”

Whether Anna was being truthful or not, Sarah couldn’t allow herself the capacity to believe. To believe in anything that was an assured detriment to her chances of escape. The last thing she needed was a tracking chip stuck inside her body. Maybe if she had to, she could dig it out...?

And in a quiet moment of brilliance, Sarah looked around the playpen and started gathering stuffed animals.

“I *said* Stuffie doesn’t like being moved...!” Anna groaned without moving.

“Yeah, well Stuffie’s busy,” Sarah dismissively said while she got to work.

The only thing that interrupted their “bonding” was Mommy’s return.

“You two getting along?” Mommy strode back in with a mug. She seemed extra excited today.

“Can we watch cartoons?” Anna waved up her hands. “Please? Please?”

“In a minute, baby,” Mommy soothed as she set down her mug. “Anna, Mommy actually has a surprise for you!”

“R...really?” In her split second of genuine hesitation, Anna doubled down with a smile. After what was coexisting with her in the playpen, Anna had certainly had her fair share of “surprises.”

Mommy hurried off like she was chasing after Santa.

“Ta-da...!”

Anna blinked.

Mommy, slouched over wheeled in some kind of saucer. It was mint green and glossy plastic. Some kind of padded back was in the center where a hole was carved out, and two leg holes in



the padded cloth sewn into it. All sorts of tiny bits and bob-like toys lined the strange thing, and Anna was taken aback.

“Mommy got you a walker!”

Anna blinked again. “H-huh?”

Mommy was already reaching in the playpen, lifting a stunned Little. Sarah watched with an uneasy feeling.

“I know it’s been hard learning to share with your new sister; your clothes, crib, diapers, and playpen, but I want you to know how proud Mommy is of you for being so nice to her?”

Nice was hardly how Sarah would have described it, but based on the look on Anna’s face, she didn’t think that she was seeing happiness.

“So, Mommy was shopping the other day and thought her little girl deserved an *extra* special treat for being so good!”

Anna didn’t speak as she was slowly lowered into the contraption, feeling the crotch strap press against her diaper as she was just slightly suspended above the floor. She swung her legs as her two longest toes just managed to scrape the carpet and the whole device rolled forward in turn.

A walker. It was a walker. A walker all for Anna. A way to walk again after her legs had once already been effectively taken from her. Taken from her and given back. Back like this in the most demeaning way possible.

She was practically standing again, only now with the largest and loudest crutches in existence.

“Wow!” Mommy fawned with forced excitement. She was on her knees and flicking at all the random toys attached to the walker. “Look at all the toys! Isn’t that so cool? Huh?”

Anna reached forward, squeezing the stuffed rabbit bobbing on some kind of spring. She spun the clear plastic ball on an axle filled with multi-colored beads.

She could move again. Only in the confines of their home. Only on the first floor, most likely. Only through passageways thrice her width to accommodate for the plastic disc that surrounded her.

“Oh! Anna! Baby!” Mommy was on the other end of the living room, holding her arms out excitedly. “Can you walk to Mommy? Huh? Can you?”

No, she very well couldn't, but the walker let her pretend anyway.

Feeling queasy, Anna flailed her legs forward, sometimes missing the carpet completely as she curled her toes in difficult emotion. Just briefly she shot a look at the playpen, finding that Sarah wasn't watching, thank God. Anna was already panting tiredly from swinging her legs so much, traversing inch by inch as she came over to Mommy, who would hopefully pull her out and get rid of that god awful thing as quickly as she bought it.

Sarah was hiding behind Stuffy, quite rightly unnerved. This was a whole new level of fucked she couldn't bear to watch, precisely because she had a sisterly feeling of how it was hitting Anna. It was merely secondhand, but the sounds of Mommy's coos and cheers alone brought the journalist to a point of sympathy for her bratty and subdued other half. As bitchy as she was, no one deserved that. No one...!

“Good job!” Mommy gasped with glee as Anna hung there in her harness tiredly. “I bet your little sister is so—” she spun her head. “Sarah? Baby?” Mommy stood up from the floor to look in the playpen? “Where did you—?”

Stuffy came crashing forward on the mat, Sarah glued to its back.

“Oh!” Mommy sighed for a moment, sounding like actual relief. “Mommy almost thought you were somewhere you shouldn't be!”

“Nope. Just playing,” Sarah lied through her teeth. She hardly sounded like she was in the playful mood, but seeing what had just been done to Anna put her certainly in a bad mood. If anything, it was the fire under her ass that she needed.

“Awh, look at the cute little fort you made!” Mommy chuckled, noting the pile of stuffed animals Sarah had amassed in the corner. Fort was certainly a generous descriptor, however. If Mommy really did think Sarah had the ingenuity of a toddler, maybe a random pile *could* be misconstrued as a structure. Truly, Anna had more than what she knew to do with.

“M...Mommy...?” Anna called in a weak voice. “I...”

“Oh! That's right!” Mommy interrupted with a smile. She grabbed the remote and cartoons came to life. “Thank you for reminding me, sweetheart!” She gave the girl a wet kiss on the forehead. “You can play in your walker while you watch!”

“...Thank...you...”

Christ, Sarah watched with an uncomfortable pang. Apparently Anna still knew how to feel embarrassed, but this felt worse than that. Pure demeaning torture. With a sigh, Sarah hurried back to building her “fort.”

“And since it’s so stuffy in here...” Mommy walked over to the front door behind the couch. Sarah heard the lock turn and witnessed a golden goose emerge. Chirping birds could already be heard outside as Mommy left the door open. “Mmm! That’s a nice breeze. Mommy’s gonna get you two some juice.”

She had endured for a couple of days, but the time was finally here...

“Anna...!” Sarah hissed, coming as close to the girl as the playpen would allow.

Anna didn’t even look. She sounded quite sad. Ready to cry, in fact.

“...What?”

“Look; it’s not right what’s been done to you. What *she* has done to you! It’s not okay, and she’ll *pay* for it, I promise, okay?”

Anna sniffled, feeling her stomach gurgle. Hearing her little sister spout nonsense was probably making her feel sick. Just to remind herself of the emotional pain, she swung her leg out aimlessly, snuggly in her walker.

“But *please*. Please, I *need* you to listen to me,” because everything depended on this. It all depended on Anna, the most unreliable person Sarah knew. They’d spent days together having to put up with each other; seen each other bare naked in the bath, slept in the same crib, drank the same shitty formula, ate the same mushy slop and lived with the same demon that tormented them both!

And seeing her filed and neutered nails wrapped around the playpen bars, it only affirmed Sarah. At least she didn’t have to see what her hair looked like now.

“We can *do* this! There’s a chance! But not unless you work with me. We don’t have a lot of time, but I can get out; I swear I can. I just need your help. If I can escape I can tell people about this. I can get help! Help from *my* dimension! I swear it! You just need to believe me!”

“Believe the girl that got herself here willingly?” Anna spitefully quipped. Unbelievable. It made Anna want to scream, so she went for her pacifier, but Mommy didn’t clip it on her collar that day. So instead, she spun the plastic ball on her walker. “You won’t make it.”

But Anna was talking, and that was a start.

“Yes we will!” Sarah stressed quickly, looking at the doorway to the kitchen nervously. “Look, I...I know I wasn’t there. I haven’t seen the things that she’d done to you, but I can see what she’s doing now, and it isn’t right! So please, don’t trick yourself into trying to justify any of it! You...you mean so much more than that! This isn’t you! Have faith! You said you’ve tried to escape before, right?”

All Anna did was narrow her eyes. She hated remembering.

“I can’t imagine how horrible that must feel. Like you’re the only person in the world that cares; like no one is there to help. But that was *then*, and this is *now*! You...you have me! And...I have you. Anna, please, be my friend, my big sister– whatever the hell it takes to convince you! I *will* get us out of here, but you need to help me. Please!”

It was all pointless banter. Stupid ramblings from a baby sister that didn’t know any better. It was Anna’s job to teach her how to fall in line. Eat her soft-serve veggies, drink her tasty milk and stop talking about the potty like a wannabe grown-up. And yet she wouldn’t shut up!

Talking like there was a way out of this. Like she could stand up against Mommy. Like she could fu–nny stand! Before Anna knew it she was balling her fists. Angry. Mad. Not upset, not a temper tantrum. Mad. Actually mad. Angry at something, but it wasn’t Sarah anymore. Or maybe it was, but if so, so much more than just her. Angry at everything.

She just needed cartoons and the occasional diaper change. Nothing more than that. Nothing. She didn’t need a stupid walker. She didn’t need the trigger words that made her poop herself, or the dumb mobile that put her to bed early. And she most certainly did not need the little sister gaslighting her into a rebellion. Yet here she was, panting as she turned the walker.

“What.” Anna angrily gruffed. “What? One thing. You get *one* thing from me, then I’m *done*. No more dumb-talk about getting out and leaving. No more escaping. You be my little sister like you’re supposed to be and get over yourself!”

It was the pointedly meanest Anna had ever been to Sarah, and she couldn’t have been happier.

“Yes...! Yes!” Sarah quietly cheered.

Some time had passed and Mommy was back in with two bottles of juice.

“Okay!” Mommy gave out one bottle to each girl. Sarah was dumbly nudging at the rubber ball, and Anna was slapping all the toys on her walker, distracted by the tv. Then she sat on the couch herself, making quite the contented noise. “My adorable baby girls,” she chuckled, soaking in the moment.

And by now Sarah was resigned to being soaked herself. Her diaper was clammy and warm, against her better half, but rationale wasn’t with that side right then. At least with a wet diaper she didn’t have the distraction of her bladder anymore.

“Nnn...gh!” Anna grunted noisily.

“Hm?” Mommy rose from the couch just slightly. “Something wrong, baby?”

Sarah quietly watched as Anna’s leg jutted out awkwardly, bending as her body broke out into interpretive dance just to do what needed to be done.

“Uh-oh...does somebody gotta go?” Mommy cooed, staying in her spot.

And for the first time in a long time, Anna sighed as she pooped herself while standing. No even on her knees, but her feet...!

And the moment the smell reached Sarah’s nose, Mommy laughed, “Uh-huh, somebody had to go! Okie-dokie, you can get back in once we have a clean diaper on you~” Mommy teased as she lifted her out.

Sarah waited patiently and cautiously, silently begging for fate to work its magic.

“Hmm...” Mommy turned in place as she looked around. “I think we left your changing stuff upstairs. Sorry, baby! No cartoons this time.”

“Ehhh...?” Anna whined disappointedly. She was a good faker if she didn’t actually have to fake it.

And then a complete horror befell them. A gross miscalculation on Sarah’s part.

“And let’s see how your little sister’s doing...”

Just as Sarah tried to turn and move away, Mommy caught her by the waistband of her diaper.

“Gotcha, little monkey!” Mommy laughed as she dragged her over by the diaper with her free hand. Sarah truly tried to use all her strength in getting away, but the way Mommy pulled her back so easily made it all seem pointless.

Her heart was beating a mile a minute. Unless Anna was an un-ending mess machine, which she actually maybe was, there wouldn't be a second chance like this...! Not in who knows how long. Maybe not ever.

Even Anna seemed a bit uneasy. As Mommy spun Sarah around to face her.

*Fuck! Why didn't I just wait to pee until they left? Shit! Shit!*

“Mommy!” Anna suddenly whined in her ear. “I wanna new diaper!”

Mommy shot a sideways smirk at the Little in her arms.

“Really? Says the girl that can last a whole car ride in a poopy diaper?”

Information Sarah certainly did not need or want to know, but a testament to how long Anna'd been imprisoned. How dangerous this development was.

Sarah flinched the moment she felt Mommy's cold finger brush against her inner thigh, slipping its way into her thickened diaper and brushing against her now-permanently hairless crotch.

“Wet,” Mommy declared, and an unintentional moment of suspense ensued. “But not wet enough.”

Sarah tried not to gasp in relief, and Anna's eyes communicated something similar.

“Okay, Sarah, we'll be right back!” Mommy announced as they ascended the stairs. Leaving. Gone. Left alone. And just to confirm, Sarah's heart raced more than it ever had before once she looked at the open front door. The doorway to outside.

“Sorry, Stuffy, but get your ass in gear...!”

Upstairs Anna was laying on the changing table, kicking from the knees up as she made babble and noises.

“What’s got you so excited?” Mommy grinned, tickling the girl’s chin as she undid the diaper. “Ohhh, I get it; you must be excited to get back in your walker, huh? Huh?”

“Yeah!” Anna faked a giggle back. Christ, why was she even going along with this? Sarah damn well had better be right. Why she was believing in her dumb little sister was honestly beyond her. It was just a random, throwaway gamble on a less-than-likely wild card. Pure speculation. Pure foolishness.

Once it did fail though, at least Anna had plausible deniability. Sarah acted on her own accord. Anna? Anna was too busy having fun with cartoons and the toys on her walker. Poor Anna got an upset tummy and needed changing. It wasn’t her fault, it was Sarah’s. And Sarah would certainly pay dearly if she was caught.

Anna prepped herself to listen for a spanking tonight.

She tried kicking some more, but without the strength it couldn’t even be called a deterrent to a seasoned Mommy like hers. Unknowingly she’d given Mommy plenty of experience and practice, and all that was left now were the consequences of her actions. The consequences of her *in*-actions.

“Ooh,” Mommy frowned at Anna’s lower half. “Yep, sorry baby; that’s going to need some cream. Don’t want a rash!”

With a hefty dollop of white cream in her hand, Mommy dropped the whole thing on Anna’s abdomen when they both heard a faint thump from downstairs.

Mommy turned her head on a dime, and Anna froze still.

“Mommy!” Anna pouted in a panic, “Cold!”

The Amazon looked back at her for just a second. “Uh...?” But it didn’t work. Just as Anna tried to roll for another distraction, Mommy was already clicking the strap over her stomach shut.

“You wait right here, Mommy’s just gonna make sure your sister’s alright...”

And she was gone. Anna lied there on the changing table, completely unsure of the outcome. She waited for the yell from Mommy. The shriek from Sarah. The sound to let the girl know that their efforts had assuredly been in vain. That there would be no escape. That there would be countless more diapers to come.

And she heard it.

“Sarah...!”

And again.

“Sarah? Baby?”

And...again?

“SARAH?” Mommy sounded louder.

“BABY WHERE ARE YOU?!”

Anna’s eyes shot wide open.

She...did it? She made it? A sputter left Anna’s mouth, and it was hysterical. Was she going inside? She laughed. She laughed loudly. Madly. Tears were already forming. She’d done it...what Anna couldn’t accomplish in her first year, some random nobody from another dimension had done in mere *funny* days...!

Anna couldn’t stop laughing. She couldn’t stop crying, laying there half naked atop a new, untaped diaper with a deposit of rash cream sitting on her skin. Sarah was actually going to make it. She was going to be free. *Free*.

And if she really meant it...Anna would be too. She wouldn’t have to be a baby anymore. Mommy’s baby. What did that even look like now? Could she handle not wearing diapers anymore? Physically, right then? Absolutely not, but... The onlook of a future different from the present now was paralyzing with sheer boundless opportunity before her. What could be. What would be...!

She...she could be an adult again? An adult...! Anna laughed again, wiping her eyes. No more diapers, no more bedtimes. Showers! *Showers!* She’d get to sleep in a bed-bed again. A big girl bed! No! An adult bed! Sexy panties, bras that actually supported her breasts– Alcohol! Coffee!

In just a few moments the sound of Mommy’s voice sparked the fires of rebellion in the girl again. The flame had been stoked and fuel had been added.

And most importantly of all: the absolute *best* part...



The stars couldn't have been more aligned the moment she set her eyes down at herself. At the cream ever so ripe for the rubbing, and the magic spot between her legs that was finally unsupervised.

She swabbed the cream with her hand and descended lower. She needn't even look. It had been a long time since she got to touch herself there, but it was hardly sensitive anymore with how often Mommy touched it with wipes and washcloths.

But certainly where her hands didn't travel—

A husky, feminine moan left the girl.

*Yes...! Finally...!*

Tears of joy continued to rain as Anna pulled up her knees, rediscovering the motions of a life that'd been dreamed and wished of for so long. Vigorously she stroked and slipped, using the very cream that kept her butt complacent with the abuse of her own waste as the very agent to undo all that conditioning. To reconnect with her true self. All twenty-four years of it.

And finally, in an ear-shattering gasp of pure ecstasy, one only heard to herself and no watchful Amazon or Mommy, Anna quivered on the changing table in pure, unadulterated ecstasy. Chocolate chip cookies could hardly compare, and the sweet release from a wet diaper on a hot Summer's day had nothing on the pleasures she was feeling right then.

She quivered as her muscles relaxed and her legs slipped down. Residue of cream and something else smeared her shirt as she tiredly rested her hand, panting with an ear-to-ear smile. And amidst her heavy breathing, she could hear the water-like stream pattering against something.

*Oh. I'm peeing.*

But even that wasn't enough to deter her. On all accounts that day, she had won, and maybe if she was lucky, there'd be enough time for round two.

Anna giggled once again, bringing her knees together, sighing in pleasure.

“Freedom at last...”