

Super Shorts 1

by Cowkites

You're not a big girl.

You may act like it. You try to look like an adult; someone who has their act together, but I know better. Lots of people know better when they really look at you. To some it's so obvious that deep down you're just a silly little girl. You spend all day playing the part of a big girl so that when you get home and finally get a chance to relax all you can do is drop your pants (or raise your skirt) and start fondling that soggy diaper of yours. That big, sagging, constant reminder that you're really just a baby.

How long does it usually take before you're squirming around on your bed? Do you have a paci or do you prefer the taste of your thumb? Are you clutching a stuffie to your chest while you do it? Maybe you get excited and hump one of the bigger ones. I bet you look so adorable in those moments. It may seem naughty -- to play with yourself like that -- but it's only natural for a little girl like you to need release. Not to mention how hard it must be waddling around in your soggy pampers all day unable to touch yourself even a little. Then again, all it would take would be one gentle touch from someone. One soft squeeze of the crotch of your flooded diapers and you'd turn into a whimpering mess.

But you know that. You know that if you were to bend or stretch a certain way, the crinkly waistband of your diaper would peek into view. It makes you wonder if people ever do notice and say nothing. Perhaps you want them to say something. To whisper and point at you, the big baby, and say "Is she wearing a diaper?". What would you do then...if you overheard them? Maybe you'd fantasize about it later. Another night of grunting and gasping. Another night of pushing your soggy crotch into something soft to bask in the sensation. My, my, aren't you cute?

Cute and little. Not a big girl at all.

That's not a toy, sweetie.

That's mommy's phone. She needs it to talk to important people. Not important like you, of course, sweetheart. No one's more important than my sweet baby. My darling little one. Too small to have a proper job like mommy. Too silly and sweet to be so busy and serious. No need for you to have a phone, or a car, or anything else an adult might have. No. All you need is your mommy, your toys, and your crinkly diapers. Isn't that right?

I mean, maybe there was a point in time where you had all those adult things; but not anymore. Mommy took those away because she saw how unhappy they made you. I know you protested at first, but that special paci mommy got you helped you calm down. And the special cartoons you watch everyday helped you realize just what a silly, helpless little baby you are. So now that strange adult life seems so distant, doesn't it?

All by design, little one. Now run along and watch your cartoons. Mommy has lots of important work to do to make sure she can take care of you forever and always.

The adults are in the other room.

Not you though. I mean, you may be old enough to drink...but does that really matter if all mommy lets you have is milk and juice? Can you really stand tall next to the big kids when you spend most of your day crawling around on the floor? No, I don't think you can. Especially not while clutching your teddy and sucking your paci. You're big enough, but you don't look the part at all. No wonder mommy keeps you tucked away in your pretty nursery.

Do the restraints hurt? How about the cage that keeps your little friend all nice and snug? Does it get hot under those diapers she put you in? Maybe when you first soak them...you're soggy now aren't you? Squishy? Nice and warm? There's drool all over your chin, you know. I'd wipe it off but I think you enjoy it. Especially with a woman like me watching you. I bet it's in these moments you wish mommy hadn't been so controlling. It must be so *hard* to be so close to someone, but unable to do anything but strain in your cage and crinkle your pampers.

Well, anyway. I'm going to return to the party now. Your mommy has been giving me this thirsty expression all night. Be sure to listen to your baby monitor tonight. I'm sure you'll hear all kinds of noises you never knew your mommy could make. All the while, you'll be dribbling in your pampers. Enjoy it, baby. It's the closest you'll ever get to having sex ever again...

The door is right there.

For all your protesting, you sure don't seem like you want this to end. I mean, you're an adult right? That's what you keep saying. And yet...you can't seem to work the baby-proofing on your playpen. I know the locking mittens make it hard, sweetheart, but you're a big kid. Surely, you can find a way out. Then again...you did absolutely soak those diapers. Couldn't even make it to the training potty. Couldn't even pull your plastic panties down. I'm starting to think you're just a big baby playing pretend.

Oh? You managed to work the lock? I'm surprised. I guess nothing's perfect. Even a baby could figure out a child lock if they were smart enough...or lucky, in your case. But poor thing...I can

see you struggling. It's about that time of day, isn't it? When mommy pulls you into her lap and takes care of those aching parts of yours. You want diapie rubs don't you? No? You're a big kid? You're gonna leave and get rid of your diapiers? Such a wild imagination. We both know you won't make it. See...baby left their stuffies out all over the floor. You're gonna have to crawl over them if you wanna leave. We both know how stuffies make you feel.

You wanna cuddle up with them, put your thumb in your mouth, and go nap nap; at least, that's what you usually do. Not today. Not without mommy's help first. Without that you're just a horny, diaper dependent, big baby. So go on, little one. Find your favorite stuffie and take out all your frustrations. I'm sure you won't get all tuckered out and lose all the fight left in you. I'm sure you won't spend another day taking a nap in your crib.

There we are. See? I knew you secretly loved all this. I mean, the door is right there and you chose to hump your teddy instead. You know what happens next, don't you? You're gonna make stickies, mommy's gonna pick you up, and it's back in your crib. Tomorrow you'll whine some more about being an adult, but you'll believe it a little less. Before long, you'll be nothing but my sweet little baby. Too weak to do anything but use your diapers and babble to mommy. Isn't that right, baby?