

The Model Baby

by Cowkites

It was midday when Jenna woke. For the first time in an uncertain amount of time, Jenna felt clarity. She wasn't sure what had happened nor even who she really was, but one thing Jenna did know: she wasn't a baby. That much she knew with certainty. Everything else felt trapped within a fog. Her job, her exact age, even her last name. But none of that bothered her so much as the bulky, wet diaper that forced her legs apart.

Jenna found herself in a playpen, on her back, dressed like a toddler. Drool coated her chin, a pacifier sat unwelcome in her mouth, and she was dressed in an outfit that made her blush to look at. Jenna may have been confused, but she knew well enough that she was way past the age for cartoon print shirts and elastic waistbands. The sight made her recoil. The vaguest memory of Jenna modeling a refined dress crossed her mind. To think that she went from something so regal to an outfit so unflattering and embarrassing. Jenna groaned at the thought.

"Nah uh bay-bee..." Jenna quietly protested around the pacifier. It made her speech sound awkward and infantile. She immediately spit it out onto the padded floor next to her and sat up. The diaper, the white and pink waistband of which poked out of her pastel yellow shorts, crinkled loudly with each movement Jenna made; no matter how small. "I gotta get this off...where the hell am I even...?"

Jenna's surroundings were completely foreign to her. Something told her that she had never been there before. She knew that much even with her memory loss. The room itself was quite large. Plenty big enough to house the large playpen Jenna had slept in along with enough room for several pieces of furniture. Jenna cringed when she noticed that not only had she slept in a playpen, but there was a changing table and a toy chest clearly intended for her nearby. A rocking horse more than big enough for an adult sat in the corner of the room. Jenna's name was stitched onto the pink saddle and, judging by the wear on the seat, she had used it quite a few times.

The playpen itself was just as embarrassing. Toys and stuffed animals littered the pen. Wooden blocks laid in a pile next to Jenna. No doubt the last thing Jenna had played with before she had succumbed to sleep. "Did I really play with these? Like a big baby? Jesus..." said Jenna. She gently knocked a small tower she must have built over. It was fun to do so, Jenna had to admit, but she refused to acknowledge that she might actually have enjoyed whatever infantile lifestyle she had lived prior to her waking up from her nap. "I gotta get out of here. Now. Who knows what'll happen if I st--"

Click click click

Jenna knew that sound. Heels on tile. Someone else was in the house with her. They were nearby and it sounded like they spoke to someone else, though Jenna only heard one set of feet.

"Well I'm checking on her now. If the bottle worked then she'll be her usual, dumb baby self and I won't have to keep paying that asshole an arm and a leg to keep her like this," said a feminine voice.

They sounded familiar to Jenna but she couldn't put her finger on who it was. All she knew was that they spoke on the phone about her and her *dumb baby self*. Jenna hated the idea, but she figured it best to play dumb for the time. Just as the door opened, Jenna stuffed the pacifier back in her mouth. She grabbed a couple blocks from the pile and began to knock them together.

"And if not then whatever. The price is worth it to have Jenna Greer as *little baby Jenna*. So long as she's out of my way I'm happy," said the voice. "And thankfully...it looks like it worked. The baby is still drooling on herself and playing with her toys like a good little girl should."

Jenna had to fight the urge to yell at the person that had just walked in. Not only were they keen on insulting her, but they were none other than Macy Diver. A bit of Jenna's memory came back then. Jenna was a model and the tall blonde that stood next to her playpen was too. Not only that, but they were well known rivals. Macy had regularly tried to snatch gigs away from Jenna, but had usually failed. The two women looked quite alike and were usually being called in for the same jobs. Jenna tended to be more the look they were going for with her thinner, petite frame. Jenna had typically been sympathetic to Macy in the past. She knew all too well how unfair and vapid the field was, but Macy had a habit of taking things too far.

"Good morning, princess. Enjoying your wet diapers and paci?" Macy asked.

Jenna had a choice to make then. She wanted to slap Macy across the face so hard the woman wouldn't be able to taste for a week; but what she needed to do was figure out what happened and how Macy made her act like a baby. Could she do it again? Jenna had to play it cautious, though the thought of being Macy's obedient baby made her want to retch.

Macy cocked her head to the side. "You feeling ok? You're usually much more chipper..." she asked.

"I-I wuv my wet diapews...mommy..."

Macy narrowed her eyes, but a smile pulled at the corners of her lips. She burst into laughter and tousled Jenna's hair. "I'll never get tired of that. To think I used to hate you. Now I just can't. I mean how could I hate such a small, little girl? You can't even keep your pampers dry for a nap! No more big girl modeling gigs for you."

The teasing nearly sent Jenna over the edge, but she managed to maintain her cool enough to smile vacantly and return to her blocks. She waited patiently for Macy to leave, but the woman opened the playpen and sat down next to Jenna instead.

Macy reached over and tugged at Jenna's shorts. "I bet you're soaking wet down there. Shorts off, little girl. Come on."

Jenna reluctantly obeyed. It was one thing to do as her hated rival said, it was another to expose more of her embarrassment. With the shorts gone, there was no hiding what Jenna had done. The thick diaper was decorated in pink ponies and hearts. The hearts, kept mostly at the center of the pattern, were heavily faded. Only a few remained near the top front of the diaper. The crotch was heavily discolored and sagged deep between Jenna's thighs. It was painful for Jenna to see.

"Yup. Soaking wet," said Macy. "Not surprising considering you downed that whole bottle so quickly. But I bet you missed being on mommy's breast, didn't you? It always makes you so...happy. And clingy too. To think the woman I once most hated now loves me; is practically in love with me. It's really cute." Macy's hand crept down to Jenna's crotch and gave the soggy padding a gentle pat followed by a less than gentle squeeze. Without realizing it, Jenna let out a soft moan. Her legs spread and she inched herself forward. Macy smirked. "You're just my plaything now, Jenna. And I have so much in store for you."

At that, Jenna snapped out of her stupor and pulled herself back. Since when has she liked women? Since when has she liked Macy even a small amount? And why did she suddenly respond and obey without question? Jenna shook her head in an attempt to free herself of whatever just made her act like that. She didn't care if Macy noticed. She refused to be so pathetic and vulnerable in front of the very woman that turned her into an overgrown baby.

"Not feeling it today, kiddo? I'm surprised...maybe the bottle isn't working after all...don't tell me you think you're a big girl?"

Jenna froze. She knew that she couldn't let Macy realize the change had occurred, not without a clear exit strategy. Furthermore, Macy continued to mention a bottle. Jenna gathered that it would be best if, for whatever reason, Macy continued to think the bottle worked. That was Jenna's ticket to freedom. With that on the line, Jenna threw her dignity to the wind.

"I dun feel good mommy..."

Macy's expression softened and she pulled Jenna into a hug. "Poor thing. You must have an upset tummy from the bottle feedings. You haven't gone number two in a while either. I know...I have just the thing." Macy released Jenna and stood. She approached a nearby set of drawers then pulled a bottle of magnesium citrate and a large spoon out from within. "This will make sure baby feels much better soon. Open up, princess."

If I take that I'm going to poop myself. But I have to! She can't know I'm normal again. Who knows what she'll do to me if she finds out...

Before Jenna could even decide what she wanted to do, Macy stuffed a spoonful of the medicine past her lips. Jenna held it in her mouth. The taste wasn't unpleasant, but she was still conflicted. That was until Macy held her nose. "Ah ah ah. Swallow it, little Jenna. It's for your own good. You're just a baby. You need to fill those diapers."

"Mmmmph!" Jenna replied, clearly agitated. Nonetheless, she swallowed. Then did the same with another spoonful.

"There we go! Such a good baby!" Macy praised Jenna. "Soon you'll have an empty tummy and you'll be so happy in your messy pampers. It's been a little bit since you've gotten to take a mushy diaper horsie ride. I bet you missed that. Didn't you, baby?"

Jenna smiled and nodded along as if not a thing was a miss. On the inside, she screamed from frustration. She refused to allow herself to actually go in her diaper like that. Granted, her diaper was soaked already, but Jenna had no memory of it. At least the embarrassment of that accident was in the past. She'd rather not actually experience the second one. And so, Jenna continued to play along as best she could. Though it grew more difficult for her to do so by the second.

"Well, kiddo. Unlike you, some of us have adult lives to lead," said Macy. "I'll still be here, but I'm going to be making some important phone calls for a bit. Behave yourself and play for a while. I'm sure you'll have a present for me when I return, baby Jenna." With that, Macy stuffed Jenna's pacifier back in her mouth and gave her a pat on the head. She then stood and left the room.

Finally, Jenna was once again alone. She immediately spat the pacifier out and stood from her place on the floor of the playpen. "There's no way in hell I'm gonna be Macy's *baby Jenna*..." said Jenna in an attempt to reassure herself. The truth of the matter was that Jenna was nervous. Just how long did she have before the magnesium citrate kicked in? She could just rip the diaper off and go in a corner or a houseplant, but that was just as nearly unappealing. It would only make her appear like the child Macy thought she was. "I gotta find a bathroom..." Jenna looked down at herself and cringed. She looked downright ridiculous in the childish shirt and soggy diaper. Out of a strange curiosity, Jenna gave the crotch of her diaper a squeeze. She was surprised to find that the sensation wasn't as gross as she thought it would be. In fact, it felt pretty good to Jenna. So, she did it again and again until she practically humped her hand with her crotch. "Fuck...w-wait...no..." whimpered Jenna.

I don't like this...I DO NOT like this...

Jenna groaned. Just what did Macy do to her? The answer to that question would have to wait. Jenna had massaged her crotch for a number of minutes already and had made no progress in finding a bathroom. The smallest bit of pressure had started in her stomach. Not enough to cause great discomfort, but enough to make Jenna notice. She had to move quickly.

With the utmost care not to fall, Jenna swung a leg over the playpen side. Her toes touched the cold tile and a shiver ran the length of Jenna's spine. The minor discomfort made Jenna want to crawl back into her soft playpen, but that was just what Macy wanted. Jenna grit her teeth and swung the next foot over. *Maybe I could find some socks...* thought Jenna. *No...I need to focus. Get to the bathroom without anyone seeing...but where is it?* Jenna looked around the room in the hopes that one of the doors would lead to her salvation. Among them, Jenna spotted a half-shut door that led to a room with immaculate white tile. "Thank God she's rich," said Jenna. "She's probably got sixteen bathrooms for all I know."

Jenna waddled over to the bathroom, taking special care not to step on any random stuffed animal or block that lay scattered about the room. *To think that I've lived here and played with all this like a baby for who knows how long...* she thought. Jenna cut the thought off. It was a slippery slope that only led to her further embarrassment. Thankfully, the sight of a toilet rid Jenna of her previous thoughts. Never before had she been so excited to see something so mundane as a toilet. She quickly entered the room and shut the door behind her. With a confident stride, Jenna approached the toilet. That confidence dissipated immediately when Jenna spotted the lock that kept the toilet seat stuck down. "Dammit!"

The bathroom floor was just as cold as the playroom. All Jenna wanted to do was to give up and crawl back into the warm covers that waited for her in her playpen. But that would mean that Jenna would have allowed herself to use her diapers. That couldn't happen. So, when Jenna spotted a bright pink princess training potty in the closet next to the adult toilet, she weighed her options. It was big enough to hold her just fine, but the evidence of her crime would be no easy clean up. Furthermore, she'd have to sit on a training potty like a toddler. The idea did not excite Jenna in the least. She could have found another bathroom, but that would risk detection. Not to mention that with every moment Jenna wasted thinking, she felt the pressure in her bowels build. If she got lost, she very well might bend over at the waist in the hallway and grunt out her embarrassment. *No thank you...* thought Jenna. *Training potty or not, I got this...*

"My, my, little Jenna! Do you wanna use the potty?" asked Macy. The older model stood in the doorway with her hands on her hips and an amused expression on her face. "Never thought I'd see the day that my little girl was so grown up."

Jenna froze. Was it over for her? Did Macy realize? Jenna acted fast. With her back still turned to Macy, she had time to play the part. So Jenna adopted a less confident stance and wobbled on her legs. She then stuffed her fingers in her mouth. It took a second to get the drool to form; but once it did, Jenna turned and waddled toward Macy. "Mama..." said Jenna.

Macy raised an eyebrow, but took Jenna in her arms nonetheless. The act worked for the time. "That's right, little girl. Mama came back to check on you. Had her worried sick. Now...no more walking, little girl. You know how mommy worries you might fall." Macy placed a hand on Jenna's shoulder. She applied light pressure until the younger woman bent to her will and got down to her knees. "That's it, Jenna. Babies crawl, don't they?"

Jenna wanted to spit in her face. The dumb baby act was bad enough. To be treated in such a way after spending her adulthood as independently as possible made Jenna want to scream; instead, Jenna merely nodded and did as she was told. The grimace on her face was hard to suppress however, and Macy noticed.

"Aww...poor thing must have an upset tummy. You gotta make pushies here soon, don't you? Go boom boom in your diapiers for mommy? Give her a present..."

With each word Macy spoke, Jenna cringed inwardly. She wanted to slap a hand over Macy's mouth and get her to stop talking but it was beyond her power at that point. She could do nothing if she wanted to keep up the ruse. So, with no other options left to her, Jenna buried her face in Macy's thighs and nodded again.

It worked. Macy was pleased. "I wonder how all your modeling friends would handle seeing you act like this...or the videos I have of you humping your stuffies in your messy pampers."

Jenna opened her eyes wide in horror. Things were much worse than she thought. Escape was one thing. Getting rid of evidence was entirely another. Especially since Jenna had no memory of any of it taking place. She had no idea where any of the videos were kept, let alone just how many there were. Jenna suddenly felt hopeless and the playpen seemed all the more appealing. *Maybe if I behave, she'll leave me alone. No one will see. I'll just be her baby and that'll be it...* thought Jenna. *No...how long do I have to be her baby? Am I just going to sit her in my soggy diapers and let my whole life go by as Macy laughs at me?*

"Suddenly so quiet," Macy interrupted Jenna's thoughts. "I wonder why?"

"Umm...tummy hurry mommy!" replied Jenna. Feigned innocence and stupidity were her only shields.

"Is that all, sweetie? Well come on then, let mommy show you how a big girl potty works..." Macy removed a keyring from her pocket. She dangled it above Jenna before she walked over to the toilet and unlocked the seat. To Jenna's surprise; Macy then reached under her skirt, lowered her black lace panties down around her ankles, and sat down on the toilet. Moments later, the sound of urine hitting water filled the room. "There. See? Not so hard. Maybe one day, if mommy lets you, you can try the potty out. Until then, it's pampers and training potties for you." Macy grabbed the training potty and positioned it next to her in front of the sink. With her foot she then opened the cabinet beneath the sink and revealed a camera positioned directly at the training potty. "Time for you to make some more cute content, little lady."

Jenna made no effort to hide her emotions. She was shocked. "Wha...what?"

Macy leaned forward on the toilet and patted the soft seat of the training potty. "You're going to sit that padded bottom down on this pretty princess potty and you're going to make that diaper nice and messy on camera. Be sure to cry and look uncomfortable at first. It'll make the relief you experience afterward look so much better."

Jenna didn't move. She looked down at her rumbling tummy and the diaper taped around her waist. She pinched herself just to make sure she wasn't having a nightmare. "C-Can I go like a big girl...mommy?"

Macy chuckled. "You're not a big girl. You're a baby. Too little for even the training potty." Macy wiped herself as she spoke. When she stood, she washed her hands then approached Jenna. Macy grabbed both of Jenna's shoulders and whispered into her ear, "I know you're in there Jenna. I don't know how much of you got free since I started bottle feeding you, but I suggest you start acting like a good girl before we go back to your special mommy's milk."

"...you know?"

"I know enough to say that if you don't do as you're told, then I leak your new website and all its content to the rest of the modeling community," replied Macy, her voice full of venom. "Now be a good girl, find a stuffie, and clutch it to your chest as you make pushies in your diaper on the training potty."

Jenna looked up at Macy with an expression that reflected all the hatred she felt in that moment. Macy just smirked back down at her. "Fine..." said Jenna. "But I'm not your baby. I never was. I'm an adult. You're just holding me hostage!"

"And yet..." said Macy, "You're about to be the cutest little baby on camera, for me...and all your viewers."

"My viewers?"

"Oh yes. I mean, getting you out of the picture wasn't enough. I need you completely gone. I figured having you *pivot* and become an adult baby model would be the perfect thing to ensure that we'd never compete for jobs ever again. I mean, what magazine would hire you after that video of you begging mommy to let you cum in your soggy diapers?"

Jenna balled up her fists in rage. "How dare you?! Do you realize what yo--mmmph!"

"Ah ah ah! Babies don't talk! They babble," warned Macy. She had pushed a pacifier in Jenna's mouth and held it still. "So keep that paci in if you value the illusion of your being an adult. Because mommy Macy can take that away at any point."

"Mmmmp! Nuh baybie! Nuh uh!"

"Then I should release those videos we talked about?"

Jenna felt the corners of her eyes grow wet as she realized the position she was in. She had foolishly given away her position and now she didn't have a hope in the world. Macy was in charge not only of the situation but of Jenna herself. The woman was far craftier than Jenna had thought. The young model turned baby was at a loss. "Nuh...pease..." Jenna finally replied after a moment of deep thought.

"Admit that you're nothing more than mommy Macy's silly, humpy baby. I'll even let you use your big girl words."

Macy removed the pacifier and Jenna was free to speak. Her face burned bright red from shame, but she spoke nonetheless, "I'm...I'm mommy Macy's silly...humpy baby..."

Macy laughed loud and long. "Oh that feels even better than before. Hearing you say it, embarrassed as can be, knowing you can't do a dang thing about it is perfection. I think I'll keep you this way. You may be a brat, but at least you're helpless. Now, come on. Find a stuffie so you can go."

Jenna gladly left the bathroom and returned to her playpen where all the stuffies awaited her. She turned back to see that Macy still waited for her in the bathroom. That gave Jenna an idea. It wasn't much, but it was the best she could do given the situation. *She can make me say whatever she wants...but I'm no baby. I won't do whatever I'm told!* Jenna grabbed a stuffed pink bear from the pile and waddled around to the far end of the playpen. There, she squatted low and let out a soft whimper. She was close. Her body would soon betray her and no amount of restraint would save her from a messy diaper. Jenna would at least do it her way.

All it took was a grunt and one push. Jenna's body obeyed the urge without question. The already soggy, sagging diapers expanded even further as Jenna pushed out the warm mush she had held for so long. Jenna gasped at the intense relief. She couldn't believe how good filling her diapers could be. Though she tried to tell herself it wasn't the diapers that made it good, in that moment it was hard to think straight. Jenna didn't even notice when Macy approached with a camera in hand. At least, not until Macy spoke.

"What a naughty little girl you are, baby Jenna."

Jenna scoffed in-between grunts. "I'm nnnnot a buh-baby...I'm not gonna uuuuse the p-potty! You w-wont make mee..."

Macy chuckled. "Such a silly little girl...clearly still needs her pampers." She then grabbed the seat of Jenna's diaper and gave it a firm squeeze. Jenna immediately reacted. Her legs spread

and she leaned back into Macy's hand. "Cry all you want about being an adult. Mommy trained you well. Big girl or not, you're still a diaper loving pervert. Mommy made sure of that. So give in...Jenna. Just for a little bit..."

Jenna felt as if a fog clouded her mind. Never before had she been so aroused. It took her over and, before she knew it, Jenna obeyed Macy. She gave in. She grunted and huffed. She bounced up and down against Macy's hand. In that moment, Jenna was nothing more than the diaper loving pervert Macy made her out to be. It would be all that the outside world would see of Jenna. Not the struggle she faced of being an adult forced to act like a baby. No. In the videos and images Macy posted online, Jenna appeared as happy and willing as could be. Especially just minutes later; when a squirmy, eager Jenna was lifted up onto her rocking horse by Macy. The video they made of that event would be one of baby Jenna's most popular. The very one that put her on the map as an adult baby model.