

[POV] Hypno Baby by Cowkites

You're a baby. You need your diapers. You love your diapers. They make you so happy. It feels so good to crawl on the ground. You feel so calm when you suck your pacifier. You need your paci to feel safe. You don't want to be an adult with responsibilities. You desire a mommy or daddy above all else. You're completely obedient to your caretakers. You're a baby...

You don't believe in hypnosis. The headphones, the swirling monitor in your crib, the mechanical hands gently patting your diaper; none of it will work on you. They won't break you. The diapers, pacifier-gag, and restraints make you helpless but to endure it all, but endure it you will. Of that you're certain. You aren't a baby. You don't need or love your diapers. You're a big girl.

It's been an hour since your captors strapped you into their "Regression Crib". Two hours since they kidnapped you off the streets. You heard them discussing selling you off as a baby slave. There's no way that's happening. Your eyes might feel heavy and your bladder might be straining, but you'll make it through. They can't keep you here forever.

Two hours in and you're having difficulty thinking straight. The words of the hypnosis track playing in your ears are starting to invade your thoughts. The swirling shapes on the monitor are so pretty, aren't they? The diaper pats feel so good. You're forgetting something important. What was it again? Don't let what happen?

You're a baby. That really makes sense, doesn't it? You need your diapers. Yes. Yes you do. You're currently wetting your diapers. Did your bladder finally give out, or did you do it willingly? The warmth and heaviness feels amazing. It makes the pats feel even better. Your heartbeat starts to slow as you suck on your paci. Why were you so worked up?

Three hours in and you're drooling all over yourself. Your eyes are fixed on the monitor. You're mumbling the hypnosis commands along with the track. The pacifier makes it sound like you're babbling like a baby. You wet yourself again. The diaper is soaked and discolored. It's plain to see what you did. You don't care. Why would you? Babies need their diapers.

You've lost track of time. Someone removes your restraints, fits you with a headset, and straps you into a stroller. Adults talk to one another about you. They exchange money and sign paperwork. A new command is said once through your headphones. A pen is slipped into your hand and you blindly sign where they move your hand. The pen is taken away.

They place mittens on your hand. They're held on by a simple knot. You have no desire to undo it. You're busy with your hypnosis. The changes slowly become permanent. You lose your continence, your literacy, and your desire to be independent. The headset and headphones are removed. You're outside. A large minivan is before you. Your new mommy picks you up and

straps you into a giant car seat. The buckle presses into your diaper and serves as a constant reminder of what you did in them.

Your mind is completely blank. You're sleepy. A nap is inevitable. Sleep takes you before long. The trip to your new home is a short one. You snooze through it all and wind up in restraints in your new crib. You're just a baby. A silly little diaper soaker that loves her mommy. Your old life is long gone. Your dreams repeat the words and images of your hypnosis. You'll never regain your free will nor your adulthood. You're just a rich woman's plaything now. Her little baby girl.