

A puzzle box. The seller claimed it would grant whoever opened it everlasting life among other things. Who wouldn't be intrigued? Even if it were a fake or the seller had lied, the price wasn't unreasonable. The soft wooden block was composed of many moveable pieces. Some of the pieces had a stripe of pink or were a different texture. It was a neat little conversation starter. Not the worst impulse buy; at least, that's what Abby thought when she bought it.

It seemed easy enough to solve. Abby sat on her bedroom floor, cross-legged with the box before her. The pieces seemed to move almost on their own until Abby had nearly solved it. The finished product was a large wooden block with the letter 'A' on the front. It reminded her of the kind of wooden blocks she'd play with as a toddler. When the last piece was clicked in place, a pink light emanated through the gaps between the pieces.

Abby dropped the box, shocked to see such a thing. A large central piece moved upward, turned, and then moved back down. With that, the light disappeared and everything appeared to be back to normal. That was until Abby looked away from the box. Her room had suddenly changed. The walls were painted different pastel colors, the floor was soft and padded, toys and stuffed animals were scattered about the room, and a crib sat where her bed had been.

"Hello, Abby," said a warm yet stern voice.

Abby turned to look behind herself. A tall woman dressed in a traditional maid outfit stood just a couple feet behind her. Her skin was a dark shade of red and horns on her head. "Who are you?" Abby asked.

"I am The Maid," replied the demon. "You opened the box."

Speechless, Abby just nodded.

"Then you're coming with me." The maid knelt down and grabbed Abby about the waist. She did not so much as stumble as Abby kicked and shouted. The maid held Abby like a mother might hold a child with Abby's head on her shoulder and her legs on either side of her waist. A firm hand underneath Abby's bottom kept her safe and secure.

"Where are you taking me?!" Abby shouted.

"My, my. Someone's cranky," replied The Maid. She did not answer Abby's question; instead, she carried Abby over to the crib and placed her inside. "You will soon learn to love the pleasures of being my baby slave. An eternity as my sweet little girl is your reward for opening the box. Isn't that wonderful?"

Abby panicked. Adrenaline coursed through her system and she swung a fist as hard as she could at the maid. Something stopped her mid-swing. A pink fur-lined leather cuff had appeared on her wrist. A strap led from the cuff back to the crib. A second later and the strap retreated

and forced Abby's wrist to one corner of the crib. The same thing happened to each of Abby's limbs until she was left tied down and helpless.

The Maid stroked Abby's cheek. "There's no use fighting, little Abby. You can't leave and soon you won't want to."

Before Abby could reply, her clothes disappeared in a cloud of pink smoke. A thick disposable diaper suddenly appeared between her legs. A pink cloth diaper decorated in ponies quickly followed. Locking mittens and booties appeared on her hands and feet. When Abby tried to protest a pink pacifier appeared in her mouth. The large nipple prevented any coherent speech and a leather strap kept it firmly in her mouth.

"Mmmph!" Abby cried.

The Maid shushed her. "Don't fret, baby. Just look at your mobile and enjoy the feeling of soggy padding between your thighs."

Without thinking, Abby looked straight up to see a princess mobile. It was still at first, but started to move shortly after Abby spotted it. A faint lullaby played in the distance. The music grew louder with each second until Abby found herself unable to hear herself think; in fact, Abby couldn't form a single intelligent thought so long as she watched the mobile. Drool dribbled down from her lips and onto her chin. Her bladder then released and flooded the thick padding she had been trapped in.

The Maid watched with delight as her most recent victim turned into a big, dumb baby in a matter of seconds. The once resistant Abby babbled behind her pacifier as sleep slowly took hold. "That's a good girl, Abby. Sleep like a baby. I have so much more fun in store for you when you wake..."