

Twist of Fate

by: Sophie (with Pudding's help)

*Author's note: This is a solo story I wrote based on a short idea Pudding and I had together. It's a short read and I hope you enjoy it! If you are interested in the Twist of Fate world space, I included a list of rules at the end of the story so you can write your own ToF story!

Premise: Miss is dead, but what waits for her wasn't what she expected. As a being named Twist leads her through purgatory, Miss has to atone for her sins. But the more Miss fights Twist, the more she loses, and the more helpless she becomes.

Disclaimers: identity crisis, wetting, diapers, mental regression, alt universe

Chapter 1: Defiance

"You're dead," the woman said. She stood in front of me with long, dark robes and hair like ink. The cottage around us was wholesome and unfamiliar. A wood burning stove with a kettle on top. A fridge was only as tall as my nose. Two doors - one into another room, and one outside. The windows showed the glowing green of trees in morning. And underneath the window to my right was a large crib.

"...what do you mean I'm dead?" I stared blankly up at the woman. And then, I was angry. I went through two stages of grief in a single second. My hands turned into fists at my side. "Who are you?!"

"I'm Twist," she said, "And you're... well, it doesn't matter. Your name is Miss, now." She pulled a hand out of her robes and snapped her long, white fingers. Her nails looked like talons.

"No, my name is—" I hesitated. I waited for it to come to me. I knew it; it sat on the tip of my tongue. But it felt colored over in big, bold Sharpie. Miss... "What am I doing here? I want to go home!"

"How ironic for you," she said, taking a step to the right, walking circles around the room, "to end up here of all places. Little church girl, so devout, so righteous..."

"I said I want to go home!" Obviously I was dreaming. This was a dream.

"But I'm not keeping you here, Miss," the woman said, running her fingers along the countertops. "Your sins are."

As Twist walked around the cottage, and as she moved further away from the front door, I moved closer toward it. I wouldn't stay here. She couldn't keep me. I'd wake up any second, comfortable in my own bed. and this whole thing would be over with.

I turned the knob and pushed the door open only to land face-down in the crib, as if the door had opened up to the mattress. I blinked up at the woman towering over me. She seemed bigger...

"You can't leave, Miss. You can't even get out of your pretty little crib without atoning for some of your wrongdoings. It wouldn't be fair for you to get away with all that, would it?"

When I pulled myself to my feet, I could only just see over the crib bars. I slammed my hands into the wooden columns, shaking the frame of the crib. But the bars didn't move.

"Let! Me! Out!"

Frustration was washing over me like ocean waves. Who was this woman? Why was she doing this to me? Why wouldn't I wake up? I pinched my arm and winced at the red marks it left behind. Pain, but not awake. I was beginning to feel very nervous about this whole thing...

"You don't even realize that you were a terrible person, do you? Picketing and protesting, terrorizing those who thought differently, robbing others of freedoms and choice?"

The woman leaned over the bars of the crib and ran her fingers through my hair, her long nails caressing all the way down to my scalp. Without thinking, I exhaled and leaned into her palm. My head tingled...

"You have so much to learn," the woman went on, "and so long to learn it."

Twist took her hand away from me and I held the bars of the crib to keep my balance. My knees felt weak.

"I... I wasn't a terrible person. I protested terrible things! I protested terrible people!" What difference did it make? I was stuck in this stupid crib. Why was it so big? Why couldn't I get out? Why was I even here?

"You thought you knew best, and that nobody else could know better than you. Isn't it fitting, then, to see yourself like this?"

I rattled the bars to the crib and fell right through them, falling forward, and landing in the woman's arms. But we weren't in the cottage anymore. We were on a cliff. Cold winds blew through my hair, up my bare arms, and around my white sundress. But I didn't own a white

sundress, or white tights, and where had my shoes gone? The rocks felt like ice beneath my bare feet.

But beyond the cliff's edge, far below, was a seemingly endless chasm. And inside were millions of people, smushed together, but isolated by little walls. Little specs of people, in their little boxes. Together. And alone. I bit my bottom lip. This dream was getting stranger and stranger...

"You're down there, Miss. Right there." Twist pointed off to the right, but I couldn't follow her finger into the shadows. "But you see what I want you to see. You feel what I want you to feel."

"...what's going on?" I said through chattering teeth. Through every quivering bone in my body. "Tell me what's going on! Tell me!"

"You died, Miss. You died and this is what's beyond for people like you." Her fingers played through my hair and I nuzzled into her long palm. Where our skin touched, it tingled. "Here you'll be deprived of choice and have decisions made for you. You'll be told what's right and wrong, and you'll be powerless but to accept it. And when you do accept, when you do see how wrong you've been, maybe then you can go somewhere else."

"You're wrong! I didn't do anything wrong!" I pushed her hand away from my face, looking up, so high up, at Twist. She wasn't always that tall. She absolutely wasn't. And I wasn't a small girl, either. "Put me back, I'm sick of this! Put me back home right now!"

"That sounds like you thinking you know best."

I hadn't figured it out until then. Until it was too late. Whenever I had spoken out against Twist, whenever I thought I knew better than her, I was cursed. Smaller, first. More susceptible to her touch. In the crib. In this dress. Barefoot. And now...

"Your dress is wet," Twist told me. And sure enough, it was. Only a little bit on the front, a telltale yellow seeping through the cotton, and the whiteness of my tights stained. I could feel a new heat filling in around my ass, between my legs, and for the first time since arriving on this cliffside, I was warm. Real, honest, shameful warmth.

"You think you know what is right and wrong?" Twist asked. "You can barely control yourself, let alone others. You'll learn to give up both, in time."

"What... did you do?" I managed to stutter. Tears welled up in the corners of my eyes. What had she done to me...

“You’re in quicksand, Miss, and the more you struggle, the faster you’ll sink. Sink sink sink, down down down...” She twirled her finger and turned me to look over the edge of the cliff once more. I was too petrified to resist.

“They all sank,” she went on. “Some not as fast as you. Some much faster.”

The wetness slid down my ankles, pooling beneath my bare feet. I couldn’t think of anything else.

“What will your world be?” she asked me, leaning down to meet my eyes.

“This isn’t fair... this isn’t fair...” I was getting emotional. Because I really didn’t do anything wrong! I shouldn’t be here! Where? Hell? Was this Hell? Was I in Hell? The tears finally broke free of the water tension and dripped down my cheeks. This wasn’t a dream... was it?

“Please,” I begged. “Please put me back. Please send me home. I don’t belong here! There’s been a mistake! Please, please, please!”

And just as suddenly as I’d appeared on the edge of the cliff, so too had I been pushed off it. Her sharp tipped fingers shoved me over the edge, and I saw Twist shrink into the sky above me. I fell into the chasm, and I screamed.

Chapter 2: Reluctance

I screamed until my throat was raw, falling further and further, through the clouds, into clouds softer than any pillow, softer than comfort imaginable, and when I opened my eyes, I found myself in a pink bedroom, gasping for air. The room was completely unfamiliar, but with a tugging else of belonging. A crib that I slept in, and a mattress beneath me, soft and soaked through. And the sounds of a family beneath me, downstairs.

I hesitated for a moment, until I realized I was safe. Safe? At least I wasn’t falling. I didn’t hit the ground. I didn’t wind up in those boxes in the chasm. But when I had a moment to think, I realized how scared I was. I saw the wetness spreading around the mattress, and I started to cry. To really cry. I felt so pathetic. I just wanted to go home. I just wanted to leave this terrible place...

“Sister, sister... you couldn’t make it through the night, even after you begged to be allowed to sleep in underwear?” Twist looked different now. Human. Similar to me, but older. Bigger. My older sister, something inside me answered. An older sister that knew best, with

chestnut hair and rosy cheeks. Her nails were long and kept painted. She reached over the bars of the crib to play with my hair.

“That was a bad idea, wasn’t it Miss? You need protection. You always have.”

“...it’s you. You’re...” She left the side of the crib and I managed to pull myself up on shaky feet. The mattress was soaked. My tights were soaked. My dress was soaked. I felt color flood my cheeks in embarrassment. I couldn’t believe I had done that. I wet myself? No. I never did that! Never, not even when I was younger! I pushed on the crib bars. This wasn’t fair...

“Twist, let me out! I don’t wanna do this anymore, let me out and let me go home!”

“You are home, Miss,” she said with a smile, practiced all too well. “Mom is coming upstairs to change you; I already told her you were wet.”

This was real. It was all real. The family. The house. The life and memories that made sense to me. I was seventeen. I slept in a crib. I wore pull-ups to school, even though I hated them. And I wore diapers to bed, though I’d argue every single time. I wasn’t allowed to decide. And Twist was my older sister. I knew she was, but at the same time, I knew this wasn’t right...

“Wait!” I reached through the crib bars to grab my sister’s shirt. “Please, wait! I don’t know what happened, I didn’t mean it! Please don’t tell Mom!” Tears welled up in my eyes.

“You wouldn’t be so sad if you’d just accept the truth, Miss,” Twist said with a smile and ran her fingertips through my hair. “Mom will change you. She will ensure you’re padded for school - a diaper today, understand? After an accident like that, you need to be prepared. I’m going to shower - Mom will give you a bath.”

I looked up at my sister in a panic. No. No! I wasn’t going to wear a diaper to school! I didn’t even need them! This wasn’t right! Everything was wrong!

“TWIST!”

But she’d left the room with a smile, and Mom stepped in just after her. I looked up at the woman with fear in my eyes.

“It’s not what it looks like... Twist... she’s playing stupid pranks...”

“I’m sure Twist wet your crib, Miss,” Mom said with the roll of her eyes. She leaned over the crib and picked me up, setting me on the hip like a toddler. It should have been impossible, and yet somehow, it made perfect sense that a woman could do such a thing to a seventeen year old girl.

“Oh Missy,” she said to with a sigh, “you’re completely soaked! You’re just never going to beat this, are you?” Her lips touched my forehead and I melted into her embrace. Heat and happiness washed through me. “Let’s get you in the tub.”

When we’d reached the bathroom, Mom set me down by the toilet. She was only six or seven inches taller than me.

“Mom... this isn’t right. Something isn’t right. I swear, I didn’t do it... I wouldn’t...” But memories filled in the gaps, of how I’d have accidents. Those were wrong, though! Weren’t they...?

“Missy, you’ve been like this your entire life.” She began to undress me, pulling down my tights and lifting the cotton dress up over my head. “Why are you wearing your day dress? Where’s your nightgown? Did you hide it again? Missy, you know we need to wash it.” She sighed. “I’ll have to find it. Here, step into the bubbles. I’ll be right back.”

I looked at the bath full of bubbles. At the inevitability. My cheeks were warm and I felt the pull toward submission. Of admitting I’m a pants-wetting seventeen year old girl. Of wearing diapers. I exhaled sharply and shook my head. I wouldn’t let this happen. I wasn’t this person, I knew it! So I grabbed a towel off the wall and wrapped it around my naked self, running down the hall and down the stairs. No. No. No! This wasn’t right!

“What’s the hurry, Miss?” Twist ate a cup of yogurt at the dining table and in noticing her I stumbled over my towel and landed hard on the kitchen tile. “You always were short for your age - you’ve got to be careful with such a big towel. And you aren’t skipping your bath, are you? You know Mom will spank you for that...”

I pulled my towel up around me, my cheeks colored crimson with the sudden memory of Mom’s hand coming down on my backside. Twist smiled that same sickeningly sweet smile.

“I know you’re doing this!” I shouted at her. “I don’t know how, I don’t know what’s happening, but it’s your fault, Twist! And if you don’t fix it, if you don’t put things back together the way they are supposed to be, then...” Then what?

“This is how things have always been, Miss,” Twist said with a shrug. “You know that. You even dated a girl who had the same problems as you. Remember Flinnie?”

I froze, paralyzed in shock. Memories of another girl, a girl who didn’t sleep in a crib. A very cute girl who happened to have bladder issues. And memories of my lips on hers. I exhaled sharply and closed my eyes. Tears beaded at the edge of them. This wasn’t fair... this wasn’t right...

“You were heartbroken when she moved away,” Twist said with a sigh. But I couldn’t focus. I couldn’t put anything together in my head. None of the puzzle pieces fit anymore...

“Twist... please stop... please...” I didn’t know what else to do, but beg my sister to fix it. Fix what? This was how it had always been... then why couldn’t I handle it anymore?

“Maybe she’ll come to visit, Miss. If you’re a good girl for Mom.”

I shook my head.

“So march your wet behind up to the bathroom before your diaper rash comes back. Isn’t today gym day at school?”

Tears dripped down my cheeks.

“I got you down the banana custard - your favorite,” Twist told me, holding up a jar of baby food. “But you’ve gotta be good.”

I stood at the bottom of the stairs. Another threshold. Go upstairs. Surrender. This is my life. Or leave? I didn’t know what was real. I closed my eyes and took the first step up the stairs. My first step to admitting the truth: I didn’t know anything. I just had to believe in Twist. It was a very big step for only one stair.

Chapter 3: Complaisance

Mom bathed me. I sat quietly in the water. I didn’t know what to believe anymore. Was this reality? It had to be. Dreams weren’t this vivid. Was everything else a dream? Mom helped me out of the tub and dried me off. I bit my lip and looked in the mirror. I looked different, but for the life of me, I couldn’t figure out how. Mom took me by the hand back to my pink bedroom.

I rarely dressed myself. Mom or Dad or Twist would dress me. Sometimes Flinnie would, smiling and fawning over me. Today wasn’t any different. Mom dressed me in a diaper for school, as promised, and white tights only just translucent enough that anybody who saw underneath my dress would be able to make out the wetness indicator. I hated it. I hated all of it. But it was my life...

I argued about the diaper. I argued, but mom didn’t care. She wouldn’t hear it. She handed me my backpack and Twist took me by the hand and led me down to the bus stop. As I walked, I felt a very familiar - and altogether unfamiliar - crinkle and waddle to my step. Each motion made me blush. Each sound made me whine. I felt like I was breaking apart.

“You’ll be asked to join the debate team today,” Twist told me. I remembered debates. I was good at debates. I could argue until the ends of the earth, and I was always right, my cause always just. “It doesn’t matter what the topic is, though,” Twist went on, “it’s just too much for you. You’re too small for something like that.”

I was mad at my sister. Mad because I felt like this was her fault somewhere down the line. I just couldn’t remember why, anymore. So when I looked up at her with a frown, my arms crossed over my chest, I decided to choose pettiness over intelligence.

“Actually, I’m gonna join. I’m good at debates. And I’m not small.”

“I can’t stop you, Miss,” my sister told me as we stopped where the bus would pick us up in three minutes. “Though I wish you’d reconsider, because I’m scared of you being hurt. Is being right worth being hurt? Is it worth hurting others?”

Before I could come up with a response, she pulled me in close for a hug. Her long nails reached under my dress and pushed against the front of my diaper. I exhaled into her shoulder and gripped tightly to Twist’s shirt. We’d always done this; to us, it was sisterly. I wiggled in her arms, whimpering softly, until the bus came. I climbed on after her, but my legs felt like Jell-O. She sat with some friends at the back of the bus. I sat in the front. I was warm all over...

I made it through most of the day. I was used to the constant teasing. Everyone knew about my problems, about my lifestyle. But I had friends, and I was generally well-liked. Ultimately, all the artificial anxiety my bladder caused me was in my own head.

In sixth period, Martha came up and asked the question I had been expecting all afternoon, because Twist was never wrong.

“Hey Miss! So are you going to join the debate team with us?”

I thought about what Twist had said, but I was still mad at her. I knew somehow this was all her fault. But how? I had no idea...

“...yeah. Uh huh. I’ll join.”

“Great,” Martha said with an enthusiasm few others in the world could muster. “I think you’ll be wonderful. Meet us in the debate hall in fifteen minutes, okay? Today we’re arguing that girls shouldn’t date other girls - that it’s wrong and really gross.”

“Uh... right.”

Of course girls shouldn't date other girls! It went against the Will of God. That was irrefutable. This debate would win itself! But when I got to the debate hall, all I could think about was the girl I had dated. I hesitated at the podium and took my seat.

"We have a new debate member today," Martha said, addressing the other four girls in the room. "Miss Kura is going to be trying out."

I waved halfheartedly.

"Miss," Martha went on, "how can you argue against the love between two women? Isn't love just love? Isn't love above human judgement? Who are you to decide what is right and wrong?"

"Well..." I hesitated, looking at the other girls, and then at my fingers. Of course it was wrong! It just was... "Um... well God says—"

"You mean a book, written by men, interpreting what they think God says," another girl interrupted.

"...right. But I mean. It's still wrong."

"Why?" Martha asked. "It's wrong to love someone?"

"That's not..." I swallowed hard, searching for the words. "It's just that... when the... um... when they are both..."

"When they are both," Martha imitated, finishing the sentence, "in love, you have no right to claim to know better. Their love is pure. Their love is unique. And you have no right to pass judgement, Miss Kura. We as people come in all shapes and sizes and we should all be loved equally, despite our flaws. If you were to pass a lesbian couple in the hall, is it your duty to shame them? Is it your right? They're the ones in love. They are so much better in that moment than you are, so much bigger, than your tiny little self."

The words were hitting hard, and Martha knew it. She was winning this debate and I wasn't so much as putting up a fight. I opened my mouth to retort, but the echo of her last three words kept ringing in my ears. I stared at Martha, blankly, embarrassed, as she went on.

"It's your retort, Miss Kura. Why do you believe you're right? Why do you believe you're righteous?"

A breeze in the auditorium lifted my dress just enough to show a flash of the diaper everyone knew I had been wearing, and Martha continued.

“Or will you admit that you’re wrong? Will you surrender and consider a viewpoint other than yours? That your views could be making others miserable, depressed, or self-loathing? Admit that you’re wrong, Miss.”

“...I’m not wrong! I just...” couldn’t put the words together. I couldn’t think clearly. Martha smiled down at me from the podium and I felt water in my eyes. I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t know how to act. I felt small and useless and I’d never lost my voice like this before. I had never lost all my words all at once...

“It’s okay to be wrong,” Twist whispered in my ear. Her arms draped over my shoulders and hugged me to her chest. “Being wrong is inevitable, but only the very brave can admit it. Will you be brave today, Miss?” She ran her nails along my hip, her lip to my ear, close enough I could feel her breath. “You’re such a tiny little girl, and you don’t know very much about the world at all. Show everyone how brave you can be, okay?”

“Well, Miss Kura?” Martha urged.

“...I’m wrong,” I mumbled. Saying you’re wrong was a big no no for the debate club, though. Everyone sighed a little and I rubbed the water from my eyes. It was pathetic. I felt pathetic. Everything was so... beyond me. I couldn’t control anything! And I was starting to feel it, too...

Just as my mom had that morning, Twist picked me up and set me on her hip, lifting my dress and putting the seat of my diaper on display. It sagged under the weight of the wetness accumulated throughout the day, and through my attempted debate. I was met with dismissive looks, head shakes, and whispers, as my sister carried me like an oversized child out into the hallway. I was sat down on a bench by the door.

“I’m proud of you for knowing you were wrong, Miss,” Twist said with a smile. “But I told you not to join, didn’t I? I always know best. You know that’s true.”

I nodded quietly and put my thumb in my mouth. Of course she was right. Why did I argue with Twist? She was only ever looking out for me. Because I wanted to be petty? Because I thought she was making my life worse? No, she only ever made my life better.

“Sowwy Twist,” I mumbled behind my thumb.

“Let’s get you changed.” She ran her fingers through my hair and smiled innocently as her hand found its way up under my dress. “And maybe you deserve a reward for being a good girl.”

I took my sister’s hand and she led me down the hallway to the bathroom, which would have an adult-sized changing table just for me. I had so much to learn, so many things to

improve upon, and so many ways to be a better person. But as long as I had my guardian angel, maybe there was hope for me yet.

END.

Rules for writing Fate Fiction:

**Though Twist of Fate was written for the capacity of Little and ABDL stuff, that doesn't mean it's required. Want to write a BDSM version, or just a cute love story? Go ahead! The joy of ToF is complete freedom as a writer. You can create any world and any scenario and still have it be "real", no matter how unrealistic. Isn't that the magic of storytelling?

If you are interested in writing a ToF story, here are some rules for the world space. Everything else is up to you!

- 1.) **The world of people in boxes is called Fate.** What people call fate in the real world - unexplained phenomena that leads to unbelievable experiences - comes from this world. How the word "fate" came to exist in the world of the living, no one knows.
- 2.) **Everyone who dies goes to Fate without exception.**
- 3.) **Twist oversees Fate.** She can go by many names, many faces, and does not have to reveal herself, but she is always there, always watching. Often, she is not a she.
- 4.) **Twist knows everything.** Twist cannot be beaten. She is omniscient. But she can lie, and she often does.
- 5.) **Twist is always right.** Her morality is law. She follows the principles of kindness, and any act against the emotional or physical wellbeing of another soul is a sin. Intentions are often irrelevant.
- 6.) **Twist controls reality in Fate.** Anything you imagine, she can make it so. She can change a person's likes, dislikes, memories, even their name. Everything is hers.
- 7.) **Twist is ultimately benevolent.** Her role is to emphasize people's misdeeds in life, to correct them, and to create balance in a person. She is equally an angel and a demon.
- 8.) **Twist is always fair.** Though everyone comes to Fate, they are not treated equally. Kind, compassionate people are eased into their transitions, gently, and with love. Harmful, destructive

people are broken down by force and built up with shame. This prepares the person for What Comes After.

9.) What Comes After is unknown. Any information Twist gives on What Comes After is automatically considered a lie.

10.) Please do not use another writer's character without their express permission. Twist is a constant, but Miss, for example, is a personal character. Please respect other people's creative property!