

The Rehabilitation of Kylie

Written by Max Harper

Part Three: The Routine

The girl startled herself awake. Her situation hadn't changed or improved. It was another day in hell. Like the ones that had come before.

"How many days has it been? I can't remember! I hate him! I hate him so fucking much!"

She tried to move but couldn't. Her arms, legs, and head were still strapped down. What she could see wasn't much. The ceiling above her looked the same as it always did. A large rectangle cut into the ceiling, like an outline. The little bit she could turn her head didn't change her perspective much. She was surrounded by bars. She could barely brush them with her fingers but not enough to grasp them. Hour after hour, day after day, she lay there, secured to the bed, unable to move or do much of anything.

All of her protests, screams, or complaints were met with utter silence. She didn't know if her voice was heard by anyone and the longer she was stuck as she was, the more foul and vile her words became. It was her nature. Whenever she didn't get her way, she lashed out like a spoiled, petulant child.

Perhaps the most grueling and humiliating part of her day was that she was never let up to use the bathroom. Or to eat, or to do anything. She wasn't sure how long she had been stuck in her predicament, but she did know that whomever had her in captivity was going to great lengths to torture her.

She remembered a few things prior to her captivity. She had been at some party with a bunch of stuck up twats. One of those pretentious gatherings where a bunch of women pretend that they matter to the world. She had only gone because her bitch of a mother had whined to her father and he had forced her to go. If it hadn't been for a few of her friends also forced to go, she would have blown off the whole ordeal. She wished she had. The night had gone on with little issue until she saw an old classmate of hers. A pathetic girl, homely and underdeveloped, Kylie Gillis was not a girl the boys would ever chase after, unlike herself. She had stumbled upon them one day at a diner and couldn't believe what she had seen through the crack in the bathroom stall door. Kylie's mother, an arrogant, forceful woman, had brought Kylie into the bathroom and helped her up onto the table where women would change their babies.

In a stroke of vicious luck, she had recorded what transpired on that table on her cell phone. If anything would forever cement her status above Kylie, the video of Kylie's mother changing her diaper like a baby would. Not that she was at all worried about Kylie's pitiful attempt at competition to attract the cutest boys, but enemies are made to be crushed into oblivion, not given chances to supplant the queen. She and her friends had cornered Kylie in the bathroom at the ball and she had shown all of them the video she had taken. The humiliation was absolute and Kylie was left crying in a puddle of her own pee. Victory, it had seemed, was assured.

Her so called friends had ratted her out, however. Ungrateful swine. Her mother, in a last ditch effort to save face, confronted her about her actions and in a public show of discipline, had pulled her over her mother's lap and given her the first real spanking of her life. It hadn't hurt as much as it had shocked and embarrassed her, especially having her panties pulled down and her butt beaten in front of all of those strangers.

Everything got worse when her mom had gotten tired. The host of the ball had demanded that the punishment continue, much to her dismay, and another woman was quick to take her mother's place. Her spanking was the worst that she had ever received. There was no sympathy, or restraint, just full on force and she was brutally beaten until she was a blithering, bawling mess.

Her mother had been approached by the host and they talked for some time while she was being spanked, her cries and pleas falling on deaf ears. The spanking didn't stop until her father came, driving from the office he worked at across town. When she was finally free from the cruelty of that woman, she was immediately taken by the arm by her father and drug from the party.

Her father, a well to do businessman, was a man of principle and integrity. Every action that reflected poorly on him or the family name was dealt with immediately. He had claimed that he was tired of lecturing her, tired of protecting her, and tired of her misbehavior. He forbade any discourse from her. She had spent all of her chances at apologies.

“-from this point forward, young lady, you will do exactly as you are told and behave exactly as a young lady of your upbringing should. There will be no more of this malice and cruelty that you seem to gravitate towards. We are a proud family of good people, and it is time for you to learn your place in this world.”

He was a pompous man, more full of threats and gravitas than actual action and she had gone to bed that night, her ass still sore from the spankings, not thinking much of it. She would just put on her charm, bashing her eyelids, and selling how sorry she was to him in the morning. It had always worked before, no matter how much he had been angry with her. Wrecked cars, bad grades, exceeding her limit on the credit cards, it didn't matter. She had always gotten her way by wrapping him around her little finger. An only child and a spoiled daddy's girl, Lucy knew how to manipulate all those around her.

At least, she thought that she did. The next morning, she had woken up like she had so many days after, tied to the bed, unable to free herself. She didn't know how she had gotten there, just knew that he was somehow responsible and with every breath in her body, she vowed to make her father pay.

A noise, like a click, startled her, and she heard the sound of a confident stride. Heels clicked on the floor and a woman came into her peripheral view. She was older than Lucy, with shoulder length dark hair and round, black framed glasses. She wore a smile that unsettled Lucy.

“Well, well, well. What do we have here? It's good to see that you are finally awake.” Her voice was slightly higher pitched, forced, and full of cruel subtlety.

“Who the fuck are you?! Let me out of here! You can't do this to me!”

“Oh my, what a mouth you have on you. Tsk. Tsk. That won't do at all!” She lowered the bars as Lucy kept talking.

“I'm not fucking kidding you dumb skank! Let me out of her right fucking now! I demand to know why mphgg!”

“There, that's better.” The woman said as she held her hand over Lucy's mouth. The young girl tried everything to dislodge the hand but to no avail. “All quiet now. That's right! Shhh.” She said, pulling something from her pocket. Lucy wasn't sure what it was. It was an oval shaped thing with what looked like a rounded bulb on the end and four long straps hanging off of it.

“To make sure that we understand what's happening, let me explain something to you. This-” She jiggled the device in front of Lucy, “Is to make sure that such outbursts never happen again.” She lifted her hand off of Lucy's mouth and Lucy immediately started screaming. The woman smiled and simply pinched Lucy's nose closed. The young girl's face flooded with fear as the woman brought the device close to Lucy's lips. She clamped her mouth shut just as the rubber bulb hit her lips.

The woman smiled broader as Lucy struggled to keep her mouth closed, quickly running out of air. Lucy parted her lips but kept her teeth clenched shut. The woman just pressed the device slightly and waited, humming to some unheard tune in her head. Lucy struggled, pulling at her bindings, vainly refusing to let the woman win but the more she struggled, the more tired she became and after a few more minutes of whining, she at last unclenched her teeth. The woman was quick to push the bulb into Lucy's mouth, unpinching her nose, and using her free hand to fasten the straps together. Two went around Lucy's face, meeting behind her head, and two went up her face, on each side of her nose, partially covering her eyes, and over her head. They fastened to the other two and once tight, the bulb was firmly secured in her mouth. The woman squeezed something on the front of the device a few times and Lucy felt the bulb expand in her mouth. She was utterly horrified at it's design and purpose that once inflated, made it near impossible for Lucy to breath through her mouth.

“Now that I have your undivided attention and you are quiet, let me finally explain what’s happening here.” She undid the strap that held Lucy’s head to the bed and Lucy was finally able to look around, her peripheral vision completely obstructed by the device on her head. She could see that the woman, who was dressed as a nurse, had brought a cart with her into the room.

“You have been assigned to me, by your father, to be reeducated. He is most displeased with your behavior of late. I can tell by the look in your eyes that you and I are in for a long time together, but rest assured that I have never failed to properly train a disobedient youth. But I’m getting ahead of myself, so let’s start with the basics. What do you know?”

“Well, because you can’t talk and I was being rhetorical, you know that I am in charge and I will control every single little thing that you do from here on out. You will speak when I allow it, you will move when I allow it, and anything else that you may need, want, or desire, will only happen if I allow it. Are we clear?”

“Now, I’m not sure if you are aware, but there are a few caveats to keeping a person tied to a bed until they learn to behave, and that is their biological urges.” She reached into the cart and pulled out something that was pink and folded. “Thankfully, I hear that you have a certain affinity for cruelty, which is remarkable, because so do I.” She unfolded the pink thing and Lucy’s eyes widened in horror. It was a diaper. A diaper!!!

She shook her head as furiously as she could and only garnered a chuckle out of the woman.

“What’s the matter? Is this not what you were expecting? Well, I’d hate to burst your little bubble, sweetheart, but this isn’t the first time you’ve worn one of these.”

Lucy looked down and sobbed. Around her waist was the same pink horror that the woman was holding was taped around her waist. From her limited perspective, it looked to be wet as well. She fervently pulled and strained at her restraints in an effort to get free but it was hopeless. It was all hopeless.

“We will see how you do over the next couple of days.”

“Mmph!”

“Oh? You have something to say? More nasty words slipping out of your pretty mouth? Or do you want something? It doesn’t matter. We aren’t there yet. Where we are, judging by the look of your pretty pink diaper, is another night before you get a change.”

Lucy looked at her with utter disbelief.

“There is only one thing you need to learn right now, and it’s pretty simple. I am in charge. That’s it. Simple, right? And if you ever want to get off that bed, you will learn to mind your manners, mind that mouth of yours, and mind me. So, pumpkin, you have yourself a fine rest of the day, and I will see you tomorrow.”

“MMMMMMPPPHHHH!”

Lucy watched her leave, struggling against the restraints. The door clicked shut and Lucy was left alone, frustrated, terrified, and with tears running down her face. She was literally in a hell of her own making.

Kylie was woken up in the late afternoon by Donna checking her diaper. Her mind was still hazy as Donna’s fingers slid inside her diaper through the leg holes. She stirred briefly, trying to push the disrupting fingers away with her mittened hands. Her hands were pushed away and her hips turned, putting Kylie on her tummy. The back of her diaper was pulled back and inspected. With nothing of interest to be found, her bottom was patted.

“It’s time to wake up baby girl. Let’s get you changed into a fresh diaper and you can have a snack. Dinner is in the oven but it will be a little bit before it’s ready.” Donna said, moving over to the changing table.

Kylie groggily sat up, rubbing the sleep from her eyes. As they focused, she was initially shocked to see her hands covered in mittens. Her mind caught up to her reality and she remembered why her hands were covered. She looked around the sunlit room and for a moment, she couldn’t remember how she had gotten there.

“Still sleepy, baby? It’s okay.” Donna moved in front of her and took Kylie by the hand. Kylie was led to the changing table and helped to lay down. She heard the tapes rip open, the comfortable mush pulled back, and the cool air hit her private regions.

“Someone is a tired little girl. That’s fine by me. Maybe we will go downstairs and you can cuddle up on the couch with me. Or maybe you need some play time. So many choices, it’s hard for a baby to make up her mind, huh?”

Kylie twitched as the cold wipe hit her skin and felt horribly self conscious as it moved over her privates. Her legs were lifted up and a new wipe slid between her cheeks. The whole thing was humiliating. Being changed was always going to be humiliating to me, she thought as a dry diaper was slid under her still raised bottom. I’m nineteen years old and I’m getting my wet diaper changed. How else could I feel about it? At least I wasn’t messy. God, I don’t want to have to go through that.

“No messes yet, but you haven’t eaten much today. Do you like baked ziti? That’s what’s in the oven. It’s going to be super yummy!”

Kylie could feel every ounce of forced fakeness that Donna was putting out. She was sprinkling powder into the seat of the diaper and Kylie wanted nothing more than for her to shut up.

“Aww, is someone grumpy? Well, I think someone needs some time in the bouncer to work up an appetite.”

Donna taped the diaper closed and checked the fit. She was a professional diaper changer but still a perfectionist. Content with her work, she helped Kylie to her feet and over to the bouncer, sliding one of Kylie’s legs in at a time. Like Kylie had surmised, it was just high enough with her in it that her tiptoes were the only things touching the ground if she stretched, otherwise, she was suspended there, unable to get out.

“I’ll be back when dinner is done, you have fun now.” She pushed down on the bouncer’s seat and gave Kylie a good bounce. Donna smiled to herself in a cold way and left the room, closing the door behind her. When the springy motion of the bouncer settled, Kylie took inventory of her predicament. She was irritated and frustrated.

Ever since I became a teenager, I have always hated being woken up. It generally puts me in a foul mood and even though it hasn’t even been a day, I’m already sick of being babied. It wouldn’t be so bad if I knew when this would be over. With Mom, at least I had a limit. When the diapers were gone, I could be an adult again. With Donna, there is no choice. She’s going to keep me like this for who knows how long. Why can’t they all just be upfront with me? Why do I have to mess myself? Why do I feel so alone? God, I miss Quackers. I miss Erica. And even after all of our problems, I even miss Mom. She didn’t force me to mess myself. She always gave me an option. At least, she did for a while. I could have argued for a chance to use the toilet. She would have let me. But not Donna. I don’t think I can convince her of anything. And she’s so fake! Like she’s hiding something. I can’t believe that she wants to breastfeed me! That’s so gross!

Kylie didn’t realize it but her angry thinking had her bouncing away in front of the window. She used gravity’s momentum with each bounce to push off from the floor with her toes. She hadn’t noticed she was even doing it until her calves got tired.

"What is she doing to me? I was so angry before! And now...I’m kinda enjoying myself. She hasn’t been so bad to me. Yet..."

Kylie’s suspicions that her treatment would go from okay to unpleasant weren’t fully realized until dinner. She was released from the bouncer and led downstairs to the kitchen where another high chair was sitting. She was helped into it and her wrists and ankles were tied down. She noticed a pot on the stove that didn’t seem to have anything in it but she could see the trails from the steam snaking up towards the ceiling. Nearby, on the counter, was a foil pan that Donna was scooping dinner out of. Kylie didn’t want to be spoon fed, but she didn’t have much of a choice. She had very little choices anymore.

“Who’s hungry? Are you a hungry baby? You seemed to really enjoy yourself in the bouncer so I hope that you have worked up an appetite.”

Kylie didn't say anything. She was still wary of Donna and her motives. She knew that she was in this woman's house for therapy, but she didn't understand how any of what had happened to her so far to be anything close to therapy. She did understand that this was just her first day and there was a long road to recovery in front of her but in the moment, having been tied to a high chair with an older woman getting ready to spoon feed her baked ziti, the long road ahead of her seemed not like a road, but an unconquerable mountain.

"Not very talkative after your nap, I see. Is everything okay?" Donna said with concern in her voice.

Kylie shrugged and said nothing. She didn't know what to say. Or what to do. She felt so small and not in the way that she was used to. Small in a helpless way. She felt like a captive in a strange place, her every action or need decided for her. It was what she had come close to experiencing at home with her mother, but here, with Donna, she didn't feel anything remotely close to it now. She was scared and alone, intimidated and overwhelmed. She knew that Donna had many means and permissions at her disposal and that Kylie herself had allowed the transfer of power to occur, but no logic made anything she knew help her feel better.

"Kylie?" Donna asked, pulling a chair up to the high chair. She set the bowl on the high chair's removable table, but didn't scoop anything out of it.

Kylie whimpered, her emotions rising as her mind raced to accept her situation. It couldn't and she burst into tears.

"Hey hey, shhh, it's okay. We don't have to go so fast if you aren't ready!"

Donna stood up and undid the restraints that held Kylie's wrists. The young girl covered her face as she sobbed into her mittens. Donna removed the tray and undid Kylie's leg restraints. She placed her hands on Kylie's shoulders and did her best to console the young girl.

"There, there. It's okay. We don't have to do this if you are not ready. We will always go at your pace, you just need to tell me what you need."

Kylie sniffed and sobbed. "I don't know what I need. I don't know what is going on anymore! This is all too much!"

"Too much? What's too much? What can I do?"

"I just...I don't know! There is so much that I don't understand. This morning, I woke up a normal girl and now, I'm being forced to act and dress like an infant. What happened to me?"

"Forced? You are not being forced. I don't do force, not in that way. I am not trying to bend your will to my own."

"It doesn't feel like it. Not when you say some of the things that you have said."

"Such as?"

"What do you mean?"

"What have I said that makes you feel like I'm forcing you?" "You know, there has been some stuff."

"Like?"

"I don't know."

"You do know, and we need to talk about these things before we can move forward. So, we can sit here all night until we get this worked out."

"It's stuff like that. The way you talk as if I don't have any say or ability to change your mind. It's overbearing and hard to deal with. With my mother, there was at least some room for compromise, and I could tell her how I felt and receive some form of compassion. With you, there is none of that. You order and demand but you don't take into consideration how terrifying all of this is for me. I don't know why this is the only way I can get better and I don't understand how any of what you have shown me is supposed to help. All I know is that when I can let go of all of my adult mentalities, I feel better and I can't do that here. I don't trust you and I don't feel as if you care for me. I can't expect you to on the first day as you can't expect to have my trust so soon, but these are things that we need to figure out or this isn't going to work."

She stood up from the high chair and crossed her arms across her chest. She felt ridiculous and knew she looked as such. She was wearing just a shirt, her wet diaper, and her mittens. The

bracelets, collar, and anklets were sullen reminders of how quickly her world had spun out of control.

Donna sat down at the table and took pause. For adults, there would always be a clash of wills. She knew that she was overwhelming Kylie with everything that her world would become and the transition was a shock to nearly everyone that she had cared for. She had hopes that Kylie would be different and Donna wondered if she hadn't pressed too far or too hard. She could dial some things back, but, there wasn't much give as of yet.

"For starters, I am sorry that I come off as commanding or authoritarian. As your caregiver, it is my role to come off as such. That doesn't mean that I can't be more compassionate, however. You are right, though, you don't trust me and I have yet to care for you as you require me to. I can't help that just yet. What I can say is that I am here for you and although there are rules and expectations, that doesn't mean that we can't come to a compromise on a few things."

"You sound so clinical. And I guess that's what I should expect from something like this."

"If you are that upset to speak to me so cruelly, then perhaps this is not a good arrangement for either of us."

"I'm sorry. It didn't mean to sound like such a bitch. My emotions are running out of control right now."

"I will accept your apology, but your transgression will not be forgotten. So, what do you wish to change about our arrangement?"

"I don't want to feel like a prisoner for starters. It makes all of this harder to accept because I can't relax."

"Is there a request in that statement?"

"Can I have the restraints off? The collar and bracelets and anklets?"

"Yes. Under one condition. You will have to obey any order I give you. If I tell you to lay still for a change, you will do so or it all goes back on. Any time we have to visit the Institute, you will be required to wear them for that purpose. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

"Next?"

"I am not okay with breastfeeding."

"Non-negotiable. It will happen at some point. What I can say is that you don't have to worry about it for quite some time. I mentioned it because I was trying to gage your response. You are quite far away from having to deal with something like that. Months, if not longer, depending on your progress. Next."

"Messing..."

"Also non negotiable. Messing is one of the milestones of your care. Think about it this way. Controlling your bladder and bowels is one the first steps in a person's maturity. It signifies that you are ready to stop being a baby and start your journey to adulthood. I am not expecting you to give up all control of your bodily function. That could take years and in some cases, would be irreversible. Neither of us want that. What I do want, is for you to not have that worry at the back of your mind. Can you remember any time when your focus was pulled away from what you were doing because you needed to use the bathroom? We all have memories of times when we were faced with that kind of emergency or the embarrassment of not making it in time. My goal is to teach you that you don't need to worry about those memories or that kind of embarrassment. If you need to go, just go, and I will take care of you."

"I don't need you to take care of me."

"But you do and therein lies the crux of your treatment. You have spent so much time trying to take care of yourself that you have shut yourself off to people caring for you. You found peace when your mother put you back into diapers because she took care of you and in doing so, cared for you. You yearn for that in a way that you are not ready to realize and my goal is to get you to that point. You have built up this wall around how you really feel and while you can say that you don't need someone to care for you, you want nothing more than to have someone genuinely love you."

“Cleaning you, whether it's by changing your diapers or bathing you, will chip away at that wall and help you to truly feel as if someone really cares.”

“But it’s so embarrassing!”

“It is. And it makes you feel vulnerable but that’s where the healing begins. You need to feel vulnerable so that you can peer behind that wall and see the person you are on the other side. I don’t really know how else to explain it. I know that you have messed yourself a few times before coming here and I know that it’s a very difficult thing to get used to, but I want to assure you that there will be no judgement for your body doing what comes naturally.

“You mentioned force and here is one of the concessions that I am willing to make. I will not force you to mess yourself. I was going to, but I won’t. Your body knows how to take care of itself and I can be patient. The deal here is that you don’t try to hold the natural process back. It’s not healthy and will make you sick. If that happens, then I will be forced to intervene and I don’t want to do that.”

“Will you change me immediately?”

“If it is possible, then yes. If we are out and about, then you will have to wait.”

“Really?”

“Yes. A large part of this hurdle is the self awareness a person has about pooping.

They have been groomed to believe that it’s a disgusting, naughty thing and should be taken care of privately and discreetly. That is the mentality that we need to break.”

“I don’t know if I can.”

“You can, and you will. It’s about time and mindset. But don’t worry about rushing to that point. This is a process and takes time. Is there anything else?”

“No. Not at the moment.”

“Okay. Well, since we are on the subject, we need to discuss your punishment.”

“My punishment?”

“Yes. I warned you before that I won’t tolerate any type of insubordination and your remarks are unacceptable. I will not be talked to in that manner.”

“I said that I was sorry.”

“You did. And I accepted your apology, but that doesn’t mean that you are off the hook. After dinner, you will be punished for your behavior, am I understood?”

Kylie nodded, feeling a bit numb. She didn’t know what she had accomplished for standing up for herself and it felt like she was being punished for doing so. She didn’t know how or why, but she knew that Donna was a person of her word.

“Okay, then. Hop back up in your high chair so you can have your dinner.” Donna secured Kylie in the chair with the tray but didn’t restrain her legs or wrists. Donna removed Kylie’s mittens and handed her the spoon.

“I will go prepare things for your bath. Eat up.” Donna left the room Kylie could hear her rummaging around in the bathroom, just down the hall. Kylie ate as quickly as she could, finding that she was far more hungry than she thought she was. She was still hungry when Donna returned.

“Can I have more?”

“Of course, baby. I’m glad that you like it.” Donna offered her another helping while she sat at the table to eat herself. Kylie ate like an adult, not very fitting for her station in life, but all things would change. When she was done, Kylie pushed the bowl away, her stomach full of delicious pasta.

“Are you ready for your bath?”

“Yeah.”

“Good.” Donna helped her out of the high chair and led her to the bathroom. “Now, do you remember what I said about doing what I tell you to?”

“Yes, Donna.”

“Good. I want you to face the wall and put your hands out so that your palms are flat against the wall.”

Kylie was confused, but did what she was told, placing her palms against the wall where Donna pointed. She heard a click and felt the pull of magnetism on her bracelets. Alarmed, she looked around at what Donna was doing. Donna shut the bathroom door and behind it was a metal pole, like a coat hanger, with a wheeled base. Hanging from one of the arms, was a reddish bag with a thing tube running from it.

“What is that?!” She exclaimed.

“This? This is your punishment. And a learning experience. This is an enema bag full of water. I am going to give you this as a punishment for talking to me as you did, as well as teach you what will happen if you choose to not use your diapers as you are expected to, and, finally, to teach you what it’s like to mess yourself.”

“I already said that I was sorry! Please don’t do that to me!”

“Enough, Kylie. I don’t want to hear it. Keep quiet or I will gag you. This is happening whether you want it or not.”

“But...but...”

“Last warning! Shut your mouth, little girl.”

Kylie sobbed as Donna pulled down the back of her diaper. She felt Donna push her legs apart and the squirting sound of a liquid pushed from a tube. Donna’s fingers pushed her cheeks apart and she felt something foreign press into her. She wanted to fight, to claw and fight her way away from such a degrading experience. She had never felt so violated in her life as the foreign object entered her. She groaned as it slid further in. She was unable to determine how long it was but felt infinite in length. It stopped moving and Donna’s hands disappeared.

She watched in horror as her diaper was pulled back up and she could feel the tube press between her cheeks.

She looked over her shoulder as Donna moved the back closer and fiddled with something. Donna looked at her briefly as she played with something plastic that was attached to the tube. She stared at Kylie’s face as the water began to flow. Within moments, Kylie’s face went from fear to surprise and shock as her bowels flooded with water. She moaned as the water kept flowing and no matter how much she clenched her muscles, she couldn’t stop the water from pouring into her body. She was already feeling full from dinner and the water made her feel bloated almost immediately. The water, graciously warm, seemed to flow forever and after an eternity, it finally stopped. Donna pinched the tube closed as the first wave of cramps shook Kylie’s body.

“...Please...” The only word Kylie could utter. She had to go, it had to come out and she needed it to happen now. “Please what?” “Please...can I go?”

“I don’t know. Can you? Can you use your diapers like the good little baby you are? Or do I need to do this to you every day?”

“Every day?”

“Every day. If you choose to fight me on messing yourself, I will administer one of these every day.”

Kylie groaned as another wave of cramps hit her. She needed relief. She needed release.

“I won’t.”

“Won’t what?”

“Won’t fight. Please. I’m begging you. I can’t hold it.”

“So you will use your diapers?”

“Yes. I swear!”

“Everyday?”

“Yes!”

“Like a baby?”

“Yes!”

“Yes what?”

“Yes! I will use my diapers like a baby! Please! Please!”

“Very well.” She reached into the back of Kylie’s diaper and with a quick pull, removed the applicator from Kylie’s bottom and diaper.

With a whimper and a grunt, Kylie's bottom exploded into her diaper. Her face reddened as she pushed, doing everything she could to get it over as quickly as possible. The noise was humiliating and she buried her face into the crook of her elbow. The water, mixed with her mess, filled the back of her diaper, running down between her legs. Her diaper sagged under all of the water and mess and she slumped against the wall as the last of it squelched out of her.

"Good girl." Donna said as she cleaned and put everything away.

Between sobs, Kylie managed to get out a request.

"Will you change me now?"

"No." Donna said. She pressed a spot on the wall and a thin door popped open. It ran from the floor to the ceiling and all Kylie could see was a lever on a track. Donna pushed the lever down and Kylie's hands slid down the wall to the point where they almost touched the floor, bending Kylie over. Donna pushed on Kylie's lower back and gently guided the girl to the floor. Her mess smeared around the inside of her diaper as her bottom hit the floor. She sobbed at the torture.

"Your punishment ends in thirty minutes and all will be forgiven. Take this time to reflect on the rules and my expectations of you." Donna said, her voice level and indifferent. She left Kylie crying on the floor in her own filth.

Back in the kitchen, Donna cleaned up dinner. Humming to herself as she washed the dishes. She tried not to feel sorry for Kylie. Her heart hurt for having had to resort to such measures but it couldn't be helped. For some littles, they had to experience the worst of their new lives. In that way, they could do everything, by their choice, to avoid such outcomes. She sincerely hoped that one experience would be enough for Kylie.

When the thirty minutes was up, Donna returned to the bathroom. She didn't say anything as she turned off the magnetism holding Kylie's hands to the wall. Using a special tool, she removed the collar, bracelets, and anklets from the girl's body. She would pack those away later but for the moment, she helped Kylie to her feet.

"Baby girl?"

"...yeah...?"

"I'm sorry. I don't like having to do stuff like that. I don't think it's helpful to the healing process. I don't want to ever have to do something like that again, but I will if I have to. Let's get you cleaned up and we can talk."

"I don't wanna talk."

"Are you upset with me?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to leave?"

Kylie paused. She hadn't looked at Donna since she returned to the bathroom. Tears had dried in streaks down Kylie's face. Donna's face reflected the worry and sorrow that she felt. Kylie could see that Donna had not wanted to put her through such an ordeal. There was care and concern in Donna's eyes and Kylie felt that Donna had those emotions for Kylie, not herself.

Kylie shook her head. She had broken a rule and had been punished for it. Donna's mannerisms reflected her previous statement. All had been forgiven.

Donna smiled.

"I'm glad. Let's get you cleaned up."

She started the shower and helped Kylie into it, naked save for her diaper. As the water ran down her body, she watched as Donna ripped the tabs open on the diaper and the overflowing thing hit the tub with a splat. Donna quickly removed it and detached the showerhead from the wall. She aimed the stream around Kylie's diaper area, removing all remaining traces of Kylie's punishment. Content that the girl was clean enough, Donna plugged the drain on the tub and poured bubble bath into the clean water. Kylie slowly sank into the warm water, turning the temperature up to get it warmer. Donna smiled as Kylie laid back in the tub, letting the rising, steamy water wash over her.

The tub was much larger than a normal tub and Kylie could comfortably stretch out as she practically floated in the soapy water. Donna set a few products on the edge of the tub and dropped a loofah into the water.

Kylie played with the bubbles while Donna washed her. She tried to block out the more humiliating aspects of it, like spreading her legs or turning over so that her private areas could be cleaned. The hot water did wonders to wash away the tensions in Kylie's body. She was more relaxed with Donna during her bath than she had been with her mother. It still felt weird, but not as bad as it sounded in her head. Donna's hands were gentle and soothing. Although there was a hidden strength to them, their power to make her feel comfortable was beyond anything her mother had accomplished.

Clean, Donna let her soak in the water while she went upstairs to gather some fresh diapering supplies and pajamas for Kylie. Her intention was to dress Kylie and let her sleep in her downstairs room instead of the nursery. She felt that a goodwill gesture would help ease the impression of the punishment.

Dried and out of the tub, Kylie stood wrapped in a towel waiting for Donna. She had gotten out by herself, something that was probably wrong, but she wanted to have a chance to show that she was ready to face the routine of her new life. She felt that Donna was going to do some gesture to show that she was remorseful for what she had put Kylie through. When Donna returned with her hands full of diapering supplies, Kylie's suspicions were correct. She was starting to figure out this woman and although she had stumbled upon a way to manipulate her caregiver, she didn't want to take advantage of it.

"Donna?" She asked as Donna set things down on the bathroom floor. "Yes, Kylie?"

"Can we not do this here?"

"Do what?"

"I...I want...I want you to dress me in my room."

"Well, okay. We can go across the hall. I was going to let you sleep there tonight anyway."

"No. Not there. My real room. Upstairs."

Donna cocked an eyebrow at Kylie's statement.

"Okay. Follow me, I guess." She picked up the things she had brought and led Kylie up to the nursery. She stood at the door and waited for Kylie to walk into the room on her own.

Kylie looked around the room as if she was seeing it for the first time before she dropped her towel and crawled up onto the changing table. "Donna?"

"Yes, Kylie?"

"I'm ready."

"Ready?"

"Yeah. I'm ready to be your baby. Will you please put me into diapers?"

Donna was apprehensive and caught off guard. She hadn't expected such a reverse in course from Kylie. It was almost as if being punished had flipped a switch in the young girl.

Donna crossed the room and stood at the foot of the changing table. She unfolded and fluffed the diaper. Before she could say anything, Kylie lifted her hips into the air. Kylie seemed to anticipate Donna's actions, as if getting put in a diaper was something that was automatic for her.

Within moments, Donna was helping Kylie into her one piece footed pajamas. They were pink with Disney princesses on the front and once Donna had pulled the zipper up from the foot to under Kylie's chin, the young girl bounded into her crib and flopped down.

"Is someone ready for bed?" "Uh huh!"

"Does someone want a bottle before she goes to sleep?"

"Nuh uh. Want Quackers."

"Quackers? Crackers? You mean crackers? Are you still hungry?"

"No. Quakers. My stuffed ducky. He's my bestest friend in the whole big world and I wuv him berry much!"

"I...I don't have your stuffed duck."

"We can get him tomorrow. I pwomise to be the bestest baby! I weawwy pwomise!"

"Okay! Okay. I'll make a call and see if I can get it for you. You just try to settle down and go to sleep."

"Otay! Nigh nigh Mommy!"

Donna wanted to say something against being called Mommy, but she let it slide. She really wanted Kylie to be able to get on track. Donna's personal objection to the word and the pain of the memories, weren't Kylie's fault. She slid the rails up on the crib and locked them into place. Kylie curled up into a ball before tossing and turning from side to side, restless.

"I'll bring you a bottle of warm milk. Be right back, sweetie."

It took less than five minutes for Donna to go back to the kitchen and warm up the bottle she had made for Kylie earlier. When she returned to the nursery, Kylie was asleep, snoring softly, a small dribble of drool forming at the edge of her mouth. She looked utterly adorable through the crib walls. So much so that Donna set the bottle down on the stand next to the crib, within Kylie's reach before retreating out of the room. She shut off the light and slowly closed the door, like a parent would to an infant. It was a stupid habit, but Donna wanted nothing more than to end Kylie's night on a high note.

Downstairs, Donna sent some messages to Mark. She was forbidden from contacting Kylie's mother directly, and had to use Mark as an intermediary. Their conversation was brief and when it was done, Donna sat on the couch, her eyes closed, as the machine attached to her chest pumped. While never comparable to a real person, it did its job to relieve the discomfort in her breasts. She daydreamed of the day when she could look down at her baby as they nursed from her.

Someday, she thought, I will leave this life behind and just have a baby of my own. No more clients, but a baby that I can hold forever.