

It was about an hour of watching the news, which was a sight to behold. After the initial shock of the people who were broadcasting live at the time of the rewind and the time it took for them to realize this was a global phenomenon, the hour or so was a complete disaster for everyone involved. It was clear to Jess's mother, Lorilie, that this was a special thing happening to her and her daughter and was on a much larger scale than she could imagine.

After realizing this, she went back to her daughter's room to check on her. She opened the door and peeked in, surprised to see Jess sitting upright in her crib. Lorilie then asked, "Hey sweetie, how's it going? Are you holding up okay?" Jess simply had a look of defeat and confusion on her face and replied, "Wha- oh, yeah, sure," almost completely dejected from her new position. After all, could you blame her? She went from a regular teen to a diaper-dependent baby, barely even considered a toddler at her new age.

Her mother, seeing her depressed state, walked over and picked her up out of the crib, telling her not to worry, and that she's sure things will work out somehow. She then brought Jess into the living room and put her into a playpen, saying, "I hope the playpen isn't too degrading, hun, but I don't think it's a good idea for you to wander around unsupervised. At least you'll have some more freedom in there compared to the crib." As she placed Jess in the playpen, she took note that her diaper would be in need of changing soon, but she figured it could wait since she didn't want her passing out again.

Now that she thinks about it, they might have been taken to a time right before her nap. As it happened, Lorilie just assumed it was a post-nap situation, which most likely wasn't the case based on the time.

Jess sat in the playpen, looking around at her new surroundings, and couldn't help but think, "Would this be my new life for the next couple of

years until I rejoin society as a kindergartener?" While she was having that thought, her mother decided to pipe up and let Jess in on what she found out on the news. "Hey, hun, just so you know, it's not just us two. This was a global event, and it looks as though time itself has been... well, I guess the best way to put it is that time has been rewound back to this point, but everyone kept their memories. It seems like things are now a bit more tricky than we first assumed."

At hearing this, Jess's eyes went wide, and she said, "So everyone my age are babies now!?"

"It seems so," replied her mother. There was then a long pause before either of them spoke again, and Lorilie spoke up, deciding it was probably as good a time as any to ask, "So, how's that diaper holding up?"

Disgusted by the question but also curious herself since she hadn't really given it any thought until now, she looked down and poked it,

noticing how squishy it was. She said, "I think it's wet?"

Lorilie saw her daughter's reaction and it only gave her another question. "Can you not tell just from wearing it?"

Jess's face went a bit red, and she said, "How should I know? I've never worn a diaper before now."

"Well, we both know that's not true, silly," said Lorilie as she reached into the playpen and with two fingers, she checked her daughter's diaper to find it was wet, but not that wet, which is why her daughter most likely couldn't tell for sure. She then said, "I'd say you're fine for now, but if it feels like it's wet, make sure you let me know, okay?"

Jess felt somewhat relieved she didn't need a diaper change, but she also felt like it wasn't completely dry either based on her mother's reaction. Feeling defeated, she simply nodded

and tried to get over her embarrassing state.

As Jess sat there, she pondered on what came next for her and decided to muster up the courage to ask her mom, "Uh, so what are we gonna do next, Momma?" She said, using the walls of the mesh playpen to steady herself to her feet. Her mother looked over, seemingly understanding the question, and responded by saying, "Well, that's hard to say. If I still have a job, I suppose I'll need to go to support us, but the problem with that is..." She then began to trail off, so Jess spoke up and said, "What problem?"

"Ahhh, the problem is I'll have to put you back in daycare, if that's even an option. Who knows what kind of situation things will be in as things go on." Jess didn't like that idea. After all, how many of her former friends or classmates would she end up seeing stuck in the same state as herself? She responded with, "Can't Grandma take care of me?" Lorilie had a sad look on her

face and said, "Most likely not. After all, she was definitely still working as well at this time."

Lorilie was unsure when her mother retired, but she was still working when she had gotten into the car accident, so it's hard to say.

Jess then plopped down on her diapered butt in the playpen, feeling even more defeated. But when she did, she couldn't help but notice that when she sat this time, it felt different. But she didn't really care. She just wanted to bury herself in a pile of blankets and cry.

Lorilie looked at the time and realized that it was about time to feed Jess, but she wasn't sure how to go about that given the current situation.

Nevertheless, she decided it needed to be done and went to the kitchen to prepare something.

Jess just sat there and looked at the toys surrounding her, and as she did, something in her broke, and her psyche went into a state of regression. She began playing, not like an actual child her age, but like what an adult would assume children that age would do when they

play. She tossed stuffed animals into the air and played with some wooden blocks, stacking them three high and knocking them down. She had, for all intents and purposes, lost her bearings.

Her mother soon returned to the living room to an odd sight of her child playing with toys and said, "Uh, Jess sweetie, I got a bottle for you." Unsure of how her daughter would respond, she was ready to hear how she was a grown-up who doesn't need her drinks in a bottle. But instead, Jess stood up, diaper sagging, and said, "Baba? Me wuv baba." But Lorilie could tell it wasn't that she had become a baby in mind, too. It seemed that she was having an identity crisis thing going on. Still, she wasn't going to make this any harder on either of them, so she simply let her act the way she wanted.

Upon noticing how saggy her diaper had become, though, she then asked if she needed a diaper change, knowing full well she did. Jess then looked up at her mommy and said, "I dunno." Lorilie said, "Well, I think it's best if we

check then to make sure." Jess just stood there, holding her baba, while her mom checked her diaper the same way as earlier and declared, "Yup, this little angel is wet as can be."

Jess just suckled on her baba as her mommy hoisted her from the playpen and carried her back into the nursery for a change. As for Jess, her psyche was in a sensitive place. Not long after the initial shock of being regressed, some of the very young regressors lost their sense of self, instead opting to play the part of the baby they now were. Jess could very well become a full-blown toddler again if she wasn't able to regain her mental composure. But for now, Jess was halfway there to becoming one of those few.

She was laid down onto the changing table while she sucked down the toddler formula out of the bottle. Her mother changed her diaper like an old pro, after all, she had still been changing diapers up until her death. She made a point to be extra gentle as she wasn't sure how Jess would react,



even though, from her point of view, Jess had become mentally what her body showed physically, which meant almost anything could happen from here in regards to Jess's reactions. But with the saggy diaper removed, she began to wipe Jess completely clean, then she powdered and rediapered her. She then put her into an outfit befitting any toddler and thought about heading out to visit her mom, Jess's grandmother, and see if they could figure some things out.

So she went about getting ready as she placed Jess into the playpen again and got dressed into a more appropriate outfit. Then she packed a diaper bag, getting all the essentials ready. Finally, she packed the car and returned to the playpen to collect Jess and get her in the car as well. She then strapped Jess into a car seat and started the car.