

# The Tale of the Wayward Daughter

(By: Jennifer Loraine)

There was some trouble at the daycare center about enrolling Jeff on Monday morning. When Jeff's mother Audrey brought his birth certificate in for registration on Monday morning, they thought she was joking. After all, who would want to put a twenty-two-year-old man in daycare? When she explained that she was serious, they told her she should see a nursing home about adult daycare. This was a CHILDREN'S daycare center, the manager had explained loudly. Audrey said that she understood and left quietly.

Jeff was picked up by his mother at lunch and was taken to his first day at the daycare center. Nothing had changed when she walked in with Jeff in her arms. Audrey marched up to the desk, sat Jeff's diapered bottom on the counter and demanded to see the manager. Mrs. Baker, the manager was called and when she arrived, she asked Audrey politely if she could help her. Audrey explained that she was there to register her son in daycare. The manager explained with exaggerated patience the policy of the daycare to Audrey and told her that it was impossible to enroll an adult. Audrey stood at the counter with a crooked smile on her face and asked if the baby before them on the counter would be eligible. Mrs. Baker answered that yes, of course a baby was eligible, they just didn't have the facilities to care for adults.

When Audrey told her that this WAS her twenty-two-year old son, the manager was flabbergasted. She gave Mrs. Baker a handwritten note and told her to call the person who wrote it and verify what she had said. The manager looked dubious, but took the note to look at it. Her amazement was complete when she saw that it had been written by none other than her sister-in-law, Melissa! Mrs. Baker hastily retired to her office to call Melissa and check Audrey's story. A few minutes later, she emerged with a shaken look on her face and told Audrey that she would be happy to register her son. Ten minutes later, Audrey had left for work leaving Jeff ensconced in a crib of his own.

Jeff looked through the bars of his crib dolefully as he watched the activities of the other children. He had been put into the pre-speech group consisting of toddlers from the ages of nine months to eighteen months. All around him were babies playing in playpens, being fed and cared for by daycare workers. There were toddlers crawling about the floor in diapered abandon seeking their desires without restraint. He looked upon them enviously, it was one thing to begin one's life with a period of dependence, but quite another to be forced into a lifetime of babyhood!!!

After a while he grew hungry and he looked anxiously around the room trying to get a caregiver's attention. Everyone was busy taking care of crying babies. The hunger in his tummy began to gnaw at him and made him fretful. How dare they do this to him! He was hungry, couldn't they see that? He just wanted a little something to take the edge off of his hunger. He'd be happy if he could get a little snack, anything to make his stomach stop hurting. Tears started rolling down his face unbidden. He sat in his crib

leaning against the headboard and whimpered softly in self-pity. It was bad enough that his mother had turned him into a baby, but putting him here, where no one seemed to have the slightest interest in taking care of him, was too much. He closed his eyes and cried. He had never felt so alone in all his life! He was miserable. The unfairness of everything enraged him and he was unable to make the slightest complaint about it! His crying grew in volume until it became a full fledged wail! He wanted to go home! He wanted to be fed! He wanted his MOTHER!

Suddenly he felt himself being lifted out of the crib. His eyes jerked open in panic and he squirmed to get away from the stranger's touch. His crying turned into screams as he felt himself being turned over and held face up against the stranger. He looked at who was violating his person and saw a woman looking down at him with a pleasant smile, cooing at him and asking him in baby talk what was the matter. She took her free hand and slipped her fingers under the front of his diaper while asking him if he was wet. He tried to push her hand away and found he was unable to budge her hand, she was simply too strong for him to resist. He squeezed his eyes shut and screamed in outrage at the invasion of his person. She took her hand out and bounced him gently in her arm while making soothing noises at him.

His screams turned into wails of frustration as she continued to try to comfort him. He didn't want comfort, he wanted food! He wanted to be fed NOW! Without warning, he found himself being gagged by some foreign object in his mouth. He snapped his mouth closed around the object to try and get a grip on it with his toothless gums and opened his eyes simultaneously. It was a baby bottle! The caregiver squeezed the bottle slightly to give him a start and Jeff felt his mouth filled with the sweet lukewarm liquid. His infant body began sucking hungrily at the nourishing formula before he realized what was happening. Jeff was so humiliated he wanted to cry, Within three weeks of his homecoming from the city, he was being held in a strange woman's arms, dressed only in a diaper and being fed from a baby bottle. He sniffled a bit as he continued to suck on the nipple and thought, "Mother's well and truly fucked me. I'm stuck being a baby. I might as well relax and get used to it. There's nothing I can do about it, I'm just a baby."

He shivered a bit as he pressed his little body close to the woman's breast for comfort. She snuggled him in her arm as he thought, "I can't talk, the only thing I can do to get their attention is to cry. From now on I'm not going to even try to talk to anyone. If I need something, I'm just going to scream my head off."

The image of him standing in a crib screaming and wailing in a dirty diaper hung in his mind like an accusation of his unmanliness. "But then," he thought, "I'm not a man anymore! It's not my fault! I'm tired of trying to be something I'm not. If mother would rather take care of me as a baby then have a man for a son, then okay, fine, I'll be her baby. She's the one who'll have to change my shitty diaper, not me!"

A bubble of air from his stomach began to put pressure on his cardiac sphincter and shot a dagger of pain from his stomach to his throat. He tried to burp and discovered he no longer had enough control over his muscles to belch. He stopped nursing, squirmed

in the woman's arms with a pained expression on his face and began to whimper. His nurse gently took the bottle from his lips, hoisted him up to her diaper draped shoulder and began to pat his back. Jeff burped enormously and sighed in relief. She lowered him from her shoulder and nestled him in her arm again, putting the nipple back in his mouth. The pressure on his tummy relieved, he hungrily started nursing the formula again. Soon his eyelids drooped sleepily. He fought to stay away awake, but the needs of his body were too much for him. He fell asleep in her arms dreaming of tall, willowy blondes cavorting for his pleasure in a gigantic bed.

He dreamt he was filming the bedroom scene when suddenly the scene shifted and he found himself at the center of the action. He lay in bed surrounded by naked women who bent over him trying to rip his clothes off. He was dismayed in the dream to discover he couldn't help them, his hands and arms didn't seem to work right. He lay helplessly as they stripped the clothes from his body, denuding him. Jeff smiled and licked his lips in anticipation of what he knew was coming. He closed his eyes in carnal delight as they caressed his balls and penis. When he opened his eyes again he saw that all but one of the women had disappeared, but now she stood fully clothed at the side of the bed. She was still bent over him, busy in her duties satisfying his demands. He relaxed as she lifted both of his legs in one hand and massaged his butt with her other. He was surprised that a woman her size could lift him so easily. He looked again and saw she had grown to enormous proportions. She seemed to tower over him. The thought of being tended to by such a large woman disturbed him and looked away. He saw the bed now looked like it was surrounded on three sides by prison bars. Jeff asked her in the dream where all the bars had come from and was distressed to find he couldn't speak. All that came out of his mouth were low chuckling and cooing noises. Jeff looked down to see why she had stopped massaging him. She seemed to be pulling a white cloth up between his legs. He raised his arms in alarm when realized that she wasn't making love to him, she was diapering him! He started screaming in anger and frustration when abruptly the dream ended.

He opened his eyes and discovered a woman standing over him just like in the dream. She finished diapering him in a disposable diaper and patted his tummy playfully when she saw that he had awoken. Jeff whimpered despondently over the loss of his manhood and his dream. He would never get another chance, he realized, his mother had seen to that. He'd spend his days crawling at women's feet unable to impress them with anything but his infantile cooing. He closed his eyes wishing that everything would go away. He wished he had never been born. A few minutes later he fell into a dreamless sleep.

Jeff awoke to find himself in his crib again surrounded by a roomful of infants and young toddlers. He sat up and stretched, looking over the room. He sat for a minute before deciding that playing on the floor was better than spending the afternoon sitting bored in a crib. Jeff walked his hands up the crib rails and hoisted himself to a standing position at the side of the crib. he shouted to get someone's attention, "La..aaaaa...ggoon....naaamm!!!". Soon a woman came to the crib side and said, "Is baby finally up? Do you want out of your crib?" She lowered the crib rail and picked him

up in her arms saying, "Would sweetiepie like to play on the floor? Here you go Honey. Here's a stuffed bear you can play with."

She sat him on the floor and handed him a small stuffed teddy bear. She turned to another worker and said, "Mrs. Baker told me that he's twenty two years old. He sure doesn't look like it! As far as I can see, he's only about eleven, twelve months old, tops! Just look at him sitting on the floor with his bear. No one can convince me that he isn't a little baby! I've already had to change him once this afternoon and I had to burp him after I gave him his bottle. He may have been a man once, but not now. I think we can safely ignore his mother's orders that he not be allowed to roam the room unsupervised. It's cruel to keep him in a crib and playpen all day. He'll be fine. His mother's just being overprotective!"

He took the bear in hand and hugged it to his tiny body in an attempt to disarm his watchers. He was sure what he wanted to do, but he was sure when he thought of something, they wouldn't like it.

His first thought was one of escape. He looked around the room to check the exits and see how well they were watched. He was disappointed to find there was only a single exit from the room and that had a baby gate in front of it. He'd have to watch it carefully to see how it latched. The lock would easily befuddle an infant's mind, but he was sure he'd have no problem with it. He might have the body of a baby, but he still had an adult mind! He'd be through it in a minute!

He began crawling in apparently random movements across the room, creeping towards the gate slowly. Every few minutes he'd stop a look at the attendants to see if they were watching him. He thought he saw one of them glancing at him, but she seemed unconcerned. If he could get near enough to it to see the latch he'd sit down and study it before he made his attempt. He's only get one chance at escape and he had to get it right the first time. He was sure they'd never give him another chance. Jeff wished she had put him in a cloth diaper rather than the disposable that he was wearing. The noise of the crinkling plastic seemed to betray his intentions as he crept along the floor on his hands and knees. At least cloth diapers were quiet!

He got to within three feet of the gate and sat off to the side to observe the locking mechanism. The latch was simple as he expected; only a hook and eye arrangement. He had been half afraid it would be a spring type bar that he wouldn't have the strength to open. "This will be a snap!", he thought to himself, "All I need is the opportunity and I'll be out of here for good! That will show Mother that she can't put me in a daycare!" He shifted on his plastic covered bottom to cover the room with his eyes and settled on a period of waiting. Jeff wanted the workers to be completely occupied when he made his escape. Jeff put the bear in his lap and pretended to play with it's ears with his left hand. The women looked at him and smiled at his activities. While they watched, his right hand stole up to his face unbidden and his thumb slipped into his mouth. His lips surrounded his thumb and drew it into his mouth where his tongue and cheeks began pulling on it. It was obvious from the expression of concentration on his face that he

didn't know he was sucking his thumb. He looked so sweet playing with his teddy bear, they knew he wouldn't be any trouble.

Two babies began crying simultaneously and the women moved quickly to take care of them. They turned their back on him changing diapers and tending their charges. This was his chance! He crawled rapidly to the gate, slipped the hook and began pulling on the gate. It was caught! He looked down to see where it had hung up. "Ohhhh," he thought to himself, "Duh! The rug! I should have thought of that!"

He knelt and picked up the gate with one hand while pulling it out with the other. His strength was barely up to the task. When he finally had it opened enough, he set it down carefully and started through the opening quietly. He was almost through when he felt himself stopped. He was still crawling, but his legs couldn't get any traction. His diaper seemed to be caught on something. He looked over his back to see what it had hung up on and saw an arm behind him. He was caught!!!

Jeff realized that she was holding him by his diaper. He struggled against her hand, hoping to wiggle free of the diaper and make good his escape. It was hopeless, the diaper was too snug a fit to get out of by mere wiggling. Maybe if he worked a little harder he could break the tape, he thought. Jeff strained again and felt himself drawn back through the gate. The diaper tapes were too strong for him and failed to part. He had failed miserably.

He sat ignominiously at the side of the gate while the woman the hook and waited for the fallout. He didn't have long to wait. When the woman was finished she turned to him and said, "Naughty, naughty baby! Your mommy was right! You're going to have to spend the rest of the day in a playpen! Where did you think you were going? Do you think your mommy's out there? Your mommy's at work Honey. She'll be here to pick you up after she gets off work. Let's get you in a playpen before you cause any more trouble."

She picked him up and deposited him unceremoniously in an empty playpen.

Jeff frowned at the net walls that imprisoned him as he considered what she had said. "Where had he been going?", he thought, "There was no place to run to. He had no money, and except for his diaper, he didn't even have any clothes. It wasn't as if a diapered baby crawling down the street wasn't going to be noticed. He couldn't even talk. How could he take care of himself? If the police found him, they'd give him back to his mother. If this was a prison, he could escape, go to another state, change his name, blend in with the population and disappear. He couldn't escape, he was imprisoned in a baby's body! Then the horrible thought occurred to him; he needed his mother! He needed someone to change his diaper, to feed him, dress him and take care of him. He began crying in despair.

His cries attracted the attention of the women in the nursery and he found himself being picked up and taken to a large rocking chair. The woman bounced him on her knee and

cooed sweetly in an attempt to solace him. He continued to weep and whimper over his loss of autonomy in a paroxysm of hopelessness. She pulled him closer to her and held him tightly against her. Jeff lay his head against her broken spirited and sobbed disconsolately. His muscles, once firm in resistance to his fate, became pliant in defeat. He rested against his surrogate mommy and coughed once from the tears, then sighed as if his very soul was departing him. He would never fight them again.

The matron signaled to the other woman, who came over with his binkie.

Jeff's blue eyes beamed hugely up at his protector as she slipped the pacifier into his mouth. He began sucking immediately, enjoying the physical comfort the nipple brought him.

The matron dried his eyes and sat him on the floor in front of her. Then she got up, crossed the room, returning with a multicolored toy in her hand. She knelt on the floor beside him and showed him the toy; it was a three columned stand of donut shaped rings of various colors and sizes. She dumped the rings on the floor and demonstrated how they could be stacked in ascending size on a column. Jeff picked up a ring experimentally and put it over one of the long pegs. She smiled in approval and handed him another ring. He smiled back at her in gratitude and slipped it over the peg to rest on the first ring. He decided to make a game of it and stacked rings until two of the pegs were full, then began removing and putting them on the empty peg to swap stacks without disturbing the order. Jeff had rediscovered a game that had fascinated mathematicians for centuries. Mathematicians had known intuitively that a solution must exist, but every attempt to find it had seemed to stay tantalizingly out of reach. It wasn't until the development of group theory that the solution could be proved to exist and an estimate of the number of moves could be made. Depending on how one started, the number of moves necessary was in the billions; in Jeff's case, the attempt would take him the rest of his life and never end in a solution.

The nursery matron stood up and went back to her chair, leaving her small charge happily playing with the rings. She took up her knitting again and resumed talking with the other matron. They decided they would keep it for him just as he left it at the end of the day. They knew how much it disturbed children to find their careful play with their favorite toys upset.

Jeffie played happily with the rings until it was time for his dinner and he was fed. Afterwards as he lay in his crib suck on his bottle with his feet in the air, he wondered why he had fought it so long. "Of course he was a baby, all anyone had to do was look at him to know that!", Jeffie thought to himself. He giggled around the nipple as he watch the pretty mobile move in circles above him. "Circles," he thought, "...circles. That's what life is all about. You're born, you spend a few years being fed, diapered and cared for, then you grow up and have baby of your own to care for, then you grow old and have to be fed, diapered and cared for again until you die and are reborn to start anew. Circles," he chuckled, "I've been going in circles all my life and never knew it. There's no beginning or end, just the cycle of being loved and loving. I'm sorry for what I

did. I should have loved the people around me instead of trying to control them." He sighed contentedly and as the nipple slipped out of his mouth and he fell asleep, he thought, "I'm glad Audrey's my mommy, I love her so!"

Jeffie beamed when his mother came to pick him up. She marveled at how happy he seemed. She was pleased that he had made the adjustment babyhood so well and began talking baby talk to him. He chortled and giggled in delight at her attentions. She decided that she wouldn't try to talk to him any other way from now on. It didn't seem right to talk to him like he still understood. Baby talk was comforting to infants, she thought. His behavior indicated to Audrey that he had completely regressed. She drove him home and explained to his sister that he had finished regressing into a baby. She was to treat him like the little baby he was or she would be punished. Jeffie was far too adorable to blame for his earlier actions. He'd be her sweet little boy that rest of his life.

Megan sneered as she closed the door behind Eileen as she left for elementary school. She had seen Eileen's face when she whispered to Jeffie about having Peter over. Unfortunately for Eileen, there was nothing she could do about it. She'd be at school and never know if or when she actually invited Peter over. She went up to Jeffie's room and checked on him first. She quietly opened the door and saw he was still sleeping. "Good," she thought, "...all I need is ten minutes to set it up and I can have Peter over here in half an hour."

She went back down the stairs and took a piece of green colored chalk out of her purse, then went into the back yard. Megan walked the wall of the privacy fence adjoining the ally until she found the gate and then opened it. She hastily scrawled a large "P" with the colored chalk on the outside of the wooden gate and closed it without latching it before returning to the house. "Now," she thought to herself as she re-entered the house, "all I have to do is make sure that little twirp Eileen is in school and I can call Peter. I'll have him come in the yard through the back ally and nobody will be the wiser. She went to the sitting room and lit a cigarette before calling Mrs. Hobbs at the elementary school. It hadn't been that many years since Megan had gone to school herself and she knew Mrs. Hobbs would remember her. When she talked to Mrs. Hobbs she asked her if she could leave a message for Eileen. Megan told her that she wanted to remind her that Eileen's mother would be taking her baby brother to daycare this afternoon so there was no need to hurry home from school on his account. If she had to stay late to study at the library to give her a call and she would make arrangements to pick her up at school. Mrs. Hobbs said "Yes, I'd be happy to tell her. Eileen's bus has just arrived and I'll meet her as she comes in the door. Would you like to hold while I give her the message?" Megan agreed and a few minutes later Mrs. Hobbs came back on the line and told her the message had been delivered.

Megan chuckled as she placed the phone call to Peter, this was going to be a very entertaining morning! She invited Peter over keep her company while she was babysitting Jeffie. Peter asked her where she was and she gave him directions to the ally behind Jeff's house and told him to come in the wooden gate marked with a green "P". She told him that she had a special breakfast "treat" waiting for him. He said he'd

be over immediately and hung up. Megan went to her purse taking out a covered ashtray and placing it on the coffee table.

Megan smiled as she snubbed out her cigarette and went upstairs to get Jeffie ready for Peter's visit. She laughed to herself quietly as she thought about how Jeffie would react to Peter and Peter's reaction to Jeffie's predicament. She'd enjoy seeing Jeffie's face when she sat him on Peter's lap. "I'll simply have to find some excuse to leave the two of them alone together," she told herself, "After all these years, they had so much to catch up on. Old school chums meeting after years of separation should have time alone to sort things out; old memories,....old relationships,....old debts! She was sure Peter and Jeffie would find something to do together.

Jeffie was just waking up when she tiptoed into his nursery. She went over to the crib and bent over him saying, "Good morning, Jeffie! Didums sleep tight? Ohhhhh, Lookie here, baby Jeffie peed his dydee! Does Jeffie want his dydee changed?"

The smell of ammonia wafted up from Jeffie's sour diaper. He looked up at her pleadingly as she poked and prodded his diaper. "Of course I want to be changed, you bitch!", he thought to himself, "Do you think I like to wear wet diapers? Stop this shit and get me changed before I start screaming my head off!"

She picked him up and took him to the changing table and began removing his soggy diaper. When she pulled down the front of the diaper, she saw that he had messed in it as well. Megan poked him in his bellybutton and said, "Jeffie's such a good baby! He left Megan a present! Jeffie's so thoughtful, always giving his girlfriends little gifts. Maybe I should re-wrap my gift and invite my friends over to see what he's given me. Would you like that? Would Jeffie like her friends to see what a big poopy he made for Megan?"

Jeffie turned his head away in embarrassment as she removed the diapers and cleaned his behind with a babywipe. Megan taunted, "Did you have a bad dream darling? You seem to have shit in your pants! If you continue to make messes like this, I'm going to make you wear diapers when we get married, Jeff. I'm not going to wash underwear like this for the rest of my life."

She opened the jar of baby cream on the changing table and scooped out a dab on her fingertips, then lifted his legs in one hand and began to work it into the soft skin of his bottom. "Oh, Jeff," she mocked, "You're skin is soooo soft. Why it's as soft as a baby's bottom." Megan ran her cream covered finger into the creases of his buttocks saying, "And look, you've got cute little dimples on your tush, just like a baby." She lowered his legs and scooped more cream out of the jar, then began rubbing it into the folds of skin in front. When she reached his scrotum, she held the tiny bag in her hand and massaged the cream into the wrinkled skin with her thumb.

Megan took his penis into her hand, rubbing it with her thumb and forefinger and began taunting him in mock surprise, "Why Jeff, something's happened to your dick!!! It's turned into a little baby's pee-pee! How are you going to make love to me with a tiny



little thing like that? You know I need to be stroked at least once a week! I don't think I'd be able to feel something that tiny inside me. I guess I'll have to get another boyfriend who has the equipment to do the job right. You're just not man enough for me anymore!"

She sprinkled his front with baby powder and lifted his legs again to smooth it over his bottom. Then she slipped a cloth diaper beneath him and pinned it tightly around his waist saying, "There we go Jeff. All snug and tight in a nice clean dydee. Let's get some baby pants on you so you don't leak all over everything." Saying so, she took his foot in her hand and put it through the hole of the panty, then did the same with the other foot. She lowered his foot and tugged the panties up his legs and worked them over the diaper before tucking them into the top of his diaper. She looked down at him and smiled at her handiwork and said, "All done, Jeffie. You look good enough to receive company. It's too bad our friends aren't coming over. I'd sure like to see their faces when they see how sweet you look in diapers."

"How sweet who looks, Megan?", said a deep baritone voice behind Megan.

Megan turned in surprise and said, "Peter! You should have waited outside! Just a minute, I'll be right with you." She picked up Jeffie under his armpits and hoisted him off the table to carry him back to his crib. She swung Jeffie's legs over the crib rails and lowered him to sit on the mattress before turning to meet her current boyfriend. Megan opened her arms and met Peter with a passionate kiss and embrace. "Mmmm, I've missed you Peter," she said luxuriously. "Can you stay? We've got all morning. His mother comes home for lunch at noon to take him to the daycare center. We can do what we want until then," she said coyly.

"And just what is it you'd like to do?", Peter asked with false innocence.

"Oh, we'll think of something," Megan said with a smile, "let's go down to

the sitting room and talk about it. There's a nice BIG couch in there!" She turned and took Jeffie out of his crib again, settling him on her hip.

"You're not going to bring him down too, are you?" Peter objected.

Megan nodded and said, "He's what we'll talk about. You'll see, It'll be

fun!"

When they arrived in the sitting room, Megan put Jeffie in the playpen that had been permanently set up for him. Megan motioned to the couch and they sat down together. Megan grabbed Peter's face with both hands, planted a wanton kiss on his lips and began exploring Peter's mouth with her tongue. Peter gently pushed her away saying, "Honey, no! Not in front of the baby!"

Megan laughed and said, "Silly! He can't talk! Don't worry about him. Come on Peter, let's get it on!"

Peter shook his head and said, "It's not right, Megan. It's not that I mind an audience, you know that. It would be one thing if this was a party with our friends, but I can't do it in front of an innocent! Who knows what psychological damage it might cause him later."

"Him?? Damage?", Megan laughed, "that little guy knows more about sex than you'll ever find out. He can't be corrupted!!!"

Peter blushed and said, "I know I'm not as experienced as you, but there's no need to be insulting! I'm just worried about the little guy, whoever he is!"

"Would you like to know just who it is you're protecting from the 'evils' of sex? It's Jeff!! You remember Jeff, don't you? Jeff, the guy you hate! Jeff, my last boyfriend, that's who!", she said with tears of laughter rolling down her face.

Peter looked at her seriously and said, "Honey, did you do anything before I came over? Some angel dust perhaps? Maybe a little acid or speed? Look at him Honey, he can't be Jeff!! He's only a little baby! Jeff is a full grown man!"

Megan attempted to sober her face and said amid giggles, "Peter, we have to talk. That really is Jeff and I can prove it. Do you remember that knife fight he got in about five years ago in school? The one everyone talked about? Do you remember how he got cut up and scarred? Do you remember what it looked like?"

Peter frowned and said, "I never saw it, but I heard about it. He ended up with a scar didn't he? In the shape of a letter, right? I remember now, it was in the shape of a 'J'. The same as the first letter of our High School, Jefferson High. Everyone joked and said Jeff had finally gotten his school letter. It was on his back, wasn't it? Over one of his kidneys?"

Megan got up from the couch and went over to the playpen. She bent over the side and lifted Jeffie up and turned around so Peter could see, saying, "Come over her and look at his back and tell me what you see, Peter."

Peter complied and was shocked to see a thin scar on the babies back matching the description. Peter said, "Well, it looks like what I heard it looked like, but it's just a coincidence. It can't be him, this is a baby!"

Megan gave him a disgusted look and said, "Peter, you know that Jeff was my next door neighbor, right? Look out the side window, whose house is that? Mine, right? Peter, I'm not joking and I'm not tripping. This IS Jeff.!"

Peter looked confused and said, "But what happened to him? What could turn a grown man into a baby?"

Megan put Jeffie back in the playpen and said, "Sit down and let's talk about it. After I explain you'll understand what's happened to him. Then we can get back to what we were doing."

They sat down again on the couch and Megan quickly described the events of the past weeks. Peter's eyes got wide as she told him how Melissa had reduced Jeffie to a baby again. Megan finished by saying, "...and that's the whole story. I'm not positive, but I think Jeffie still remembers who he is and what's happened to him. If you see me acting mean and being nasty to him, that's why. I think he was planning to get me zonked on drugs and put me in one of his porno movies. Once he had pictures of me working in one of his flicks, he could force me to be one of his regular "actresses" in his movies. Anyway, it's time for Jeffie's bottle. Do you have any dope on you? I've got some in my room if you didn't bring any, but it takes too long to go over to my house to get it. I have to hide it from my mother. Oh good! Why don't you roll a couple of joints while I get his bottle ready? I'll open the window so the smell of the smoke won't be so strong."

She opened the window and went to the kitchen leaving Peter rolling joints on the coffee table. When she returned he had already lit one up and was toking on the joint. She took Jeffie out of the playpen, carried him to the couch and sat down. She smiled at Peter and said, "I see you've started without me. Here, why don't you give me the joint and I'll give you Jeffie. You can give Jeffie his bottle while I catch up to you."

Peter complied and soon Jeffie found himself looking up into the face of his old enemy. Peter shoved the nipple into his mouth and Jeffie began sucking on his bottle with a wide-eyed expression of fear on his face. Peter looked down at his childhood tormentor and said, "Drink up Jeffie or Peter will spank!! It's a good thing you came back to live in your old home town, I don't think citylife's agreed with you. You're not half the man you used to be!!"

Megan chuckled at the thought and started to cough as she swallowed some of the smoke. "Here," she said, straining to keep from coughing, "You take it. You shouldn't do that while I'm taking a toke. I damn near wet myself when you said that."

She passed him the joint and watched Jeffie nurse his bottle saying, "Look at him go! I think you scared him, Peter! I guess he wonders what you'll do to him for beating you up when you were kids. If you want to spank him, go ahead, I don't mind. As far as I'm concerned, you can do anything you like to him as long as you don't leave any marks for his mother to find. Personally, I like to see him stretched over your lap with his bare hinney in the air while you give him some licks!" Megan looked down at Jeffie's diaper and saw a yellow spot spreading across the front under the plastic panty and said, "Oh look, the poor things wet his dydee! You don't suppose I scared him with all the talk about you spanking him, do you? Well, he'll just have to wait until we're finished in here for me to change him. Hand me that joint Peter, before it's all gone. Here, here's some

coke from my stash. Why don't you fix us a couple of lines while I finish the joint? Here's a couple of playing cards I found in a kitchen drawer you can use.

I'll put Jeffie back in his playpen."

Peter handed Jeffie to Megan before taking the proffered cards and coke.

He dutifully prepared the coke while Megan puffed on the joint and watched Jeffie in his playpen. They snorted the coke and laughed over what had happened to Jeffie. Peter reached over with his hand and began stroking Megan between her legs. She seized his face with her hands and pulled him close to her before kissing him. Within minutes the two of them were making love on Audrey's sitting room couch.

Jeffie wept as he watched Peter slowly disrobing Megan before him. He continued to suck on the bottle's nipple as Megan reached down with her hand and slipped her panties down her butt. Peter pushed her hand away and pulled the panties down her legs and took them off. He threw them carelessly across the room, heedless of where he had thrown them. Jeffie grimaced around the nipple as the panties hit him in the face. This was humiliating, sitting here being forced to watch as his worst enemy prepared to fuck his girlfriend in front of him. Worse, it was making him horny! He stared as Peter covered her magnificent breasts with kisses before settling down to lick and suck at her nipples. He wished he could be on the couch instead of Peter, he'd show him how to get Megan really horny! Jeffie slipped his hand down into his wet diaper and began manipulating himself.

Megan slid down and lay full length on the couch under Peter, who slowly mounted her and began to gently and lovingly stroke her. Megan moaned in sensuous rapture as he picked up the pace and thrust repeatedly into her waiting vagina. She scratched his back with her long nails and groaned in pleasure as she approached orgasm. Suddenly she screamed, arching her back as Peter exploded within her. She fell back to the cushion in satisfied exhaustion as Peter wilted and lay his head against her breasts. She looked down at Peter and patted the top of his head, smiling her approval with his performance. Megan glanced over at Jeffie and chuckled when she saw him industriously jerking himself off with his eyes closed and his soggy diaper at half-mast. She whispered to Peter who lifted his head to look at Jeffie and laughed in derision. Jeffie heard their laughter and opened his eyes to see what they were laughing at. Embarrassment turned his face multiple shades of red when he realized that he was the object of their mirth. His tiny erection vanished and he began crying in a frenzy of unfulfilled lust.

"Uh oh," Megan said sarcastically, "...it looks like Jeffie is thinking naughty thoughts! I'm going to have to do something about that right now!"

She got up from the couch and brought him back over to Peter without stopping to pull up his diaper. Megan pushed his soggy diapers off to lie on the floor and laid him over her knees on his stomach, saying, "Soooo, Jeffie is thinking about how he'd like to fuck

Megan, isn't he? That's very naughty of you! You're a baby now and babies don't think about those things! Megan's going to give you a spanking!"

She began slapping his bare behind with the flat of her hand and continued until he was red faced and crying. Then Megan picked him up under his armpits and stood him up on her lap facing Peter, saying, "Little Jeffie's insulted your girlfriend, Peter! Don't you want to do something about it? He's been nasty and vulgar! I think you should spank him to teach him just whose girlfriend I am. Here! Take him!"

Peter reluctantly took Jeffie and held him face down over his lap. Megan said, "Go on, Peter. What's wrong? Are you still afraid of him? I can't imagine a big man like you being afraid of a little baby. Don't you remember how he used to beat you up and take your lunch money in gradeschool? Do it, Peter! Spank him NOW!"

Peter jerked under Megan's command and began to paddle Jeffie's crimson bottom. Megan smiled in pleasure as the sitting room filled with Jeffie's wails of torment. After a while, his wails died down to exhausted whimpers of pain and Peter said, "I think he's had enough, Megan. If I spank him anymore, I'll bruise him. Let's put him back in the playpen and I'll roll us another joint."

Megan nodded her approval and Peter stooped over to pick up Jeffie's diaper. "Leave that alone, Peter!", Megan said severely, "I want to be able to see him in his playpen,...all of him!"

Peter carried him to the playpen and stood him inside. Megan said, "Jeffie, I want to see you sucking your thumb. Do you want another spanking? Do it!!!"

Jeffie complied and stood nakedly at the side of his playpen with his thumb in his mouth, with tears still running down his cheeks. Peter rolled and lit the joint, passing it to Megan saying, "He's such a cute little tyke, Megan. I know you're still angry with what Jeffie did as a man, but he's a baby now. Why don't you let him be a baby and forget about what he did in the past. I'm sure he's sorry for what he's done. From what you tell me, he won't even be able to grow up! Isn't being a baby for the rest of his life punishment enough?"

Megan looked at Peter menacingly and said, "Mind your own Goddamned business, Peter! I have a score to settle with him and I'll settle it whether he's a baby or not!"

She took a bit hit from the joint and said, "Besides, I like seeing him suffer! Don't you think he'd have enjoyed seeing me suffer in one of his porno flicks? He's only getting what he deserves. Don't worry, I won't hurt him too badly. His mother might not let me be his babysitter anymore if I did that and I want to be his babysitter for a long, long time!"

Peter shivered at the thought of being abandoned to Megan's whims, she was not someone he'd want to have angry with him. He felt sorry for Jeffie, no matter what he'd

done in the past, it wasn't enough to warrant the years of torture Megan intended to inflict upon him now. He hoped that the dope would mellow her out some, he didn't relish the thought of having to watch Megan tormenting Jeffie all morning.

After they smoked a couple more joints, Megan agreed to let Peter take Jeffie up to his crib for his morning nap. Peter took him up to his crib taking the sodden diaper with him. He threw the diaper in the dirty diaper pail and inexpertly diapered Jeffie while saying, "I'll bet you wish you had never met Megan, don't you? I think she's pissed off because you had all those girlfriends in the city. I wouldn't want to be in your shoes," He smiled at Jeffie's nearly naked body and amended, "...or in your case, in your diapers!"

Peter handed Jeffie a fluffy teddy bear, put a pacifier in Jeffie's mouth and said, "There you go, Jeffie! Here's a nice soft friend to keep you company in your crib."

He laid Jeffie on his side and draped a flannel receiving blanket over his tiny body. "Try and take a nap before your mother gets home, Jeffie, and I'll keep Megan occupied in the sitting room."

Peter came into the sitting room to find Megan sprawled out on the couch with her legs open to receive him. He hoisted up his courage and then began making love to his wild and vindictive girlfriend. An hour of this, he thought and she should be in a good enough mood to ask her to go out on a date. They made love on the couch until Megan begged him to stop. They got dressed and smoked cigarettes while Megan decided where they should go on their date.

When Jeffie's mother Audrey came home she found Peter and Megan sitting on the couch. Megan had a newspaper spread out over her knees and was making notes of the movie times in the margin of the paper's entertainment section. Audrey smiled as she saw Megan sucking on the end of the pencil absentmindedly. Even as a child, she always had a strong oral fixation, Audrey remembered. Her mother Alice had a terrible time weaning her and an even worse time making her stop sucking her thumb. Audrey asked how Jeffie was doing they said he'd been as good as gold all morning. Audrey was a bit surprised to see Peter there, but he explained he had come over to pick up Megan for a date after the babysitting job. She paid Megan and they left in a rush.

Audrey went up to the nursery to check on Jeffie and found him sleeping sweetly in his crib. She shouldn't have worried about Jeffie, Megan was a great babysitter! Maybe she could have Megan come over and teach Jeffie's sister Eileen how to babysit. She was sure she'd listen to Megan's advice more closely than she'd listen to her mother's suggestions. She talk to Eileen about it when she came home from school. Right now she needed to make some lunch for herself and then get Jeffie ready for his first day in the daycare center. She busied herself and was soon out the door with the still sleeping Jeffie in her arms. Audrey smiled as she saw his innocent face reflected in the rear view mirror, he looked exhausted! He must have had a busy morning playing for him to be so tired, he looked positively beat!

Megan came home from her date a little glassy-eyed from the effects of marijuana. She hoped she wouldn't have to talk to her mother before she went to bed. She had put eyedrops in both eyes before they drove home to reduce the redness and the combination of incense and the osium air freshener should have had gotten rid of the smell on her clothes, but she wasn't tracking too well. "God, that shit was great!", she told herself. "I'll have to talk Peter into getting me a lid."

She was starting up the stairs as she heard her mother call from the kitchen, "Megan, Honey? Is that you? Could you come into the kitchen a minute? I need to talk to you."

She pushed open the swing door to the kitchen and began to say, "Mother, can't it wait until morning? I'm very tired and would like too....What??!!!"

She saw that Audrey and Melissa were converging on her from either side of the kitchen door. They grabbed her arms and held them tight as Megan's mother approached. Melissa unbuttoned Megan's sleeve and began rolling it up her arm. Megan's expression changed from surprise to anger as she said, "What are you doing? Get your hands off me!"

Megan's mother came over to help Melissa and held onto Megan's lower arm while Melissa worked. When Melissa finished rolling the sleeve up over her biceps, she reached behind her, took a capped syringe from her hip pocket and removed the cover with her teeth. When Megan saw the syringe she panicked, "No, No don't! Not me! You can't do it to me too!!!"

Melissa punched the needle into Megan's muscle and injected the solution quickly before withdrawing the needle and tossing the syringe into the kitchen trashcan. Megan's glassy eyes turned to stone as the drug took hold and she slowly collapsed to the floor. Megan's mother looked down at her wayward daughter and shook her head sorrowfully.

Melissa, Audrey and Megan's mother hauled her limp form up to the bedroom, and held her under her arms while Melissa stripped the bed and spread a rubber backed sheet over the bed. Then they dumped her face down on the bed and proceeded to strip her rapidly. Megan moaned in a drug induced haze as they rolled her on her side and overlapped several cloth adult diapers on the sheet at crotch height and rolled her back on her stomach. "When she wakes up, she's going to be hard to handle. I think we should tie her arms and legs to the legs of the bed until the formula begins to take effect," said Melissa turning to Megan's mother, "Can you find something for us to use to tie her down? I'll start getting things ready in here."

Megan's mother went to the linen closet as Melissa began preparing the enema. A few minutes later she returned with an armful of towels and began tying Megan to the bed. When she finished, Melissa drew up a bulb full of solution and approached Megan's exposed rear. "Can the two of you help me by spreading her cheeks for me?", she asked.

Audrey and Megan's mother stood at either side of the bed and pulled the young woman's cheeks apart. Melissa emptied the syringe rapidly and refilled it, then emptied it again. She repeated the process until the solution was gone and said, "Keep holding her cheeks open, I have to keep her from expelling the solution until it's had time to be absorbed."

She reached into her pocket and taking out the tampon within, she inserted it into the helpless girl's rectum. "Okay, untie her legs for the moment. I want to get her diapered before the drug wears off."

The two women quickly freed Megan's legs and lifted her them so Melissa could slip a diaper beneath her. Then they let her legs down and helped Melissa pin the sides of the diaper together. Melissa led the tampon string up to the rear of the diaper and pinned it to the top. She went to her handbag and withdrew a large set of plastic-coated adult panties saying, "Let's get her into some plastic panties. Remember what happened with Jeffie when the formula hit him? If we hadn't had him in panties his diapers would have leaked all over the bed."

They held Megan's legs together and worked the plastic pants down over her knees then up her legs. When it reached her crotch they lifted her legs to shoulder height so Melissa could pull them over her diaper. "Good, Good, let her down now and retie her. I've given her a quadruple dose, she should be ready for the full dose of accelerator tomorrow. Alice, Why don't we get rid of her old underwear right now? She won't be needing them from now on. In six hours she'll be as incontinent as a two year old and by tomorrow she won't even be able to tell if she's peeing or not. I'll come by tonight to give her a sedative and a small dose of accelerator to get her started."

They emptied Megan's dresser and closet of adult clothes and took them to the basement. Megan's mother would call Goodwill in the morning and have them picked up along with some other donations. Then they took the packages from the trunk of Alice's car and carried them up to Megan's room.

Megan awoke in agony, what was happening to her? She tried to move her arms and discovered she was tied to the bed. Her gut rumbled and the pain of a contraction shot through her abdomen. She screamed in discomfort and anger. Who had done this to her? Sweat dripped from her pale skin as she lay on the bed. She screamed again. Her mother ran into the room and said, "Honey, you'll have to be quiet. I know it hurts, but it's only for a little while. I promise. Melissa will be up here with your medication in a few minutes. By the end of the week you'll be mommy's little baby again. Won't that be nice? Look! Audrey's here with her baby. You wouldn't want him to see mommy spank you, would you?"

Audrey walked up to the bed and stood over Megan with Jeffie in her arms.

He gurgled and chuckled at the sight of his former girlfriend in such a predicament. Audrey sat him down at the head of the bed facing Megan with his legs splayed out.



The crotch of his diaper was practically in Megan's face. He pointed and laughed then pointed again at her. Megan's mother came over and stroked the girl's hair affectionately saying, "Isn't he a living doll Megan? Melissa says you'll be the same age as him in three days. I've already started shopping for clothes for you."

She smiled thinking how adorable Megan had been as a baby. "Just three days and I have my little girl again," her mother said dreamily.

Megan watched as the front of his diaper turned yellow before her eyes and she realized that she too would soon be peeing and pooping in her pants like her ex-boyfriend. Jeffie laughed uproariously at her expression of disgust. Megan yelped as Melissa's needle bit into the muscle of her rear. Her eyes began to glaze over as the drug took effect and Melissa said, "I think we can remove the tampon now."

Megan felt a tug at her behind and her bowels exploded. She couldn't control herself!! She wept in shame as she emptied herself while lying on her bed. A minute later she discovered to her horror that she was peeing too! Jeffie clapped his tiny hands in delight as the stench of her feces filled the room. Audrey picked Jeffie up and said, "I think we should leave Megan to her own thoughts for awhile, it's time for Jeffie's nap. I'll come back after I get Jeffie tucked in his crib. Eileen can babysit her brother for me while I help you get Megan changed."

Alice bent over her daughter, kissed her on the cheek and stroked her hair lovingly. Then the four of them left Megan's room.

Megan shuddered as wave after wave of contractions racked her body and she continued to fill her diaper. This was horrible!! The pain of the accelerated metamorphosis was bad, but the thought of spending the rest of her life as a helpless baby was worse. She mewled miserably as she thought of how she'd treated Jeffie when he messed in his diaper.

Now she'd be the one crawling on the floor in poopy diapers waiting for someone to notice and clean her dirty bottom. Eileen would have a field day taking care of the two of them. Megan realized that she'd be the object of Eileen's taunts and catty remarks instead of Jeff. She wanted to die. After a while, the contraction slowed, then stopped. Megan fell into an exhausted sleep as she lay in the warm, messy diaper.

Megan woke to find her feet had been freed and Audrey and her mother untying her hands. She lay passively as they rolled her on her back and pulled down the plastic pants to get at her diaper. Alice smiled down at Megan as she saw her open her eyes and said, "Honey, mama wants you to lie quietly while we get your dydee changed. We wouldn't want you to get your bed all poopy would we? Be patient and mama will have you cleaned up in a minute."

Megan watched in horror as she saw what she had done in the diaper. She had never shit so much in her life. It was as if every rotten thing she had ever done had been

purged from her system and now lay in her diaper. They cleaned her up quickly and rediapered her before helping her sit up on the edge of the bed. She gazed stupidly at her mother as she offered her hand to help her stand up. "Megan, " she said, "Megan take my hand. Try to stand up, Darling. That's a good girl. Let's go down to the kitchen so you and I can talk."

Megan stood up obediently and was helped down the stairs by the two women.

She stumbled a bit as they reached the landing on the first floor and almost fell. The thick diapers were making it very difficult for her to walk. She had to waddle to move her legs around the bunched fabric between her legs and her muscular control had diminished noticeably. They sat her down at the kitchen table and took seats across from her like officers at a field court marshal. Alice started to speak but was silenced by a wave of Audrey's hand. "Megan," Audrey said, "Your mother found your stash. It was foolish to think you could hide it from her. Once she found out you were using drugs we tore the house apart looking for it. It didn't take us too long to find it, Megan. You're a terrible criminal. Your mother has something to say to you, but I have something for you to listen to first."

She got up and went to the kitchen counter where a cassette tape recorder lay on the sideboard. She brought back the tape player and turned it on. Megan heard her voice coming from the speaker as Audrey adjusted the volume, but could not make out what she was saying. Suddenly her voice could be clearly understood to say, "Do you have any dope on you? I've got some in my room.....".

Megan was shocked to listen to the events of yesterday detailed on the tape. The sitting room had been wired! She realized to her horror that everything they had done was on the tape. Only the spaces in their conversation had been deleted. The tape recorder was sound activated! She looked closer and saw there was a one hundred twenty minute tape in the cassette. That thing must have been on all morning! She groaned as she heard every insult and taunt she had heaped on Audrey's son played back for her. When the tape started playing the sounds of her and Peter's lovemaking with Peter on the couch, she cringed. The grunts and happy moans of adult play were clearly audible. Audrey stopped and fast forwarded the tape to play another part several times, Megan had been right, they HAD taped everything! When the tape had finished, Audrey said, "Eileen overheard what you told Jeffie about having Peter over. She was the one who put the tape recorder under the couch. Your mother and I have already listened to the tape and have decided what to do. I'm going to let her tell you our plans for you."

Alice looked at her daughter sadly and said, "Honey, I didn't raise you to be a drug-using slut! From what I heard on the tape I think it's too late for talking. Your cruelty to Jeffie was unforgivable. I think the only thing I can do with you at this point is to start over. I've talked to Audrey and Melissa and they agreed that I should let them regress you back into babyhood. We've called Peter's parents and given them a copy of the tape. Melissa's over at his house now giving him the same treatment she gave you. Melissa tells me that you'll be Jeffie's age in three days. I don't advise you to fight it, it's

too late to do anything about it. Melissa told me that the drug will destroy your toilet training. In about two hours, you'll have the same bladder and bowel control that you had when you were a toddler, and by tomorrow you'll have no control at all. Your adult life is over, Honey. You're going to be mommy's sweet little baby girl again. I'm going to keep you in diapers for the next ten years. At the end of that time, you'll be unable to even think about rebelling against authority.

Megan cast a look of intense hatred at her mother and said, "You fucking whore!!! You bitch!! I'll never be your sweet little girl again!"

Alice got up and slapped her daughter across the face with a loud crack and said, "Little girl, your going to be sorry you said that!!! I won't put up with a daughter of mine talking to me like that!! Do you remember how I used to punish you for naughty language when you were five?"

Audrey had stood in rage at Megan's tirade and grabbed one of her arms while reaching into her back pocket. Alice grabbed her daughter's other arm and forced it behind the stainless steel framed chair Megan was sitting in. Audrey produced two sets of handcuffs from her pocket and expertly cuffed one hand, then the other behind Megan to the chair's back support. Alice went to the sink and ran the water while Audrey stood at Megan's side and with a hand on her shoulder to prevent her from rocking the chair. Alice returned and seized Megan's jaw in her hand, shouting, "Open your mouth, Megan!!"

Megan shook her head 'no'. Audrey gathered a handful of hair, pulling Megan's head back and pinching Megan's nostrils closed with the other hand. Megan resisted for several minutes before the need to breathe forced her to open her mouth. Alice pushed the wet bar of soap past Megan's teeth deep into her mouth, working it from side to side and back and forth, saying, "This will teach you not to curse at me, little girl!!"

Megan sputtered as small shavings of soap were scraped off the bar by her teeth and began foaming in her mouth. She swallowed convulsively and tried to retch as the soap solution slid down her throat. "This is horrible!! I don't remember her doing anything like this to me when I was five! She's never done anything like this to me before!", she thought as her mother continued to work the bar in her mouth.

Then Megan's mind flashed back to a memory she had suppressed since early childhood. She remembered now, her mother had done this to her before! She remembered saying something naughty to her mother and she had washed her mouth out with soap, just like she was doing now. Megan remembered that she had gagged and retched in nauseating terror for what had seemed like hours. She gagged hysterically as the panic of her childhood returned to her. Her mother couldn't do this to her, she just couldn't!!! Megan pulled at the handcuffs restraining her, trying to free herself from the chair so she could run away and hide. She barely felt it when her bladder evacuated itself and she began peeing in her diaper. The warmth of her urine signaled her tortured mind and she began struggling with the strength of a madwoman.

The stainless steel bars squeaked under the strain, but held her securely in the chair as her mother continued her punishment. Megan kicked out with her feet at her mother. Alice promptly sat on her daughter's lap. Megan went wild! She jerked to and fro in a frenzy while her mother scrubbed her incisors and molars with the soap. Megan's bowel loosed itself and she shat in her diaper incontinently while trying to scream her rage at her mother. Suddenly the fight went out of Megan and she went limp. Her head rolled from side to side in their hands freely as the lather foamed out of her mouth and dripped down onto her bare breasts. Alice saw the light go out of Megan's eyes and stopped. She got up from her wayward daughter's lap and dusted herself off saying, "I hope that made an impression on you, little girl! That's the last time I expect to hear language like that coming out of your mouth! Ever! Do you understand me? The next time I'll give you a spanking too! You won't be able to sit down for a week! Do you understand?"

Megan nodded in abject surrender.

Her mother continued, "Just look at the mess you've made of your life!

Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Don't you want to be momma's good little girl again?"

Megan made feeble movements of agreement.

"Good. Let's get you cleaned up!", her mother said while going to the

kitchen sink. She moistened a sponge and began to wipe her daughter's chest and face while Megan wept bitter tears of shame and defeat. Then she wiped out the inside of her mouth and got Megan a glass of water and a bowl. She told Megan, "Just rinse out your mouth, Honey. Don't try to swallow. That's a good girl! Now spit it into the bowl. There you go. That's momma's good girl! Here, take some more water. That's good. Rinse again. Now spit. There you go! Do you see how much better it is if you obey your mother instead of fighting her?"

Megan nodded again and went limp in the chair.

Audrey sniffed and said, "I think we're going to have to do some more

cleaning. It seems your little girl went ca-ca in her dydee!"

Her mother looked at Megan in mock surprise and said, "Megan! Did you go poopy in your dydee? Do you need your dydee changed?"

Megan nodded at her mother in shame and embarrassment.

Alice smiled and said, "Let's get you up to your room and get that taken

care of right now. Okay? First though, momma's going to give you a sedative so you'll sleep. When you wake up in the morning you'll feel better. Melissa says that you should

be about ten years old by tomorrow morning. Momma will set up the tv in your room so you can watch tv all day tomorrow if you want to. Won't that be nice? You won't have to come out of your room at all tomorrow, momma will bring you your meals and you won't be needing to use the bathroom, you'll have diapers for that."

She went to the counter and removed a syringe from a paper bag and returned to Megan's side. Alice opened a disposable swab and cleaned Megan's arm before injecting the solution into her muscle. "Just relax, Megan," Alice said slipping the needle into Megan's arm, "this will be over before you know it."

Audrey waited until the drug had taken effect and removed the handcuffs from Megan's hands, saying, "I'll give the handcuffs to Melissa to return to that detective friend of hers. I'm glad she thought to ask for them, we'd never have been able to handle Megan without them."

Megan lolled her head to the side and smiled at her mother in a drug-induced euphoria as they put her arms over their shoulders and carried her up the stairs. Audrey and Alice put Megan on her bed face up and pulled down the plastic panties covering her diapers. Megan smiled and giggled as her mother unpinned her diaper and began to clean her up. "Mmmm...Mommma," Megan murmured.

They rolled her on her side so Alice could wipe her tush and then they replaced the filthy diaper with a clean, triple-thick, cloth diaper. Alice rubbed lotion on her daughter's bottom and powdered her behind before rolling Megan on her back. Megan drooled and drew circles in the air with her hands as her mother pulled the fresh diaper between her daughter's legs and pinned it tightly around her waist. The two women picked up Megan's legs and slipped a pair of translucent plastic panties over her feet and worked them up the young woman's legs until they were just short of her diaper. Then Audrey picked up both of Megan's legs and raised them to her shoulders so her mother could pull the panties over the diaper. "Whew....," Audrey said, "that's quite a job. Tomorrow she should be light enough for one person to change her diaper alone. I don't know how nurses manage to change diapers on adults. There must be some trick to it. The sedative seems to be working. Let's question her now about her friends. Melissa says that the drug will make her answer any question we put to her. She's incapable of lying now. Once we're done we can start making phone calls to the parents of Megan's friends. Melissa should be asking Peter the same questions about now. By tomorrow evening, every drug-using teenager in this town will be under the firm control of their parents again. I think Melissa's going to be very, very busy for the next few days."

### Part Three 'B'

When Megan woke the next morning she was horrified to find she had wet in her diapers in her sleep. "Oh, God! Not me! Momma can't be doing this to me!", she cried.

She got up off of the bed and the diapers promptly slid down her legs to the wooden floor. Megan looked down at the wet diapers and saw that she had messed in them too! She ran to the door to go to the bathroom to clean herself up and discovered the door had been locked from the outside. Her mother had locked her in! She hadn't even known there was a key for the old-fashioned warded lock. Megan sank to her knees and cried, "What am I going to do? How will I ever face my friends? I can't go out in diapers! Everyone will laugh at me!"

She wept like a little girl, bent over on her knees with her face in her hands. Megan heard the key turning in her door and looked up to see her mother standing there with an apron tied around her waist. Alice looked back at her and frowned saying, "Megan! Why did you take off your diaper? You'll make a mess all over the floor! When I put you in a diaper, I expect you to stay in it, young lady, until I come to change you! Well??"

Megan looked back at her in confusion.

"What do you have to say for yourself, young lady?", her mother demanded.

"I....I wet my....myself!", Megan replied with an expression of

embarrassed torment. As she was talking the sound of rushing water came up from the floor beneath her and she looked down to see what was happening. "Momma," she cried, "momma, I'm doing it again! I'm peeing everywhere! Help me!"

Her mother shook her head in disappointment at her daughter's slowness and said, "Of course you're doing it again! Why do you think I put you in diapers? Don't you remember last night? Don't you remember what we told you?"

Megan shook her head 'no'. "Maybe this will help you remember!", she said taking a plastic baggie filled with pot from the pocket of her apron.

Megan looked astonished and her mother ordered, "Get up from there and come over to the mirror! Come on, that mess will wait for me to clean it up. Stand up and come over to the mirror."

Megan stood up and walked unsteadily over to the full length dressing mirror hung on the closet door. Something seemed to be wrong with her legs! She could barely walk! When she looked in the mirror the reflection of a ten year old girl stared back at her. The events of the previous night came back to her in a rush and she screamed. Alice walked

over to her little girl and calmly slapped her across the face. "Hush!!", she ordered, "Do you think I want to listen to your caterwauling? Now march yourself into the bathroom so I can get you cleaned up, young lady or I'll give you something you can really cry about!"

She followed Megan into the bathroom and turned on the faucet on the tub, saying, "Just stand right there, young lady, while I get that mess you made on the floor cleaned up. If you want to be useful, you can watch the water level in the tub for me. That ought to be easy enough even for you, Megan!"

She returned a few minutes later and dumped the contents of the dirty diaper into the toilet. Her mother unrolled a handfull of toilet paper from the dispenser, brusquely wiped her daughter's bottom and tossed the filthy paper into the toilet bowl. It was followed by the plastic baggie from her apron pocket. Then she flushed the toilet as Megan looked on. "Get into the tub and sit down, Megan. I want you to soak for awhile while I take care of this diaper."

Megan complied docilely and soon found herself drowsing in the warm relaxing water. Alice came back into the bathroom, wet a washcloth and scrubbed Megan's back. She told Megan to lie back in the water and relax while she washed her front. Megan did as she was told and discovered she liked the personal attention her mother was giving her. She hadn't been bathed by her mother since she was a small child. She fell asleep in the tub and dreamed she was laying beside a stream flowing through a rich green country of rolling hills and pastures. She could hear the water tumbling over the rocks and splashing against the banks of the stream. The sound was somehow musical and reminded her of a lullaby she had heard long ago. She lay back passively against the mossy hillock and felt herself become one with the land. She knew Mother Earth would protect her from anything harmful as she drifted aimlessly in thought. Suddenly Megan felt herself being shaken awake by her mother. Alice was shouting, "Megan! Wake up! Get out of that water right now! Do you hear me? Stand up!"

Megan hastened to her feet and nearly slipped in the tub as her mother took her hand. The sound of the stream was still there!!? Megan looked around the bathroom in sleepy confusion. Where was the sound coming from? She looked down and saw to her shame that she was making the noise! She was peeing in the tub like a toddler! Megan tried to get out of the tub, but was stopped by her mother saying, "Just stand there until it stops, Megan. Then I'll dry you off and put you into some clean diapers."

Megan looked at her mother in horror and began to cry. "I'm turning into a baby!", she wailed.

Her mother nodded in agreement as the steady stream turned into a slow drip and said, "You brought it all on yourself, Dear. Now get out of that tub so momma can dry you off!"

Megan stepped out of the tub with her mother's help and stood motionless while she was dried. Then her mother led her by the hand into her bedroom, rediapered her and sat her on the edge of the bed while her mother got a clean plastic panty from the dresser drawer.

Megan felt numb. She didn't know what she should do or say. Her entire world had turned upside-down. She wanted to scream and beat on her mother's chest in rage. The diaper was horrid! It was shameful! Megan looked down and plucked at the fleecy white cloth separating her legs. The clean smell of baby powder wafted up to her nostrils, bringing back memories of happier, innocent times. The soft flannelette caressed the skin on her inner thighs comfortably. Megan pinched the thick fabric between her fingers and knew that it would easily absorb any "accident" she had. Wearing a diaper was humiliating, but it also made her feel secure. She wanted to run and hide herself in her mother's arms. It felt like her feelings for everything were at war with each other. She wanted to feel angry with her mother for what she had done to her, but she was terrified of being alone. She didn't know what to think!

Megan's mother returned and said, "Lift your feet, Honey, so momma can put the panties over your feet."

Megan did as she was told as her mother pulled the plastic pants up her legs. "Now stand up, Honey. Momma wants to tuck the edges over your diaper so it won't leak."

Megan stood dutifully as her mother finished tugging the pants over her diaper and folded the elastic waist band over the top of her diaper. Her mother patted Megan's behind affectionately as she finished and said, "There you go, Honey! As snug as a bug in a rug. Why don't you lay down so momma can get you comfortable?"

Her mother lay her down on the bed and propped Megan up with pillows.

Alice turned on the tv and tuned it to a children's cartoon show before removing the tuner and volume knobs and putting them in her apron pocket. "Why don't you relax and watch some tv while momma makes you some breakfast. Okay, Honey?", said her mother.

Megan nodded dully as her mother covered her legs with a blanket and gave her one of the old stuffed toys from her childhood to hold. Her mind was blank. The horror of what was happening to her was too great for her to deal with. She lay passively on the bed watching cartoons until her mother returned with her breakfast. Alice returned with a tray of food and told her daughter, "Okay, Megan, Here's your breakfast."

Megan sat stone-still on the bed. "Megan? Megan? Do you hear me?", inquired her mother. She bent over to check Megan's breathing and asked again, "Megan? Do you hear momma?"

Megan remained impassive.



Alice shrugged and tucked a napkin around Megan's neck, positioned the

table over Megan's legs and began to feed her like a small child. Megan accepted the food and chewed, her eyes focused on the cartoon playing in front of her. When she had finished the plate, her mother wiped her face with the napkin and removed the tray. Megan acted like she had never seen her mother come in; a tiny smile tugged at the corners of Megan's mouth as she watched the children's show intently. Alice took the tray away and came back to put Megan down for her nap. She took the pillows from beneath her back and eased her onto the mattress. Megan struggled briefly to keep her eyes locked onto the tv and then went limp in acceptance of her mother's desires. Alice rolled Megan on her side and carefully placed the teddy bear Megan had been gripping into Megan's arms. Megan wrapped her arms around the fuzzy toy tightly and closed her eyes as her mother gently tucked the blanket in around her. She drifted off to sleep before her mother left the room.

Megan awoke with a wet diaper and began shivering in disgust. She put her thumb in her mouth and sucked it in an attempt to comfort herself. When her mother came in to wake Megan from her nap, she found Megan curled into a fetal ball, sucking her thumb industriously with her eyes open. Alice bent over her daughter and kissed her on her forehead and said gently, "Wake up, little girl! Come on, honey, it's time for momma's girl to get up."

Megan looked at her mother as if it was the first time she had seen her that day. Recognition danced in her eyes and she put out her arms and said, "Momma! I had such bad dreams momma! I thought I was all growed up and had been very, very bad. Make the bad dreams stop momma! I'll be good!"

Her mother stroked the hair on Megan's head and said, "Don't worry about a thing, sweetiepie. Momma's here. Momma will take care of everything for her baby girl."

Megan nodded and buried her head against her mothers leg. Alice sat on the edge of the bed and gathered Megan into her arms to hold her. Megan said with plaintive tears running down her face, "I'm sorry momma! I didn't mean it. Pleaaase don't make me be a baby again. I'll be good! I promise!"

Alice patted Megan on the back and rocked her from side to side saying, "Hush baby, it's alright. Don't cry baby. Momma's here."

"Please don't turn me into a baby, momma!", Megan wept pitifully.

"Hush baby, it will all be over tomorrow. It won't be so bad, you'll

see," Alice said, trying to console her daughter.

"But I don't want to be a baby!", Megan wailed and sunk her face into Alice's shoulder and sobbed.

"I'm sorry, Honey, there's nothing I can do about it. If I stop giving you the formula now, you'll still turn into a baby. It'll only take a little longer, that's all. It's too late. There's nothing momma can do about it."

Megan continued to sob as her mother held and comforted her. She moved to get closer to her mother and realized for the first time since waking that she was sitting in a dirty diaper. "Mommy," she whined, "I pooped in my diaper. Would you change it for me, please?"

Her mother nodded and laid Megan on her back and changed her daughter's soiled diaper. Megan remained silent throughout the change, holding on to the teddy bear and sucking her thumb. She looked like she was a very young seven years old. Alice smiled at the diapered little girl who lay before her and said, "If Megan promises to be good, momma will let her come downstairs and play. Would Megan like that?"

Megan shook her head 'yes' and Alice helped her out of the bed. Megan swayed on her feet unsteadily as her mother took her by the hand and led her to the stairs. She was having trouble walking straight and tended to waddle like a toddler. Megan held on to the stair rails with both hands to negotiate the steps and it took her several minutes to go down one flight of stairs. Alice led her shrunken daughter into the sitting room and helped her sit down on the rug. Megan looked around her and said with a hint of bewildered whimper in her voice, "What will I do momma? I've forgotten how to play. Would you play with me?"

Her mother smiled and said, "Momma will do better than that. It's time for Eileen to come home from school. Would you like me to see if she can come over and play with you?"

Megan looked at her mother and said, "But Eileen's too young for me, momma! She's only ten years old!"

Her mother smiled and said, "I don't think you'll have to worry about Eileen being too young for you, Megan. Would you like me to call her?"

Megan nodded and her mother left to use the phone. A few minutes later the doorbell rang and Eileen came in accompanied by Alice. "Look who's come over to play with you, Megan!", her mother said in a happy tone.

Megan looked up and realized she had been wrong about Eileen being too young for her; Eileen simply towered over her. She looked at Eileen fearfully as her mother said, "Megan, momma has to run to the store to get something for dinner. I'm going to leave Eileen in charge while I'm gone. Do you understand me? I want you to do what Eileen says, you're too young to leave at home without supervision. I'll be back in an hour. You can play in the backyard or watch tv. I don't want you going out front for any reason. Do you understand me? For any reason!! Eileen, if Megan wets or dirties her diapers, there are clean diapers on the dresser in her bedroom at the top of the stairs. Just put the soiled diapers in the diaper pail."

"Yes, mam!", answered Eileen politely.

Alice picked up her pocketbook from the entry table and left after blowing them a kiss. Eileen took Megan by the hand and said, "Stand up Megan! I want to see how big you are now!"

Megan shook her head 'no' and turned her head away. She had no intention of being under the care of a little girl who was less than half her age. WHAP!!! The force of the blow on her cheek almost knocked her down. Her eyes crossed momentarily and her ears rang from the concussion. She looked at Eileen in surprise as her babysitter prepared to slap her again.

"No! Don't!", screamed Megan, "I'm getting up! See! Don't hit me again!"

She got up and cowered in front of her ten-year-old babysitter. Eileen was at least two heads taller than Megan. Eileen smiled cruelly and said, "My mother told me that you and Peter were naughty in our house the other day. I guess you and Peter won't be naughty in anyone's house again, will you? She told me that you and Peter are going to be the same age as Jeffie. I'm glad my baby brother will have some friends to play with in the daycare center. I think you and Jeffie will look adorable crawling around the floor in your diapers, don't you?"

Megan blanched at the thought of spending her days as a client in a childcare center. "You look pale Megan, are you getting enough sun? I think you should go out in the backyard and play for awhile.", Eileen said.

She opened a paper bag, took out a lacy infant sunbonnet and said, "Here, I wouldn't want your nice complexion to get burned by the afternoon sun. Let me put this on you before you go out."

She tied the sunbonnet on Megan's head and said, "Come on, Megan. It's time you went out and got some sun." Eileen seized her hand and dragged her to the back door with Megan pleading, "Please, pleaaase Eileen, don't do this! I don't have anything on! I don't want anyone to see me like this!"

Eileen laughed and said, "Of course you have something on, silly! You're wearing diapers! My mother told me about that topless bikini you bought last year for going to the beach. The bikini doesn't cover nearly as much as your diapers do! You don't have anything to be embarrassed about. I'm sure all the boys in the neighborhood will think you look sweet in your diapers. Isn't that what you want? Don't you want boys to notice you? They're sure to get a good look at you through the chain link fence around your yard. As a matter of fact they're playing ball right now in the field next to your backyard. Let's go out to meet them."

Eileen threw open the screen door and pushed Megan down the stairs. Megan landed in a heap on the ground attracting the attention of the children playing in the ballfield

next door. Eileen waved to the other children who came running up to the fence to see the girl Eileen had been telling them about at school. Eileen hauled Megan to her feet and pulled her over to the fence so everyone could get a good look. "Eileen!", one of them called, "Is that her? She doesn't look like Megan, she's only six or seven years old! I think you were fibbing to us!"

Eileen seeing her reputation on the line, punched Megan in the ribs and said, "Tell them your name! Go on, tell them your name or I'm going to pull down your diapers and spank you in front of everyone!"

Megan hung her head and said in a low voice, "I'm Megan."

"What did she say?", one of the other children asked. Megan said, "Louder!"

"I don't think everyone heard it!"

Megan closed her eyes and said, "I'M MEGAN!!!"

Everyone started laughing and giggling at the ridiculous spectacle the diapered seven-year-old made.

"Are those really diapers on her?", one of the girls asked.

Eileen swatted Megan on the bottom and said, "They want to know if you're really wearing diapers, Megan. Go over to the fence and give them a good look at what you're wearing."

Megan waddled over to the fence producing howls of laughter from the neighborhood children. Megan realized that if she was ever allowed to grow up again she'd have to leave town. They'd never let her live this down. Megan stood silently at the side of the fence as the children crowded around to see the big baby. A nicely dressed girl of about eleven asked Eileen, "Does she really HAVE to wear those diapers? I mean, does she wet them and everything, just like a baby?"

Eileen pushed Megan against the fence and said, "Here, put your hand down her diapers and see for yourself."

The girls in the crowd giggled in embarrassment while the boys hooted in amusement. No one seemed to want to check the truth of what Eileen had said. Megan struggled to get away from the fence but Eileen was too strong for her. One of the girls who babysat on a regular basis came forward and said, "I'll check her diaper. I babysit for Mrs. Stevens three times a week. Her diapers can't be any worse than Mrs. Stevens' two-year-olds!"

She put her hand through the fence and slid her hand down the front of Megan's diaper. The girl's eyes widened in surprise and she said, "Eileen's right. She does pee in her dydee! Turn her around Eileen and I'll check the rear of her diaper too, I want to see if she poops in them too!"

Eileen grabbed Megan by the arms and started to turn Megan's back to the fence. Megan had had enough; her eyes rolled up in the back of her head and she swayed against Eileen. Suddenly, Megan dropped to the ground and lay there as if she were a puppet whose strings had been cut. The children, sensing that something might really be wrong, began backing away from the fence. They didn't want to be blamed for anything that had happened to Megan. The crowd of children melted away like a snowman in the first warm spell of spring, leaving Eileen and Megan alone in the yard. Eileen, frightened by the thought that she had gone too far, yelled, "Come on, Megan. I think you've had enough sun. Let's get you into the house!"

She helped Megan to her feet and up the stairs into the house. Megan stumbled blindly through the door into her mother's kitchen. When she started to collapse on the floor, Eileen put her arm around her back and supported her under her armpit. Eileen brought Megan back into the sitting room and dumped the distraught girl onto the rug. She knelt down and unfastened the sunbonnet from Megan's head, saying, "Would you like something to drink Megan? Are you thirsty?"

Megan nodded weakly and dropped her head limply to the carpet. Eileen got up and returned the sunbonnet to the paper bag, withdrawing another object in its place. She sat down on the carpet beside Megan and said, "Here, Megan. Here's some of Jeffie's formula to drink. He won't miss it. Come on baby, I brought it over just for you!"

Megan took the bottle from Eileen's hand and began suckling the nipple feebly. Eileen smiled and patted Megan's head, saying, "Gooood baby!! See? It doesn't taste that bad! You'll get used to it. See how easy it is to drink from a baby bottle? Tomorrow you won't be able to drink from anything else."

She sat and watched as Megan consumed about half the bottle. Eileen reached over Megan's prostrate body and sat her up to pat her back. The girls heard the front door slam shut and Alice and Melissa walked into the sitting room just as Megan loosed an enormous belch. Megan dropped the bottle to the carpet and whimpered, "Momma! Please help me momma! Eileen's being mean to me!"

Alice looked down the girls and said, "Eileen, have you been mean to Megan?"

Eileen shook her head 'no' while saying, "No mam. I don't know what she's talking about. I took her in the back yard to play and talked to my friends over the fence. Then I took her back in the house and asked her if she was thirsty. She said she was so I gave her a bottle to drink! I was burping her when you walked in."

Alice looked at Megan sternly and said, "Is that true Megan? It doesn't sound like she was mean."

"It wasn't that way at all," Megan cried. "She made me go out in the yard so all the kids in the neighborhood could make fun of me! She even let one of them put her hand down in my diaper!"

Alice frown and said, "Is that true, Eileen?"

Eileen replied with an innocent expression, "Yes, mam. You see Suzy...., You know Suzy who babysits for Mrs. Stevens down the street? She wanted to see if Megan was wet. I didn't think there was anything wrong with that, so I let her."

The corners of Alice's lips turned up in an expression that threatened to become a smile and she asked, "And was she? Was Megan wet?"

Eileen nodded and said, "Yes, mam. She was."

"And did you change her diaper?", Alice queried.

Eileen shook her head 'no' and said, "No, mam. I didn't."

"And why not?", Alice demanded.

"Because, I'd just have to change them again after she finished her bottle.", Eileen replied smugly.

"Ahh yes, the bottle. Why did you make Megan drink from a baby bottle?", Alice asked.

"Because I didn't want her to make a mess all over the rug. I was afraid she'd spill it if I gave it to her in a glass.", Eileen explained.

"I see.", said Megan's mother. She looked at Megan and asked, "Megan, is everything she told me true?"

"Yes, mamma...but she..", Megan started to say.

"But me no buts, young lady! I asked you a question! Is what Eileen said true?", demanded her mother.

"Yes, mamma. But she was MEAN to me!!!", Megan shouted in frustration.

"That will be quite enough out of you, little girl! It doesn't sound like

she did anything to you that she shouldn't. Finish your bottle quickly. Melissa's here for your treatment and doesn't have much time. There are other babies in this town who need her quite as much as you do, little girl!", Alice said in an angry tone.

"The bottle!?! You mean I have to drink from a baby bottle?", Megan asked with a hurt expression on her face.

"Finish it, NOW!!!", Alice ordered grimly.

Megan put the nipple into her mouth with an air of wounded dignity and

resumed sucking as Eileen stood by with an ugly smirk on her face.

Presently she finished the bottle and Eileen pounded her back to wind her. Megan belched in spite of herself and blushed in embarrassment. Her mother took the bottle from her hands and said, ""Let's take her up to her room for the treatment. I don't want her to have an 'accident' on the carpet."

The two women half carried the girl up to her room and laid her on her bed. Megan's mother unfastened the moist diaper and rolled her over on her stomach as Megan pleaded with them to stop. Alice was unperturbed by her daughter's begging; they quickly prepared and injected the enema into her bottom. Melissa said, "I think we can just hold her cheeks tight this time instead of using a tampon. Her anus is too small for me to insert it and I might hurt her. Also, the second treatment doesn't have to stay in her rectum as long as the first. The structure of the tissues have changed due to the earlier treatment. She'll absorb the treatment faster than she did the last time we gave it to her. Here, you sit on one side of her and I'll sit on the other. I can spell you if you get tired."

They held the solution in her for thirty minutes before they let Megan expel the fluid from her rear onto the damp diaper. Megan squirmed in discomfort but said nothing. She realized that argument was useless. Alice cleaned her bottom with a wet washcloth and applied ointment to her anus saying, "I think Megan's getting her first case of diaper rash since she was two. You need a little cream there, cupcake." She powdered her behind and laid a clean diaper on the bed before having Megan roll over on top of it. She rubbed cream into the folds of skin between her legs and powdered her saying, "There now, sweetiepie. Doesn't that feel better?"

Megan nodded dumbly and watched as her mother went to the dresser and retrieved a pair of diaper pins. Alice held the pins with her lips as she bent over her daughter and fastened the diaper around her waist. An image of her mother from long ago flashed into Megan's mind. It was a memory of a much younger version of her mother bending over her in the same way with pins in her mouth. Megan could not have been more than a year and a half years old at the time. Megan got a sinking feeling in her stomach as she realized that she was feeling the same emotions she had felt when she had first looked up and seen her mother looking down at her when she was a baby. Her mother

looked so,...commanding....so powerful! She hadn't realized what a strong face her mother had. All the years of struggling for independence had made her forget just how majestic her mother had appeared to her as a child. It was so easy just to lay there passively and let her mother take care of her. Megan knew she'd never be able to oppose her mother again if she didn't fight her now, but the look on her mother's face prevented her from saying a word. Megan lay back and slipped into helpless dependence as her mother tended her body.

Alice finished by slipping a clean pair of plastic panties up her legs and over the diaper, then sat on the bed again beside her daughter. "Look Melissa," she pointed out to her friend, "...her boobies are gone now. She's as flat-chested as a little boy. She's how old do you think? Five?"

Melissa said, "About five, I think." She laughed and said, "At least for the moment. Here, roll her over so I can give her the injection."

Alice rolled Megan on her tummy again as Melissa pulled down the top of her diaper and shoved the needle into her behind. She pushed the plunger home and withdrew the needle saying, "That's all Megan! That's the last treatment. We won't have to do this again. Here, let me pull your diaper up and then you can sit up on the bed. You should start feeling the effects of the treatment any minute."

Melissa was right, Megan felt a tingle run up and down her body. The tingle became a vast shiver that run up and down the long muscles of her body. Melissa noted the change and said softly, "It's starting to take effect. Look, her muscles are starting to spasm!"

Megan shook violently as her muscles went into tetany and then relaxed only to begin the cycle anew a few seconds later. Her insides felt like they were churning within her. It felt like her body was building up to something. She felt a 'tension' growing within her, threatening to release itself at any moment.

The world exploded! Lights flashed and a high pitched sound screamed in her ears. It was like an orgasm, only magnified a thousand times! Megan arched her back in one final spasm and moaned, then fell back to the bed. Her mother sat down on the bed beside her and stroked her forehead with her hand comfortingly and said, "Now Megan will be momma's little baby girl again. I forgive you for all the bad things you've done. You don't have to worry about anything, Honey. Momma will take care of you. You can play with your little boyfriends all you want now. You won't be able to get into any trouble. How do you feel?"

Megan drooled and said, "Mommga....mmmmga...ccaaannt....taaaallcc!"

Melissa smiled, saying, "The accelerator has started to work. I think she



was trying to say that she can't talk. Why don't we bring her down to Eileen and let her babysit Megan while we get Megan's room ready for the final transformation?"

Alice hoisted the little girl up to her shoulder and carried her down the stairs. When they arrived, Eileen saw Megan and exclaimed, Oh, she's darling! Can I hold her? How old is she now? Four?"

Melissa looked at Megan with a critical scientist's eye and said, "About three and a half, I'd say. Could you babysit her for us while we get her room ready? It should only be an hour or so."

Eileen grinned and assured them she'd be happy to look after the baby.

Alice and Melissa went up to the room and began redecorating. The squeaks and thumps of heavy objects being moved resonated in the sitting room below. It was clear from the sound that they were replacing the furniture in Megan's room.

Megan lay in Eileen's arms in a state of psychic shock. Eileen cuddled her and cooed ingratiatingly down at the small child who had once been her babysitter. Megan buried her head against Eileen's shoulder and whimpered softly as the treatment continued to work. When Alice and Melissa came down the stairs they found Megan fast asleep in Eileen's arms with her thumb in her mouth.

The phone rang and Alice answered it and listened silently to the caller.

Her face clouded and she motioned to Alice and said into the phone, "Eileen's mother is here visiting. Would you mind telling her what you just told me?" Alice laid the phone on the table as Audrey came over to pick it up. "Oh??...Really!!...Thank you very much for sharing that...Bye!...."

Eileen looked quite puzzled as Audrey hung up the phone. She smiled darkly at Eileen, sending a chill through her spine. "Melissa, I need to talk to you alone please!...."

They went into the kitchen, leaving Megan in Eileen's arms under Alice's watchful eye. Minutes later the ladies came back, smiling at Eileen evilly. "I think it's time to go home, Eileen. I just found out what an irresponsible babysitter you've been. You've been a very bad girl, do you know that?"

She took Megan from Eileen and handed her into her mother's waiting arms.

Audrey continued, "You also are a liar and for that, I'm going to wash your mouth out with soap. Then..."

"What?", said Eileen defensively, "Mommy! How can you talk to me like that? I haven't done anything! Who was that on the phone? I SAID, WHO THE FUCK..."

SLAP!!! Audrey slapped the child very hard on the cheek. Eileen reeled under the impact and saw stars for a moment. "How dare you hit Alice's baby! You little brat!"

"I'm going to wash out your mouth right now, little girl!", Audrey said, dragging Eileen into the kitchen. The sound of water running and fleshy slaps amidst howls of pain came from the kitchen as Melissa and Audrey waited for their return. Eileen emerged from the kitchen with a mouthful of soap suds dripping down from her chin and her hand firmly locked into her mother's hand. As she hauled her daughter to the door, Audrey said to her "Let's get you home, then I'll call Melissa to come give you an enema injection so that you'll become a baby too!"

"A baby?!!", Eileen wailed, "You don't mean that! Please tell me you're not going to turn me into a baby!!!"

"You heard me little girl, a baby!! And Suzy is coming over to help me too," her mother said with grim satisfaction.

"Suzy!!...Was she the one who called? That fucking bitch. Why I...," Eileen demanded.

The room resounded with the sound of Audrey's hand slapping Eileen's cheek once again. "Be QUIET!!! Yes, Suzy! Suzy is going to be your new babysitter young lady!", ordered her mother.

Melissa came over, grabbed and twisted Eileen's ear to help Audrey drag her out the door. Melissa said conversationally to Audrey, "We won't have to give her two treatments, at her age, one enema should be enough to turn her into a toddler. I'll give an injection of the accelerator tomorrow to finish changing her into a baby."

Alice stared at Eileen, stroking her sleeping daughter's hair and said, "I trusted you to take care of my baby and you repaid my trust by kicking and hitting her. Suzy saw everything you did to Megan and told me. You've been an irresponsible little brat and I'm glad your mother's turning you into a baby again. Maybe you'll understand how helpless a baby is after spending some time in diapers. You'll never get a chance to hit my baby again! Goodbye!"

Melissa and Audrey said their good-byes and left Megan to the tender care of her mother. Alice took Megan back upstairs and tucked her little girl into her crib for the night. Alice sat in the rocking chair beside Megan's crib and rocked the night away, occasionally getting up to tighten the diaper on the rapidly diminishing form of her little girl.

The next morning Megan woke to find herself in a nursery. The wall had been decorated with appliques of Disney characters and there was a mobile over the head of her crib. She looked around the room with dismay, all of her old furniture was gone and the room had been accented with the soft pinks associated with baby girls.

She tried to stand up and found she could barely manage it if she hung on to the side rails of the crib. They had done it! She was a baby again! At least she could still think, although she thought in her present condition it might have been better if she had regressed mentally too. Then she wouldn't be so embarrassed about wearing diapers. At least the neighborhood children wouldn't laugh at her for wearing diapers now she was in a baby's body.

"Diapers! Uh oh," she thought, "she realized that while she had been standing at the side of the crib she had been pooping in them. She had pooped and never even realized she was doing it! Megan spotted her mother napping in the rocking chair and called out to her to come and change her diapers. All that came out was a foolish infantile babble;

"maga!..maga!....cmaaaa..arrr...mmm...chaa...mmmm...die..pa!"

Alice opened her eyes and looked upon her baby girl. "Listen to her," she thought to herself, "..she's adorable!"

She got up to check Megan's diaper and discovered that it was both wet and poopy. She had expected it; Alice remembered that Megan always had a bowel movement standing at the side of the crib in the mornings when she was a baby.

She took Megan out of the crib and put her on her new changing table.

Megan cooed in delight as Alice removed her dirty diaper and cleaned her up. After she powdered Megan, she was so taken with her daughter's infantile charms that she delayed rediapering her so she could play with Megan's darling little body. She tickled Megan in the bellybutton and was rewarded with Megan's happy giggle. Megan squealed in pleasure as she played "this little piggy goes to market" with her tiny baby toes. Soon Alice and Megan both were chuckling happily over Alice's explorations and attentions.

Alice rediapered Megan and put her on her hip to carried her down to the kitchen to feed her breakfast. She put Megan in the high chair she had purchased the day before and tied a bib around her neck before going to the pantry to select Megan's breakfast. Alice sat the jar on the table outside of Megan's reach and got a baby bottle out of the refrigerator. Then she went to the stove, put it in a large pot of water and turned on the gas.

Megan sat in the high chair and wondered what had just happened. Why did she act that way? She could still think like an adult, why was she behaving like a baby? Her mother had started talking baby talk and cooing down at her and she had lost it. She had felt like she was a year old again and she had reacted like she had when she was that age. Would this happen again? Megan hoped not, but she suspected that it was going to become an everyday occurrence with her. It made her want to scream and drum her legs against the high chair. That too, was an infantile reaction she realized.

Her mother sat on a chair in front of her and took a spoonful of food from the bowl, saying, "Open wide, Honey. Here comes the Choo-choo;..chugga..chugga..chugga..whoo-whooh!"

Megan opened her mouth and let her mother feed her. She was surprised at how good it tasted. "What IS this?", she thought. "Oatmeal," she decided, "..oatmeal with something else..I know! It's applesauce!"

Megan continued to eat as her mother shoveled the pureed cereal into her mouth. Food dripped down her mouth and fell off her chin to land on the bib. Megan didn't care, she was having a terrific meal! She couldn't get over how wonderful the baby food tasted. Megan put out her arms and gurgled in glee. Alice finished feeding her the jar and took the bottle of warmed formula from the pot, tested the temperature against her wrist and gave the bottle to Megan. Megan sucked on the nipple tentatively and was surprised again to discover how the formula tasted. It was delicious! The smooth sweet formula rolled down her throat and made her feel warm all the way to her toes. Megan had to think for a moment how it made her feel. "It makes me feel....feel all cuddly inside.", she thought, wriggling with pleasure. She made loud sucking noises as she worked her way through her morning bottle.

Alice smiled as she drank her morning coffee and watched her daughter's antics. It was apparent from the expression on her face that Megan was enjoying her ba-ba. She was guzzling the formula like a too sober wino with a full bottle of muscatel. Melissa had told her it would be weeks before Megan adjusted to her new life as a baby, but you couldn't tell from Megan's behavior. She was acting the same way she had acted when she was a baby. She had thought she would wait for Megan to accept her new role as a baby before enrolling her in the daycare where Jeffie was going, but Megan's behavior indicated that she should have no problems there. You couldn't tell her behavior from any other one-year-old's.

She'd have to remember to burp her when Megan got finished with the bottle, Alice thought. From the sounds she was making, she was probably swallowing a lot of air along with her formula. Megan emptied the bottle and sat with a glazed expression on her face. "Uh oh," Alice thought and rushed to get up and burp her before the inevitable happened. She was too late. Megan half-burped, half-threwup her last swallows of formula.

Megan looked up at her mother with a confused expression on her face.

"What happened?", Megan thought to herself as her mother wiped her face with the bottom of the bib. "Ohhh, I spit up!", she

thought as her mother began patting her on the back to relieve some of the pressure.

Megan belched, sat back in the chair and promptly peed in her diaper. She felt wonderful! Her morning hunger sated, she looked around the room to see if anything

was different. The curtains in the breakfast nook moved in the light morning breeze, letting a ray of sunshine fall upon Megan. Megan sighed and yawned sleepily, then peed again.

Megan felt sooooo comfortable. The padded seat of the high chair was just right for her and she closed her eyes in contentment. She had never imagined being a baby felt like this. Even wearing diapers wasn't so bad once you got used to them, she thought. They were so soft and sensuous against her skin and gave her a wonderful feeling of freedom. It was almost like being naked and still protected, all at the same time. She moved her legs together so she could feel the thick cloth cupped around her little bottom. The bottom of the diaper felt deliciously warm next to her, it was almost like she was sitting on a heating bottle.

WARM!! She had peed in her diapers! She drew her knees together again and felt the material squish between her legs. She had peed and wasn't even aware of it. How long had she been sitting in wet diapers before she discovered it? Had she wet them before she had breakfast or after? Megan found the thought disquieting. Should she signal her mother to change her or would she wet them again in a few minutes? She squished them again experimentally to see how they felt. It didn't feel bad, she discovered, it was kind of fun to sit in wet diapers. She decided to forget about it. Her mother was still drinking her coffee and probably didn't want to change her diapers anyway.

A few minutes after that Megan let loose a little baby fart and started giggling. She put her thumb in her mouth and began sucking it without noticing where her thumb was. Alice looked at Megan and thought she would have to change her diaper after breakfast, the smell of the fart had reached her and told her baby Megan had pooped. Megan seemed to be comfortable, so she decided to wait. "Besides," she thought, "Megan needed to get used to wearing dirty diapers. She was going to spend a long time in diapers, she should get used to the feeling that using them made. I don't want her holding back and getting constipated."

She looked at the kitchen clock and decided that she'd change Megan before she took her shopping. She had waited to buy her clothes until she saw what size she turned out to be and now all she had were cloth dydees and plastic panties. "She needs sleepers, onesies, some t-shirts, diaper covers and some sundresses to play in. Maybe I'll buy Megan a party dress too. Something pink, with lots of ruffles." she thought, "Megan looked so sweet in pink when she was a baby years ago. I think I'll call her friends' parents and see if a can't arrange a baby shower for those of us who have new babies in the house. She can wear her new dress then. Oh and I almost forgot, I can't take her to the daycare unless I get her a diaper bag and disposable diapers." Audrey looked at the kitchen clock and thought, "Oh dear, look at the time. I hadn't realized it was so late, it's time to get ready."

She lifted Megan from her high chair and carried her into the sitting room where she placed her in her new playpen. Megan cooed and giggled as Alice placed a series of brightly colored toys in front of her so she would have something to do while Alice

changed her clothes. Alice returned and found Megan happily banging away on her toys. She picked her up and took her to her nursery. After changing her diaper, Alice bundled Megan into the car, strapped her in the baby seat in the rear and went shopping. They returned several hours later with bags of baby clothes, disposables and sundries and unpacked, then it was off to the daycare with Megan. She didn't really need to have someone to look after Megan for her, but Alice felt Megan would adjust more quickly if she spent some her day with other babies. Megan was quickly enrolled with none of the trouble that Jeffie's mother Audrey had experienced. Apparently Melissa had called the manager and told her to expect Megan today or tomorrow. She left Megan in the care of the women there and left to go out and visit her friends who had children in mid-transformation. She thought they might need reassurance that everything was going to turn out fine.

Little Megan looked around the daycare in apprehension. She didn't know any of the adults here and it made her afraid. She crawled around the floor looking at the other children surrounding her. She spotted Jeffie and crawled rapidly to his side. He looked adorable in his diapers! She gurgled and cooed at him trying to get his attention. He ignored her and rushed across the room on his hands and knees. She sat back on her diaper in disgust, put her thumb in her mouth and began sucking. Jeffie saw Peter sucking his bottle and crawled up to him. He took a look at Peter's bottle for a moment, snatched it from his hands and began sucking on the nipple. Peter wailed in anger at the theft of his ba-ba. "It seems like old times!", Megan giggled to herself as she watched the interplay.

Her attention turned towards the door as she saw Melissa come in followed closely by Audrey carrying a very angry child. The tot looked like she was about two years old and was kicking, screaming and swearing. Melissa went the manager and asked, "Could we borrow one of the bathrooms for a few minutes, Betty? It's time for Audrey's daughter to have her medication and I don't want to upset the other children in the room by letting them see her get a shot."

Megan heard Melissa say as they closed the door to the bathroom, "That's very naughty language, little girl. Once you get a dose of accelerator, that's going to stop. You're going to be joining your brother as your mother's little baby girl. He's waiting for you. I'm sure he'll enjoy having a baby sister again..."

The door was closed and soon the screaming stopped, followed by an eerie silence! Megan smiled and thought, "So the little bitch finally got her comeuppance as well!....." Megan turned back to watch the babies playing. She grew accustomed to the daycare and soon she was happily playing on the floor with the other babies. And why not? ALL of her friends were there!

The End

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