

## **The Rehabilitation of Kylie**

Written by Max Harper

Part 09: Reward

Penny Carver moved around her room in silence. Going from drawer to closet, she packed her suitcase for the weekend of conferences that were coming. While she always exclaimed that she was taking advanced courses to further her career, it was a lie. She neatly lay two nightgowns into the case, folded neatly, like everything else was. While most of her attire was to be expected, her lingerie was not. Overtly sexual, her thongs, crotchless, and edible panties were not things she would normally take on business trips, nor would her goodies bag. Her bag, filled with lubes, vibrators, clamps, and various other adult oriented tools for intimate pleasure. The cuffs, whips, and insertables were for added excitement, but for Penny, was just the normal. Her conferences, for the lack of better term, were weekend retreats for BDSM events. She had a very popular website where she sold her pornographic material. It had started as a means to supplement her income and fulfill some of her dark desires, but it had quickly turned into a second job, one she enjoyed more than her current job.

Being a caregiver had its own rewards and perks. She was allowed to practice her dominating tactics, with great restraint, but it didn't have the financial potential that her more adult themed works did. She was debating resigning from the Institute, or at least from the B.A.B.Y. branch, and move over to another department more fitting of her tastes. She liked both, however, and it left her undecided. The domination of regressing someone to an infantile state was a hell of a rush, but she was limited by her methods and severity. While in another branch, she could go all out, it lacked the hands on personal touch of being a caregiver. Stuck between both, she lived one life in secret, while pretending the other.

Penny had made arrangements for Lucy to spend the weekend with Donna. It was unorthodox, but they had developed a good system. Penny relied on Donna's trained opinion on her clients, as Donna's degrees helped her better determine if Penny's efforts were making progress. While close friends, Donna wasn't willing to discuss Penny's proclivities for abnormal sexual desires. Penny appreciated the gesture, once telling Donna that she wanted a friend, not a shrink.

She still had to go upstairs and pack Lucy's bag. She hadn't told Lucy yet that she was going to spend the weekend with Kylie. She wanted to see how Lucy would behave without a reward and she had been seriously surprised. After Donna and Kylie's visit, Lucy had made great attempts to alter her behavior in order to be better behaved. She still had some things she was resistant to, all of which revolved around being changed, but the rest was slowly falling into place. Penny had been in contact with Donna about Lucy's progress and they both agreed that Lucy was close to full regression. She needed a push, a trigger, to get her to fully accept the program. They both hoped that the trigger would be more time with Kylie Penny headed upstairs and into the nursery. Lucy was still asleep in her crib. The young girl seemed to get much more sleep when not restrained. It was an obvious deduction, but one that Lucy herself needed to realize. Penny had stopped forcing Lucy into the straightjacket but the mittens, collar, and ankle restraints stayed. They were a fail safe, one that Penny didn't want to ever have to use.

She pulled a diaper bag out of the closet and began packing diapers into it. While the wipes, powder, and creams were things that Donna would have in ready supply, it was just polite to send diapers with a baby when someone else was taking care of them. Donna didn't have any baby food, but she knew enough to stick within the guidelines of Lucy's program.

As Penny packed the diaper bag full of diapers and a few restraints, she heard the soft rustling of her baby waking up. Lucy always seemed to whine whenever she woke up and found herself in the same place and position. Today was no different. Lucy whined a little as she came to terms with her situation but quickly settled down. The whining was abating with each passing day, but it was still there.

Penny turned to face Lucy, watching the girl groggily stir into alertness. She looked down at the state of her diaper and whimpered. She was wetting more frequently at night and in larger

volumes. The psychological impact of regression was still something that was being debated, but the manifestation of accepting one's fate was another.

"Good morning, Lucy. How did you sleep?"

"Tch. Fine, I guess."

"Are we cranky today?"

"I...I'm wet. Wetter than I was before."

"You did sleep longer last night than before, it's only natural that you would have to go more."

"I didn't even know that I had to go this bad. I'm practically leaking. I think I'm losing control."

"That's to be expected. It's part of the program."

"But I don't get it. I don't understand how this is happening."

"You're comfortable. When you're comfortable, your body tends to do what comes naturally."

"Wetting myself is natural? That doesn't make any sense! What's next?"

"I think you know what's next."

Lucy's face paled and she glanced down at her diaper. "You mean? I'll...do that too?"

"Yes. In time. But that's under extreme circumstances. We don't want to get to that point as it's very difficult to return control once it's been lost."

"I can avoid that?"

"Yes, if you continue progressing the way you have. Speaking of which, I have a little surprise for you. I have to go away for the weekend so I have arranged for you to stay with someone for a few days."

"Kylie?!"

"It's a surprise. I'm going to drop you off later today so that I can catch my flight. If you are a good girl for me today, I'll take you there sooner." "Okay!" Lucy exclaimed, excitedly sitting up.

"Good. Let's get you changed and find some breakfast. I expect you to need a change before your bath. And you know what I'm talking about."

"Uhh...okay..." Lucy said, her excitement waning. Penny was expecting her to mess herself, practically on command.

"Marvelous. I've finished packing your diaper bag and we can pick out a cute little outfit for you. So hop out of that crib and onto the changing table." Penny lowered the bars and helped Lucy get situated on the changing table. The mittens made it difficult for Lucy to do much on her own.

Lucy twitched at being changed, like she normally did, but Penny didn't press the issue. She wasn't sure what was going on with the girl, but she knew that she wasn't skilled enough to figure it out. Lucy would have to admit it to herself first, and then the world. She wasn't ready for that yet.

Cleaned and crisp, Lucy crawled downstairs behind Penny. She hated being degraded in such a way, but she wasn't being led by the collar today, so it was a small victory. She sat unrestrained in the high chair and didn't object to being spoon fed fiber enriched oatmeal. While she was supposed to eat and drink like a baby, she was fed proportions that fit her adult sized. When Penny wasn't looking, Lucy attempted to do what she was expected to do. It was difficult, extremely so, for her to consciously try to soil herself, but she was willing to do pretty much anything to spend a weekend away from Penny.

Her stomach hurt from all the attempts, but by the time Penny announced that it was time for Lucy's bath, she had been successful. She hated having been reduced to someone who obeyed commands like that and forcing herself to do something so sordid was revolting. But the carrot had been dangled in front of her and it wasn't the first time she had done something unseemly for personal gain.

Penny was amused at Lucy's attempts. Her submission to Penny's demands was a good sign, Lucy had been broken. She let Lucy crawl to the bathtub, taking the lead. It was an act of cruelty and dominance when Penny grasped the mess through the diaper and smashed it into Lucy's bottom, causing the young girl grimace in disgust.

The bath went well. Even as Lucy pouted, she didn't fight back or resist. She was diapered on the bathroom floor, allowed to brush her teeth with one hand out of the mittens, before having to crawl back upstairs to be dressed. Penny dressed her in a pink bonnet, and white and pink baby dress that barely hung down to Lucy's waist, a pair of frilly panties, large enough to cover her diaper, and white socks with pink frills. Lucy both looked, and felt ridiculous, but she didn't say anything. Inside, she was seething, but outside, she was as calm as she could be. She kept telling herself that it would all be worth it in the end. She was going to be away from Penny and all the degradation, if even for a weekend, and that was all that mattered.

Penny slung the diaper bag over her shoulder and led Lucy back down the stairs. Lucy hadn't noticed, but earlier that morning, Penny had pulled out a very public form of humiliation and shame. Looking absurdly huge, the stroller was large enough for Lucy's frame. Only about twice the size of a normal stroller, it was heavily reinforced to endure an adult's weight. A company unconnected to the Institute had designed an adult stroller, a garishly gigantic abomination that wasn't economical at all. Moira had ordered one, sent it to her R&D department, and ordered it shrunk to be more manageable. Like the car seats, high chairs, and training potty, shrinking it was a matter of using stronger materials and practical use in mind. Plastic wheels were replaced with air-filled rubber, the frame was replaced by high-strength aluminum tubing. While the added size and bulk was difficult to manage, it's worth as a regressive tool was unmatched for social outings.

"What's that?" Lucy asked, apprehensive.

"What does it look like?"

"A really big stroller."

"You are correct."

"And you want me to ride in that?"

"Yes, I do."

"Umm, does it cover my face?"

"Does it need to?"

"I would like it to."

"It can, under one condition."

Lucy sighed, expecting some humiliation beyond anything that she'd experienced yet.

"What is it?"

"This." Penny said, pulling a strange-looking pacifier out from the diaper bag. "See? I can put little candies or fruits in here and you can suck on it, giving you the flavor of a treat without the risk of you choking on it."

"That's it?"

"That's it. You've been such a good girl lately, that I thought you deserved a treat."

"Really?" Lucy said, sounding hopeful. "What's in it?"

"Chunks of strawberry. I wasn't sure what you liked."

"Strawberries are fine." Lucy said, crawling up into the stroller. Penny smiled at Lucy as she buckled the girl in place. Lucy let Penny push the pacifier into her mouth. She laid back, sucking on it as Penny extended the sun guard, blocking Lucy's face from anyone who wasn't directly kneeling in front of her.

"Let's get you to the babysitters!" Penny exclaimed, entering her code to open the door. She pushed the stroller out into the daylight and with the diaper bag over her shoulder, she pushed Lucy down the driveway and onto the sidewalk. Lucy tried her best not to think of all the people who might see her. The bright sunlight was warm on her bare legs. She needed to shave but knew that such things were beyond her now.

Penny didn't acknowledge anyone, much to Lucy's surprise. She wondered briefly if there was no one out there for Penny to talk to but she wasn't brave enough to check. She knew how she looked and she didn't want to bring any unnecessary attention to herself.

They didn't go far, or at least it didn't feel far, before Penny steered the stroller up a driveway. Wherever she was going, it was at least close to Penny's house. Penny locked the wheels on the stroller and knocked on the door. The door opened and unfortunately, Lucy was unable to see

who was at the door. There wasn't any talking between Penny and whomever was in the house and within moments, Penny was pushing Lucy into the house. Lucy tried looking around to see where she was or who she was with, but couldn't tell much beyond the fact that the TV was one playing some old Nickelodeon show. Lucy was starting to get concerned until a voice rang out from down the hall.

"Mommy!!! I'm ready to get out!!!"

"Just a minute, baby, Mommy is talking to Penny."

The shrill shriek that echoed down the hall was near deafening. "Lucy!!!! Are you there, Lucy?!!"

Lucy about leaped out of her stroller and would have if not for being buckled in. She flung her pacifier to the floor and tried to push the cover back so that she could see.

Kylie kept screaming in excitement, impatiently waiting for Donna to get her out of the tub.

"Mommy?! Are you coming?! I want out! I want out! Pwease?!!!"

Donna chuckled and spoke to Penny. "You get yours and I'll get mine?"

Penny nodded and Donna headed for the bathroom. Lucy was trying to undo the buckles with her mittened hands when Penny slapped them away to do it herself. Nearly free, Lucy was getting impatient until Penny grabbed her chin with her steel like grip, forcing Lucy to stop and pay attention.

"I am only going to say this once, so listen up. You will be on your best behavior for Donna this weekend. I'm talking perfect little angel, or so help me, you will spend the next week in your cage with your ass so red you won't be able to sit down. Am I understood?"

Lucy paled and nodded slowly. Penny was scary when she talked like that and a week in the cage was near unfathomable torture.

"You will be the best little baby in the world or you will never see Kylie again." Lucy nodded again, tears forming at the edge of her eyes.

"Good!" Penny said, her tone going back to the bubbly fake voice that she used around Donna.

"Let's get you out of there. Do you need a change? Turn around and let me check."

"I don't need-"

"Hush now." Penny said, turning Lucy around and pulling at the back of her diaper. She leaned towards Lucy and whispered in her ear. "Don't push me, little girl."

"S-sorry Penny." Lucy stammered. She was still dry but it was the show of dominance that Penny was going for.

She pushed it out of her mind as Penny moved to the side as thudding footsteps headed for Lucy. Lucy was barely able to turn around before the topless Kylie slammed into her, wrapping her in a big hug.

"I was barely able to put her diaper on before she wiggled out of my grip." Donna said to Penny.

"Kylie, you need a shirt sweetie."

Kylie was still clamped onto Lucy, who was struggling to breathe. Donna grabbed her by the arm and peeled her off of Lucy. She had a bunched up shirt in her other hand and she pushed it over Kylie's head. She fed Kylie's arms through it and pulled it down the girl's waist. It was a onesie and she had to push Kylie's legs apart to get it snapped.

"I'm so happy to see you, Lucy! Wait till you see my room. We can play dollies and watch TV and have the bestest time ever!!!"

"I can see that someone is excited to have a friend over. I brought Lucy's diaper bag. I didn't want you to burn through your supplies." Penny said.

"Oh, thank you. I have plenty of diapers but you know how babies are, could go through four or five one day, ten the next."

"C'mon Lucy, let's go play!" Kylie pulled on Lucy's arm. Lucy stood firm and looked at Penny.

"Can I go play with Lucy?"

“Yes you may.”

Lucy took two steps before Penny snapped her fingers. Lucy froze, clenched her teeth, and fell to the floor on all fours. She was too excited to play with Kylie to remember the rules. Babies crawl, not walk. She crawled after Kylie, trying to get away from Penny as fast as possible.

“She will be in good hands, Penny.”

“I know. It’s just one of those things where she needs to be reminded of her place.”

“You think that crawling is really necessary?”

“I think that it reminds her of her place, just like the diapers.” “There is a line between reminding and punishment.”

“Yes, and I’ll be the judge of when she needs to be pushed.”

“Okay. It’s your call, but just be mindful of creating a rebellion. You will lose all the work you have put in.”

“I’m sure that I’ll be fine. Anyway, I think that I’ll leave the stroller here, just in case you need it and I will be back to pick her up on Sunday. You will let me know if you have any troubles, right?”

“Of course, but only if I think that it’s necessary. My house, my rules, and all of that.”

“Fair enough. Well, I need to head back to the house to grab my suitcases. My flight is in a few hours and I don’t want to get stuck in line.”

“Have a safe flight and a good weekend. Relax and unwind. I’m sure that I can handle things from here.”

“I hope so. Lucy can be a handful.”

“Won’t know if you keep loitering around. Get out of here, Penny, and enjoy your weekend.”

“Thanks again for watching her. I’m overdue for some R&R.” Penny gave Donna a quick hug and was out the door. Lucy watched Penny walk down the street at a brisk pace from the window in Kylie’s nursery. When Penny turned the corner and was out of sight, Lucy could finally let out a sigh of relief.

Kylie, who was still too excited to see Lucy, hadn’t been paying attention. She was too busy talking about all of the things in her room. She had many of the same things that Lucy had, but they were far more interesting now than they had ever been. Lucy was tensed up, still staring out the window when Kylie tapped her cheek with a stuffed duck.

“This is Quackers. He’s my best friend in the whole wide world. He keeps me safe from the bogeyman who lives under the crib.”

“Wha? Huh? Oh. Your duck. That’s cool. I don’t have a stuffed animal of my own. Kinda grew out of them when I was a little girl.”

“You are still a little girl, silly, and we are going to have so much fun together!”

“Yeah, sure. Lots of fun.” Lucy said despondent. She turned away from the window and looked at the room she was in. From one nursery to another, not much had changed, except for Kylie’s beaming face.

“What’s wrong, Lucy? Don’t you want to have fun with me?” Kylie asked, trying to get Lucy to smile.

“It’s not you.” Lucy said, fumbling with her mittens. “It’s Penny.”

Donna had just gotten to the top of the stairs when she heard Lucy talking and the hurt in the young girl’s voice.

“I hate her.” Lucy continued. “I’ve tried to do what you said. You know? I play along and I don’t fight and nothing ever seems to be good enough. Even today. Everything started off good but she just has to get that last jab in. Making me crawl in front of you and threatening me with the cage if I don’t behave while I’m here.”

“Cage? What cage?”

“It’s a dog crate that she keeps in the backroom. She puts me in it when I’m not doing what I’m told. It’s super uncomfortable. And I hate it. What does treating me like a dog have to do with

therapy? I'm not some kind of furry or something that gets off on that shit. I'm a human being! No one in their right mind would put a baby in one of those. A real baby, not someone like you or me."

"That's terrible!"

"And you know what she told me a while ago? That all of this could be so much worse. The gags, the straightjacket, and the restraints? That's all easy stuff. They have a way to make a person be truly helpless and it's near permanent! And I think that bitch would try to do that to me! I don't get why she has to be so cruel."

"I'm sorry, Lucy. I didn't know."

"It's not your fault. It's hers. And my dad's. Everyone keeps trying to tell me who or what I should be. No one wants to listen to me anymore!"

"I'll listen. I'm listening now. Don't worry about it. I'll talk to Mommy and she will talk to Penny."

"Don't you get it? Donna is with them. She's a part of it all and don't think for a second that she wouldn't do the same to you!"

"She would never! Mommy loves me!"

"Kylie, you need to wake up. They don't love us. We are a job to them. A task. A paycheck. When this is all over, they won't even remember our names."

"Nuh uh. That's not true. Donna cares for me."

Lucy scoffed. "She takes care **of** you. She doesn't care **for** you."

"Don't talk bad about Donna! She actually cares about me, she's the only one that ever has!"

"And how sad is that? How fucked are we that the only people that want to care about us are the ones that are paid to?"

Sensing that the conversation was going to get too heated, too quickly, Donna rounded the corner and stood in the doorway.

"Lucy, I want you to know that I don't care for Kylie because I'm paid to. I care for Kylie because I want to. I'm sorry that you are having such a hard time with Penny, and let me assure you that I will be having words with her about using dog kennels as a punishment. But I do have to step in and put a stop to this conversation. You are upsetting Kylie and are upset yourself. While it's normal to have these feelings, they are detrimental to your care."

"Like anyone cares about me or my care."

"I do, Lucy." Kylie said between snuffles. "I care."

"Why? Why would either of you care about me?"

"Because I want you to be my friend." Kylie replied. "And friends don't say mean things like that."

"Stop acting like such a baby." Lucy retorted.

"I am a baby!" Kylie snapped, "And in case you missed the memo, you are too!"

"And both of you are in need of a nap." Donna said, stepping into the room, her aura stamping down any further dissent. "Lucy, let's get you into the crib. Kylie, you can sleep in the room downstairs. I don't want you girls fighting anymore." "But I don't want to take a nap!" Kylie said.

"And I will remind you to read the rules on the wall, little girl." Donna said with commanding authority. "Now, Lucy, how about we put a smile on your face and take those mittens off?"

Lucy looked at Donna flabbergasted. "Y-you mean it?"

"Certainly, with one caveat. You will read and follow my rules." Donna pointed to the large letters on the wall.

Lucy looked around Kylie to the wall, but knew immediately what Donna meant. "I will leave my diaper alone, Donna."

"Good. That's all I ask. You will find that I'm a lot easier to get along with that Penny is. So crawl up into the crib."

Lucy dropped to all fours to crawl to the crib and stopped when Kylie and Donna looked at her perplexed.

“She didn’t mean literally. You can walk when you are here.” Kylie joked.

Lucy looked up at Donna, who simply nodded with a smile on her face. Lucy blushed and got to her feet. “Sorry. Old habit.”

“Forced behavior isn’t corrective behavior.” Donna said. She didn’t elaborate, but helped Lucy into the crib. She took the mittens off Lucy’s hands and raised the bars until they clicked.

“Have a good nap, Lucy. I’ll see you in a bit. Come, Kylie. Let’s get you tucked in.”

Kylie went over to the crib. “Can we play later? I’d like to play with you.”

Lucy stretched and interlocked her fingers. It felt like she hadn’t touched anything in ages. She nodded absentmindedly while staring at her hands. Kylie followed Donna out of the room and Lucy sat alone in the crib. She touched her face, her arms, her legs, her chest, and even her diaper. Everything she touched had a different sensation and for the moment, Lucy felt alive again. She laid back, not immediately tired, but entranced by her fingers that she didn’t notice feeling sleepy. She had received more kindness from Donna in a few minutes than she had gotten the entire time she was with Penny. Confused and dreading the weekend being over, Lucy focused all of her effort on trying to be happy. Kylie wanted to spend time with her, and she wanted to enjoy all that she could while she had the chance.

Lucy Hernandez fell asleep with her fingers wound in her hair and for the first time in a long time, slipped into a pleasant dreamland.