

Big Times for Baby Girls
April 2024 – Chapter Two
(Sequel to "From Kennel to Crib")

Thanks to an anonymous patron for commissioning this!

"Now, now – hold still! Mommy can't have you moving when she's doing your makeup, okay? There, see? Now you've got a great big smear of lipstick on your cheek!"

Mommy Trish's voice is exasperated, and I gulp as much at being scolded as at the worrying cramp in my gut. "Sorry, Mommy," I mutter, abashed and glancing anxiously into the mirror. There I am, staring back with self-conscious eyes: a pink smear of lipstick right across my mouth and left cheek. But beyond that... oh, beyond that!

I'm not sure exactly what it is – I'm no cosmetologist, and even back when I was still a grown-up my fashion sense was shit. Maybe it's the unnaturally bright rouge on my cheeks. Or my hair being done up like this in two frizzy pigtails. But though Mommy's been telling me how she's gonna help me get dressed up like a big, sexy girl tonight...

Well, I just don't see it. Instead, all I see is a wide-eyed, oversized toddler: her Mommy's makeup smeared on her face and a low-cut bubblegum-pink top reading "Baby Doll" pulled tight across her shamefully flat chest. And *that's* even without panning downward... to the matching pink diaper that Mommy has insisted I wear no matter what.

"Well, never mind," she tells me now with a playful pat of my shoulder. She beams back in the mirror at me, the very image of womanly beauty in her black leather top, straining under the heavy weight of her generous breasts. "It'll likely get all smeary anyway once you start pleasing me and Daddy, you know. And besides – you still have your pretty top, sweetie! And your pretty panties too, right?"

Oh, the panties. I gulp silently, more aware than ever of the strange sensations around my still-aching princess parts. How excited I had been to see those silky, lacy pink panties! Finally, I was going to be a sexy young woman once more. I'd be Dave's wife again: free of her puppyhood and babyhood and the humiliating bulk of these giant diapers. I'd shamelessly spread my legs, and watch as Dave's eyes grew hungry for the feminine wonders waiting just beneath that silky layer...

Yeah. And not a minute after I'd breathlessly stepped into those wonderful panties, Mommy Trish had thrust me onto the bed... then proceeded to tape this thick pink monstrosity directly *over*

them.

"Yeaahh..." I venture in belated response to her question. My belly gurgles ominously, and to take my mind off it, I shift once again to feel between my legs that indescribable sensation: of sexy lingerie combined with bulky cotton padding. "But, but Daddy won't be able to see them! Please, can't I go without my- my diaper? Just for a bi-"

"Hush." Trish is holding a commanding finger to my lips, that scarily sweet smile on her lips as she fixes me with her stare. "You've been soaking and messing yourself for months now, sweetie. So how on earth do you expect me to think you won't have an accident, hmm? How do I know you won't just dribble and mess all over our carpet tonight?" She's stroking my pigtails, and I feel my cheeks flaming with shame. "If you want out of your pretty, soft diapers, you're going to need to *prove* you don't need them. Simple as that!"

I'm about to protest, but she suddenly cocks her head, her face intent with listening. "Hear that?" A distant hum reaches my ears, then cuts out. "Daddy's home, baby!" She cheers with evident glee. "Now, enough of your whining. You wanted to be a big girl with him, right? So get your pretty butt out there and greet him!"

I need no second command. True, my belly may be as bloated and crampy as if I've just gorged on three-day-old sushi. But there's a part of me that's even more frantic with need: and that's my long-deprived pussy. A pussy that is aching for Daddy Dave to fill it.

"Mmm... Oh, fuck. Yes, just like that, baby. Keep sucking. Suck on Daddy's special ba-ba..."

You know, I'm doing my best – my very, very best. I've already passed their first test: kneeling on the floor by the bed and licking Mommy until she sighed and moaned and came with womanly elegance. After that, they'd finally allowed me up into the big person bed... and oh, how elated that makes me to be back where I used to be! It's only a step further, and I'll be back fucking my dear husband Dave once more like the woman I deserve to be...

In the meantime, here I am: squatting on the bed obediently, my pigtailed head bobbing obligingly up and down over Daddy Dave's cock. I'm dolled up in this outfit – which despite everything is still the sexiest and most grownup thing I've worn in ages. And look! I'm helping Mommy Trish, too. She's moaning too, you know: squatting over Daddy's face, her face contorting in lazy waves of pleasure as he licks and sucks eagerly at those bared folds.

It's exactly the kind of steamy, adult threesome I've dreamed about ever since – no, even before –

Trish joined us. And so, I can't exactly complain, can I? Certainly not with Daddy's girthy manhood in my mouth... and definitely not with Mommy Trish opening her eyes now and then and beaming maternally down at me. "Good girl," she murmurs now and again. "Oh, you're being so good to your Daddy, sweetie..."

I sure am. Though I'm not sure how much longer I can last.

A loud gurgle rumbles out from my belly, and I wince at the accompanying pain. These cramps have been only getting worse, I can't deny. But I can't stop pleasing Daddy – no way! I can't beg Mommy to take me potty... to take down my diaper and my silky panties before I ruin them. No, no, heck no! I simply have to hold it... like the big girl I am.

Because no big girl would ever stop in the middle of a blow job, surely. But then again... no big girl would ever have an accident in her pants, either.

"Oh, fuck- yes, yes! Keep going, baby! Deeper- deeper-"

Now Daddy's fingers are grappling into my hair, clutching my head and forcing my open mouth and throat lower than ever over his cock. Daddy's not enormous, granted... but neither is my mouth. Before I know it, I'm choking, gagging, fighting back the impulse to vomit as I feel the tip brushing against the back of my throat. *Yes, yes, Daddy!* I mentally scream. *Yes Dave, it's me! Your wife- your wonderful, sexy wife- she'll do anything for you- anything to please you-*

It's the second thrust that spells my ruin. Because the spasm of gagging that overtakes me robs me of the ability to do anything else... including keeping tight control of my bowels.

It's unlike anything I've ever experienced: that sensation of recovering from choking, only to feel my bowels already relaxing and that thick, half-liquid mush of poo effortlessly mushrooming out of my useless sphincter. And not just into my diaper, of course. Into my pretty silk panties... and only then overflowing into the waiting diaper. Weirdly, for just a moment the relief that comes is so great that I don't even mind. *So what*, I wonder vacantly, lipstick-smearred lips slack around Daddy's engorged cock. *At least now my poor belly will finally be better. Maybe Daddy and Mommy won't even notice...?*

But then I glance up, and catch Mommy's grinning expression. In that second, I see it in her sparkling eyes: she knows. And she knows that I know she knows. So even as I desperately bend forward to give Daddy that climax he craves, I know I'm completely and utterly fucked.

"Oh, for – baby, what did I say?!" She's bounding forward, heedless of her dripping pussy and bouncing, bare breasts. "I *told* you about this, baby! What a *dirty* girl – sitting there and packing

your pampers in front of us? And here you were telling me you wanted to be a *big* girl! Jesus Christ! Fuck- Sorry, Dave. Hang on while I deal with this little stinker..."

"No- no, I- I'm sorry! I- I can be a big girlllll-!" I'm sobbing as she hauls me off the bed, though the gassy mess that continues to escape me is hardly helping make my point. "Please, Daddy- Dave- I wanted- wanted to show-! I'm a biiggg girrrllmmmmmpbb!"

Mommy has jammed my giant pacifier back in my mouth, effectively gagging me and sealing my stupid, blubbing protests into my stupid mouth. I'm whimpering, quivering as she hauls me over to the cage in the corner: the one where I used to sleep, all those long months ago when I was their puppy.

"In there, baby," she orders, and headfirst I stumble in on hands and knees. "Dirty little diaper babies don't deserve to play with the grownups." The door clangs shut behind me, followed by the clicking of the lock. And even as I tearfully turn to stare through the bars, she's straightening and gesturing back at Daddy Dave on the bed.

"Now, now, don't cry," she smirks. "You just sit there in your smelly little pampers and watch, okay? Watch what a *real* woman does. And maybe you'll start to see why you'll never, *ever* be big enough or good enough to play with Daddy again. Because no way would he ever want to have sex with you – not when you can't even keep from having a poopy accident!"

My face crumples once more into tears of frustration, and shame, and rage. Another muffled sob escapes me, and yet another, quickening as I feel my stupid bladder flooding out between my legs. I really am pathetic. *Beyond* pathetic. And the worst of it is that... well, I know that everyone in this room agrees.

Even Daddy.

Because now he's rising to his elbow, smiling in amusement: first up at Mommy Trish, and then over at me. "Oh, don't be sad, stinker," he rumbles, gesturing at the giant stuffed bear beside me in the cage. "You were a pretty good girl sucking Daddy's ba-ba, you know. So why don't you have fun with Mister Bear there, huh? He won't mind a smelly little baby humping on him, surely." He glances at Mommy Trish, who is already stepping closer and reaching to caress his tantalizing erection. "Let's just let her cum all she wants in her diaper, hmm? No harm in letting her do that, surely!"

"Of course not," she murmurs, and onto the bed they sink. "Now, let's get back to business, shall we? Never mind the baby. I think it's time I showed you what a real woman can do with that

magnificent cock of yours..."

Perhaps it's for the best that my stupid crybaby tears blur the rest of the scene. Because the only thing more humiliating than finally giving in to my libido and humping this stuffy until I cum in my own filthy mess is... well, doing all that while *also* having to watch such incredibly adult fun.

The kind of fun I'm now realizing I'll never have again.

(To be continued!)