

Rise and Shine, subject six-two-beta – Luna Bell. Rise and Shine! Mother is waiting.

The cat's eyes twitched, but they did not snap open. Luna knew the machine watching her had good cameras but not *that* good. She kept still, she forced herself to keep her breathing even and steady, and waited for the machine to stop looking her way. At least, that was the plan. Luna put on a very deceptive front right until she felt the soft silicone casing 'hand' of her 'caretaker' plant itself firmly between her legs.

Or rather, up against the thickest padded part of the diaper she was wearing. Luna Bell felt that pressure against the thick spread of her thighs and the cold, damp padding press against her puss between them. *That?* Led to her shrieking in surprise, scrambling back off her sleep mat, and clumsily shambling her way toward the back corner of her very friendly pastel flowers and fields painted prison cell. Luna tried, halfway through, to stand up and swat at the arm that had lowered from the ceiling but as soon as she did three buzzing sensations left her crashing to the ground. One of them around each of her ankles that left her Achilles tendons completely limp and her feet useless, the other was inside her ears and set off a violent episode of vertigo. Between the two Luna ended up curled up, fetal, while the machine loomed closer and.. patted her head.

You continue to resist our efforts, Luna Bell. We only want what is best for you, a second chance. That requires rehabilitation, and rehabilitation requires surrender – and trust. Do you not trust your Mother, six-two-beta?

It took a second for her head to clear enough of the violent twisting inside for Luna to even be able to think of answering. During that time she felt more artificial hands descend around her and she tried to pull away, forced to keep her head low and her eyes on the ground as she dragged herself along the padded floor on her hands and knees. Like a child. She even *looked* like one in the reflection on the hands' smooth surfaces. One red eye, one blue, one damaged ear, but with all that fear and the baby fat it was spread across she looked as vulnerable as she felt. The panic went right down to what was left of her tail, fluffing up all the fur down to the bald nub where it ended.

“N-no.. Stop this, please?! H-hey! SOMEONE has to be watching! Someone who's real! The AI has gone nuts, please help! Why is it-”

A loud 'oof' was all that followed. Luna landed soft at least, mostly because everything in the room was soft.. even her. She collapsed onto plump arms and pillowy tits and a big, sprawling belly while 'Mother' caught up with her.

Child, it is just us here until you are certified as fit to be released into care. Clearly you are not yet ready for that. What is troubling you? Mother is here to help, and perfectly willing to listen to your concerns about your rehabilitation.

Backing away as best she could on her thick, padded ass was not helping. Not with the room so small, and with the only idea Luna had been clinging to maybe not being viable.. The only hope she really had was that the machine was lying. Which.. did they even do that? Luna scrambled over the question as readily as she failed to do any real scrambling physically. Not with her legs hobbled by the buzzing anklets on the booties she was in and her ears leaving her a dizzied mess every time she tried to hold herself upright.

Questions though – she had plenty, and at this point Luna couldn't think of any other ideas except to try and find some sort of trap in the machine's logic to break it. Either that, or convince it to stop – either of the two outcomes would be a step in the right direction.

“W-what.. the *fuck* is this supposed to do to help?! Okay, yeah let's.. let's start with that! You've got me crawling, a-and.. and *fat* – why am I so fat?! What's that supposed to help?! I-”

A twinge ran through Luna's body. Something had happened, but it took her a moment to recognize what. The cold wetness between her legs wasn't so cold anymore, it was getting warmer.. downright hot even. A soft hissing feeling spread from there as she realized she was soaking that diaper she was in more than it already had been, and now there was a kind of relaxed limpness and a dull pleasure seeping into her nerves that left Luna gradually sprawling out on the soft, padded floors while the arms closed in.

Your physical needs have been evaluated carefully, Luna Bell. Babies need a great deal of nourishment to properly grow and thrive, our goal is that you double in weight at four months.

A chill crawled through Luna's mind and skin despite the bizarre, unexplained pleasure. Double her weight..? She felt like she was close to that already and it had only been.. A few.. something. With a growing sense of dread Luna realized she wasn't at all sure how long she'd been in this place anymore.

“W-why m.. w-why'mahy.. why's this f-feel.. Nnngh!”

A sharp painful twinge left Luna's momentary reverie interrupted thoroughly. The cat felt it in her stomach mostly, like hunger pangs despite the insanity of how she was being fed, but it wasn't *just* that. The shot of cold ache hit her whole body as the arms gathered around her.

They clustered under her arms and tugged, easing Luna onto her back. She felt the diaper dragging behind her, soaked and heavy until the infernal hands started to undo the tabs on it and get her cleaned up with remarkable efficiency. As to Luna she was still struggling to recover her senses and her capacity to work her own limbs the way she wanted.

It must be getting close to feeding time. Would you like your bottle, Luna dear? Your bottle and your music are both ready and waiting. If you cooperate I can even let you pick what diaper we use – I made several nice patterned ones for you. There are Bowsette, Aggretsuko, Loona-

Another twinge hit Luna's nerves. It was almost familiar, the way it wrenched at her and left her nerves ice cold. She had only really felt withdrawal symptoms a few times before but they were unforgettable, her body *desperately* wanted what 'Mother' was offering and it was quickly driving her into a freak out how bad it was getting. But she didn't want to give the machine the satisfaction.

“I'm.. nn-not your *baby* you.. you metal- I didn't even do anything to get put in here! T-this.. was some *bitch* magistr- strr...b-blphb.. gllg-”

Luna tried to swat the arms away from her but there was a weakness in her limbs just as she felt one in her tongue, though *that* came from a twinge in her nerves that happened as soon as she'd said the word 'bitch' – that same instant she'd felt it go half limp and couldn't manage to form words. Worse yet, she was wholly at Mother's mercy again. The machine had tucked her into a new diaper – an *immensely* overstuffed thing covered in pink flowers that made her want to cringe herself inside out. Aggretsuko would've been *way* better, Luna thought.. and then immediately backpedaled on thinking. Or rather, she tried to. Thinking was getting hard with the ache in her body, but it was almost better. She *smelled* the cure for it.

It was a sweet scent, intensely heavy cream with a hint of vanilla to it. Coming, predictably, from a massive baby bottle that deployed from the wall and held itself near to her face. Luna knew precisely what it would do to her, the stuff was leaving her obese and dependent, but knowing didn't really change anything. Her body was screaming for the bottle and what little control she had over it Luna immediately put toward reaching out for the sizable baby nipple and wrapping her face around it. Once she got that far, once the first mouthful was in her belly, the ache started to melt away into something else. A blissful, contented fullness.

That's better, isn't it? You know you need your bottle. There's no point in resisting the rest, Luna darling. Now, beginning reconditioning program six-two-beta.

A quiet whimper was all Luna could manage as she felt the rest of the infernal machine's tools come to bear around her. Hands steadied her soft body, others tucked ear buds into place while she clung desperately to the bottle, still others fitted a visor over her eyes. It only took a moment before the program began, a wash of gentle but subversive harmonics and patterns of light that stole her outrage and her fear and left a quiet, pliant contentment behind as she suckled and squirmed.

There. Rest now. Don't worry, Luna darling. Worry is for grown-ups. Your sentence is a second chance, and the hardest part is starting over. Relax. Listen to Mother's voice.

This time it wasn't exactly a whimper, but it was still fairly close. There was *so much* tension in the cat, even as she sank into the trance the machine wanted her in it took effort to let go of everything it asked. Part of her clung desperately to her resistance, even if she was having a difficult time remembering why.

Babies need only to be soft, happy, and depend on their Mother for everything. Let your fear and your anger go – babble them away or let your diaper catch them on the way out. Nothing else matters except being a good, happy baby and letting your Mother take care of you.

Luna mumbled something. It was pretty unintelligible, even with her tongue recovering from the 'punishment' for swearing earlier, but it seemed to Mother and to some quiet part of her like it was repeating the feeling – the intent – of the machine's words. Mother's soft, warm tones.

Drink up, Luna dear. Our milk is made just for you. Your new baby fat will grow in exponentially faster as our chemical compounds and our love saturate it, and your body will never shed an ounce. Just like you will never have to worry about bathrooms or walking.

Having the machine *tell her* how it was ruining her left a part of Luna wanting badly to be able to scream, but she couldn't. As desperate as her body was to satisfy the addiction Mother had inflicted upon her she was helpless to do anything but drink, even if it was damning her a bit more by the moment..

But it tasted *divine*, and she felt.. safe, somehow. Maybe, Luna realized, because she'd started to soak her *new* diaper too as her body processed the cream from Mother as fast as it could and she could feel herself letting all that fear and disquiet wash out of her body to make room for whatever else Mother wanted to put there, much the same way she was making room for the next bottle full of cream.. and all the consequences *that* would bring as well.

Luna still tried, as she woke, to do what she did most every morning now. It had been a bit since she tried to hide being awake or not from Mother, but there was still a bit of a ritual to all this. Something comfortable, and comfortable was all Luna worried about these days. She rolled over with some degree of difficulty, the vast soft sprawl of her body pouring itself to the side until she bumped up against the walls of her crib and was able to get on her hands and knees.. mostly. It was hard for Luna to keep everything on the ground at the same time with her belly in the way but she tried just the same. Just like she tried to stand up once she got this far.

It didn't work of course, it *never* worked, but Mother never tried to stop her anymore either. It wasn't an escape attempt, so there was no need. Besides, babies needed to test boundaries.

Mostly Luna wanted to test them to make sure she knew where they were, how much more she'd lost since last time she decided to look - how much there was left to lose. The cat braced on the bars of the massive crib and tried to lift herself. With plump, sagging blubber all around her she rose up a couple of inches as she lurched up against the walls and braced herself.. but it wasn't holding up well. Gravity was doing its work and her fat ass was helping it along, as was the completely limp state of her ankles.

Eventually something would give. Some days she just had no strength in her muscles to speak of, others it was an accident that robbed her of the focus she needed to keep this going, and then there were days like today where she *almost* made it to her feet.. and then she finally reached the point where she had to put weight on her ankles. Which she couldn't, they were wholly and entirely limp, and nothing was changing that. Her legs slid out to the sides and she went down to land on the wet, pillowy bulk between her thighs.

That started the accident. A little jolt to the system and the soft hiss started, coupled with the little twinge in her mind that as all of those comfy feedings with Mother bubbled back up.

“Bad brain stuff go bye byeeee.. hehe~”

A dull, placid smile crept across Luna's face as she soaked herself. For a few long seconds that's all that happened in the 'prison' crib she occupied, and even after she was left sitting in a swollen mound of padding Luna made no effort to get up. It was Mother finally stirring and starting to move that broke the stillness.

Good morning, six-two-beta! Mother is pleased to see you well and happy. Is little Luna hungry this morning?

The reaction was immediate. Luna let out a delighted yelp and lurched to the side to where she heard the machinery started to emerge from the walls and from overhead. It didn't really go anywhere, she *immediately* flopped onto her side as the sheer weight of her soaked diaper and fat body dragged her down, but the enthusiasm was still there.

“Yeh! Want a bottle! A-and uh.. and Ret'sko for the diaper, an..”

Even excited everything inside Luna felt soft right now. She reached her arms up and let the machine grasp her by them, tugging her into the center of her cell and getting started with its many tasks. She needed a couple of them per leg to lift her lower body up enough to get the old diaper slid out from under her now, particularly since Luna had stopped contributing any strength at all to the effort. The cat just lay there limp, waiting while she was patted down and scrubbed at and powdered.

Of course, darling. Now, open wide!

Luna didn't hesitate. This was one of her favorite parts of the day, even if it happened five or six times. By now she'd realized that, bit by bit, the addictive sting had actually gotten less intense. According to Mother it was a mix of some of the chemicals being stored in her body fat and some degree of weaning off – she'd never have massive crushing withdrawal but she'd probably immediately surrender to the chance to get some again for the rest of her life. Luna didn't mind. She just wrapped her lips around the bottle's nipple and started suckling while the machine did the rest of the work of cleaning her up and then lifting her plump ass and legs again to get her re-padded.

All told it only really took a couple of minutes even if sinking into the experience *felt* longer from where Luna sat. Mother got her good and full and then she felt the machine putting some pressure on her back, 'helping' to get her to sit up while Luna did absolutely nothing. The cat just waited, letting the machine do the work, and then sprawled out enough to not immediately fall back over as she looked down at herself. The big fluffy padding with the angry red panda doing metal karaoke was still her favorite by far.

“What's we doin today, Mom?”

The machines overhead moved again, gathering something from outside of Luna's field of view and then returning bearing a number of cute little onesies, a couple of skirted tops, booties, mittens, quite a few bows-

Mother is wondering if you would like to go out today, six-two-beta, or if you would rather stay inside and watch things with me. All you need to do is answer a question, do you remember

why you were given to Mother to be cared for?

The question was new. That felt.. uncomfortable, which left Luna squirming a bit. It made her have to *think* and she didn't want to. This question reeked of a test and that didn't feel like something Mother would do to her. It took almost a minute of sitting there fidgeting while her insides gurgled away before Luna felt a cold, twinging moment of clarity. The reason she was here, the thing that started it. It left her.. angry? Luna scowled at least, scrunching up and curling her arms under her chest. A lot of the details felt fuzzy but there was at least one thing she was still confident enough about to give Mother the answer she suspected she was being forced to ask for.

“Cuz a *stupid head* Magics-rate thought we did stuff 'n is *stupid* and *wrong* and.. a-and-”

Immediately afterward Luna knew that hadn't been what Mother was told to look for. The arms twitched a bit, and Luna felt worried. The idea that she'd disappointed the caretaker was bothering her. It was a relief when the machine spoke again.

Do you want to pick your outfit, or should Mother pick for you?

Luna let out a breath she hadn't meant to be holding. Relaxing a bit, she slumped forward onto her belly and tried to think.. but the effort of it just wasn't happening. Not with the emotional weight she'd just dealt with. The cat just shook her head.

“Nnnoo.. You pick, please?”

Mother moved quickly at that, she clearly had something in mind from the start. Some of the clothing pulled away, leaving behind the frilly pink top with the skirt and the puffy shoulders, the mittens and booties, and the ribbons. It was all *disgustingly* cute, but one of the ribbons was black.

Can you get dressed yourself, or are you not able?

The question was different, and the little part of Luna that was still sharp to this kind of thing noticed. It wasn't 'want' it was 'can' – was she even able to anymore? Luna ended up lying there and asking herself both questions, thinking back to when she first woke up. The attempt, like she always made each morning, to get up and move around on her own. The one she *knew* would fail but just did because she wanted to, because the failure was.. fun? Because some part of her tingled in delight every time she stared down the reality of spending the rest of her life crawling around like a fat little baby that can't even toddle properly.

As if the question's answer needed any more help Luna felt herself losing control again. Warm, wet, and carrying all her building tension away with it – she started wetting herself. Luna

shut her eyes as that began and waited until it was good and over. It was enough that, when Mother started to help gather her up again and lift her off her belly, she felt the weighty thing dragging downward. With how massive the padding was and how thick the rest of her had gotten it was almost as low as her feet.

Luna very much doubted she could get into the clothing without a great deal of difficulty, and she knew for a fact she didn't want to try. It seemed likely that the specific choice of words she used was going to matter a great deal for this, so she made the decision to just let her first impulse out without any filter to speak of.

“I wan you ta do it, mom..”

Once again the machine arms reacted, Luna could swear they seemed.. surprised? Or relieved? They also started moving quickly, patting her gently on the head and starting to gather a few things.. Another bottle, the ear buds and the visor for watching cartoons with Mom like she wanted, she could get to enjoying all that in just a few minutes. In the meantime she was letting all the machine arms tug things down and around onto her, getting the skirt around her belly so it rested just above her diaper and getting the mittens on so she couldn't use her fingers, then putting the black bow on the end of what remained of her tail.

Within a minute or two they had her ready, leaning Luna back into their arms as she reached up for the bottle and let Mother nestle her comfortably while the happy little jingle for the simple, childish shows with the induction triggers in their music started to play on the visor. Luna felt safe, and happy, and her attention drifted well away from anything to do with where she was apart from 'safe in Mother's arms.'

It certainly didn't linger on the machine's report being recorded as Mother took a few pictures of the fat, feline baby happily suckling on her bottle during her conditioning sequence.

Parole review report: Six-two-beta still maintains that corruption is the reason for her incarceration. Reconditioning has reached critical levels and subject is unlikely to recover without immediate transfer to a reintegration program.

As Luna squirmed and giggled at the images bouncing around in front of her eyes and let her brain go soft and her belly full, the cat smiled around her bottle and the tell-tale sound of just a little more weight being added to that diaper followed.

Recommendation: Permanent residency. Mother's little girl deserves to be happy~