



An 18+ ABDL zine

BUILDING BLOCKS



3- MISTAKES

Content warnings

**This is a zine for the ABDL (Adult Baby/
Diaper Lover) community, so expect the
works herein to involve diapers & ageplay!**

Nudity/Sex

PG-13 Violence

Non-consent

Dubious consent

Conspiracy theories

Public humiliation

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PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE AFTER THE TONE... **Beeeeep!**

Hi babe, Happy Anniversary!

Just calling to let you know, you have a "little" something special waiting for you tonight.

giggle

Don't be late! xxx



Scott 1hr ago
Sorry honey, I've got to work late tonight. Better put the surprise on hold till later. I'll make it upto you I promise. xxx
slide to reply

Ok.. all ready.

I hope daddy isn't too much longer, or baby might have to use her diaper.

giggle

2 KNOCK KNOCK

Hi Julie! It's Sarah.
I hope you don't mind, I let myself in with the spare key.

I thought I'd pop over and wish you a Happy Annivers...

OMG!!

mmghg!!?

So... this is what you and my brother are into?
Well... I guess I can babysit, while we wait for "Daddy" to come home.

chuckle

Mistaken Identity

Lindsay waited nervously in the common area of Annabelle Bella's mental asylum. She kept telling herself to calm down, to put away her antiquated ideas of what a mental institution was. She couldn't though. What wasn't helping was the reason she was here. Her sister Lena asked her to come visit. She was very insistent that she visit today specifically.

Lindsay couldn't refuse her sister. They were twins after all. They grew up together and lived most of their life together. It was only after high school that they split off. Suffice it to say that Lena did not take to college quite as well as Lindsay took to trade school. One anxiety driven car accident that injured a poor mother later, and Lena was here. It took a lot of convincing to get her sent to this facility instead of facing jail time.

It was because of this that Lena wasn't allowed to leave. Not for another few years anyway. Lindsay always felt bad that she got to go on living her life while her sister rotted away in here, another reason why she accepted the weird summons by her sister. She wanted to come visit more, but the place bothered her. Despite her best effort to keep her progressive ideas held high, she couldn't help but feel off in here, even if the room she was in seemed nice.

It was an open space, and it could be mistaken for a common room at a nursing home instead of a visiting room. All the patients here seemed well adjusted even, having pleasant conversations with the people that had come to visit them. It was as Lindsay was thinking this that finally her identical twin entered the room. Lindsay was a bit surprised at her dress. A short pink dress with some pink bloomers underneath. It looked cute.

"Lena," Lindsay said standing up and offering a hug to her sister.

"Been a while since I've seen you," Lena responded with a closed arm pout, refusing the hug.

"Ok I deserve that," Lindsay admitted sitting back down. "I'm sorry, but I came as soon as I heard you had asked for me."

"I shouldn't have to ask for you," Lena spat back.

"Yeah, you're right," Lindsay said embarrassed. "I'll do better, I promise."

"Oh, you will," Lena said somewhat cryptically. "I am glad you came today though. It's really important."

"Oh?" Lindsay's interest was piqued.

"Yeah," Lena nodded. "Actually, I had made something for during our craft time. I really wanted to give it to you in person."

"That sounds lovely Lena," Lindsay smiled. "I'm sure I'll love it."

"It's just over there," Lena gestured to a door on the other side of the room. "You wait here, I'll go get it. I might be a minute so hold your horses ok. And no peeking. Don't ruin the surprise."

"Ok," Lindsay nodded. "I'll wait right here." She smiled and donned a patient pose while Lena eagerly left the room.

Unbeknownst to Lindsay, Lena was not going to be getting her anything. She shied away into a small corner of the room, and shifted a loose piece of the floor where she had stored some clothes she had smuggled in. She snickered a bit as she quickly removed her childish dress and bloomers, and the childish diaper underneath those bloomers, before she donned some more casual street clothes that she had worked tirelessly to smuggle in.

She glanced back at her sister, still waiting patiently. Part of her almost felt bad for Lindsay. She was about to throw Lindsay under the bus, forcing Lindsay to stay here in her place while she got to live Lindsay's life. Only part of her though. After all, Lindsay had done just the same to her for a year now. Leaving her in here forced to deal with this humiliating treatment without even coming to visit. Well, that was about to change. Lena was lucky that she had a twin, and that twin was gullible enough to come on this day specifically. This day that Lena was due to get a new psychiatrist. One that would come looking for her any minute now, and one that wouldn't be able to tell her apart from her identical twin.

Lena casually made her way out of the visiting room, and eventually out of the facility entirely. The staff here really didn't care it seemed. Without the identifying childish clothes, they couldn't tell her apart from the random girl on the street that just walked in. That was their problem, and pretty soon it would be Lindsay's.

At about the time Lena was making tracks to the nearest bus stop, Lindsay had picked up a bracelet her sister had left behind. She was starting to wonder just what was taking her sister so long. The bracelet was a soft leather, and had Lena's information hanging from a tag on it. It was a strange design for a bracelet, and Lindsay wondered why her sister would leave it behind. She wouldn't wonder for long before she was interrupted. "There you are," A commanding voice spoke up from just behind Lindsay.

"Pardon?" Lindsay said turning around in her seat.

"I've found you," The large woman that spoke wore a very plain looking white orderly's uniform. "I'm your new psychiatrist. But you can call me Nurse Regina."

"I'm sorry. I think there's some mistake," Lindsay gave a nervous giggle. "You must be looking for my sister Lena."

"Oh yes I have a note about that here," Regina looked at a clipboard she was holding. "Your previous psychiatrist mentioned this. Recent delusions where you think you are your sister. I'm very well prepared for this Lena."

"What?" Lindsay's face dropped. "No, no really I'm..."

"Obviously you're Lena," Regina dismissed the complaints. "You may have taken it off your neck, but that's your collar in your hand there." Lindsay looked at the bracelet she was playing with.

"Collar?" she dropped the thing in shock.

"Yes, your collar," Regina said like it was nothing. "I see you've also taken off your regulation outfit too. I didn't know your delusions went this far." Lindsay's mind shot back to the cute dress her sister was wearing.

"No no no," Lindsay said staring to panic. "Really, I'm Lindsay! I just came to visit Lena. She's just over there. You'll see this is just a big mistake."

"Well let's just go see about that shall we?" Regina took Lindsay's hand roughly and the two walked in the direction Lindsay gestured to, the part of the room she saw Lena go toward. When they go there Lindsay's heart sank. It was empty, no Lena to be found. The only thing that was there was the dress Lena was wearing and a slightly used diaper.

"No. No this can't be real," Lindsay tried to reason through what happened. "Lena. She was here. She said she was going to get something for me."

"Really Lena, this has gone on quite long enough," Regina took both of Lindsay's wrists, and with practiced precision held them over the girl's head, making her stand helplessly still.

"No this is a mistake. What are you doing?" Lindsay protested as she found her leggings and panties abruptly pulled down to her ankles.

"It's very clear that you just ran over here to change into some clothes you had smuggled in here. It's fun to play pretend, but we have rules for you." Regina smacked Lindsay's bare

ass, and the girl gasped more from shock than pain.

"Lena set me up," Lindsay begged. "Please. I'm Lindsay, this isn't mine."

"Enough of that Lena," Regina got to work spanking Lindsay, alternating between each cheek as they grew steadily redder and Lindsay's sobbing became steadily louder. "I had hoped we would get off on the right foot, I didn't want to discipline you on our first day together."

"What even is this?" Lindsay wiggled, but Regina held her hands firm.

"I'm not playing your game Lena," Regina spanked Lindsay again. "You know you're here for an experimental treatment, and you know what that treatment entails," she punctuated this with another spank. "Now we can either stand here all day with you getting spanked, or you can stop playing this game," Regina spanked again. "And if you stop now, I'll make sure you have a chocolate milk baba for bed, even though you've been a very bad girl."

Lindsay winced at what Regina was saying to her. "Which one is it gonna be Lena?"

Lindsay felt the stinging heat on her cheeks, both the ones on her ass and the ones on her face. Another wiggle confirmed that she was well and truly stuck with Regina. There wasn't anywhere to go. She could continue to protest the situation, plead over and over the truth of the mistake her new psychiatrist was making, but it wouldn't do her any good. She was starting to appreciate the helplessness of her situation. She imagined her sister, probably running away as fast as possible in whatever normal clothes she had stashed here, and her heart sank. She was played like a fiddle. Tricked into taking her sister's place. It was an injustice, but fighting that injustice now wasn't going to do her any good, it would just get her more spanks.

Regina noticed Lindsay's suddenly downward shifting stare, a silent sign of submission.

"Are we done?" Regina asked. Lindsay sniffled a little and nodded, and Regina finally let go of her hands. Lindsay meekly tried to pick up her pants but she was stopped. "Nope, I think walking back to your nursery naked will be a good reminder for you. A reminder that you wear diapers or nothing at all. Maybe you'll be less inclined to sneak out of them after this." Lindsay blushed and grumbled, but stepped out of her pants leaving her naked from the waist down. "Now put your collar on." Lindsay blushed again. She couldn't believe she was being made to do this, and she couldn't believe how easy it was for her to fall into her submissive place. She picked up the collar and wrapped it around her neck.

"I don't know how to close it," she said quietly. Regina sighed and closed the buckled on the collar, securing it with a lock.

"Now off with your shirt there," Regina commanded. "Pick everything up to you're going to carry it all back." Lindsay was a little relieved at this command. Holding the pile of clothes offered her some modesty, though not nearly enough.

She made what felt like the mile long walk back to her nursery. Silently fuming at the situation. Being led around by this woman through the whole building wearing nothing but a collar. A collar with her sister's name on. Her sister who should be going through this instead of her. Her still reddening bottom helped remind her of her frustration.

Lindsay and Regina finally arrived at the nursery, and it was definitely that. It had everything a nursery would need. A crib, changing table, play pen, all sized up and fully capable of containing Lindsay's twin, and consequently her as well.

"Hop up on the changing table dear," Regina pointed at the large table, stocked with humiliating looking diapers. "Or would you rather stay naked?" That was honestly a difficult question for Lindsay right now, but she knew that electing to stay naked would probably be electing herself for more spanks too. So, she silently sat on the changing table and laid down. "Good girl, I'm glad you've calmed down from that episode," Regina gave a thankful sigh as she ran a strap on the changing table over Lindsay's chest, securing her to it. With

a smile she pushed an adult sized pacifier into the girl's mouth.

Lindsay blushed, but in truth she was kind of relieved at the soother. She didn't really want to talk to her new domineering nurse, and despite how embarrassing it was to suckle a soother while she was being put into a diaper, the naked walk other here had gotten rid of a lot of her shame. She wiggled all throughout the process of wiping her bottom and sprinkling powder on her, and groaned through the pacifier as the thick embarrassingly cute looking diaper was snugly taped around her waist.

"Really now," Regina sighed patting the front of Lindsay's new diaper. "I know you're a little grumpy, but you've been in diapers for over a year now. You should be used to this by now," Regina released Lindsay from the changing table. She sat up, crossing her arms to cover her bare breasts. "You definitely need a nap. Maybe it'll improve your attitude, but at the least it will calm you down." Regina moved over to the large crib as she spoke and opened one of the four tall walls like a gate. Lindsay hesitated for a moment giving an angry look to Regina. "Now Lena!" Regina added sternly. Lindsay shot her head down and climbed into the crib. Regina shut it quickly, locking it shut with some complicated mechanism. "I'll be back in a bit with your baba," Regina said a little more gently. "Please be a good girl while I'm gone," she added seriously before leaving the room.

Lindsay immediately got to work at the lock Regina had used to shut her in. She could just barely reach it from inside the crib as it was in the upper corner. It was just close enough for her to fiddle with it though. She fumed as she messed with the lock using only her hands to feel it's mechanisms. This whole thing was unjust, she had been set up. Surely, she would be able to convince the people here of the truth, but every moment she had to endure this treatment was a moment too long for her.

She gave up and plopped back into the admittedly soft crib. She couldn't figure out the lock. It was too complicated even if she could actually see what she was doing. It wouldn't matter if she could open it anyway. She wouldn't be able to escape this place. It seemed as if her sister had been planning her scheme for some time, and she had just gotten here. She would have to work at convincing these people of the truth and letting her out, and to do that she would have to play along long enough for them to listen. She imagined herself, naked except for a childish printed diaper and stuck in a crib, she grew angry at how she would be forced to endure this for a while longer. Nothing could be done about it though.

"I'm back Lena," Regina sang entering the nursery. "Were you a good girl while I was gone?"

"Yes," Lindsay said quietly.

"Are you sure?" Regina asked knowingly. "You didn't try to break the lock on your crib while I was gone?" Lindsay shot Regina a cold look. "We have cameras in here sweetie. I thought you might have learned that by now." Regina had a resigned expression as she opened the crib and dragged Lindsay out. "I had hoped that my chocolate milk peace offering might help you behave." Lindsay struggled and grumbled, but found herself brought over Regina's knee as she sat on the crib. "We'll adjust that attitude the hard way."

"No! No please!" Lindsay cried out in vain as she was subjected to another spanking.

1 year later

Lindsay yawned, hitting the top of her crib as she stretched. As she sat up from her nap with a groan, she pressed the diaper hidden under her pink puppy themed onesie. It was pretty soggy; she honestly couldn't tell if she had wet it during her sleep because she was put down for nap in an already wet diaper. She popped the pacifier clipped to her onesie into her mouth and moved to the bars of her crib, grabbing them with her hands and whining slightly. This is what she had learned to do to get Regina's attention. With that gesture done she rolled back over into her sheets, grabbing the stuffed rabbit she went to sleep with and idly playing with it.

She thought about when she first came here and how angry she was. For a while that anger was an effective drive for her. For a few months that anger gave her a strong determination to prove that she wasn't her sister, and that she didn't belong here. She couldn't remember when exactly the switch happened, but at some point, she got used to things. Her onesies, and diapers stopped being embarrassing and annoying reminders. With that gone she started looking at her situation in a new light.

"There you are baby," Regina cooed entering the room. "Did you have a good nap?"

"Uh huh uh huh," Lindsay nodded and talked around her pacifier.

"Do you need a diaper change?" Regina asked playfully, as they both knew the answer. Lindsay blushed and giggled. "I thought so. You've been such a good little girl lately. I've had to change so many good girl diapers." Regina opened the crib gate while Lindsay beamed at the praise. She happily skipped over to the changing table, carrying her stuffed rabbit along, and laid down.

Lindsay happily played with her stuffed rabbit while Regina changed her diaper. She smiled idly as she continued her earlier thoughts. After a while, Lindsay realized that life here was actually pretty great. She wasn't quite prone to the anxiety her sister had, but she too was suffering from the problems and stresses of adult life. Once she got past the embarrassment, this place offered her a complete respite from the burden of adult responsibilities. Lindsay didn't have to worry about bills, or her job. All she had to worry about was what she was going to play today, and not letting the staff on to the fact that she wasn't her sister.

Somewhat ironically, her attempts at getting the staff here to recognize her as a different person had shifted into the opposite. Some days she had to remind herself that her name was not the one that was imprinted on the collar she wore. Every now and then she would "play" herself. Keeping up the lie that she was her sister and she was still delusional. As long as they kept thinking that, they would keep her locked away in here, and keep her responsibilities locked outside. It had been working wonderfully, and really, it didn't matter anyway. Her collar said Lena, she knew she was really Lindsay, but to Regina and the staff here she was just baby girl. Lindsay was happy with that.

"There all dry, for the moment anyway," Regina smiled down at her charge. "You'll probably be wet again soon. Am I right," She tickled Lindsay and Lindsay laughed in response.

"Yeah cuz I'm a goo girl. Goo girls use their diapers!" Lindsay said proudly.

"They sure do, good job baby girl!" Regina praised helping Lindsay off the changing table.

"Let's head out to the common room. You can watch your cartoons and color."

"Yeah yeah cartoons!" Lindsay sang. Regina giggled, gently grabbing the girl's hand as the two left the nursery.

Lena sobbed into her hands. She sat at Lindsay's table, where a pile of Lindsay's bills stared unflinchingly up at her. Lena didn't think her plan through very far, didn't think about how assuming her sister's life meant assuming her responsibilities. She wasn't really prepared for this even before she spent a year forced to be a baby, and that year certainly hasn't been helping her now. She had never been this stressed. It felt to her like her whole life since escaping was just trying to keep up. She never imagined she would have this thought, but she couldn't help but miss her carefree time living as a baby. She couldn't help but think that maybe escaping and leaving her sister there, was a mistake.

Vegvísir

An Immortal Galaxy Story

"You're the fifth Created today I've had to explain this mistake to." Climbing out of a slab-sided SUV, the fennec was greeted with the weak glimmer of Akureyri's white dwarf star. A dense coating of permafrost crept across the transparent aluminum ceiling of the mawtiun. It was hardly the fur-caressing warmth he had been looking forward to. "I was supposed to be assigned to Karaj. Commander Isfahan personally oversaw my assignment."

"There's no mistake," replied an elegant Holstein in a form-fitting bodysuit, an obvious diaper bulge around her crotch. The distinctive insignia of a Sagaris adorned her left shoulder, matching the pair of ice axes on her hips. "My name is Aurora Fuchs-néh - Steele. I am here to escort you to the Frostbitathöfn."

"This is all moving a little fast, isn't it?" Juma leaned against the door—heavy enough with armor that it didn't budge—and took a long sip from a can of Liquid Death water. The fennec wore the simple uniform of the Imperial Military Academy, a moisture-wicking white t-shirt and thigh-hugging amethyst shorts. He fought the wave of shivers rolling down his shoulders; while the Mawtiun was geothermally heated, the interior was still only a few degrees above freezing. "I could have at least been warned to bring a jacket."

"Events have transpired since you departed the Academy that require your presence here, young Sagaris." Aurora cut a sharp profile against the Harpa Palace, the tip of her shamshir narrowly missing a silver-framed miniature greenhouse as she spun around. "Must I explain further?" she asked with an exasperated sigh.

"Yes. Nothing you've said has addressed my concerns." Juma's ears folded flat against his triangular skull. The chimes of the mawtiun's clocktower echoed off the walls, drawing out each of the six clangs until the echoes blended into a silky cacophony. "Why am I not enjoying the delights of the Birjand Greenbelt right now?"

"Empress Savannah was assassinated yesterday while departing the Rim Summit on Khata," Aurora replied, exhaling as she gazed around the estate. Richly decorated with the mineral wealth of Akureyri, tiles of polished silver adorned the roof of the entry rotunda. Compact guest cottages that seemed one with the soil surrounded the core structure, each cloaked in lush vegetation. "Unfortunately, an assignment on Karaj is no longer an option."

"What?" Juma's heart dropped out of his chest. The Empress had been a fixture of the Immortal Hierarchy for as long as living memory, holding paramount dominion over all other polities in the Imperial Rim. It was simply impossible for her to have died so unremarkably. "Are you quite sure?"

"Sadly." Aurora gritted her teeth, furrowing her brow to half-disguise the grief welling up in her eyes. Her fingers fiddled with the thumb break of the ax-holster on her hip. "She was hit with a one-point-two megaton nuclear blast at point-blank range. Even the greatest regenerative abilities in the Orion Arm can only repair so much."

"This turn of events is...regrettable. Can I not serve her daughter?" Juma asked with a heavy sigh. "I was a captain of the Cheetah's Spine for many years before accepting the Hierarchy's commission. It has always been my dream to intertwine my fate with that of the House of Vaux."

"No. Empress-Elect Miranda has neither the capability nor the wisdom to serve as your mentor." Aurora widened her stance almost imperceptibly as a muffled hissing filled the air. *Pssssshhhh*. While many soldiers of the Immortal Hierarchy wore absorbent undergarments, Juma was used to a touch more discretion in their usage. "Commander Isfahan acted quickly to ensure your *numuun* was not disrupted. No Sagaris has ever been without this apprenticeship and he swore that you would not be the first on his watch."

"Akureyri is led by...Steele, right?" Juma asked, one ear flexing as he thought back to his childhood interstellar politics lessons. "I have only a limited knowledge of Rim worlds. My grammar school was much more interested in teaching us the geography of Earth and the Arrow Colonies."

"That's right, though her full name is Katla Steele. She is the Lögmenn of Akureyri." As soon as the hissing trailed off, the Holstein gestured for Juma to pass through two golden doors engraved with *vegvísir* runes. She seemed unperturbed by the increased heft and distinct sag of the diaper between her thighs. "Now please, follow me. The Lögmenn is expecting you."

Juma bit his lip as his ears twitched anxiously, the one part of his body still governed wholly by the animalistic depths of his mind. His cold feet were relieved by the radiant warmth of the floors as Aurora gestured for him to remove his standard-issue beefhide boots. The stone walls did nothing to muffle the obvious crinkling of her diaper, the subtle *rustle-rustle* ringing in his ears each time the puffy garment rubbed against her thighs.

Parting a pair of insulated bronze doors, Juma passed into an inverse-sauna. The zephyr was heavy with sweet-smelling frankincense smoke, though the bitterly cold air burned his lungs as he took a deep breath. A narrow channel at the center directed Akureyri's hyperborean atmosphere straight into the cedar-paneled room.

"I present to you Juma Naciri Sagaris, my Immortal." Aurora bowed, drawing the fennec's attention to the arctic fox seated on a simple hand-hewn wooden stool. Her ice-blue eyes studied him intently. She wore nothing but a bubblegum pink Câlin Princess diaper and various items of polished jewelry yet was unphased by the bitter cold. "He has been entrusted to the House of Steele. I'm sure he will serve us faithfully."

"Welcome. Let us perform the Frostbitathöfn first." Juma's gaze had been so riveted on the arctic fox that the seven figures surrounding her had gone unnoticed until they stepped forward. Ermine fur cloaks rolled down their shoulders, hoods folded back to accommodate platinum chaplets adorned with sapphires. "Stand before my throne, Juma. You entered this room a creature of the desert, but you must leave it a creature of the tundra."

Juma scanned the hardened faces of the Sagaris as he joined Katla on the dais. A cheetah met his gaze unflinchingly, polished armor studded with fresh gouges from recent combat. He extended his paw as Katla removed the silver cuff from her wrist and placed it in her palm. Meticulously forged from a slab of pure gold, a raised *vegvísir* adorned the center.

"Just repeat after us." Juma's paws trembled as he presented his forearm to the arctic fox. Katla took a deep breath, holding the bitter air in her lungs for what seemed an eternity. When she exhaled and caressed his wrist, the full wrath of Boreas seemed to come upon him.

Ís í æðum þínum

"Ís í æðum þínum." As though a stone were tossed into a murky pond, a torrent of fine ice crystals suddenly poured down through the vent. The desert-born fox felt as though he were being flash frozen like a bag of snap peas. His ears curled against his head, but his thin fur and heat-conductive uniform offered no protection against the chill.

Ís í hjarta þínu

"Ís í hjarta þínu." A pins-and-needles sensation began to creep through his extremities as his nerves went haywire. He knew from the landing brief that the temperature of Akureyri's atmosphere could reach a hundred below zero, freezing unprotected skin in under a minute. Juma had to stare down at his feet to remind himself he was still tethered to the ground. Katla's expression remained blank as the cheetah used a Sanguvir device to separate precious Mutagen from her blood.

Ísdrottningin veitir þér

"Ísdrottningin veitir þér." Juma dropped to his knees as Katla returned the cuff to her wrist. Frost crept along his cheeks as the moisture in his breath froze as soon as it left his muzzle. Aurora fluffed up a deep blue Câlin Prince diaper and applied a coating of baby powder to the interior, completely unperturbed by the icy conditions. Juma could offer no resistance as his stiff-as-a-board shorts were cut off his body.

Eilífur vetur

"E-e-eilífur v-vetur," Juma replied, teeth chattering as every muscle in his body violently contracted to produce heat. This was true cold, a complete and utter absence of warmth that blanketed all living things, leaving nothing but a formless layer of powdery snow in its wake. Aurora fastened the quad hook-and-loop tapes and stepped back with a slight smirk on her muzzle. "C-c-c-c...old."

"I know, squirt. The inoculation is almost complete," Katla cooed, gently slipping the needle into his arm. Juma was struck by a sudden sensation of life-giving warmth as the Mutagen entered his bloodstream and then began flowing through his heart. The sensation of being frostbitten receded as he gradually became unbothered by the inverse-sauna. "The Frostbitathöfn is over. You can breathe easy now."

"M-mrmp..." Glancing down at the front of his diaper, Juma's cheeks flushed with embarrassment as a dark spot began to radiate outward on his crotch. *Pssp...pssssssshhhhhh*. Despite his best efforts, he was completely unable to stem the flow as his bladder disobeyed him. "I apologize for this disgrace, my Immortal."

"This is an entirely normal side-effect of receiving the Mutagen. You'll eventually regain your continence, but it may take some time." Katla smirked as the text 'SOGGY PRINCE' appeared beneath the golden crown on the landing strip. "Bladder control seems to be most affected."

Juma groaned as a sudden and intense cramp shot through his core. His tail flagged as he desperately tried to climb to his feet to find a more dignified place to have an

'accident,' but his limbs remained firmly rooted to the ground. "I...I don't wanna," he groaned, as a wet fart escaped into his padding. *Pbbbbrrrrttttt*.

"Just relax and hold my paw. It'll be okay," Katla cooed, gently sandwiching Juma's paw between her interlaced fingers. While seemingly unphased by the prospect of the fennec filling his diaper in front of her, a strange gleam in her eye seemed to evince her enjoyment. "All my Sagaris have been exactly where you are now."

"M-mrmph...hngg...." *Pbbbbrtch!* The cottony padding and thick plastic backsheet provided some resistance at first, so some pushing was required. Juma got a little red in the face as he grunted to force the mass out, a small tent forming in the seat. "Nnnrg!"

"There we go. You're doing so good," Katla said, gently rubbing the fennec's tummy. "One more big push and you'll be *alllll* done."

Juma groaned as his abs tensed in preparation for one final push. *Pbbbbrt!* The back of his diaper puffed outward as the mess settled comfortably into his seat. Wrinkling his nose, the fennec almost wretched as he caught a whiff of the sickly-sweet odor of his full diaper. "T-there. I'm done, Lögmen. Can I please get cleaned up?"

"You don't have to ask me for diaper changes. I'm more than happy to handle those *sua sponte*," Katla said with a soft chuckle. She donned a demure cashmere sweater and flannel lined mom jeans as the other Sagaris filed neatly out of the room. Only a CSEC Bog Witch handgun in a holster on her thigh set her apart from any other parent in the grammar school pickup line. "Well? How does it feel?"

"I'm at least no longer freezing," Juma replied, disgusted at the sticky warmth now coating his bottom. Katla effortlessly lifted him up, unperturbed by the added mess caused by resting the fennec's bulging diaper on her forearm. *Squelch*. "I can't say this is as nice as relaxing in volcanic mud."

"I think it's even better," Katla replied with a playful wink, carrying Juma from the inverse-sauna into the main throne room. A golden dais studded with diamonds the size of tangerines rested in the center, elaborate silver scrollwork running along the backrest. "When I first obtained Moarri, I was rendered completely incontinent for almost a year. The ice that breaks and cuts is unkind to the bearer."

Juma's eyes flicked downward to the cuff on the arctic fox's wrist, the *eser* humming with power like an uninsulated high-voltage line. He hadn't noticed the cosmic energy before being injected with the Mutagen, but it was now present, bold as brass. "A price must be paid for everything, I suppose," he murmured.

"You will be handsomely compensated for your service, if you're concerned," Katla said, placing Juma on an elegant mahogany-framed changing table upholstered in buttery leather. She tucked a soft pillow beneath Juma's head and lightly tousled his headfur. "Once you complete your *numuun*, I will bestow your knight's fee."

"Hopefully it's as nice as the rest of this world." Juma blushed as he sensed his diaper warming a little more. Even on the changing table, he couldn't hold anything back. "Your throne is rather—"

"Ostentatious? Oh yes." Katla softly chuckled, flexing her fingers to show off a pair of white gold rings set with ancient Kashmir sapphires. Her eyes playfully shifted to a deep cornflower blue—one of the strange capabilities certain Immortals possessed. "I certainly enjoy being surrounded by wealth, but I'm not interested in having anyone kiss the ground I

stand on.

"You're certainly cut from different cloth than Empress Savannah," Juma replied.

"Savi was complicated. She desired temporal power above all else, something I've never concerned myself with." A soft half-smile briefly flitted across her muzzle. "Can I get you something hot to drink while I change you?"

"Uh...sure?" Juma replied hesitantly.

"Relax. Akureyri is a deeply hostile world, as I'm sure you noted from your brief glimpse of what lies beyond the walls of this Mawtiun. Hospitality is the cord which binds us all together." Katla's tail swayed lightly behind her, skimming across the polished aventurine floor. "What would you like? All the doors of Akureyri are open to you now."

"Just a coffee, please. You don't have to spoil me." Juma grimaced as the contents of his full diaper began to cool, the outer plastic feeling uncomfortably clammy. Rolling onto his side, he frowned at the block letters spelling out 'STINKY PRINCE' across his obviously stained seat. "Sweetened with agave syrup, if you have it."

"I'm afraid not; agave doesn't care for Akureyri's biosphere. Brown sugar is the best I can manage," Katla replied. She hummed softly as a sleek machine concealed in a neoclassical veneer spit out frothing liquid into a bone china cup. Using a delicate enamel spoon, she added two generous lumps of brown sugar before handing it to the fennec. "Everything is grown on this world using geothermal energy. These coffee beans have never known real sunlight."

"I don't think the brew is any worse for it," Juma said, fragrant steam rising into his nostrils. He took a long sip and closed his eyes, letting sensual notes of warm cinnamon linger on his palate. "Delicious."

"Good. Now just lie back while I get you changed and more appropriately dressed." With a snap of her fingers, a wardrobe-shaped 'bot emerged from a concealed dumbwaiter beside the throne. The *vegvísir* runes on each door glowed with soft purple light as they parted to reveal shelves laden with cubcare supplies. Juma's eyes were immediately drawn to the thick stacks of puffy diapers, all clearly adult-sized.

"Is this...necessary, my Immortal?" Juma asked, eyes going wide as the arctic fox selected a white footed sleeper with ebony contrast stitching from a hanger that released the garment at her touch. A row of oversized snaps along the crotch allowed for easy access to the wearer's diaper, while the imperial *faravahar* adorned the breast. "I understand these are standard issue for winter wear, but..."

"Don't be such a baby about it," Katla said with a smirk, pulling out a plastic tub of wipes and a small caddy with various anti-rash powders and oils. Remaining stone-faced as she popped the tapes and allowed the bloated diaper to fall open, the arctic fox set to work. "If anyone questions your outfit, you have my permission to introduce them to the business end of an ice ax, okay?"

"Understood, my Immortal." Katla allowed each wipe to rest on a sleek warmer for a few seconds before stroking it across Juma's backside, making the clean-up almost like a spa treatment for his nether regions. Once she was done, she rolled the dirty diaper up into a compact ball and disposed of it in the pail. "I can take it from here. Learning how to diaper myself was part of standard field operations training in the Academy."

"Yes, but it's comfier when someone else does it, wouldn't you say?" Katla tugged a fresh Câlin Prince from the stack and sprinkled a generous dusting of lavender powder onto the quilted inner padding. Juma noted the diaper's distinctive gold leakguards and matching highlights on the inner padding—presumably where the wetness and messiness indicators were located. "Now just relax and don't act like a baby alligator, squirt."

"M-mrmp!" Juma was taken aback by how effortlessly Katla suspended him in the air by his ankles with only a single fluffy paw. She slid the Câlin under his bottom, adjusting the rear waistband to be even with the small of his back before setting him down on the thick padding. Juma's ears perked at the subtle *psshhhhh* of Katla wetting her diaper, but the arctic fox didn't seem to notice—or didn't care.

"You're doing great." Katla coated his bottom in sweet, earthy oil before bringing the front of the babyish diaper up and snugly fastening the quad hook-and-loop tapes. Rolling Juma onto his side, she tugged his fluffy tail through the gusset in the seat and secured the tail tape. "How's the fit?" she asked, sending a puff of powder into the air with a teasing bottom-slap.

"The fit is...acceptable, if a little tighter than I normally prefer," Juma replied, ears folding like an underwatered orchid as the plastic-backed padding subtly crinkled with even the smallest movement. The fitted leg cuffs formed a tight seal around his inner thighs, a constant reminder of the diaper's presence. "It's obviously not your first time changing someone else."

"I've changed hundreds of little stinkers, squirt. I know what I'm doing. You probably fasten the bottom tapes with too much slack," Katla replied, casually tugging down the front of her jeans to expose her now-soaked Câlin Princess. While the bubblegum-pink front was completely saturated and visibly yellowed, she remained completely dry as she sat down next to Juma with a *squelch*. "See what I mean? Nice and tight means no leaks."

"You may have a point." Juma casually took a long sip of coffee while trying to maintain his composure. Katla's intense musk shed off her plush fur in gentle waves, a sweet and complex odor like popping the cork of a bottle of vanilla extract. He couldn't help but notice 'SOGGY PRINCESS' had appeared on her soaked diaper—not that he needed the wetness indicator to tell. "Thank you."

"Don't mention it. All my Sagaris are usually padded. Changing diapers is part of my job description." Standing up, Katla refastened her jeans before gathering up the sleeper and undoing the front zipper. "Now just stay still. I'm pretty good at this part too."

Juma blushed as the arctic fox maneuvered his limbs through the appropriate holes, her dexterous fingers guiding the dense fabric over his sandy fur. He hadn't been dressed by someone else in many years, and by the time Katla was finished, he was suffused with a warm glow that rose all the way to his ear tips.

"Still comfortable, squirt?" Katla asked, pulling the zipper closed and then tucking it away beneath a soft cover. She allowed Juma to draw his torso up, the fennec noting the elastic waistbands of the Câlin remained tightly-fitted against his body. "How's the sleeper?"

"It could be worse. It's not as bad as an insulated field survival uniform," Juma replied, paw pads cuddled by silky fleece. Glancing down at the distinctive bulge visible through the taut fabric, his mind began to wander to the inevitable outcome of being stuck in diapers. "When I do end up needing a change..."

"I'll take care of that. I don't want you to worry about the status of your padding right now. Focus on adjusting to having a full dose of Mutagen in your system." Lightly grasping Juma's paw, Katla pulled him to his feet and gestured for him to follow her to an adjacent room. "Now, would you please join me in the library?"

An impressive two-story space, the library was paneled with exorbitantly expensive imported mahogany. Floor-to-ceiling bookshelves occupied three of the four walls, with the fourth reserved for Katla's collection of luminous modern artwork. Juma recognized an original Edvard Munch in the center behind protective glass.

"Who was your shamshir instructor?" Katla took a moment to luxuriate in front of the central gas-fueled fireplace, four hearths radiating blissful heat in all directions. The arctic fox looked up at an ornate display of wooden weapons above the mantelpiece. Bathed in the blue-white flames, as she grasped her weapon, Juma was reminded of the fact that she was more than just a diaper changer extraordinaire. "I'd like a demonstration of what you've learned."

"I trained under Lièrén Niven of the United Created." Juma selected an elegant saber with a silver-inlaid hilt carved from Australian Buloke and twirled it lightly in his paws. The newfound bulk between his legs hampered his stance slightly, forcing his thighs apart at an awkward angle. "Are you familiar?"

"I'm afraid not, but now you've got me curious. A foreign exchange instructor will certainly make this more interesting." Katla had selected a longer, paw-and-a-half saber with gold scrollwork running the length of the blade. In the firelight of the candle-studded chandeliers, it seemed to sway like a Shikhat dancer. "Strike at your leisure, Sagaris."

Raising his shamshir, Juma assumed a guarded stance with his blade extended parallel to the ground. He slowly circled the arctic fox, barely holding his composure in the face of her penetrating gaze. "I hope you're not expecting me to beat you," Juma said, speaking from experience. "Very few Sagaris can hold their own against an Immortal in single combat."

"I'm only hoping you can give me a sporting challenge." Katla sprung forward with surprising aggression. Their sabers clacked like the balls of a Newton's cradle as she probed for weaknesses in Juma's defensive technique. Despite the additional impediment of the diaper hugging his bottom, the fennec moved with enviable grace, dissipating her slashes with deft parries. "You're not meeting me strength-to-strength. That's very wise."

"I know that you can overpower me," Juma replied, performing a perfect pirouette that brought his blade against her knee as she raised her shamshir for a two-pawed overhead strike. Briefly dazing her, he was able to slam the hilt against her muzzle with a wet *thud* before retreating to a safe distance. "Lièrén Niven taught us to dance around our enemies instead of trying to drub them."

"Mrm, I can see why Savi was so interested in you," Katla said, golden ichor trickling from her broken nose. The flesh wound only seemed to invigorate her. Her grip tightened as cartilage knitted itself back together. Eyes shifting to a luminescent violet that glowed like a radium watch dial, Katla dipped into her full reserves of stored Mutagen. She was just like new within thirty seconds. "Again."

Juma wasn't prepared for Katla's unrestrained violence. The brown streak of her blade was everywhere, whirling as though she were a thresher and Juma a stalk of wheat. In such close quarters, the fennec's elegant style betrayed him, the Immortal lashing with

enough force to send his shamshir bouncing off his ribs like the bars of a xylophone. "Is that all you can muster?" Katla asked with a devilish smirk. "My ichor flows through your veins. You can do better."

"M-mrmph," Juma grunted, leather bound books pressing up against the nape of his neck. Cornered and out of options, the fennec's breath came in short, hard pants. Katla's thrusts and slashes were like blows from a sledgehammer, ringing in his ears until the thunderclaps of clashing blades subsumed his senses. Desperate to turn the tide, he drew upon the rich cosmic energy held within the Mutagen for one frantic counterstrike.

Screaming with a ferocity intense enough to shatter the glass of a nearby curio cabinet, Juma performed a flawless triple axel spin. Thrusting under Katla's forward strike, her stab bounced harmlessly off the knuckle-bow guard of his shamshir as he drove the blunted tip into her ribs. The sheer force of Juma's strike was enough to splinter the blade down the center and embed a jagged shard of wood in her flesh.

"No, that was all I could muster," Juma said, clasping a fist against his open palm while dropping to one knee. Katla's breathing was ragged from a punctured lung as she extricated the oversized splinter and summoned the wardrobe 'bot. Within a few moments, the wound scarlessly healed over and fur began to regrow. "Apologies for causing you harm, my Immortal. I didn't realize I could strike that hard."

"You couldn't until a few minutes ago. Don't sweat over stabbing me; it was just a scratch." Katla stripped off her stained sweater and dropped it in a laundry hamper disguised as a side table. The nursing bra beneath highlighted the curves of her ample bust and muscular shoulders. "Now, does the little soaker need fresh pants already?"

"I'm dry...or maybe not." A bolt of surprise shot through Juma's core as he realized the front of his diaper was now substantially warmer and heavier. A quick palm-check confirmed that he had wet himself without even realizing it. "I can't believe I didn't feel myself go."

"It's okay; I expected as much. That's what your Câlin is for." Katla slid out of her jeans, giving Juma a good look at her curvaceous figure, only accentuated by the heft of the diaper hugging her bottom. It took her only a few moments that Juma wished could last forever for her to don an identical footed sleeper. "Now, how about dinner? Cubs your age are always famished."

"I wouldn't want to inconvenience you," Juma said, looking down at his footpaws. "Though I am quite hungry..."

"Well then, time to take the Katla Express to the kitchen! Choo-choo!" Effortlessly picking the fennec up like an oversized plushie, she braced his well-padded bottom against her hip. Juma grimaced as the lukewarm, gelled-up padding was pressed close against his sheath. "Let's get some food in that tum-tum, squirt. I can't have a hungry little hippo on my paws."

The private kitchen of the Harpa Palace was lavishly ornamented with copper cabinetry that gleamed like freshly-coined imperial dirhams. Polished white pine floors were stained a warm chestnut, complimenting the meticulously hand-crafted furniture. Juma's gaze was immediately drawn to the adult-sized highchair set up against the gold-veined quartz countertop.

"Good evening, Ardís. What have you got there?" Katla asked, wrapping an arm

around the sea otter doting over a smoking cast-iron skillet. Several panko-breaded slabs of cod were sizzling in golden oil that crackled and popped like good firewood. "Let me introduce you to my new Sagaris. Juma, this is Ardís Levine-râh-Steele."

"Welcome. I'm one of Katla's Consorts," Ardís said, wheeling around to pop a loaf of rye out of the breadmaker. Fine china clinked against the countertop as Katla set out three plates and deposited a huge pat of butter on each. "Don't worry, these fish are wild-caught from an underground lake heated by natural volcanic activity. None of that vat-grown shit touches these pans on my watch."

Carefully sliding one of the filets out of the frying pan, Ardís garnished it with a sprinkle of *tobiko* and set a thick slab of crusty bread by its side. "Enjoy, but don't get too used to it. I usually only cook for Katla and her kiddo," she said with a cheery air. "I'm sure you'll meet him later."

"Um...thank you, Ardís." Katla tucked Juma into the cosseting leather seat of the highchair. Bringing the tray table down, she locked it into place with a hefty deadbolt before setting a loaded plate in front of the fennec. Juma leaned forward to start digging in before he realized she had neglected to provide him with utensils. "Could I get something to eat with, please?" Juma asked.

Katla laughed, holding out a sterling silver fork with an unusually long handle. Neatly cleaving the tender fish like a specimen of mica, the arctic fox grabbed a piece and offered it to the fennec. With a prominent diaper bulge beneath her sleeper and a teasing gleam in her eyes, she gave off the vibe of a bratty older sister. "I'm more than happy to feed you, squirt."

"I can do that myself—" A moment after opening his muzzle, Katla brusquely deposited the fork's payload onto his tongue. Bursting with the rich and slightly-sweet flavor of malt, Juma sighed as he savored the pleasurable bite. Behind Katla, Ardís scarfed down her food before fixing Katla's plate. "Mrm."

"See? Told you he'd like it," Ardís said, gently elbowing Katla in the ribs. The pair shared a quick kiss before the sea otter pranced off. "Your food is in the Recenvia, so it'll be good for the next few hours. I'll be ears-deep in bubble bath upstairs if you need anything!"

"Enjoy your bath, babushka!" Pausing the feeding, Katla offered Juma a nurse from a bottle filled with Kókómjólk, a truly divine chocolate milk. As soon as he'd drunk his fill, the arctic fox resumed delighting his muzzle with fish, waiting until Juma had fully savored each morsel before offering him another. Tummy slowly bulging beneath his footed sleeper, Juma was absolutely stuffed to the gills by the time his plate was clear.

"Mrmph...give my compliments to the chef," Juma muttered, tilting his head to stare up at the recessed ceiling lights until their glow was seared into his corneas. Closing his eyes, he exhaled and sighed. Only a low rumble in his bowels prevented him from being completely at peace. "Okay, I think I'm ready for bed now."

"Not quite. Isn't there something else you have to do?" Katla cooed, playfully tapping the puffy seat of her diaper. A sensation of intense bloating assailed the fennec's tummy, forcing a short, wet fart into his padding. *Pbbllrt*. While he had slightly more control of his bowels, it seemed that he only got a few seconds' warning of an impending deluge. "Perhaps making another mess for me to clean up, squirt?"

Juma groaned, another muffled fart escaping from his rear. *Pbbbbbbllllrrrtt*. Once a series of roiling cramps forced the first wave of soft mess into his Câlin, the fennec realized that his bowels were going to let loose and there was nothing he could do to stop the 'accident.' "Ugh!"

"Go on, let it out. Relax and go in your pants and afterwards, I might get you a nice, clean diaper if you get it all out like a good little fen-fen," Katla said with a coy smile. Juma let out a final burst of gas, his muzzle flushing red with intense dismay. "C'mon, do your business, squirt."

"Guh!" Firmly gripping the edge of the tray table, Juma gave in, lifting his padded bottom up to give his diaper room to expand. All it took was a small push and a quiet grunt to start the flow of mushy mess into his seat. Strolling behind him, Katla began tenderly rubbing his shoulders, the massage somehow making it easier to force the mess out. "Gah, this is so gross! I'm starting to smell it too!" he shouted, the sickly-sweet odor wafting upward into his nostrils.

"So can I. At least you're not the stinkiest little squirt I've babysat. That honor goes to Ren," Katla replied, poking her tongue out from the gap between her two front teeth. "C'mon, push. I know there's more in your tum-tum."

"Hnng!" *Crackle*. "Nnnrg!" *Squelch*. The warm mess slinked across the fennec's bottom, spreading a little further with each grunt. He was surprised at the arousal simmering in his core despite the off-putting sensation of pushing a warm mass into his seat. Once Juma's diaper was so full he was sure he had begun to leak, he forced out the last of it, leaving him red in the face. *Pppbbllortch!*

"There we go. I bet you feel much better with that icky stuff in your pants, huh?" Katla asked rhetorically, popping the snaps on Juma's footed sleeper to inspect his diapered bottom. Puffy and bloated, a visible streak of brown ran from the rear waistband to halfway up the crotch. "Phew! Let's get you changed before you trick Ardís into thinking there's a sewer backup."

It was a short trip to one of the Harpa Palace's many nurseries, where a restrained Scandinavian aesthetic created a sharp contrast with the rest of the baroque mansion. Katla set Juma down on a comfortable changing table topped with a waterproof silk-cotton pad. Turning her attention to the bins of supplies beneath the table, she pulled out a tub of baby wipes and an ultra-thick Câlin Viscount diaper.

"Don't worry, this is nothing I haven't seen before," Katla said, stripping Juma down before setting to work cleaning the fennec's brown-stained bottom with impressive efficiency. Using the relatively unsullied front of the diaper, the arctic fox scraped the worst of the mess away before setting to work with the wipes. Taking great care to ensure his close-cropped fur was clean, Katla applied a layer of zinc anti-rash cream to his bottom before unfurling the fresh diaper. "Up for me, squirt."

Juma sighed as he raised his bottom to allow Katla to deposit the diaper beneath him with a loud *crinkle-rustle*. Staring up at the gently swirling stars of the mobile suspended above the changing table, the fennec zoned out as Katla fastened the four hook-and-loop tapes. Although still indignant at being rendered mostly incontinent by the Mutagen, Juma couldn't help but feel contented by the sensation of being clean and dry.

"So, still unhappy with the 'mistake' of being sent here?" Katla prodded, playfully patting the fennec's puffy bottom as she refastened the bulging snap-crotch. Juma

sighed, grateful for the intense warmth of her paws against his skin. It was like having his own personal space heater. "You'll fall in love with the diapers eventually, I promise. Eventually they'll be the only underwear you ever want to wear."

"I've been assigned to worse duty stations...and the diapers sure beat dodging scorpions to use a pit latrine in the middle of the night." Juma sighed, crossing his arms as he squeezed the padding between his thighs. While it compressed slightly, the sheer bulk was impossible to ignore. "Still, thank you for taking care of me. Can I ask you one more question before I start winding down?"

"Sure...mrmph." Just before drawing the zipper up, Katla suddenly paused. The edges of her muzzle scrunched up as she seemed to concentrate intently for a moment. *Pbbllllt. Crackle-squelch!* The seat of her footed sleeper pushed out a little bit as an earthy odor added itself to the air. "Sorry about that. I don't hold it."

"Eww...but at least we're even on seeing each other fill our pants," Juma replied, wrinkling his nose as he was placed in the crib. Protective wooden bars enveloped him on all sides, washing him with a feeling of surprising calm. Each of the posts was topped with a golden *vegvísir* statuette. "What does that symbol mean?" Juma asked, pointing at the runic compass.

"The *vegvísir* is a bit of old Norse magic intended to help Created find their way through rough weather. Even in the most brutal whiteout, the *vegvísir* will guide you home. That's why it's my personal sigil." Katla leaned over to plant a gentle kiss on his forehead. "*Blíndur Er Bóklaus Maður*. Goodnight, Juma. Relax and enjoy a book before bed, okay?"

"Will do. Don't forget to change your diaper," Juma replied, winking as Katla reached around to gauge the heft of her puffy bottom. "I'll see you tomorrow, my Immortal."

The door closed silently, leaving Juma alone with a soft bioluminescent reading light and a selection of children's picture books. Propping himself up against the padded headboard of the crib, he selected *The Tale of Squirrel Nutkin* and began to flip through the pages. By the time Old Brown had separated Nutkin from his tail, the fennec had peacefully dozed off under the watchful gaze of the *vegvísir*.

~ END ~



Adult Baby Conspiracy

"Come in, come in! Don't, uh, don't mind the mess, I'll get to it later."

The mess was an understatement: Becky's apartment was a disaster, which Mike noticed the moment he stepped inside. The place was a complete dump. There were empty cardboard boxes haphazardly stacked together, piles of dirty clothes in dire need of a wash, and so many food wrappers littered everywhere that it was difficult to even see the floor. The air smelt like it had been recycled in a closed loop for weeks; windows were secured shut and taped over with tarp, to keep the sunlight away. A single overworked AC unit was doing its best to keep the air reasonably cool.

Becky herself was no better. Clothes that must have been worn for days on end, messy hair, hints of unwashed make-up leftovers on her face, and bags under the eyes that were deep enough to go grocery shopping. Yet there was a flame burning in these tired eyes, and an impatience in her tone that Mike knew all too well.

She was *obsessed* with something new, her every thought consumed by the shiny new thing. Everything that wasn't dead center in her sights was relegated to the list of unimportant-things-that-can-totally-wait-for-a-few-days. Which, unfortunately, included taking care of herself and her living space.

Mike could never get used to her wild mood swings, and that's why it never worked out between the two of them. Still, even after breaking up, they still considered each other friends - something that Becky didn't exactly have in big numbers to begin with.

As she zig-zagged her way through the mess, Becky toppled a mountain of empty energy drink cans, which fell with a cacophony of metallic noises. She leaned to pick them up, but realizing how big of a task that would be, she decided to toss away the few that had fallen on her bed instead. She made a clean little spot on her duvet, just big enough for someone to sit on.

"Sit tight, Mikey," she hollered her guest with a knowing smile, "and hold on to your pants, 'cause I have something *unbelievable* to show you!"

Mike knew there was no way to stop her once she was rolling, and it was better to let it happen. As he diligently took up the space set aside for him on the bed, he joked: "I hope you haven't assembled a corkboard this time."

He heard a cough, and looked up to see Becky standing right next to a freshly unveiled corkboard, covered in pictures and newspaper articles linked together by threads of various colored wool. "Well, uh, this is awkward," she said with an awkward chuckle.

"Becky, no..." sighed Mike. "I thought we were over this. Is this going to be like the time you theorized that birds don't really exist and they're all disguised drones working for the government?"

The woman scoffed and dismissed him with a handwave. "Pffffrrt! Of course not, don't be silly, it's nothing like that! Besides, it's not a 'theory', Mike, I've clearly disproved the existence of birds in 2018. There's no point in beating that old dead horse anymore."

Mike shook his head in disbelief. Becky had this... tendency to fall into rabbit holes and find connections where there were none. As a teen, she was a diehard supporter of the "Paul is dead" theory, and it all went downhill from there. Most of her "discoveries" were simply too ridiculous for the most obscure parts of the internet, so when her latest brain spark wouldn't find an audience, she would quickly jump to another made-up story. Outside of a very skewed perspective on reality and a severely limited circle of friends, none of her little obsessions had resulted in harm. Yet, Mike kept an eye on her, afraid that she would one day accidentally take it a step too far.

He pinched the bridge of his nose in exhaustion. It was easier to let her explain her newest 'conspiracy' than argue with her - he would know, he had tried that several times before.

"Alright, just... make it quick, okay?" he admitted, defeated.

"Don't worry," she replied with a grin, "this one is so crystal clear that I wonder why I'm the first one to unveil it! Our story begins with THIS!"

She slapped the center of her corkboard conspiracy map with a ruler, right onto a piece of plastic packaging. Mike had to squint to recognize the familiar logo featured on the fragment.

"Pampers...?"

"Exactly, Pampers!" confirmed an excited Becky. "The start and end point to the greatest conspiracy in the last fifty years of mankind's history! But let's not get ahead of ourselves."

She cleared her throat and pointed several sheets of printed media in quick succession with her ruler. "Although envisioned as a corporate entity in 1959, Pampers was actually founded in 1961 by Procter & Gamble. Their main product, which existed before but only entered mass production around that time, would revolutionize child care forever: the disposable diaper. Although originally, the sales were modest, it quickly rose..."

"Becky," interrupted the audience of one, "I thought you said it was a short one."

"I was getting to it!" she grumbled. "Well, if you can't stand a simple History lesson, the cliffnotes will have to do. Pampers, and disposable diapers in general, took over the world and slowly replaced the previous standard of washable cloth. By the 1980's, they had such a monopoly on the market that they needed to create fake competition to get the IRS off their back - but that's a story for another day. Still, we can without a doubt affirm that children born in the 80's were the first generation that were raised exclusively with disposable diapers, from birth till potty training."

She paused for a moment and turned towards Mike, a satisfied grin on her face. Mike looked confused and asked: "... So?"

The delight on Becky's face turned to annoyance. "So? So what I'm saying is that Pampers are intrinsically linked to the 80's, the same way Transformers, GI Joe, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and My Little Pony are. And what do all of these brands have in common?"

"They... were created to sell toys?" tried Mike.

"They are still around *today!*" corrected the conspiracy nut. "They've been rebooted, rehashed, repackaged and reheated so many times that they haven't left pop culture in four decades! Have you never noticed how they're still selling the same shows we watched in our childhood to the kids of today?"

The spectator sitting on the bed was silent for a moment. Then, carefully weighing his words, he asked the woman: "I see what you're saying, but I honestly have no clue what the link is between Pampers, these toy brands and a conspiracy that affects today's society?"

"That's because your feeble unlightened mind hasn't made the leap to the other side of the truth!" she declared as she slammed the corkboard down, spinning it in place and revealing another map on the back of the board, covered in even more pictures and woolen threads. Mike could only repress a swear as she pointed huge plastic letters pinned at the top of the new board.

"A, B, D, L. These four letters are key to our story. Do you know what an ABDL is, Mikey?"

Concerned by the pictures currently put right under his nose, Mike could only reply: "Please tell me it has nothing to do with these people on the..?"

"Oh Mikey, Mikey, Mikey... It has *everything* to do with these people on the board!" she triumphantly corrected him. "ABDLs are people who enjoy roleplaying, acting and even *living* like small children. That includes such delightful activities as bottle feeding, playing with developmental toys, watching old cartoons and, of course, wearing and using disposable diapers adapted to their size. See, I told you Pampers was going to be important!"

"Important for *what?*" asked a befuddled Mike. "Look, there's all kinds of weird stuff on the internet, and if that's whatever floats their boat... it's not my jam, but that's *fine*. How is that in any way, shape of form related to everything you said before?"

"Because there's a secret to these people," she declared while tapping the tip of her fingers like a pleased Mr. Burns who just committed some nefarious deed. "While on public forums, they will pretend these letters stand for '*Adult Baby and Diaper Lover*', only a mind as keen as mine could find their true meaning. Like the Illuminati, they're hiding their symbols in plain sight as a mark of dominance. ABDL actually stands for *Adultum Babere Delayum Ludorem*: Adult Babies Holding Back the Fun."

"There's no way that's actual Latin, Becky."

But now reaching the heart of her theory, the conspiracy-prone lady ignored him. "ABDLs are, in truth, a society that finds its roots in the 80's. Taking into account their favorite padded underwear and the cultural *zeitgeist* of the time, their childhood was so perfect,

so enjoyable, so *pampered*, one might say, that once they reached an adult age, they yearned to go back to that golden era. So they dress and act up like children to relive the past forever!"

Mike was about to interrupt her, but she shut him down by slamming the board with her open hand, all but ripping the newspaper clippings in her excitement.

"But it goes even further than that! ABDLs have seized power over pop culture. They are the ones who, in the early 2000's, have rebooted old franchises for their own nostalgic pleasure. They are the ones who stuck Hollywood into a perpetual cycle of sequels, prequels, midquels, reboots, remasters and remakes - so that nothing will ever be unfamiliar or different. They are behind every internet false flag operation to make these shows and movies popular online. They are the ones who infiltrated Pampers and ordered them to make bigger and bigger diaper sizes, so children would never outgrow their diapers even when they reach adulthood. They are the ones pushing their old material on the new generations, so that children born after them would subconsciously desire that perfect 80's childhood. It all makes sense! It's all linked!"

Incensed by her own knowledge, she was all but jumping in place and screaming in excitement at this stage. Mike was looking more and more concerned as she went on.

*"They have placed all of our fandoms in stasis! They have infiltrated every single level of the industrial culture machine and shaped it to their image! They won't be satisfied until there are 40 year-old men walking in the streets in nothing but a diaper, sucking their thumbs on their way to watch Transformers' seventh reboot! They want everyone to be like them, to love what they love, they want humanity to stay infantile so they never have to get out of their comfort zone! Until there's nothing but a single culture, a culture of perpetual infancy, of toys and cartoons, of diapers and baby bottles, and the world collapses under the weight of its own nostalgia! And when there will be no resistance left, **they will take over the world!!!!**"*

Out of breath, Becky stopped her insane ramblings as Mike looked at her with a frankly horrified look. This was, by far, the most unhinged theory she had ever concocted. And yet, she earnestly believed every word of it.

There was an awkward silence for a moment, before Mike stood up. Putting his hands in front of him like a defense, he spoke slowly. "Becky, this is completely insane. I don't know what you expect of me, but I want none of it. I'm out."

"Oh Mikey, please!" she yelped as she suddenly dropped to her knees, crushing several empty cans as she landed. "I knew you wouldn't believe me, but you had to *know!* I'm asking one thing from you, just one thing only, I swear, I promise! I need a car ride. You're my only friend who has a car, and you know I'm no longer allowed to drive on my own! Please, just this once, I promise it will be the last time!"

The man was taken aback by this sudden change of direction. "A... a car ride? That's it? That's all you need?"

Becky's face betrayed a certain mischievousness for a second, knowing full well she had

an opening. Meekly, she added: "A car ride... and a swipe from your security pass, just that, you don't need to come in with me."

"What?!" he snapped back. "My security pa... Where do you want to break into *this time*? Do you know how much trouble I got in when you asked me to visit the mall's basement where you assured me there was a hidden alien cloning facility?!"

"I know, I knooooowwww, I was wrong that time, I apologized to you for weeks! But it's nothing like that, I swear, nobody will even know you were there!" She stood up and grabbed a printed sheet of paper off her busy desk and gave it to her furious friend.

"Here, look at that. There's a private party tonight, in that sex dungeon on the outskirts of the city. I dug deeper on the internet until I had confirmation that it was, in fact, an ABDL-related event. If I can go in there and meet them, make them believe I'm *one of them*, then I can infiltrate the conspiracy from the inside and maybe reverse it. But it's an invitation-only event, to keep their little secret club low profile I assume. I just need you to drive me to the club, open the backdoor with your security card, and let me in. That's all. And then we never need to talk about this ever again."

Mike poured over the printed pamphlet. For reasons that were unrelated to the situation at hand, he once had to answer an emergency call for his security job at that club. He knew the place, even if he would never visit in his free time, and he recalled the backdoor, one that was never guarded and mostly served to bring supplies in. It would be easy to get in there.

He still wasn't sure it was a good idea to indulge in Becky's delusion. But if he refused, she would use that to pressure him to help in her next stupid plot - one that could be more dangerous than talking to a bunch of giant babies.

"... Alright, just this once," he conceded.

"THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU!!" she squealed in excitement as she jumped and wrapped her arms around Mike's neck. "Oh Mikey, what would I ever do without you?"

"Right, right, don't push it," he tried to humble her. "Well, if we want to be there on time, we should get on our way soon. I'll just get my car and..."

"Oh, wait wait wait! I need to prepare my costume before we go! And take a shower, while I'm at it," she added with a chuckle, seemingly only noticing now that her hair was an absolute mess.

"You prepared a costume...?" asked Mike, incredulous about how deep she had felt into that particular rabbit hole.

"You'll see! I'll be there in just a minute. Don't look when I'm dressing up," she added with a flirtatious wink before disappearing in her bathroom.

At this point, Mike was less than interested in checking his crazy ex-girlfriend taking a

shower, and more into getting this over with. While Becky was making herself pretty for her secret society of giant babies, he took the time to clean the place, open the windows and get rid of the many cans of energy drink still laying on the floor. It wasn't much, but it kept him busy.

About twenty minutes later, a fresh Becky emerged from the bathroom. "Tadaaa!" she cheered as she came into the room. "What do you think?"

Mike was at a loss for words. Her outfit looked like a heavily upgraded "giant baby" Halloween costume, and the result was properly ridiculous. Her shirt and assorted thigh-high socks were striped by two tones of pink, she wore padded booties in place of shoes, and her head sported a frankly gigantic baby bonnet. But the show stopper was, of course, the properly enormous diaper taped around her waist, probably six inches thick, a crude drawing of Elmo adorning the plastic sheen of its cover.

"You look... you look..." babbled Mike, incapable of putting the proper words on his feelings.

"Oh shush, you jealous little thing," she teased him as she twirled an adult-sized pacifier on her finger. "I've spent hours scouring the internet to look up what ABDLs love. You may not like it, but this is what *peak* baby looks like. I've built the diaper myself with a pillow, you know, I can actually separate and wash the different parts if I need to."

"Isn't the baby bonnet more like... a 1950's thing? I thought these guys were all about the 80's?"

"Oh no no, they love it," she replied with a crack in her voice from being caught off-guard. "Now, let me just grab a coat and we can go on our way. I've stored the rest of my stuff in the bag behind my bed, could you get it for me?"

"Is it, perchance, a *diaper* bag?" asked a decidedly less amused Mike.

As she wrapped a brown raincoat over her costume, Becky blew him a kiss. "Oh, Mikey, that's why you're the best assistant. You always understand things so quickly!"

It took them more than an hour to reach the place. Mike tried to focus on the road ahead of them while Becky explained the many details of her conspiracy she hadn't had the pleasure to tell about so far. The poor driver stopped counting after the fifteenth inconsistency and simply replied with affirmative grunts whenever he felt like she expected an answer. Every minute, he was regretting his involvement in this situation more and more.

When they finally arrived at the back of the kink club, the two had a very different reaction. Mike was hit by the very real absurdity of what they were about to do, while Becky clapped her hands in excitement and began rummaging in her diaper bag.

"Right, help me put my mittens on, if you please. And then you'll have to open the door for me... because I'll have my mittens on."

"Is this really necessary?" asked Mike as the dressed-up baby was pulling two balls of frilly fabric and fluff out of her diaper bag.

"I've thought of everything, I'm not leaving any chance on the table. In fact, I've even found some chemicals that will make me more attractive to them if I drink them, according to my research. So I'm *extra* ready for this meet-up with our ABDL overlords!"

"Chemicals?" replied the man as he fastened one of the mittens around her left hand. "You're scaring me, you shouldn't play with that stuff. What's in the drink?"

"Magnesium citrate," she replied casually.

"Magnes... Becky, do you know what this stuff *does* to your body? It's not... It's not a pleasant time, especially when you're around people. You should probably skip that step of the plan."

Becky let out a triumphant giggle. "Oh, Mikey dear. Do you seriously think I would explain my master plan to you if you had the slightest chance of stopping me? I drank the stuff four hours ago!"

Mike blinked once, twice, three times, slowly, then he finished attaching the second mitten around her wrist without a word. It's only when he walked around the car to open Becky's door that he allowed himself to roll his eyes so hard his whole head followed the movement.

They then half-trotted, half-waddled all the way to the unguarded back door. The man pulled a magnetic security card from his pocket and approached it to the card reader.

"Last chance to back down, Becky. Once you've passed this door, you're on your own and I can't help you any further."

"Bring it on, Mikey," she replied with a bravado that contrasted starkly with her silly costume. "I've been training for months for this. Tonight, I'll be one of them!"

Mike shook his head, slipped the card through the reader and opened the door for his partner in crime. "Good luck."

As soon as the door slammed behind her, Becky, the adventurous conspiracy nut who was not afraid of dressing like something out a Halloween party gone wrong, crinkled her way through dark corridors. There was a pungent smell to the place, the musk of old sweat and heavy perfume, with more than a hint of smoke, weed and alcohol. A true hive of scum and villainy, like she expected it to be. But she was looking for something else, something that would indicate the presence of a society of 80's babies for sure.

As silently as her outfit allowed, she sneaked around the deserted backstage, until she finally found the room she was looking for. A back room, lit up in neon blue and pink, where she distinctly heard the cheery tunes of a Barney special. This was it, this was the place, this was the time. And not a moment, too soon, as Becky's stomach was starting to act up. The stress, no doubt, mixed with something a lot more efficient than a good cup of coffee.

She picked up the pacifier dangling from her shirt and plopped it in her mouth. She took a deep breath, then gave a push to the door and entered the back room.

Immediately, all the present heads turned to her. But she was prepared. She knew the magic words. And so, muffling around the rubber bulb stuck between her teeth, she addressed her audience:

"Owwoooooh! Hewwo ewwybody! Imma big dumb baby gurl! Would yoo be my fwriends? We can pway togedew! We can pway ponies and pwincesses an' I wanna be da biggest adowable pwincess!"

Right on cue, her stomach grumbled. The magnesium citrate had been given ample time to work, and she was now ready to play her trump card. All according to plan. She was a bit apprehensive about what was about to happen, but it was too late to turn back.

"Owo? Wat's dis?" she aske rethorically as she clasped her belly in a theatrical manner.

She bent her knees, leaned forward, closed her eyes in fake effort, and gave a light push. The chemicals and her distressed bowels did the rest. With force grunts and mewls, she unloaded the mother of all diaper messes right in the back of her custom-made underwear. Despite the layer of cloth, the wet fart could be heard by everyone around. It was a miracle that the leg guards held as well as they did, yet the diaper was so thick that you could barely see the difference once she was done. The smell, however, was unmistakable.

"Whew!" she let out once her deed was done. "I made a biiiig doodoo in my diapie! Waaa, waaa! Ah'm notta stinky baybee! Mama, canna get changies, pwееаааase?"

She pouted and made a little pose, waiting for her captive audience to react. She had imagined different scenarios from that point onwards. The best one involved the ABDL society accepting her little show as tribute, and recognizing her as one of them on the spot. The worst resulted in her being kicked from the club and forever banished from the secret club, with the overlords using their powers to torment her in her everyday life...

She hadn't expected the whole room to erupt in laughter, a thunderous roar that snuffed every other sound for a good ten seconds. As she the volume lowered, she heard several patrons hollering sentences she didn't quite understand:

"Woah, slow it down, Goldilocks! You could have at least set up the scene before going straight for the money shot!"

"Lady, I'm into humiliation stuff, and even I wouldn't have dared to go this far on my first time!"

"Baby talk is such a turn-off..."

"Didn't the owner say that messing was off-limits? I don't want to get in trouble."

"I would like to remind everyone that the safeword for tonight is 'potassium'..."

Ten minutes later, Becky was leaning on a standing table in one of the corners of the room. For obvious reasons, she preferred not to sit down. The recognizable aroma that wafted from her bottom half didn't seem to bother her drinking companion, a tall woman with short hair and a leather jacket which exuded an air of extreme confidence.

"So it's just a kink?" asked Becky, more disappointed than anything. "It's not a secret society of babies that are secretly controlling the world?"

"Well, it's a *community*," replied the lady in a silky smooth voice. "Some are more into it than others, but for most people, it's just a hobby. Or a way to get their rocks off. Nothing more. Where did you get that idea of a secret society, anyway?"

"It seemed like the logical conclusion..." she replied, feeling a tad shameful about her theory being disproved so easily. "I mean, I've spent months lurking in chat rooms, reading the stories and all. There were people wearing diapers 24/7, going to conventions under an alias and building giant cribs to sleep in. It just felt like... like it made sense, right?"

"Yeah, some people spend *stupid* amounts of money on their lifestyle," confirmed the tall lady. "But you can achieve so much with just plain white diapers and the right attitude. It's nice if you can afford it, but there's no *need* for any of the expensive stuff, really."

Becky pouted and took a sip of her cocktail, which funneled through a silly straw. It made the other one laugh out loud. "Aww, poor thing! Are you sure you've never been to an ABDL meet-up before? Because you're playing the grumpy little princess role to perfection! And I know some people who are into that."

The shadow of a blush passed on Becky's cheeks. She immediately deflected the question: "And you, why are you into this? You don't look like you're wearing a diaper."

"I don't," confessed the other. "I'm on the other side of the kink, so to speak. I used to be in the BDSM scene before, and you have no idea how much overlap there is between the two kinks. 'Playpen bondage' is kind of my thing. Little games of power. I tie little ones up, I make them beg for release, I spank them when they've been naughty. I remind them of their place at the bottom of the pyramid. It's all pretend, of course, but it makes me feel powerful to watch them squirm around my feet and call me Mommy with a hint of fear in their voice."

"Oh, you're a mommy-domme then?" perked up Becky after the lady finished her description.

"That's right," she acknowledged with a smile. "I see that somebody studied hard for today."

"Not hard enough," pouted Becky as she finished her drink. "There was no conspiracy. I was a fool and I made myself look ridiculous in front of everyone. I should just dig myself underground and stay there until everyone forgets about me!"

"Well, you made quite the entrance, that's for sure... But after a stunt like that, I feel like you earned brownie points with quite a few people here. If you want to try again in a less, let's say, *over-the-top* manner, I'm sure they will welcome you with open arms."

Becky didn't answer for a moment, lost in her own thoughts. Then she slapped her forehead as she suddenly remembered something. "Oh, I should text Mikey! Poor guy, he's probably waiting in the car wondering what happened to me!"

"Why don't you tell him to join us?" asked the glamorous lady as she raised an eyebrow. "At this point, he should probably learn about the truth as well, or else he's gonna think you got kidnapped by a Ninja Turtles fan club and locked into a playpen forever."

"Nah, he's a smart guy," admitted Becky as she typed on her phone. "Smarter than me. He probably figured out I was talking out of my ass hours ago. And I don't think he's into that whole kink stuff, anyway..."

"Are you?"

The question pierced straight through Becky's defenses, taking her by surprise. "Am I what?"

"Are you into this kink stuff?" asked the lady again.

"Well..." mused Becky. "It *was* fun putting that outfit together. And, uh, while it's not really comfortable, it's not exactly *uncomfortable* to be in a messy diaper like this. It's warm and... I don't know. Maybe? I'd need to learn more about it before I can make a decision."

Becky typed a huge wall of text on her phone, trying to semi-coherently explain what had happened to her since she entered the building. As soon as she was done, the leather-clad lady asked her another question:

"Would you like to try? You're already here, you could use this evening as a sampler of our community. And I can pull some strings to get you an invitation to our next party."

Becky pondered the question for a moment. While she had all but accepted that her theory was proven wrong, there was still something tickling in the back of her mind. They might not be controlling the world in secret, but the ABDL scene still felt like a secret society of sorts. One with rules, customs, taboos and secrets. That's the kind of discovery that made her engine roar. Just a kink? Maybe. Or maybe it was more than that. If she had gone this far already in search of the Truth, how could a little more investigation hurt?

"Yes..." she finally declared. "I think so, yes, yes!"

"Yes... who?" corrected the lady in a suddenly colder tone. Becky was taken aback, but quickly found the answer the other was waiting for:

"Yes... Mommy?"

The mommy-domme grabbed Becky's chin between her fingers with a mix of strength and

gentleness.

“Good girl. You’re learning so fast already.”



Glitching

You felt a twinge inside you as you stirred in your slumber. Then, a familiar jolt of energy, both hot and cold at the same time. The tingling jolts stretch to every part of your body, and as you open your eyes, you know the feeling immediately: You're connected to something electronic. Looking up at the ceiling, vertical bars with horizontal railings surround you on all sides, tall and firm, keeping you from leaving your cozy little crib. Then you see Daddy, hovering over the side of the crib, looking at his phone intently while a wire runs from it to your head. Under your ear, where one of your hidden USB-C ports was, was the other end of the wire, connecting you to the phone. You stir a bit, your body still waking up after all your hardware. "Aww sweetie, I'm sorry" Daddy fusses from above you, now looking at you instead of his phone. "I didn't mean to wake you up, I just wanted to check in on my little sentient toaster oven." You roll your eyes and sit up, groggy and body uncooperative. "I recognized the feeling" you tell him, tapping the wire, "It's not the same as when I was charging your phone though." Daddy smiles, showing you his phone's screen. A wall of green code on a black background whizzes underneath a loading bar filling up steadily. 80% complete and rising. "This time I'm putting stuff in rather than taking energy out" he notes, turning his phone back towards himself and nodding. "What kind of stuff?" you ask. He just ignores you, using his free hand to reach under your crib's covers and giving your crotch a squeeze. It crinkles dryly in response. "Hun, I told you not to hold it, didn't I?" You glance to the side in response, letting out a pained groan, "Sorry Daddy, I uh, didn't wanna bother you...". You look up at him again, and he gives you a warm smile and a pat on the head, "We've been over this hun, you know better..." He lightly chastises you. You feel the tingly flow of current stop and see Daddy look at his phone. "All done, let's get you outta bed to start the day buddy!" He lowers the bars, and you slide out of the crib and onto your feet. "All done with wh-" is all you can say before your vision goes staticy and blurry, your body feeling heavy and your mechanical bits unresponsive. You nearly fall onto your rear when Daddy catches you by the arm, "Easy little one, you need to rely on Daddy for today," he says, easily lifting you up into his arms and cradling you. Your vision clears up and your body feels light again, "What the heck was that?!" You panic, internally trying to troubleshoot every possible bad scenario, but Daddy squeezes you close to his chest and gives your forehead a kiss. "I may have added some new protocols to my little protogen's

darling mind" he says sweetly. Before you can object, he boops your nose twice and you feel another twitch of static in your face. Paci mode, but for some reason you can't disable it yourself, no matter how hard you concentrate. You give him your

strongest puppy eyes, and he chuckles to himself, putting you on your feet with an iron grip on your hand, keeping you steady. "Like I said, today is a "rely-on-Daddy" kind of day. Y'know, like how it should always be!" You feel a sinking feeling in the pit of your stomach as you are led into the living room, your steps and stride feeling much slower and using your full concentration to not topple over again as you follow your Daddy's lead. You scan your internals repeatedly, but can't find where Daddy's placed your new protocols. You sigh internally as Daddy takes you to playpen, and upon trying to climb over the railing yourself, your vision goes blurry and body heavy again. Daddy chuckles in response and lifts you from under your armpits, setting you down with a crinkle into your playpen before you regain control of your body again. You could tell it was going to be an annoying day. "Now relax, crinkle pants, Daddy's gonna make some brunch for us." He reaches to your nose again, getting ready to disable paci mode, when he hesitates, asking "You're not gonna start fussing and whining when I unmute you, right? Because if the answer is yes, then someone's gonna stay paci'd the rest of the morning." You blush, feeling your face light up a bit, nodding in affirmation before Daddy double taps your nose, gives you a pet, and tells you to go play.

After a bit of playtime, a bit of Daddy giving you your baba and a bit of Bluey with your stuffies, you feel relaxed. Tummy full, you lay down on the carpet where your playpen was set up and enjoy the plush flooring, as well as the contented fullness that comes after brunch with your caretaker. You were surprised today by his insistence that you finish all of your drink, making sure you finished every drop. He even went so far as to double check that no more proto-formula would come out of your bottle. He'd never been so thorough about it, and you found it a bit strange. At least the glitching in your firmware had calmed down a bit. Post-brunch, Daddy had placed you back into your playpen while he took a shower. There was a twinge of envy, watching him enter the master bedroom and shower wherever he felt like it. It had been a few months since you were last allowed a shower, Daddy opting to give you baths instead every time, and also opting to be extra hands on. It was a

bit of a fight every time you had to bathe, you had to focus on suppressing the urge to pull away and trying to do it yourself. No matter how many lil swats or reassurances Daddy gave you, it was still a bit of a sore spot for you. You hear the shower turn on faintly through the walls, and close your eyes, taking a deep breath and blowing your jealousy away. The twinge instead turns into discomfort in the stomach, then the gurgling starts from within. You sit up quickly, cramps ensuing with more gurgles. No no no, you think to yourself, not here, not now. You knew Daddy didn't want you leaving the playpen, but you also didn't want him to deal with what you knew was about to be a very messy situation. You thought to yourself a moment, then nodded. Quietly but quickly, you stand up and head over to the

edges of the playpen. Your vision is slightly fuzzy and glitchy standing up without any help, and your steps feel clumsy and off center. You power through though, determined to at least get to the potty before Daddy notices. What he doesn't know won't hurt, right? However, upon reaching the edge of the playpen, lifting your leg high and bracing yourself to vault over, the fuzzy vision and glitching gets much worse, and you feel your head pounding with dull pain. Internal processes start heating up and you feel your body growing heavy and your movements halt. You then feel yourself falling backwards with a poof, padding and carpet softening your landing. Sat back on the ground, your body regains its light weight and you roll your eyes for the second time today. Daddy's software. You get up, and the fuzzy headspace and wobbles return. The cramps grow louder and start to ache in your midsection. You try again, trying with your other leg over the bars first, but with the same result, your body getting too heavy to carry on and falling onto your rear again, back into the playpen purgatory. Frustrated, you start to get back up again when your tummy groans. You freeze up, trying your best to hold it back, but your body fights back, testing your mettle. The aches get worse, and you look towards the door to Daddy's room. You can still hear him showering, but you know it won't be for much longer. With a tiny whine, you reposition yourself on your knees, hunched over looking straight forward, give a tiny push and let your body do the rest. You feel the back of your pamp give, and the warmth from your bum spreading all over your padded seat. The waves of bliss, from your tummy and rear, spread all over as you do what should come naturally to littles like you. You let go of some more pressure, feeling it spread all over your crotch, leaving a very

noticeable discoloration on your diaper. Your toes curl as you finish up, fists balling up as a wave of relief spreads across your body, in pure bliss for a few moments, feel much less tense now. You stare off into the middle distance, loving the new warmth and pressure in your diaper area, and take in the blush-inducing scent of messy pamps mixed with baby powder momentarily, before you're snapped back into reality by the sound of Daddy's shower ending. Panicked, you jolt up, standing straight, back into the fuzzy and glitchy zone, and focus on getting over the playpen's fence. With a huff of desperation, you try to just quickly vault it, hoping the speed would help. As soon as one foot leaves the ground though, the predictable happens again. You feel your body start to fall back, everything feeling heavy again as the screen fully glitches out. You reach out for the playpen's railing and grab it, but it doesn't save you as you hit the ground padding first, with a very noticeable squish and a very loud scraping across the floor as the playpen jostles in your grasp. When you come back to, a moment later, you realize the warmth in the seat of your pamp has reached even further, feeling your bum completely caked. It went everywhere in your diaper area, and with the red face came a torrent of shame. You feel yourself start to cry, unable to stifle the strong emotions, and you

hear Daddy's footsteps approaching quickly. The door to Daddy's room opens and he looks at you, still moist from his shower with a towel around his waist. He tilts his head as your eyes meet his. You dare not say anything. "You ok buddy?" he asks, approaching the playpen's edge, when he pauses, recognizing something, then giving a warm smile. "Baby, did someone make some pushies? Is that why you're crying?" You try to answer but can only blubber between your whines. He comes over and scoops you out from the playpen and checks your pamps from behind. "Jeez kiddo you exploded into this, holy moly, something must have not agreed with you. I didn't think I used that much laxative..." he chuckles, holding you to his chest and petting you softly. You sniffle and try to apologize but he stops you, carrying you back to your nursery. "You're not bugging me, it's ok for babies to use their diapers kiddo, that's what they're there for." You grimace, muttering quietly "I was going to handle it myself, I didn't wanna bother you, it's my mistake to cor-". You're cut off by Daddy enabling paci mode with a double boop again as he sets you down, sitting on the changing table. He tilts your head up, and you avert your eyes. "Look at me, baby" he coos, and you meet his eyes after a moment's hesitation, "Babies learn by making mistakes, and they also learn by observing. I like you just the way you are kiddo. Cleaning up after you makes me so happy, and I wouldn't have it any other way, because you matter to me. I don't incidentally change your diapers, I knowingly and happily accept the responsibility. You're so cute when you're not fretting, when you're just relaxed and playing, and so cute when getting cleaned up. You're just cute all around when you act like yourself, baby; Your genuine little self." He kisses your forehead, and whispers "Your only mistake was trying to escape the playpen. You know better hun, Daddy says when playtime is over. This..." he says, giving your padded crotch a squeeze, "This comes with the territory. Please, trust me. I know you're anxious about letting me take care of you, but I love it. The little program I installed within you is my little reminder to trust your Daddy who loves you very much, ok? You don't have to be perfect." He finishes, hugging you softly, and you nuzzle into his chest. He feels like a warm blanket, even if he is a little moist still. He looks down at you, "Ready kiddo?" You nod, letting him lay you back as he starts with the tapes on your pamp. The cool wipes and getting cleaned up feels amazing, and Daddy takes his time, making sure to be nice and thorough. Unsure what to do with your hands, you put them on your tummy. He pauses and walks away for a moment, then comes back with a plushie in hand and gives it to you. "That's your job, cuddle and look cute" he commands, giving you a little wink and resuming the delicate cleaning. You blush and hold your plushie nice and close.

The next morning, you wake up Daddy above you again. "G'morning, lil proto-bab" he coos, petting you. "Morning Daddy..." you mumble, stretching. He takes the opportunity to check you, mid-stretch, giving a tiny smile. "Lil sogster this morning,

huh bud?" You look away shyly, nodding. He pulls out his phone and taps, staring at it for a few seconds. "The software didn't activate last night, huh..." He gives you a side eye and a sly grin grows on his face. "I'm guessing a certain little one wanted to be wet this morning..." He trails off, looking at you. You meet his eyes for a moment, then look away again, giving a tiny smile. He chuckles and scoops you out of crib, squishing your bum in the same motion. "Good kiddo, c'mon, bath time, you smell." You give a tiny pout, and he boops your nose, "You smell exactly as good kiddos should." You cling to him as he starts running a bath, and don't ask to be let down as he continues prepping your bath with one hand. You remember how hard it was to even walk yesterday, and you're in no rush to try again today. Today, it felt peaceful to be on Daddy's arm. You give him a tiny cheek kiss, and he kisses your forehead. "Just like that kiddo, just like that..."

**That's the end of the zine.
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