

Changes. For Better or Worse. by Cowkites

Kayla jolted awake. The house was dark and silent, save for the faint *clicking* of the kitchen clock. She didn't have to look to know the time. It was late. Real late. She was far more tired than she had guessed. She had spent the afternoon going from yard sale to yard sale with her mom, as they sometimes did on the weekend. Most of the time neither of them found much. It was more an activity for the two of them to bond over than anything. However, that day, Kayla managed to find a strange unmarked flash drive in one of the cardboard boxes. It was with a bunch of older games and software, so she figured it might be good for a nostalgia trip. The owner mentioned that it was probably one of her old simulation games. She had been fond of them a couple decades back. Kayla took it off the woman's hands for a buck and installed it in their old office PC as soon as she got home. Went into the living room to watch some TV afterward and fell asleep shortly thereafter.

"Hopefully the game is done installing." She mumbled to herself. With a yawn and a full body stretch, Kayla stood and made her way back to the office. She slipped through the cracked door and knelt down in front of the pc. Sure enough, the game had been installed and had even opened itself. Kayla was amazed to find an exact digital replica of her home on screen. At least, it appeared to be very similar. The office looked far more organized and clean than it was, several small changes had been made to the living room and bathroom, and her room appeared to be completely gone. Replaced by what looked like a nursery.

Kayla was baffled by the changes it chose to make compared to the things it got right. She couldn't help but shake the feeling that something odd had happened. Beyond just the game. How had a random game on a flash drive managed to know the layout of her entire house? Kayla lowered herself to the floor and stifled another yawn. She turned and looked at the rest of the office in the low light of the computer screen. She nearly choked on her saliva. The room had been cleaned. In fact, it looked just like what the game had presented.

Kayla jumped to her feet and turned the light on. She was certain that her eyes played tricks on her or that she was tired and saw things incorrectly. But nothing had changed once the room was well lit. It was only easier to see that the simulator had gotten everything completely right.

"H-How? How is this possible?" Kayla asked herself. "Maybe mom cleaned it while I was asleep but...how could the game update that quickly." Kayla raised her face to the ceiling and rubbed her eyes. "I need some sleep. I'll just figure this out tomorrow or wake up from this dream." She quickly turned off the computer and office light and made her way down the hall to her room. She was thankful to continue her sleep from before. Her time in the office had only made her more tired and more confused than she'd like. Unfortunately for Kayla, her room would only exacerbate the issue.

As soon as the room's interior came into view, Kayla was sure something was off. Her room had hardly changed in the past five or so years, so she immediately knew that something had happened. Her dresser was gone. Replaced by a set of low drawers with a cutesy ladybug lamp and a stack of children's books on top. A rocking chair sat next to it in the corner, some pink cloth draped on either arm and the headboard. A large piece of furniture with a padded top and storage space on the bottom took up most of the far wall.

"I-Is that a changing table?" Kayla whispered in disbelief.

A large pink and white chest sat next to it, a stuffed giraffe head poking out the side. Between the changing table and the chest was a trash can with an odd lid. Kayla could only guess what was inside. The faint scent of its contents mixed with what she assumed was baby powder made the whole room smell like a daycare. She wanted to gag, but her mind was too occupied to care about the smell. Her bed and computer desk were both gone. Replaced with an oversized crib and rocking horse respectively.

"It's a fucking nursery...I don't believe it." Kayla took a shaky step out of the room and back into the hallway. She turned on her heel and made her back to the office. No matter the specifics, everything changed after she installed the life sim. Surely if she uninstalled or tampered with it, things would be fixed.

When she returned, the door to the office was closed and locked. Kayla jiggled the knob in frustration and cursed under her breath. Since when did the door automatically lock?

"Kayla? Is that you?" Kayla was blinded. The light from her mother's phone pointed directly at her. "What are you doing up this late? And dressed like that?"

Bewildered, Kayla looked down at her clothes. "Oh, I fell asleep in them." She then remembered a better discussion topic. "Wait. Mom what's happening? My room's completely different. And did you clean the office?"

Kimberly yawned. She said nothing at first but grabbed Kayla by the hand and led her back down the hall. Kayla was confused and tried to pull her hand away but her mother was surprisingly strong. "Mom! What's going on...!"

"Huh?" Kimberly looked at her daughter, a look of bewilderment on her face. "You're just had a bad dream, kiddo. We're gonna get you back to sleep and you'll feel better tomorrow."

Kayla stopped her resisting. She hoped her mother was right and that her room would be back to normal when they walked back in. When she was dragged back in front of the crib her hopes turned to the next morning. But as bars of the crib were lowered, Kayla decided that she'd rather not sleep in a crib. She needed answers. "Mom. This isn't my room. I-I'm not a baby."

"I know sweetie. You're a big girl." Was her mother's half awake response. She reached over and tugged Kayla's shirt off without so much of a warning. Kayla yelped in surprise.

"MOM!?"

"Kayla, baby, it's four in the morning. Would you please just work with me?"

Kayla suddenly felt very bad. Whatever had happened to the house, her mother was apart of it too. She sounded and acted genuine. Whether Kayla liked it or not, her mother was just doing what she thought was best. At that realization, Kayla stopped her fighting. "Sorry mom."

Kimberly looked at her and smiled weakly. She yawned. "Thank you, sweetie. You wanna be a big girl and help me get your pants off?"

"Um...okay." Kayla tugged them down.

"Why are you wearing those, Kayla?" Kimberly asked, her finger pointed at Kayla's panties.

"My underwear?"

Her mother just sighed and yanked those down too. Kayla gasped as she was exposed and stripped of her underwear. "Mom what the hell?!"

"Excuse me? What did you just say?"

Kayla froze. It'd been years since she heard her mother use that tone. She apologized almost immediately without a second thought.

"No mom, I'm sorry."

THWAP

Kayla received a swift spank to her bottom. It stung and heated up her backside almost immediately. "You know you're not ready for these yet." Kimberly scolded, Kayla's panties held aloft. "And I better not hear that kind of language out of your mouth again, understand?"

"Yes mom..."

"Good. Now march." Kimberly replied. She pointed to the changing table.

Kayla looked from the table to her mom and then back. She questioned fighting her on this but rubbed her sore butt and thought better. At least, she did until her mother pulled a diaper free of the drawers underneath and unfolded it. The thick padding embarrassed Kayla to no end. To

make matters worse it was covered in a babyish princess print. Kayla tried to back away but her mother picked her up and placed her on the table with little to no issue.

"Behave, Kayla. Do you want another spanking?"

"N-no..."

"Good. Now lift your butt for me."

Kayla did as commanded and was pushed back down onto the thick padding of the diaper. She looked away as her mother powdered and taped her into the embarrassing garment. The diaper crinkled loudly as her mother affectionately patted her bottom.

"That wasn't so bad was it?"

Kayla chose not to respond. She looked down at her new clothing and grimaced as she tried to press her knees together. The diaper wouldn't allow it.

"Alright, little girl. Time to put on your jammies." Her mother held out some pink footie pajamas in front of her. Kayla gladly allowed herself to be dressed in it as she had grown tired and was thankful not to see the diaper for a while. She was dismayed to learn that the pajamas were tight around the crotch and had a butt flap. At that point she had grown too tired to care and allowed herself to be laid down in the crib. "You really are a handful, you know that?"

"Yuuuuup." Kayla responded. Just eager to sleep and be done with it all for the next few hours.

"Alright, little girl. Well try to get some sleep. And don't try to leave your crib or take that diaper off." Kimberly warned. She grabbed a small box on the nightstand and switched a button on. A baby monitor. "I'll be listening."

"Okay mom." Kayla replied. She rolled over and face the wall.

"Night night! Oh! Can't forget these."

Kayla turned to look only to have a pacifier stuffed in her mouth and a stuffed bear placed next to her. "Mmph!"

"Alright see ya in the morning, baby."

Kayla glared at her mother until she left and shut the door behind her. She then immediately spat out the pacifier and tossed the bear across the room. "This better be a f-" Kayla stopped herself mid-swear, her eyes glued to the baby monitor. "This better be a dream..." She rested her head back on her pillow and was thankful the sheets and mattress were so soft. Much softer

than her old bed. At least she'd get a good night's sleep. After one last fidget to adjust her diaper, Kayla let loose a long yawn and settled into her sleep. She didn't know what would happen in the morning, but surely anything would be better than what had happened that night.

The early morning sun shone through Kayla's curtains and illuminated part of the room in a warm light. The same part Kayla slept in. She laid comfortably behind the bars of her crib. Tucked in tight, a teddy bear nestled between her chest and her arm. She started to wake from the change in brightness. Her diaper crinkled under the sheets as she stretched. A loud and long yawn caused the pacifier she had sucked on to fall loose from her lips. The pacifier bounced off her shoulder and caused Kayla to flinch. She stared at it. Still half-asleep, she wasn't quite sure what she saw.

"A pacifi..." Kayla stopped herself. She looked around the room to confirm her suspicions. "It really happened." Then looked back at the pacifier. "Mom must've checked up on me." She sat up and cringed at the loud crinkling that sounded from underneath the sheets. "I gotta fix this. Does mom really think I'm gonna use these things..." Kayla squeezed the crotch of her diaper to make absolutely sure that she hadn't wet them in the night. "The simulator didn't change anything about my bladder at least." Unfortunately, the stimulation was enough to remind her bladder that it was full. Kayla pushed herself up and to her feet. The crib bars were just tall enough to prevent her escape, the thick diaper made it nearly impossible for her to try and swing her leg over the side, and she couldn't undo the buttons on the back of her pajamas. Like it or not, Kayla would need her mother's help if she wanted to keep her diapers dry.

"Mom!" She yelled. "Mom! I need to get out, please!"

Silence was the response. Nothing from the baby monitor either.

"Shit..." Kayla grimaced. The pressure on her bladder had only continued to increase. She lowered herself down to her knees and pressed her hand against her diapered crotch. Unable to even feel it through the pajamas and thick padding the act did little to alleviate her discomfort.

"Mom! Please!" She yelled again. Weaker than before.

A soft whimper escaped her lips. The pressure had become nearly unbearable. Unsure of what else to do, Kayla willingly wet herself the tiniest amount. Anything to relieve the massive discomfort she felt. The crotch of her diaper grew warm and wet from the small spurt. As tight as it all was under the pajamas, Kayla was forced to endure the feeling of a wet diaper constantly. To make matters worse, the small release of urine did little to relieve Kayla and only made her it harder for her to hold out.

"Mom!" Kayla cried out. She felt seconds away from an accident.

The door opened not a second after Kayla's last cry. Kimberly ran in, a concerned look on her face. She wore a simple dress and held a towel in her hair. "What is it, baby?! I was in the shower. I couldn't hear you."

"I need to go!" Was all Kayla could manage in response.

Kimberly could tell from her posture that her daughter was desperate to go to the bathroom. "Alright, alright. Hold on." She lowered the side of the crib as quick as she could and Kayla exited in a flash. It was only when she stood in the bathroom that she realized she still couldn't get her pajamas off by herself.

"Mom!" Kayla nearly screamed.

"I'm here." Her mother replied. Kimberly guided Kayla backward toward the toilet and stripped her of her pajamas. "There you go."

Unable to hold it any longer, Kayla plopped herself down on the seat behind her and let her bladder loose. She immediately realized her mistake.

"Good girl!" Kimberly praised. "Next time we can try it without your diaper and see if you can do that."

Kayla had forgotten to tug her diaper down. After all the trouble she went through she still soaked her diapers. Her mother had guided her to the training potty as well. Stuck in a pair of sagging, discolored diapers on her training potty Kayla felt every bit like the toddler her mother believed her to be. She hung her head in shame and started to cry.

"Kayla? Sweetheart. Don't be upset. You did so good. You made it all the way to the potty!"

The kind words only upset Kayla more. Kimberly pulled a pacifier from her dress pocket and pushed it to Kayla's lips. What would've worked on a toddler backfired entirely on Kayla.

"Stop it! I'm NOT a baby." Kayla slapped the pacifier out of her mother's hands and onto the floor. She quickly regretted it.

"That is not how we behave, young lady!" Kimberly grabbed her around the waist and lifted her up onto her hip. She walked calmly back into Kayla's room and sat down in the rocking chair. "If you wanna be a big girl, you're going to need to learn how to behave. Until you can show me you're a big girl then you're going to be treated like a baby." Kayla was then turned around and pulled across her mother's lap.

"N-No mom please! I'm really sorry. It's just that the house got changed! I'm not a baby. The game is mak--" Kayla yelled as her diaper was tugged down just below her butt cheeks.

"No! Please mom. Don't do this! I'm a big gi--an adult! Plea--"

THWAP

"Big girl or baby, you've been nothing but trouble. You're gonna behave yourself right now and take your spankings or else we can just take away your potty privileges until you're ready. Do you understand?"

"B-but..."

THWAP

"Do you...understand, Kayla?"

Kayla started to sob again. Through ragged breaths and whimpers she managed to reply. "Yes, mom..."

"Good girl."

THWAP THWAP THWAP THWAP THWAP THWAP THWAP THWAP THWAP

After the tenth one, Kayla's backside was beet red and tears covered her cheeks. "Do we know how to behave ourselves now?" Her mother asked. Kayla nodded weakly. "Good. Keep it that way and you'll get your potty privileges back."

"B-But you said--"

"I know what I said. But I'm not having another morning like this if you want to keep acting up. It's not gonna hurt you to use your diapers. You have been this whole time. When I think you're ready for the potty again I'll let you know." She then tugged Kayla's diaper back up and set her down on the floor. "I'm gonna go make breakfast now." She grabbed the pacifier off of Kayla's crib and pushed it in her mouth. "Behave yourself and play quietly. I'll change you when I get back."

Embarrassed beyond belief, Kayla sucked on the pacifier and stayed completely quiet until long after her mother left.

Nearly thirty minutes had gone by since her mother had left to prepare breakfast. After about half that time, Kayla had grown tired of playing the innocent baby and spat her pacifier out on the floor. She explored the room, half-crouched in fear of her mother's sudden reappearance. She hoped that some small part of her room had remained unchanged, but the more she looked the more she realized that was not the case. Everything that once was had been changed into something more infantile or it had disappeared completely. Even the photos on the wall had been changed.

Kayla stood to her full height to inspect the pictures. They were all recent. She remembered all of them, but each one had been changed in some significant way. More often than not, the change was Kayla's clothing and appearance. Almost every picture had been of her with her friends or family. She had stood or sat next to them. Usually smiled. Nothing strange. The pictures that sat on the nursery wall in front of her told a different story. In almost every picture she sat in someone's lap or on their hip. In a few, she was strapped into an oversized stroller. Sometimes she slept. Other times she cried. Most often she sucked on a pacifier. She was dressed like a toddler and clearly treated as one as well. Her diapers were either on clear display or poked out from underneath the short, babyish dresses her mother seemed to like to dress her in.

"No wonder mom is treating me like this." Kayla said with a sigh. "I've never been anything but a big baby in her eyes." She looked from the seemingly dry diapers she wore in one picture down to the soaked ones around her waist. "I must've never worn panties before last night." Her eyes wandered to the pacifier on the floor. "That shuts me up usually, doesn't it?"

Suddenly, footsteps could be heard from down the hallway. Kayla quickly fell back down to her knees and stuffed the pacifier back in her mouth. She gagged at the sensation of lint in the back of her throat and quickly removed it. "Blegh..."

"Kayla? Sweetie. What did I tell you about eating things you find on the floor?" Kimberly stood in the doorway, her hands on her hips. She seemed to tower over Kayla.

"Uh..." Kayla searched for an answer that should've been obvious. She hadn't been asked such a question in years.

Kimberly sighed. She grabbed the rest of the lint from the pacifier and wiped it clean with her dress. "Don't eat things you find on the floor, Kayla." The pacifier was pushed back in Kayla's mouth and Kimberly lifted her up and onto the changing table.

Kayla questioned fighting her mom about it all again. She was a grown woman. She had a job, a car, responsibilities. Surely she shouldn't have to endure diapers and cribs. *Except I don't have any of that here.* She thought. With no job, no bills, no proof of education or work experience was Kayla really anything more than the baby everyone saw her as?

"Lift your butt." Kimberly ordered.

Lost in thought, Kayla did as asked.

"Good girl."

At least I'm potty-trained. Maybe if I can keep my diapers dry mom might let me use the potty. The thought gave her some hope. Hope that was quickly dashed when she realized how ridiculous she sounded. *What am I saying? I'm an adult! I don't need diapers. I NEED to get in the office and reverse these changes. There's no telling h--*

"Eep!" Kayla gasped as the sudden chill of a baby wipe ran down her backside. "Mom! That's cold."

Kimberly ignored her and continued her work.

Kayla pouted but said nothing more. She was too preoccupied with her plan of escape. There would be little room for error. She was seen as a toddler. Her mother would never take her eyes off her. If she got caught she'd wide up in timeout or put down for a nap or worse. All Kayla could do was continue to behave herself until she was presented with an opportunity to act. She groaned internally. How many diapers would she be forced to wear? How many minutes would she have to suck on a pacifier?

"All done, cranky-butt." Kimberly teased. She then lifted Kayla onto her hip and carried her out of the room. "Now come on. We gotta get you all nice and fed before our big day out at the mall."

"The mall?!" Kayla's pacifier fell from her lips. Kimberly managed to catch it.

"Yes, baby." Kimberly fished into her pocket and pulled a length of pink ribbon with a clip free. "And since you're so reckless with your pacifier today, you'll be wearing this on your dress to make sure you don't lose it."

Kayla's eyes widened in horror. Sure, the world saw her as a diaper dependent little girl but she didn't feel like one. Would she really have to be treated like this in front of a crowded mall? She began to squirm in her mother's arms. The thought of it all was simply too much.

THWAP

A soft spank to her diapered bottom kept her still. "Behave yourself. What did I tell you earlier? Aren't you excited to go to the mall? If you keep acting up, you can say goodbye to your yummy eggs and say hello to some strained carrots for breakfast."

"N-No. I'm sorry. I'll behave..."

"Good."

I can get through this. Just some breakfast. Nothing out of place about eggs. Then a trip to the mall. Just gotta be stron--

Kayla swallowed audibly as they turned the corner into the kitchen and the oversized pink princess high chair came into view. A matching bib was dangled over the back of the chair and a sippy cup full of juice sat next to a childish plastic plate. A regular kitchen chair was positioned next to it. A jar of strained carrots sat on the table next to a small child's spoon. No doubt a warning to behave. Her mother plopped her down in the cushioned seat and locked the tray in place. Kayla squirmed as the leg guard pressed into the crotch of her diaper. The crinkling had been bad enough. She hadn't needed anymore reminders of her predicament.

"Um...mom?"

Kimberly raised an eyebrow. She secured the infantile bib around Kayla's neck before she responded. "Yes, Kayla?"

Still with more courage than wisdom, Kayla tried her best to make her situation less embarrassing. "I know you don't think I'm ready for big girl panties yet but could I maybe have a different cup? And you don't have to feed me or anything. I can do that too."

"No, Kayla."

"B-But..." Kayla felt more upset than she liked. The diapers and pacifiers made her feel small enough. She didn't need to throw a small tantrum as she was.

"I don't know what's gotten into you, young lady but you didn't become an adult overnight. It takes time. And I'm starting to think you may need more time." Kimberly paused. She looked down at Kayla's tray. "In fact, why don't we do just that. You want a different cup? Let's get a baby bottle out then." She grabbed Kayla's plate of eggs and replaced it with the jar of carrots. "Maybe some baby food on your bib will help."

"Mom...!" Kayla's lip began to quiver. The corners of her eyes grew moist and her face felt hot.

"No more 'mom's from you, Kayla." She grabbed the sippy cup and emptied its contents into a plain baby bottle with a pink cap. Kayla was pained to notice that the nipple was bigger than she had expected. "If you want to be a big girl then you're going to need to act like one and do what your mom says. Do you understand?"

Kayla crossed her arms and looked away. She was too upset to realize how childish she looked in that moment.

"Kayla? Look at me. Are you a big girl or do I need to give you a spanking and put you down for a nap like a little baby?"

Kayla cringed at the thought. She turned back to her mother to see a large spoonful of strained carrots inches away from her lips. She recoiled but continued to look forward.

"You can either answer me or I can take you out of that high chair and back into your room for a spanking. Are you a big girl, Kayla?"

Left with no other options, Kayla answered. "I'm a big gi--" Kayla's words were cut short as a heaping helping of carrots was pushed into her mouth. She gagged. A lot of the mush dribbled down her chin and onto her bib. The rest covered her lips and the tray below.

"You don't look like a big girl making a mess like that. Big girls don't need bibs. Are you a baby that needs a bib?"

"I'm nah a ba--" She was fed more of the mush. Slightly more prepared, Kayla managed to keep most of it in her mouth. She struggled to force the disgusting goop down her throat, but only gagged and spat most of it out on her bib.

"A little better. But you still clearly need a bib. Let's try this." Kimberly took a spoonful and lifted it into the air. She made plane noises with her mouth and mimicked the motions. "Here comes the airplane. Open up for landing!"

Kayla couldn't help but crack a smile. Prepared that time, she was able to keep all of the stringy mush in her mouth. She even swallowed it all.

"Good girl!" Her mother praised. "Just a few more and you can have your bottle, okay?"

Kayla nodded. She enthusiastically downed every spoonful of the gross baby food. The praise from her mother was a nice change of pace and she was glad to have breakfast be done with.

"All done!" Kimberly removed the bib and cleaned her daughter's face thoroughly. She then removed the tray and pulled her daughter into her lap. Kayla sat there patiently, surprisingly full, as the baby bottle was brought to her lips. "There we go. Where was this good little angel all morning, hmm? Was my baby just hungry?"

"Mmph..." Was Kayla's only response. The sweet juice in the bottle was the best thing she had tasted in a while. She savored every bit of it.

Kimberly smiled. "I'll bring some more juice to the mall. Behave and you can have as much as you like...within limits."

The bottle was finished within a couple minutes. Kayla endured further embarrassment as her mother insisted on burping her before she was finally carried back to her room and dressed for their outing. A frilly yellow babydoll dress, sheer white tights, and plastic yellow slip-on shoes made up her 'darling' outfit. Her mother then insisted on braiding her hair and her pacifier was clipped to the front of her dress. Kayla sat on the floor and watched her mother pack a diaper bag. At that point, Kayla had grown used to the humiliating treatment she received from her mother. She did her best to remind herself to remain calm, that she just needed to play the part of a toddler in order to escape, but when her entire life revolved around the role things became more difficult. She was hardly surprised when her mother picked her up off the floor and casually checked her diaper to see if she had gone. Not even the carseat in the backseat of her mom's van nor the stroller folded up in the trunk shocked her. *Of course they would be there*, she thought. Thanks to the life simulator she'd been a baby all her life. Her mom would need those to take care of her.

In fact, only one thing seemed to make Kayla pause. In the back of the van, the only part of the car Kayla could see strapped in her carseat, there was a clothes hanger with the name 'Justine' written on the tag. It was her other mother's name. Kimberly's wife. She had passed away when Kayla was small. The victim of a car accident. Of all the things Kimberly had kept of Justine's, random articles of clothing hadn't been among them.

"M-Mom?" Kayla called from the backseat. "Why're mama's clothes back there?"

Kimberly looked at her daughter through the rearview mirror. "She's got a job interview today, silly. Remember? She told you about it yesterday. She couldn't do the laundry in time this morning so we're gonna bring it to her."

Kayla was silent. She couldn't form a single thought in her disbelief.

"She's not gonna be very happy to learn of your naughtiness this morning. Especially after your little adventure last night, but...if you behave yourself at the mall then maybe she doesn't have to know."

Kayla nodded. She hardly heard the words. Had the life simulator done this as well?

"Looks like we're here, kiddo. Mama is gonna be busy for a little while, so we're gonna explore the mall a little first. Doesn't that sound like fun?"

"So...she's really inside? Like somewhere in the mall?" Kayla asked her mother. They were next to Kimberly's van in the mall parking lot under the shade of a nearby tree. Kayla sat unrestrained in her stroller while Kimberly fussed with the storage.

"Yes, little girl. I've told you again and again that she is." Kimberly stood, satisfied as she could be with the stroller. She then crossed to the front and checked on her daughter. "Are you a big enough girl to tell me if you need a diaper change or do I need to check?"

Kayla scrunched up her face, annoyed. "I didn't go and I don't need to." She briefly thought to ask to use the bathroom but decided against it. Surely she could hold it until they got back home.

"Suit yourself, lil miss independent." She grabbed the pacifier that dangled from Kayla's dress, popped it in her mouth, then produced a small teddy bear from behind her back, and tucked it under Kayla's arm. "Be sure not to drop Mister Snuffles, okay? I can't pin him to your shirt like I did your paci."

Kayla nodded. She looked around, thankful that they parked so far back. There was hardly anyone around to see them.

"Alrighty." Kimberly gently spread Kayla's legs apart and secured the safety straps to the seat. Kayla was dismayed to find that her legs couldn't be closed back. The straps had forced her legs open and exposed her diaper. The white tights were near see-through and did little to hide the babyish print or bulge. Kayla tried to wiggle herself into a better position but it only caused her dress to raise slightly.

"Mom, can you take the strap off? People can see my diaper..."

Her mother brought the stroller to a stop and knelt down to check. "Sorry, sweetheart. I can't just put you in the stroller without the safety straps. You might get hurt. Don't worry about your diapers. You're a little girl in a stroller. It's perfectly normal for a girl your age to need diapers."

Kayla didn't fight it. She could only groan internally at the words that just came out of her mother's mouth and bury her face behind her Mister Snuffles. She sat like that through the parking lot and into the mall. It was only when they entered that she finally peeked out. She immediately hid back behind the stuffed animal. The place was jam packed with people. Even if everyone saw her in diapers as normal it was still too much for her to bear.

"Kimberly?"

Kayla gasped. They'd been noticed.

"Amanda! Hey."

Amanda? Kayla wondered. The voice and name were familiar.

"Is that little Kayla under that teddy? Is someone shy?"

Kayla poked her head out and looked up to see an old high school classmate of hers looking down at her. "Hey kiddo. You look so adorable today."

Of course...! Amanda Mott. Noooooooo why is this the first time I've seen her in years!?

"She's in a mood today. Not as cute as she looks unfortunately."

"Too bad, 'cause she's stinkin adorable." Amanda lightly tickled Kayla's tummy and elicited a laugh from the pouting girl. "Hopefully she's less of a moody judy on Friday."

"F-Friday?" Kayla asked. Her pacifier dropped from her mouth and dangled by the strap. She completely forgot it had been in her mouth.

Amanda grinned. She grabbed the pacifier and pushed it back where it belonged. "That's right. You and me are gonna have some fun while your moms are out on a date."

She's my babysitter. Kayla realized. She's seen me like this every few weeks for years probably. She's changed my diapers. Probably given me baths. No no no...

"She's giving me such a weird look right now. You weren't kidding about her mood." Amanda stood up straight. "Well I just wanted to stop by and say 'hi.' You two have fun!"

"Bye Amanda!" Kimberly called back. "Say 'bye' Kayla." When her daughter didn't respond, Kimberly just shook her head and chuckled. They continued on their way from one store to the next. Stuck in a stroller, Kayla could only glance at things closer to the ground or watch people walk by. Occasionally, another child or parent would take interest in her. They'd call her cute. Some kids would point out her diapers, but only in the way that small children just out of diapers might. After a while, the fear of the public seeing her lessened. At least, it did until a pressure in her bladder started to build. With her legs spread and her body reclined, Kayla was in no position to hold it properly.

"M-Mom?"

Kimberly looked over for a moment, but something behind the stroller caught her attention and she moved out of Kayla's sight.

"Wait, mom! I gotta..." She stopped herself. Would her mother even listen after all that happened this morning? "Mooom?" Kayla whimpered. She tried to yank the straps open by the childproofing proved more than capable to keep her stuck in the stroller. "Not like this..."

The pressure continued to build in Kayla's bladder until it felt as if her eyeballs might float. A small spurt of urine escaped before Kayla could stop it. The familiar warmth in her diaper made her cringe. It wasn't long after she had leaked before that she had nearly lost control. Kayla buried her head behind the bear and sucked on the pacifier for comfort. With nothing to cover herself with, Kayla's diaper was completely exposed to the store as a small stream began to empty her bladder into her diaper. "No no no...please..." Kayla felt the warmth spread down into the seat of her diaper. She strained to stop the flow and barely managed to do so. Unfortunately for her the strain stirred another primal desire within her. The strained carrots from this morning began to wreak havoc on her stomach. "Nooooo...not now. Please." A quiet fart escaped her backside followed immediately by a much louder one. The shock and embarrassment put Kayla over the edge. A nearby shopper and her daughter looked over to see Kayla lose control of her bladder and soak her diapers. The poor girl started to cry as more and more urine flooded her padding. It was of course normal to see a baby or toddler use their diapers, but given Kayla's size and how full her bladder was it was a different story when she went in them. The entire front of her diaper grew discolored and sagged heavily. The safety strap and tights kept the diaper from hanging down low, but Kayla was forced to feel the diaper grow tighter against her skin with each passing second.

Eventually, her bladder emptied. Kayla quietly cried into her teddy bear and felt every bit the toddler people thought she was. She wondered if she could even call herself a toddler at that point. Especially if her bowels threatened to go next.

"Mom! Mom please. Please!" Kayla called out for help. Her words were broken up with sniffles and sobs. She could feel the pressure build. It wouldn't be long before the seat of her diaper grew heavier than the crotch.

"What is it, my little darling?" A hauntingly familiar voice called.

Kayla froze. She could hardly think much beyond her bowels but that voice distracted her completely. "M-Mama?"

Just as Kimberly had promised, Justine walked into view and knelt down in front of her daughter. "My sweet little girl why are you so upset?" She released the safety strap and grabbed her daughter by the waist. In one fluid motion Kayla was lifted up and into a hug with her once deceased mother. Kayla broke into a sob almost immediately.

"There, there." Justine gave Kimberly a soft kiss on the cheek. "I think I know why our daughter is so upset." She lightly patted Kayla's diaper.

"I'm sorry I left you alone for a second." Kimberly apologize to her daughter. "Your mother couldn't find us so I had to flag her down really quick." Then to Justine she said, "She was dry as a bone when I left her. Guess she tried holding it for too long. That's been a problem with her."

The two parents continued to talk to each other as if Kayla couldn't hear. To a degree, she couldn't. Kayla was in the arms of her mother again. It was there that she didn't mind being seen as a baby. She didn't even mind the wet diaper strapped to her waist nor the painful pressure in her bowels. It was the happiest she'd been in years. Only when her bowels finally gave way did Kayla snap out of her reverie. She let loose a breathless gasp as she lost control. As disgusted and embarrassed as she felt, Kayla couldn't believe the intense relief she felt as the pressure dissipated.

"Oh gosh." Justine exclaimed. "That's why she was upset." She pulled Kayla out of their hug and held her up as she finished messing her diaper. The heavily soiled garment sagged tremendously from the weight of Kayla's accidents. The shoppers from before took notice of Kayla's accident and seemed to whisper about how much of a handful she seemed to be.

"Justine, here. I'll go and get her changed. You should get ready for the interview before stinky Kayla here gets her scent on you."

"Right." Justine leaned in and gave Kayla a kiss on the forehead before she handed her off to Kimberly. "Be a good girl for your mom, stinker. I'll be back home tonight."

"Bye mama! I love you!"

"Love you too!"

At that Kayla started to cry again. Her parents, used to the fitful ways of a child, let her cry as they said their goodbyes and parted ways. Justine to her interview and Kimberly to a mall bathroom to change their daughter. Kayla was mortified to be changed in such a place. A handful of moms and children walked by during and almost all of them commented on her cuteness or the mess she had made. It was an experience she was less than thrilled to take part in. Afterward, Kimberly took Kayla home. Tuckered out from her day Kayla fell fast asleep in her carseat. She even wet her diapers a little as she was carried into the house to her crib.

Kayla awoke a few hours later. The sun had already started to go down and her room was nearly dark save for the warm glow of a nightlight in the corner of her room. The door was cracked and the bars of her crib were lowered. Kimberly had forgotten to raise them in her own exhaustion. Kayla rolled over. Her pillow was covered in drool and her diaper was equally wet. She groaned. Since when did she wet in her sleep? Was this also the life simulations doing?

Now's the time.

Kayla gently lowered herself from her crib onto the carpeted floor. She waddled as quietly as she could out into the hall and down to the office. She could see her mother asleep on the couch in the other room. Kayla couldn't help but smile at the sight. As awful as the experience was, it just showed Kayla how much love her mother had for her. She might actually miss the extra attention when all was said and done. With a shaky hand, Kayla pulled up a stool and reached up to lightly run her fingers along the door frame. A key dropped to the floor and Kayla scooped it up. She unlocked the office and stepped inside to find the computer on, the usb still plugged in.

"Thank god."

Kayla approached the computer and searched the game for an 'undo' or 'restart' button, anything to make things normal again. Under a submenu she managed to find something. It was labeled 'Restore to Defaults.' "Ah ha." She whispered. "So long dia--"

"Kimberly? Kayla?" Justine had entered the house. "Kim? Did you decide to take a nap too? She really must have been a handful this morning."

Kimberly's half-awake response was too quiet to hear but Justine was all that Kayla needed to hear to put doubt in her heart. "Shit...she'd go away again if I press this wouldn't she?"

Kimberly laughed in the other room. It was a light, melodic laugh. One Kayla was unsure if she had ever heard before. Justine laughed too.

"I'm gonna go check on little Kayla real quick."

Kayla cursed under her breath. She had no time to decide. In less than ten steps Justine would see her and she'd be in trouble. She had used a stool to break into a room she wasn't supposed to be in. They'd spank her. Put her in time out. Keep an even closer eye on her. She wouldn't get anymore chances. Kayla stomped her foot on frustration and her eyes grew wet. "This sucks."

"Honey, why's my office door open?"

"UGH!" Kayla pulled the mouse away and selected 'Save and Exit.' She then ejected the flash drive just in time for Justine to turn the corner.

"Kayla? How did you get in here, young lady?" Justine turned her head back to the living room. "Kimberly. Kayla got in my office. I thought you put her down for a nap." Justine stepped into the room and took the flash drive from Kayla. "And what are you doing with this?" She unlocked a

drawer in her desk and tossed it into a pile of other flash drives and old floppy disks, never to be seen again.

Kimberly entered the room next. "I guess I forgot to raise the crib bars. Definitely not letting that happen again. Guess we'll be needing to childproof the house a bit more too. Make sure she can't get into places like this again."

Justine picked up Kayla and carried her off to her room. "No more free roaming for you kiddo. Just the nursery and your playpen until you start behaving yourself. Do you understand?"

Kayla groaned internally. "Uh huh..."

"Good. And no swings or slides for a while either, not that you'll want to be on your butt once I'm done with you."

Kayla's whimpers turned into a tantrum as she was pulled across Justine's lap. Her diaper was tugged down around her knees, the yellowed padding exposed to the air. With no chance of being seen as an adult ever again, Kayla decided to let her frustration out in a long temper tantrum.

THWAP

THWAP

THWAP

With each spank to her bottom she regretted her decision more. She could have chalked it all up to a strange dream. Gone to therapy. Instead she was stuck in diapers for the rest of her days.