

Gentle Reader,

You are about to read a fairy tale. Contrary to what you and the other little darlings may have been taught, though, this is not a happy story. There was a time when Faeries and their ilk were seen as dangerous and ruled the chaos of the wilderness, before man and his science and logic eliminated wonder from the world. Their stories were not morality tales of good versus evil to teach children to grow up to be good people; they were cautionary tales to teach children to be good and not wander off so that they might get to grow up at all.

Before doting, coddling, parents decided to shield their squalling brats from the unfair randomness of the world and alter the stories, Sleeping Beauty was impregnated and gave birth to twins while she slept, the Little Mermaid committed suicide, and Little Red Riding Hood was not rescued from the Wolf. This is that kind of tale, gentle reader.

It's not one that you've likely heard. Still, the Lords of Fate and Hearth are fickle, spoiled children, at the best of times. They don't want new stories, as much as the comfort of old, familiar tales with new covers wrapped around them like warm blankets before bedtime. The loom of life makes the same patterns with new threads over and over, so are we all puppets in the grand design. Some of this may seem familiar, but perhaps the fickle, spoiled child of your own soul will take comfort in this.

Without further ado, I give you the tale:

Once upon a time, there were two millennials, Jack and Jamie. Jack was in his early late mid-twenties, while Jamie was still in her late early mid-twenties. They had met while in college at something called a "kegger", and a certain chemistry had bubbled and brewed between them.

There was the obvious physical attraction of course: Jack with his dark hair, darker eyes and chiseled good looks from a combination of natural structure and physical activity; and Jamie with her blonde hair, gentle pools of blue eyes, and the curves of her form in all of the right places. Both were young, virile, and drunk when they first met. The physical copulation of a "hookup" had been a biological and statistical probability.

But their minds, perhaps their very souls, were complimentary as well. He was a little messy, yet conscientious, wanting to impress. She was a bit of a neat freak perfectionist, but restrained herself lest she chase one of "the good ones" away. He was a showoff, but wanted to include her in his spectacles. She tended towards introversion, but focusing on him made the whole outside world melt away. Both of them were equally comfortable spending long walks outside, playing games, or just spending a lazy weekend inside. Their romance was nothing short of "storybook".

Thus a one night stand at a party gave way to a series of actual dates, which gave way to meeting each other's families, which gave way to engagement and eventually marriage. The

overly specific events of this happy time in their lives are not important; for when one is happy, very little in particular seems important, and thus their lives during this time are lost to me.

They had one slight problem, though: They were madly in love, and happily married, but like so many millennials, they still lived with their parents. That last, vital, rite of passage- having four walls and a roof to call their own- had so far eluded them. Thus, despite their marriage, their education, and their employment, in the eyes of their families, their fellows, and perhaps even themselves, they were not truly grown. They were but two wide-eyed, wild children rutting in the dark basement of first one Mommy and Daddy's house, and then another.

Love making was never as passionate when you had to worry about waking your elders, and starting a family of one's own was out of the question when you were still two chicks without your own nest. Sadly, the economy was tough, and Liberal Arts degrees only got you so far. It seemed as if Jack and Jamie's adult lives would have to be put on hold indefinitely, and that they were doomed to be just another statistic that Baby Boomers and yes, even Gen Xers used to feel smug about their own accomplishments.

That's when the old Miller house went up for sale. Everyone knew about the old Miller House. In the middle of the "Woodlands" neighborhood, it had been the subject of a thousand childhood dares for ding-dong ditches and flaming bags of dog shit. For decades it had been the place where the neighborhood children dared each other to hop the fence to retrieve lost baseballs and downed kites, with none being brave enough to follow through.

Only the name of "Miller" on the old, rusted mailbox in the front lawn gave any clue to who resided there. Only the oddly immaculate lawn and the newspaper that was delivered before sunrise and gone before noon gave any indication that life still went on inside the wooden two story house with its faded coat of tacky pink paint and teal trim.

There wasn't a person alive who could ever remember meeting "the Millers", either; no one who could tell you what they looked like or how old they seemed. Yet the Miller House had been a common landmark and conversation piece ever since Jack and Jamie's parents were children themselves.

Then, the Millers died. Their death had been announced, however briefly, in the local paper. "John and Julia Miller: Brother and Sister. Aged 101 and 99 respectively. Coroner believes they died within the hour of each other." "How sweet", the sentimental said to each other. "How sad", those who made ever death their own, commented. "Who cares?" the restless and apathetic replied. Within three days of the Miller's death, a sign had been planted in front of the peeling pink paint on the precisely trimmed lawn. It read: "For Sale: By Tir Na Nog Realty. Call to make an appointment."

Jack and Jamie, not recognizing the strings of fate tugging at their souls, saw only opportunity. They called, and set up a time to go view the old Miller House.

When they arrived for their tour, a woman was waiting for them. She was slender, with a youthful face and stark white hair done up in a bun. She wore a suit that was a gray so dark it might as well have been black with thin white pinstripes going down so that her slim figure was exaggerated. Her eyes were such a peculiar shade of blue, they may very well have been purple.

As tall as she was slender, she gazed down at the young couple in their jeans and t-shirts. "Jack and Jamie?" she asked, gazing down at them from the front stoop of the old house. The lovebirds looked at each other, and then the woman waiting for them.

"Umm...yeah?" Jack offered. "That's us."

The tall, thin woman absorbed them through half closed eyes, before breathing deeply and offering a greeting.

"Melinda Mathair," she offered her hand to Jack, smiling ever so slightly. "I'm the realtor and executor of the Miller's estate."

"I'm Jack, and this is Jamie," Jack returned the pleasantries. "We're looking to buy our first home."

"Hmmm," the realtor mused looking at the young couple. "You sounded so mature over the phone the other day. I was expecting someone more," she paused for a second, "grown-up."

"Come again?" Jack's brow furrowed and his muscles tensed. His pride had been struck, and being looked down upon like some child would not go well.

"The last couple that looked at this place," the white haired woman smiled condescendingly at them, "were dressed less," once again she paused, either for effect or to find the right word, "casually."

Sensing her husband's rising temper, Jamie kept her head and stepped forward. There was no reason for this to turn hostile, but Jack's pride might disagree.

"We're sorry, but we've never bought a house before, or even looked at one. If we're dressed inappropriately, we can always reschedule and come back later."

"Or just look somewhere else." Jack hastily added.

The realtor's purple eyes seemed to shine for a second, glowing and reflecting the sunlight. "Looking to be first time home-owners, eh?" she mused. "And this is the first house you've toured?" Jack and Jamie both nodded. The woman grinned widely, her teeth as white as her

hair. "Ah! That explains it!" she exclaimed. "My apologies, darlings. It's just that you seemed so world wise when we spoke briefly over the phone, that I was expecting someone older than you, you carried yourself so well."

The couple looked at each other, and shrugged.

"It's...alright." Jack shrugged, blowing off steam. Saying that he had sounded more mature than he looked was kind of a compliment...in a way.

"Perfectly fine," Jamie added, nervously brushing back her long, blonde hair. "Our age won't be a problem, will it?"

"Not at all, darlings!" the slim, almost pointed woman assured them. "It's actually a bonus in this case. Wait," she held up her finger, narrowing her eyes at them. "You don't have any children, do you?"

"Um..." Jack looked to his wife.

"Believe me, hon," Jamie rolled her eyes at her husband. "You'd know if I was pregnant."

"Phew, that's a relief." Jack wiped sweat from his brow. He was quickly rewarded with his wife playfully smacking his bicep.

"Ass," she smiled at him.

"What?" he smiled, chuckling despite himself. For an instant, the whole world melted away and it was just the two of them.

"Ahem," the realtor cleared her throat. "If you two are ready?" The two were brought out of their own shared daydream. Not waiting for them, the realtor opened up the door and gestured inside.

"Oh. My. Gosh." Jamie exclaimed once they had stepped over the threshold. The inside did not even remotely resemble the outside of the house. The outside was the definition of old, and decrepit, and crumbling. The inside was absolutely immaculate.

Clean, sparkling hardwood floors were under their feet, with tasteful, newly painted, beige colored walls surrounding them. New age art hung from the walls and the entire house had a lingering scent of cleanliness. From the entrance way, Jack and Jamie could see into a living room with a big screen television and very comfortable looking couch of dark red leather.

"This is really nice, Miss..." Jack searched for the realtor's name.

“Mathair,” the realtor supplied it. “And yes, it is nice, isn’t it? I take it you like the living room?” Both Jack and Jamie nodded. “Good,” she smiled, “this way to the kitchen.”

The kitchen was pristine white tiled floor with cabinets galore. The refrigerator and oven were both enormous. Jamie felt as if she could bathe in the sink, it was so big. Everything was state of the art, and as Miss Mathair showed them, cleaned fully stocked. It looked as if a team of chefs could operate out of this kitchen.

The dining room contained a chandelier overhead with antique tables and chairs as well as a china cabinet, china included.

“The Millers had some really nice stuff,” Jamie mused as room after room was shown to them, each one fully furnished and stocked.

“Actually, they didn’t,” Miss Mathair, corrected her. Jack threw her a questioning look. “I’ll explain when the tour is over. This way darlings,” she led the couple upstairs. The floors didn’t creak under their weight, Jamie noticed. Even Jack’s footsteps, with him being easily the most heavily built of the three, barely registered on the wooden floor. Every step was muffled.

“Here’s the master bedroom,” the realtor ushered them in at the top of the stairs. Plush green carpet lay at their feet with fabric so soft you’d swear you could fall asleep on the floor. “Take your shoes off if you’d like,” she offered, gesturing to the carpet. “Give it a feel, wriggle your toes around. You won’t regret it.”

“I’m game,” Jack agreed, slipping off his crocs and stepping barefoot onto the carpet. “Nice!” he scrunched his toes. “I’m barefoot, but it’s like I’m wearing slippers.”

“Isn’t it, though?” Miss Mathair smiled, her slender frame still in the doorway.

“Oh my gosh!” Jamie gasped, pointing to two identical tiled rooms on either side of the bedroom. “Separate bathrooms! Jack, I could have my own bathroom!”

“That’d be nice,” Jack smiled, shaking his head condescendingly at his wife. “Women, and their bathrooo...” he looked back at the realtor, realizing he was about to make a sexist statement to another woman and cut himself off too late. “I’ma try out the bed,” he pointed to the king sized mattress at the center of the room.

“Be my guest,” the realtor allowed. Jack did his best impression of a falling tree and fell face first into plush comfort. He closed his eyes and breathed in the freshly laundered scent

“Eww, Jack,” Jamie cringed at her husband. “That could have been their death bed or something.” Jack’s eyes shot open and he was off the mattress in a heartbeat, leaving behind his wrinkled impression in the otherwise perfectly made bed.

“Actually, that bed is brand new,” Miss Malthair informed the couple. “Most everything in the house is.”

“Why’s that?” Jack wondered.

“I was going to tell you sooner,” the realtor told them, “but I suppose now is as good a time as any.” She sighed and drew in a deep breath. “I’m the executor of the Miller’s estate as well as a realtor. That means it’s my duty to see that their last will and testament be carried out.”

“Okay...” Jamie nodded. “But what does that mean?”

“Believe it or not, though they were hermits, they were very well off. Apparently they were quite happy living here, and their last will and testament demanded that this house be sold to a couple of young people as soon as possible. The vast majority of their money has been invested in refurbishing and remodeling the house to make it more attractive.”

“You mean, the furniture...?” Jack started.

“...Comes with the house?” Jamie finished.

“Correct. Now, if you’ll both come with me.” The white haired woman motioned for them to follow. She led them to the end of the hall at the top of the stairs. “I give you the recreation room.”

Both millennials’ jaws dropped to the floor. Jamie saw an entire wall blocked by a bookshelf filled with her favorite authors, both serious, and guilty pleasure. They both gazed upon the big screen that was even bigger than the one in the living room downstairs, as well as the three video game systems beneath it, ready to be hooked up, and then Jack saw the-

“Pinball machine!” Jack screamed. “Jamie, this house comes with a pinball machine! We have got to buy this house!”

Jamie, still salivating with temptation, blinked and then shook the cobwebs out of her head.

“This is already a pretty big house,” she whispered to her husband. “Do you think we can afford it?”

“It’s quite feasible, actually,” Miss Malthair broke in. “As per their last will and testament, I’m selling this house at a loss; just enough to cover the remodeling costs when they’re all tallied and complete, and of course my fees for being their executor.”

“But the mortgage,” Jamie insisted, “houses come with mortgages...don’t they?”

“Actually, darlings,” Miss Malthair tutted, “mortgages only happen when a bank finances the property. Then you owe the bank money for buying your house for you. No bank of any sort has a claim on this house. I could sell it to both of you for one dollar if I wished.”

“How much are you going to sell it to us for?” Jack inquired, still eyeing the pinball machine.

Miss Malthair went over to the bookshelf and took a clipboard off. She walked back over to the young couple and showed them the clipboard.

“This much.”

Jack and Jamie stared in stark disbelief.

“The Millers’ were fairly well off,” Miss Malthair addressed their slack jaws and bulging eyes. “But remodeling and furnishing the insides is expensive, as will be redoing the outside, as are my services.”

“But...but...” Jack stuttered.

“We could actually afford this,” Jamie finished Jack’s sentence.

“With what we make now, we could pay this off in just a few years.”

“So,” a thin smile came across the realtor’s lips, “are you saying you’re interested?”

“YES!” Both screamed.

“Then all you need to do, darlings,” Miss Malthair cooed as she handed them the clipboard, “is sign on the dotted line.” Her white, silvery hair fell down past her shoulders as she reached back and removed a pen, and handed it over to the young lovers. “Sign, and this house is yours to live in.”

Greedily, foolishly, both signed; their names emblazoned on the paper in blood-red ink.

Right above their signatures were the words: “Na dtionnta thíos gach ceart chun saoirse, agus ní mór freastal ar an máistreás an tí mar a leanáí go dtí go bás.” They assumed it was latin, or some form legalese, making it official.

“Done,” they said in unison, handing her the pen.

“And can never be undone,” the pale lady with the snow white hair agreed.

That night, the young lovebirds feasted on both pizza and Chinese food; the customary dishes for newly moved in homeowners. They gorged themselves while watching movies on their downstairs big screen television, and when they were both fat and happy for the night, the thought finally occurred to them that for the first time since their modest honeymoon, they were well and truly alone. They were alone, and together.

“Hey, do you wanna...?” Jack began the thought,

“Break in the new bed?” Jamie finished it.

“And the couch?” he suggested, his manhood engorging even as he thought it.

“And the kitchen floor?” she offered, her sex becoming slick between her legs.

“And the bathrooms?” he pressed, removing his shirt.

“Which one, mine or yours?” she teased, sliding her pants down past her ankles.

“Mine first,” he growled. “Then yours.” His pants were off.

“Okay,” she grinned lustily, removing her top, “But let’s do the bathrooms last.”

“Yeah yeah!” He hastily agreed crawling for her on their new couch.

“And right before we do it there,” she leaned forward and whispered in his ear, his thumbs already hooked into the waistline of her panties, “I want you to take me on top of the pinball machine.”

“That is SO hot!” he gasped, and then, being able to bear no more, made love to her with all the reckless abandon of a dog in heat, rutting around in the grass.

Their very synapses tingled with delight as they made the beast with two backs, once again consummating their love and passion for each other. As he filled her, and she accepted him, neither one realized that it would be their last night together as husband and wife. They did not know how their life would be torn asunder and that they should enjoy these last, tender, intimate moments with each other as the center of their respective worlds.

But they did not know, gentle reader, and it is for that reason that I must mourn them and out of respect for what they once were and what they lost, I will spare you further details of this last intertwining of the two souls as husband and wife.

What I will tell you is that while they slept, the forces of fate that had set upon them worked tirelessly. The Lords of Fate and Hearth do not like loose ends and untidy messes, and so the



young couple's car, hastily loaded with their few worldly possessions, sank into the tarry asphalt of the driveway, being swallowed by the ground underneath. Meanwhile, the "For Sale" sign outside the yard, now with a "Sold" sticker slapped in front of it, became so much dust carried on the wind. And the minds of every man woman and child suddenly forgot about the obituary of the Millers.

The Millers were alive, everyone knew, but always unseen and the old decrepit house in the heart of the Woodlands neighborhood remained, as had always been, the subject of a thousand childhood dares for ding-dong ditches and flaming bags of dog shit. It would always be the place where the neighborhood children dared each other to hop the fence to retrieve lost baseballs and downed kites, with none being brave enough to follow through. But this isn't the story of the Miller house, gentle reader, this is the story of Jack and Jamie, and their time in that house.

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Gentle Reader,

When confronted with certain uncomfortable truths, such as death, taxes, and a tremendously unexpected life change, the human mind tends to go through a grieving process of sorts. The first is typically identified as "Denial." The human psyche cannot bear to comprehend the evidence right in front of the mortal's face, and so the initial reaction is to not comprehend at all, and simply pretend that it's not happening.

The same was true for Jack when he stirred from his exhausted but content stupor after a marathon session of lovemaking with his wife, Jamie. He did not comprehend that he was no longer spooning his lady love, his free hand- last he remembered- gently cupping her soft and supple breasts. He did not comprehend the smell of sweat and sexual juices replaced with an underlying odor of stale urine barely masked by lavender perfumes and baby powder. Nor did he believe that the chirping of birds that morning had been drowned out by the melodic tinkling of a mobile dangling above his head. Likewise, upon opening his eyes, he failed to fully register or appreciate how the calm, cool, beige paint of the master bedroom had been mysteriously replaced with a coat of bright, chipper, and energetic pastel yellow; nor did he believe in the wooden bars surrounding him that cast lined shadows on his face.

Finally, even his sense of taste failed to register the warm rubber teat occupying his mouth as he reflexively screamed into the giant pacifier; his sound muffled and muted as though by a gag. "Mmmmmmmph!" It wasn't a full throaty bellow of a terrified roar, but it was enough to stir his bride in the adjoining crib.

Jamie stirred from her sleep. A pity. She was having the most wonderful dream, too. She had had a quiet kind of glow about her. Last night had been such a thrill for her- with the right amount of rough passion and quiet, tender, attentive romance- that she idly, almost dreamily, wondered if it had been a sign. Maybe she was pregnant. Wouldn't that be lovely? They had a

new house to fill up, and wouldn't it be wonderful to fill it up with new life and the ultimate sign of their adulthood; responsibility for another life?

Then, Jamie's senses of this world, of the now instead of the might be, sent impossible signals to her brain. How could it be? How could she be in a crib? What had happened to the walls? Where was Jack? Why was he in a crib? Why was he wearing a...?

Jamie looked down past her own waist, her blood curdling at the sight of herself. She had passed out, almost purring, contentedly with her lover on the bed about an hour or so before sunrise. They had both been naked and for the most part, naked they had both remained. But when she glanced down past her breasts, encircling her hips and encasing her loins was unmistakably a diaper.

It was not what would be referred to as an "adult diaper", either, gentle reader. Adult incontinence products did not have pictures of pastel baby chicks hatching from eggs or of baby blue birds chirping from their nests, calling out for their mama along the waistline. Nor, to her knowledge, were they typically taped on, and the plastic shell brought back memories as a crinkle- not unlike a grocery bag- entered her ears while she sat up.

While Jack thrashed impotently in his baby blue crib, his arms shaking the bars of his cage frantically; Jamie was too caught up in her own little world to notice. She rose to her knees and instantly became aware of the slight sagging sensation beneath her. Her diaper had weight to it, or more accurately, in it. It was tugging gently down towards the mattress, drooping between her legs, the tapes only things holding it in place on her hips.

Experimentally she poked the mass between her thighs and detected a thick, almost unyielding bulge. She grasped the mass firmly, her brain vaguely likening the sensation to squeezing some cross between a water balloon and a soaked sponge. Jack would have likely have appreciated the bulging, swollen sensation in his own diaper if he weren't already frantically pawing at his mattress like a rabid raccoon trying to dig a hole and escape through the bottom of the bedding.

This couldn't be, Jamie knew. This just couldn't be. But then a sudden involuntary spasm in her bladder and a warmth between her legs caused her to gasp. Had she just...? Did she really just...? The thought wouldn't come to her. But as the little spurt of urine quickly cooled and was absorbed into the padding wrapped around her, Jamie realized that the diaper felt a little bit heavier, but otherwise no different than before. She had just peed into an already very used diaper.

Shocked and overwhelmed, tears dripped down Jamie's face while she sobbed into her pacifier.

"Mmmmmph!" Jack roared into his own rubber gag. Manically, he patted and pawed over his face and the back of his head, searching for some kind of strap; something securing the teat of the dummy into his mouth. There was none to be found. He probed his mouth with his tongue;

perhaps the nipple was so inflated that he could not open his jaw enough, or perhaps there was some kind of adhesive sticking it to his lips. He detected nothing. As near as Jack could tell, he was fully capable of spitting the damnable thing from his mouth, but his mouth wouldn't obey his commands. At most, he could suck it, and moan around it; but never open his mouth enough to form coherent speech.

Determinedly, he tried to spit and yank the pacifier from his lips three times before his attention was drawn to the next crib over. He looked over to a now awake and crying Jamie as she sobbed into her own dummy, her tears dripping on the light pink mattress cover.

Their eyes met and they took each other in, suddenly becoming fully aware of each other. Him, the screaming brat. Her, the crybaby. Both sucking on binkies and in wet diapers.

"Hello, my little darlings," a familiar voice broke their reverie. Both snapped their heads towards the doorway.

She was instantly alien to them and familiar at the same time. Her skin was a pale, unearthly blue. The tops of her ears ended in elvish points. Her tall and slender form wore a gown that was a gray so dark it might as well have been black with white pinstripes. This further exaggerated the effect of her naturally lithe form and the sharp angles of her body. Her feet were concealed beneath the dress and she seemed to glide more than walk as she came into the bedroom turned nursery. Still, those beautiful, haunting purple eyes and the long white hair drooping past her shoulders left little doubt to who it was.

It was Melinda Mathair, the realtor who had sold them this house.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked, clearly not looking for a response.

"MMMMMPH!" Jack yelled.

"MmmmpH?!" Jamie asked.

"I'm sure you two have lots of questions," the blue woman smiled condescendingly at the pair in their cribs. "Questions I will be happy to answer, my darlings, but I think we have more pressing matters at hand." She glided over to the back wall, where a sturdy chest of drawers had once been. In its place was a thick wooden cross between an examining table and bookshelf. The top had a plush cushioned mat with a thin layer of plastic. The lower shelves contained tiny plastic tubs- baby wipes, Jack reasoned- white plastic bottles of what was likely baby powder, and neat, white rectangular stacks of what could only be more diapers.

She snaked her finger in a "come here" motion to Jack. Jack clenched his fists till his knuckles became white hot. There was no way he was going to obey this...this...what was she? Unfortunately, the blue woman with the pointy ears was not motioning to Jack, but his crib.

Jack was knocked flat on his back as wood groaned and creaked. The adult sized crib trotted over to its mistress like an obedient mastiff, bringing the young man along as its cargo. Then, like a horse throwing its rider, the crib bucked Jack through the air onto the gigantic changing table. Jack was so startled, he did not notice the small trick of pee escape him into the awaiting diaper surrounding his crotch and buttocks.

As the young man scrambled to get his bearings, straps slithered around him and forced his arms into waiting cuffs on the table before quickly binding his chest. Despite his restraints, Jack fought with all of his might, refusing to give up. His infantile underwear crinkled and squished as he furiously kicked his legs, trying to strike at his captor, grunting into his pacifier the entire time.

The blue woman, for her part, was unfazed. She simply floated past Jack's kicking legs and bent down to his ear.

"Easy there, my darling baby boy," she whispered, not unkindly. "You have a lot of spirit, but use what little brains you have. You're restrained and unable to move from this table until I allow it. Be naughty and I will punish you. Become violent and I will punish her."

Jack eased his kicking and looked over to Jamie, still in her pink crib. She was looking on, propped up on her knees, peering through wooden bars. Tears were flowing from her eyes and she had only now thought to cover her breasts with her arms. Jack was ready for a fight, but Jamie was breaking under the strange circumstances they found themselves in. He might, he fantasized, be able to fight his way out of this, but she was in no shape to do the same. Not yet, anyways. For the first time since he woke that morning, he thought of her.

Jack stopped his struggles and laid limp on the changing table.

"Good baby," the woman with the midnight dress and violet eyes cooed. She glided over to Jack's waist and with practiced ease ripped the tapes off of his diaper. The scent of fermented ammonia overpowered Jack as it invaded his nostrils past the faint perfumes in the diaper. Nervously, his tongue licked at the rubber teat lodged in his mouth. Anything to distract him from what was happening and what was doubtlessly about to happen.

The slender, almost elven woman picked up a tub of baby wipes and began to drag them across Jack's naked crotch and pubic area, before depositing them in the unfolded front of the diaper. For the briefest of moments, Jack believed his penis to be slightly bigger than he remembered it being, only to realize that he was now completely hairless down there. There wasn't even the tell-tale signs of shaving stubble. He shuddered involuntarily at this realization just as another cold wipe was caressing his most sensitive of parts.

The creature humiliating him flicked her wrist and pointed towards the ceiling, and Jack found his legs lifting up in response. Then, she slid the sodden nappy out from under him and began

cleaning his backside as well. Jack didn't even feel it in his muscles as his legs suspended themselves above his head. It was as if some invisible force were grappling his legs and holding them up. Jack then noticed that his legs were as hairless as his privates, and a quick inspection of his arms and chest confirmed that the only proper hair he had was on top of his head.

Jack felt his legs being lowered down as his rump touched soft, cottony padding, a fresh diaper had been slid under him. The thing that had been their realtor yesterday reached underneath the table and began to dust his genital with flakes of white, sweet smelling powder. She rubbed it in on his crotch and tummy, and smiled contentedly as despite himself, Jack began to get an erection from her gentle ministrations.

A rustling crinkle once again came to Jack's ears as the diaper was pulled up between his legs, and the loose plastic covering became taught as each side was taped up; first the left, then the right.

"There we go," the inhuman woman cooed as she gave the front of Jack's new diaper a gentle pat. "Now let's see about your sister." Jack scowled at that last remark. Jamie was his wife and lover, not his sister. The pacifier between his lips transformed the grown man's scowl into little more than a toddler's pout. He was furious, but there was nothing he could do right now, incapacitated as he was. So limply, lamely, he chose not to struggle as his restraints loosened and the rails of the baby blue crib detached themselves and removed him from the changing table and deposited him into itself.

"Next," the thing with the long white hair gestured to Jamie's pink crib. Like a gentle, Shetland pony, Jamie's crib moseyed to the changing table while Jack's crib trotted back in place. How could this be happening? What had she done to deserve this?

Minutes ago she had been idly dreaming of changing diapers, not wearing them, and before that she had had some of the most passionate sex of her life. Now, she was gently being moved onto the changing table, being forced to look up at her captor. Jamie only fought slightly as her hands were guided into the restraints, leaving her breasts naked. It wasn't that there wasn't any fight left in her, or that she had given up. She just hadn't figured out what she was up against yet, and so chose the path of least resistance for the time being.

"My poor, sweet, Jamie," the blue woman smiled down at Jamie.

"You did want this house because you wanted your own bathroom, darling. Well, now you've got it," her eyes flitted to Jamie's soggy sodden diaper. "It's a very private place for you to go potty in," she squeezed Jamie's crotch causing her to blush, "Until it isn't."

To Jack the sound of the tapes tearing off his diaper was a ripping sound, of some representational part of himself being torn apart and made weak and helpless for the time being.

To Jamie, the sound of tape rapidly leaving plastic rang like a gunshot. First she was fine, and then she wasn't.

Jamie whimpered pitifully and blushed as emotions overwhelmed her while a rush of fresh air chilled her most intimate of areas. Even though she was being cleaned, gently and expertly, never before had she felt so basely violated.

The shock of seeing her own body completely hairless was not nearly as extreme as Jack's. Her vanity and beauty routines made it so that she had far less body hair to lose to begin with, so the change was decidedly less drastic.

Gently, like an actual infant, she was wiped and cleaned while the woman doing the work hummed a tuneless song to herself, seemingly content in her work of wiping and powdering the young lady. Jamie took note of Jack huffing and puffing in his crib, looking on helplessly. He had been fighting, raging only minutes before, but he was restraining himself. What had this strange thing shaped as a woman whispered in his ear to make him stop struggling? She had been hoping against hope that he would at least strike their captor.

As it tends to be true of lovers and soulmates, all it took for Jamie to realize the truth was to look across the room and into Jack's eyes. Her. She had been used as a hostage, Jamie realized. Jack was so concerned about her own safety that he had given up for the time being. As Jamie's new diaper was fastened snugly around her she promised herself that she would not be the weak link again. Despite herself, though, she felt herself exhale and sigh with relief as the new diaper was taped on. Being dry felt much better than being wet.

She steeled her resolve as the crib deposited her within itself and shuffled over next to its twin. The woman who had just diapered them both glided in front of the millennials.

"Now my little darlings," the pale blue lady began, "you're both clean and dry...for the moment," a wry smile crossed her lips at that thought. "The most pressing matter is taken care of. Let's get to know each other, shall we?" She snapped her fingers on both hands and tiny green sparks crackled into hair. The pacifiers in each mouth glowed green for a moment, and then, as if by their own volition, dropped from the young couple's mouths.

"Questions?" she asked.

"Brabababadaga!" Jack demanded.

"Burbadaa?" Jamie asked.

Both stopped and looked at the other

“Daaaaah!” they both screamed in surprise before clapping their hands over their mouths. Both of their words had been reduced to incomprehensible baby babble.

“Oh yes, how forgetful of me,” the strange, clearly magical creature of a woman chided herself. “I’ve spent so long with my last pair of little darlings that I just skipped over the part where I allow you to talk.”

A second twirling of her fingers, and the pacifiers glowed more intensely this time. They shined an aura of bright green that seemed to radiate a kind of heat. Then, words; hundreds of thousands of them leapt from the glowing rubber teats and down the throats of the couple in a giant beam of cacophonous light. Their respective voices rang in their heads as every word in every inflection that they had ever used flooded into them.

It was overwhelming to say the least. Suddenly they lacked the words to speak, and all at once, like a book filling their brains, they had them again.

“The...fuck was that?!” Jack gasped, doubling over in shock. He had been clearly able to think the words before, but he had lacked the capacity to express them in any meaningful way short of inflection and babble. He knew the definitions and recognized his own thoughts, but an instant before he had had nothing. A troubling, if insightful thought, crossed his mind right then as he glimpsed his plastic padded rear: Was this how infants thought? Knowing things and yet being unable to express themselves?

“That was me giving you your words back, darling,” the slender, pale blue woman with the violet eyes answered Jack. “I suggest you use them wisely while you still can. Ask your questions and I will answer them. When you’re finished, it will be time for breakfast and talking will be over.”

“Who are you?” Jamie asked. “And what are you doing to us?”

The woman smiled. “Little girls are so much smarter than little boys at this age,” she chuckled. “We’ve met, my darling, but new introductions are in order.”

With a flourish she bowed, and said, “I am Madam Mathair, Mistress of Miller Manor. But you may call me...” she paused, seeming to savor the word, “Mommy `”. As she stood back up to her full height, two gossamer wings buzzed and fluttered open behind her. “As for what I’m doing: I’ve adopted you. I think that much is obvious.”

“The fuck are you?!” Jack demanded, his eyes wide with trepidation at the sight of the wings.

“Why Jack, my darling boy,” the blue woman smirked, “don’t you recognize the wings? I’m a Faerie.”

“Nuh-uh,” Jack disputed, before catching himself and blushing at the childish tone in his voice. “I mean,” he corrected himself, “fairies are tiny and don’t talk and come from Neverland and…” Jack paused as an idea crept into his head. He licked his lips, feeling his voice go stronger and his pulse race, “AND I DON’T BELIEVE IN FAIRIES!” The words echoed through the air and reverberated off of the pastel walls, they were so loud and triumphant, while Jack stared daggers at the creature standing in front of him, waiting for the wicked thing to drop dead. That was how it worked in the cartoon, anyway.

“Was that supposed to accomplish something?” Madam Mathair raised an eyebrow, clearly unfazed.

“Yeah,” Jack admitted.

The blue lady shook her head and tutted. “I’m not a fairy, darling, I am a Faerie. I can take whichever size and form I choose to be; and frankly my existence does not depend upon your belief any more than anyone else’s.”

“Why are you doing this to us?” Jamie asked, both hands on the railing of her crib, her modesty forgotten for the time being. “We’re not babies!”

“Oh, I disagree,” the Faerie smiled snidely. She reached into the folds of her midnight dress and took out a scroll. With all the pomp of a court messenger reading an official document, or perhaps with all the smug satisfaction of the Devil claiming his due, Madam Mathair opened the scroll.

Written on the scroll were the exact words on the contract that they had signed not even twenty-four hours prior. Glowing an unearthly green at the bottom, were the strange words:

“Na dtionnta thíos gach ceart chun saoirse, agus ní mór freastal ar an máistreás an tí mar a leanáí go dtí go bás.”

“Quite clearly, this says,” she cleared her throat before translating, “The undersigned waves all rights to freedom and must serve the mistress of the house as her children till death.” She looked up and smiled at the diapered pair. “And so you have, so you shall continue, and so you will.”

“But that’s not fair!” Jack whined. “We didn’t know what that meant!”

“Never sign a contract in which you do not understand the language, darling,” the Madam chided. “If you’d only been clever enough to ask, I would have had to tell you. But no, you had to have your pinball machine and your private bathroom, and your wonderfully furnished house, didn’t you? Well you’ve got what you wanted. You will live here for the rest of your lives, if not in the manner you intended. But Mommy Mathair thinks that’s enough talk for now.” She flicked



her wrist and the pacifiers lifted up from the crib mattresses and hovered in front of the lover's faces. "Big words are for big boys and girls."

"But why do this to us?" Jamie pressed, undaunted. Being fairly well read, fantasy included, Jamie had known, or at least suspected that certain rules applied to the supernatural. The Faerie woman's remark about being required to. It was time to test that theory. "You still haven't answered that question and you said you would answer our questions."

The blue lady frowned and the binkies fell to the mattresses again. Jamie took note of this.

"Such a silly question, baby girl," the self-proclaimed Mistress of Miller Manor answered. "I am Madam Mathair. It is my nature to do so. Faeries are not mortals. We're not born into this world stumbling around looking for meaning. We are created from the Aether to serve a singular purpose. My purpose is motherhood, and you signed the contract to be my children. I can't be a mother if I don't have children, can I? It just wouldn't do. And what is more motherly than caring for two darling, wonderful babies?"

"You do this because it's what you do?" Jamie asked.

"It is," Mathair confirmed. "Mountains stand tall. Rivers flow to the ocean. I mother."

"I don't understand," Jamie objected.

"I'm not required to make it so you understand," the lady with the long white hair replied. The pacifiers raised into the air, ready to gag the two mortals.

"Why not?" Jamie called out. Once again, the Faerie woman frowned and the pacifiers dropped.

"Because I did not tell you I would," the wyrd woman answered.

"Why?"

"Because I am only obligated by my word."

"Why?"

"Because that is my nature as Faerie."

"Why?"

"Because all Faeries are bound by their word. Now stop it."

"Why?"

“Because answering these simpleton, frankly childish questions is growing tiresome,” she was beginning to lose patience.

“Why?” Jamie grinned, exalting in the power she held.

“Because even I have my limits,”

“Why” .....

Jamie shot a look towards Jack, hoping that he understood what was happening. This woman, this Faerie, this thing, had tricked them, trapped them, diapered them, and intended to keep them prisoner until they died. But she was currently compelled to answer their questions, no matter how inane; like an overly patient parent with an inquisitive toddler. She was effectively distracted and trapped. An opportunity was being made and presenting itself. But it wouldn't last forever. Like any parent, the Faerie woman was rapidly losing patience. Soon, detailed answers would give way to clipped abbreviated answers, and then the next question would be cut off by a flying rubber teat.

Jack, for his part, watched the exchange with rapt fascination. Jamie was taking control of this bizarre situation expertly. He grinned stupidly as the blue witch's frustration grew. She was losing control and she knew it. He loved Jamie so much, right then. Then he observed her glances. He noticed the way they were darting back and forth from him to the door, from him to the door. Her eyes screamed “break for it!”.

He had a chance he realized. He could escape. Call the cops maybe. He was naked save for a diaper, but what was embarrassment compared to freedom? He got up from his knees, and hunkered down on the balls of his feet; every tendon in his leg tensing, readying to twitch and jump and run.

He had watched a documentary on hyenas once. He remembered a part that showed how Hyenas used numbers and distraction tactics to steal a lion's food. One brave mongrel would distract the big cat by nipping at its hind quarters. While the lion was distracted the rest of the pack would move in and snatch the big cat's food right out from under it before everyone ran away. Right now, he was the hyena, and the strange woman who had changed his diaper as if he were two was the lion. Jack waited, and picked his moment.

“Because there are things deeper than free will,” Madam Mathair blustered, “and Hearth and Fate have a say in the matt-“ A padded blur rushed past as Jack streaked out of the nursery and down the stairs.

The maddening plastic crinkle of the diaper filled his ears with each step, and the bulk of the garment gave his gait a bit of a waddle, but Jack's natural athleticism combined with the adrenaline rush more than compensated.

Wooden beams creaked and groaned after Jack with each step. Floor boards splintered and warped as they attempted to reach out and grasp the young man as he ran. The stairs seemed to become putty under his weight, with the railing becoming an elephant's trunk meant to snatch him. Had Jack hesitated for even an instant, he would have been lost, yet so fast were his reflexes, so deep was his passion for freedom that none of these things managed to more than graze his soft hairless flesh; yet alone grapple him.

Jack turned a hard left at the bottom of the rubbery stairs and sprinted for the front door. His senses, heightened and acute by his need to escape, noticed that the door no longer had a handle on it. No matter. He would break the door down, and charged with full force throwing his full weight behind his attack.

Nothing. Only the sick thud of naked flesh on wood, with a slight rustle of plastic coming from his bum. It was like slamming into a slab of concrete. He groaned a bit. That would be sore the next day, but for the moment, his blood was hot and he was numb to any and all pain.

Not yet deterred, Jack went over to the nearest window. This would hurt, and his flesh would be cut to ribbons, most likely, but if that was the price of escape, then so be it. He took a breath, reared back his fist, and steeled himself. Then, with all of his strength, he punched the window. The glass did not shatter. It didn't even shake. He might as well have been a cool breeze bouncing off the window pane.

Just as his hope was beginning to falter, he saw something that gave him hope.

It was a boy, no older than thirteen, skulking up the walkway from the street to the front door. In one hand, he carried a brown paper bag gingerly between his thumb and forefinger. In the other hand was a sterling silver lighter, clutched tightly like an old friend. A witness! A rescuer, however unlikely!

"Hey!" Jack yelled. "Hey kid! Over here!" Jack waved his arms wildly while the boy set the bag down on the stoop and began to flick the lighter. "Over here! Look at me, the guy in the diaper!" The boy paid no mind as he conjured up a flame from the little metal box.

"Hey kid! Pay attention!" Jack banged on the window beside the door with both hands, creating a loud thud. The boy didn't flinch, his eyes didn't waver from the dancing flame as he lit the bag on fire.

“The fuck, kid?! Come on!” Jack pounded futilely one the window before taking a step and pounding on the door proper. All he was rewarded with was the sound of a guilty child giggling, a doorbell ringing, and the fleet footsteps of an adolescent fleeing a burning bag of dog shit.

“He couldn’t see me,” Jack realized. “He couldn’t hear me.”

“Of course he couldn’t, darling” Madam Mathair said, suddenly behind him. Jack whirled around to see the blue Faerie, his bride still diapered and now on her hip.

Jamie’s long blonde hair was now done up in pigtails with little pink bows; her eyes watery and apologetic. She had her thumb in her mouth, with a pacifier hovering dangerously close by. Their captor had cut off her questions, but the clever girl had prevented the word stealing pacifier from entering her mouth by sucking her thumb.

“The Lords of Fate and Hearth are fickle, spoiled children.” Madam Mathair said as if lecturing a particularly slow pupil. “They don’t want new stories, as much as the comfort of old, familiar tales. And it has been decided that only the Millers live here. No one sees them but me. No one enters or leaves the house, but everyone knows they live here, even if they know not who they are or what they do. The Millers are not married, but are brother and sister. You two signed my contract. You two live here. You two are the Millers.”

“The hell we are!” Jack spat.

“Then tell me, darling baby boy,” Madam Mathair condescendingly asked, “what is your last name?”

“My name is Jack,” the young man started, “Jack....” But his last name wouldn’t come to him. “Jack...Jack...Miller?”

“It is now,” the purple eyed Faerie agreed. “And if you are married to this little girl,” she gestured to the diapered woman on her hip, “when is your anniversary.” Jack’s mouth hung open, limply. He couldn’t remember. He knew it had happened, he vaguely remembered it happening, but it was becoming all so much pretend. Jamie’s eyes practically pulsated with fear and she shivered as she realized that she too, could no longer clearly remember the happiest day of her life. It seemed like it was another lifetime ago, and in its own way, it was.

“The time for pretending is over, little ones,” Mommy Mathair cooed to them. “You’re out of dreamland for the moment and it’s time to get you some yummy breakfast.”

Out of the kitchen, two oversized high chairs hopped, making rhythmic clunking sounds with each movement.

KA-LUMP! KA-LUMP! KA-LUMP!

Mommy Mathair watched, pleased with herself as one highchair grabbed and collected Jack, pinning his arms behind the feeding tray. Then, she easily threaded her female charge into the waiting embrace of the other high chair. This scene, in some form or another had played itself out an innumerable amount of times, and yet she never grew tired of it.

Granted, last time, John and Julia had been wearing cloth diapers with plastic pants, and before them, Jacob and Jessica hadn't even had the plastic pants and been robed in infants' gowns. Her babies always wore the clothes and style of their first infancy as they transitioned to their second and final one. But while that changed, and there would doubtlessly be many more changes to come over the decades- some variation of this little scene always played itself out. Denial, anger, and then despair. They were never clever enough to attempt bargaining, and part of her was a little sad at that, but no matter. She was Mommy again, and content with that fact.

Their story may have ended here, gentle reader, a story of two lovers trapped forever as giant babies by a force so beyond their ken that most ascribe its existence as a work of children's fiction. But Jamie was too clever for such a fate.

While the highchairs "Ka-lumped" back towards the kitchen and bibs fluttered through the air like butterflies before wrapping themselves around the two millennials' necks, Jamie decided to roll the dice one last time. She had read enough stories about supernatural beings who were bound to their words. If she remembered correctly, they had other flaws too that could be exploited.

She ripped her thumb from her mouth, and before the green glowing pacifier could steal her words, with a line of saliva still connecting her thumb and lips, she shouted out "Challenge!"

The pacifier, moving with the speed of a rubber bullet stopped micrometers from inserting itself into the girl's parted lips. The highchairs stopped. The Faerie stopped. Everything stopped.

"Challenge?" Mommy Mathair asked, her purple eyes literally sparkling with intrigue. "What kind of challenge?"

"A contest," Jamie scrambled for words, hardly believing that this last desperate gamble was working.

"For what?" the blue lady cocked her head to the side like a cat eyeing a mouse.

"Our freedom!" Jamie squeaked. "Annulment of the contract we signed!"

"Now why on earth would I do that, darling?" Mathair smiled. "I have everything I need right now. I have nothing to gain from such a bet. Such a silly girl." Her spindly blue finger tickled Jamie's chin. "Too silly for big girl words." The pacifier glowed green again, ready to finish the spell it had been casting.

“Our love!” Jack shouted out, finding his voice.

“I beg your pardon?” the Mistress of the Manor turned her attention to Jack, his arms still pinned by his side by the highchair’s feeding tray.

“If you win, you can have our love for each other,” Jack said. “We’ll love you. Isn’t that what a mother wants? Her children’s love?”

The Faerie seemed to consider this for a moment. “It would save me a lot of trouble,” she admitted. “Most of my babies do have the nasty tendency of preferring each other to me. What’s the contest?”

“A contest of wills.” Jack declared. “Yours versus ours.”

“So I break you, and you love me?” Mathair’s eyes glimmered.

“No mind control,” Jamie interrupted. Rules were specific and important in this kind of thing.

“Clever girl,” the Faerie looked over to Jamie. “Your decisions will be your own. But your bodies will still belong to me for the time being. You will be my babies until one of us wins.”

“Time limit,” Jack said. It wasn’t a question, it was a demand. “We love you by a certain time, or else we win and go free.”

“Three days.” Mathair conceded, seeming disappointed that they had thought to include that. “Anything else?”

“We get to talk.” Jamie added.

“No.” Mathair replied flatly.

“For one day,” Jack proposed.

“For one hour a day,” the Faerie countered.

“Deal, but you leave us alone while we’re talking.” Jamie said.

“Agreeable,” Madam Mathair nodded, “Babies need unstructured playtime, anyways. Now,” she added, “If in three days’ time, either one of you loves the other less than they love me, I win, and you both remain my little darlings forever. Agreed?”

The lovers stole a glance at each other.

“Agreed”.

“Done?” the thing masquerading as a woman asked.

“Done,” the lovers affirmed.

“And can never be undone,” Madam Mathair smiled as another pacifier floated down the stairs, bobbing up and down in front of Jack’s face.

“I love you,” Jamie said to her husband.

“I love you, too.” Jack said before the pacifiers flew back into their mouths, glowing green and sucking the words right out of them.

“Now,” Mommy Mathair grinned maliciously, “let the games begin!”

Gentle Reader,

As has already been said here before, and likely will be said many more times, the Lords of Fate and Hearth are fickle spoiled children, who do not care much for innovation, and instead prefer the same stories again and again but with new names and slight twists here and there. Stories must keep things comfortable and familiar, yet interesting.

A young maiden walking through the strange and unknown, whether it is the dark woods or the big city, is likely to get the attention of a wolf. Whether that wolf is man or beast is a matter of circumstance. But inevitably, that predator will stalk his prey-whether she is red of hood, red of hair, red of dress, or perhaps having nothing red at all- and attempt to take from her. What he attempts to take, whether it is her life, her virginity, or even her hand in marriage, are all just ripples and twists in the same old story told since the beginning of tales. The same is said for whether or not the girl is rescued or is even able to fend for herself. The same old story, told again and again, but with different twists.

Girl wanders alone. Girl meets stranger. Stranger follows girl. Stranger takes from girl. The specifics and the endings are just flourishes, like icing and fondant on an otherwise dull vanilla cake. At least, that is how the Lords of Fate and Hearth see things and demand that they must be so. There are no truly original stories. Not anymore.

And so, Jack and Jamie found themselves pulled into their own story that was like so many others. Boy and girl wander out into the wilderness and find the perfect house. The perfect house is but an illusion; a trap. And now, just like so many others, the trap had been sprung, and they found themselves prisoner of a strange woman.

The fact that this woman was not a “witch” but a Faerie did nothing to deter their destiny. If anything, being Fae, Mother Mathair, was more bound by destiny and likely more pleasing to the Lords of Fate and Hearth than had she been a proper witch.

The fact that the wyrd woman did not intend to eat either of her captives, but instead intended to treat them as infants for the rest of their lives was of no real concern either. It was just another minor, if clever, twist on the same old, comfortable story.

Little Red Riding Hood is about being consumed.

This is a tale of captives and their captor.

The fact that Jamie had managed to get Mathair to agree to a challenge, thus binding her to the agreement, was of much greater significance. The darling little girl was far too clever by half. It was to be a battle of wills; and a battle of love, something the couple had in abundance by themselves, and for each other respectively. The Faerie had been tasked with making them love her before each other; to twist their bond as husband and wife and transmute it into something more akin to brother and sister- with her as their nurturing mother of course.

Jack, in his own, hot-headed, temperamental way, had struck upon a key element that needed to be on their side: Time. And he had quickly gotten the Faerie to agree to a time limit, lest the ancient and arguably mad trickster goddess have an eternity to win. The white haired woman had only three days, now, to make it so that their love for her outweighed their love for each other. And how hard would it be, to resist their captor for less than half-a-week?

Mother Mathair, however, was no novice at the games of words and wills. By her very nature as Faerie, it is what she was best at. It was practically her life’s blood.

She had taken from them, the majority of their words. For twenty-three hours a day, they would hear no real words but hers or what she allowed them to speak. Words of encouragement can bolster wills against words of seduction; words of “give in” and “let yourself have this”.

Furthermore, by her terms, she didn’t have to break both of them. It takes two to make a union last. Much could be done in three days to warp a union of two into a family of three, especially when you controlled the words.

The Lords of Fate and Hearth leaned in as the bargain was struck; have no doubt. They heard every word and furrowed their brows in deliberation and consternation. The captor did not typically bargain with the captives. Why bother? There was nothing to gain, and nothing to lose.

This was starting to look less and less like a story that the Brothers Grimm might tell, and was quickly mutating into something more reminiscent of Old Scratch and Jack Kent. This twist,



much as Mathair might enjoy it, risked being too drastic, and things might crumble for her. Too much icing and fondant ruins the cake.

Yet, there was something in it for the eternal mother, gentle reader. John and Julia had taken her years to properly nurture- to train and reinforce with psychology and magic so that they were the perfect children for her. They had resisted for years, letting their spite and despair openly show, as to wound their Mommy Fairest. Their resentment at their helplessness gave them a kind of strength to resist loving her and being loved in turn.

Now, Jack and Jamie were getting just a pinch of self-determination in their fates; their resistance, once defeated by the terms of their game, might crumble like sugar when milk is poured over it, instead of stubbornly refusing to vanish like a rock under a garden hose. Mathair just had to give them enough rope to hang themselves with, or rather, enough padding to diaper themselves with. Oh, what fun this would be!

“Let’s get some delicious num-nums into my little darlings’ tummies, shall we?” she beamed as jars of azure, pulpy, mush glided from kitchen cabinets onto adult sized high chair trays. “We’ve got a big day ahead of us, my little ones.” The Lords of Fate and Hearth, sat back at this and relaxed a bit. It was proper for the captor in this story to feed her captives, whether to fatten them up for a grisly feast or to make them happy and docile so that their prison might become a home to them.

The millennials, trapped in their highchairs, and wearing nothing but bibs and diapers, watched in a combination of fascination and anticipatory dread as lids unscrewed themselves and popped off so that enchanted plastic spoons could stir the blueberry colored concoction up.

Their wills steeled against this first of what would be many trials over the next three days, Jack and Jamie let their love for each other fuel them and give them the strength to endure. This strength manifested in different ways for each lover.

For Jack, his love became a great frustration boiling over into a quiet rage. He wanted nothing more to protect his young wife and to lash out at this thing that styled itself their captor and “Mommy”. He swore to himself that he would find a way to turn the tables on this wretched creature with blue skin and purple eyes. He would pluck the gossamer wings from her back.

He stared mutely down at the baby food being prepared before him, his diaper crinkling softly beneath him as she shifted uncomfortably in the seat of his high chair. The agreement of physical cooperation in place per the game, the highchair supported him without confining him and made no attempt to pin his arms to his side- a courtesy that its previous occupant had not likely had at first.

Still, he made no effort to reposition his arms, and let them hang by his side. His captor would not get the satisfaction of seeing him comfortable or at ease, he decided, and so he stared

down at the mush being stirred, jaw set, and eyes burning with raw passionate loathing. He could not swear at his captor with the pacifier stuck in his mouth- and even then, his words would not come to him- but he could swear at her with his eyes.

Just as Winston promised to himself in the Ministry of Love; at the end, his enemies would look at him, stare into his eyes, and see only hate for Big Brother.

He was every bit the stubborn child. The trouble maker. The fussy one. The brat.

Jamie took a different approach. Her love for Jack and the hope that they would escape this gave her a quiet type of calm. Silently, she prayed that she would have the serenity to accept the things she could not change, the courage to change the things she could, and the wisdom to know the difference.

She chose to make herself at least slightly comfortable, and leaned back in the highchair, her arms crossing her bare breasts. The bib tied around her neck did little to conceal her nipples. Then, thinking better of it, she uncrossed her arms and let her nipples remain uncovered. This Faerie would likely try to use them against each other and themselves. Everything, every bit of comfort or displeasure that they showed could be used against them to condition them until they were good little babies, ready to submit.

She would give the winged wyrd woman nothing: Not solace, not mercy, not kindness, not torment, not gratitude, and most assuredly- not satisfaction. Mathair would see Jamie's innards before the Faerie saw her soul.

She had become the quiet one. The clever girl. The shy girl who needed to come out of her shell.

The spoons stopped stirring the contents of the jars for a moment. A single bubble burbled up to the surface of each of the concoctions and inflated like a frog's throat before bursting with a disgusting squelch.

The diapered lovers gulped hard, suddenly grateful for the rubber teats of their pacifiers. Jack's pacifier bobbed up and down in his mouth as he unconsciously suckled on it. It was the infantile equivalent of a soldier biting down on a bullet before the painful, morphine free operation began. Jamie's pacifier remained still, determined to give nothing away. Still, she took some small measure of comfort as her tongue lazily brushed the rubber nipple inside her mouth.

"Open wide, darlings," Mother Mathair prompted. Each plastic spoon dipped into its assigned jar and hovered in the air in front of the couple's mouths. Pulled on invisible strings, their pacifiers were yanked out of their mouths to make room for the spoons.

“Heeeeere comes the airplane,” the Faerie cooed as the floating spoons ducked and weaved through the air closer and closer to the captive’s mouths.

As the spoons inched near their mouths, Jack clenched his jaw shut, determined to make the spoons work for it. Jamie passively resisted. The spoon would go in, she decided, but she would make no effort to hinder it or help it. The baby food would have to slide down her throat before she would swallow the vile looking stuff.

Both of them fought the urge to curse. They knew that their adult words had been stolen from them, and that any slight dignity from the act of properly cursing had already been robbed of them.

“Open wiiiiide!” the Mommy creature prompted. Just then, two forces, two pairs invisible hands gripped each of the couple’s jaws. Their mouths forced themselves open wide for the spoons, and they found themselves unable to breathe through their noses. They would have to accept the vile mush or risk choking.

As if in slow motion, the spoons entered their mouths and deposited their payload onto their waiting tongues. Then, as quickly as it had happened, the invincible forces that had pried their jaws open and pinched their noses closed released them. What happened next was both entirely involuntary and non-magically forced.

Their eyes widened in shock and surprise. Their mouths closed down on the blue goop and their tongues quivered...in sheer joy. Reflexively, Jack and Jamie smiled at the taste in their mouths.

Their mouths contracted in surprised, desperate smiles. Blue mush oozed out from between their lips and splashed down onto waiting bibs. And even though they could not speak, a single, universal sound reverberated out into the kitchen.

“Mmmmmm!”

To Jamie, the stuff tasted like strawberries and blueberries dipped in whipped cream on a hot summer day while lounging by the pool with a good book. It was the flavors of orange and banana mixed with cold, cold chocolate ice cream, with the untold assurance that she wouldn’t get fat from it.

To Jack, the stuff was greasy pizza and even greasier cheeseburgers chased with soda and whole milk with a side of syrup soaked bacon...on the day of a hangover.

To each, it was the breakfast of champions.

Hastily, each swallowed the contents of their mouth, eager, desperate even for more and to prevent more from spilling out of their mouths. As they swallowed the baby food, both gasped and remarked more to themselves than each other or their caretaker.

“Baaaaaaaaaa!” Jack gurgled the equivalent of “Daaaaaaaaaaamn!”

“Ga da ba!” Jamie exclaimed an infantile version of “Oh my Gawd!”

Both instantly realized their mistake and clapped their hands over their mouths in surprise and shame.

“Do my little darlings want some more delicious num nums?” Mother Mathair cooed at them, mocking them, beckoning them to come deeper into her rabbit hole. “If you don’t want anymore, I can just put it away, and let you out of your high chairs so you can play on the floor? Would you like that?” She smiled, wickedly. “Would you?”

The lovers heard their stomachs growl and felt the fishhooks of hunger pangs pull naggingly on the back of their throats. They both wanted more. They both wanted more of the disgusting looking yet delicious amorphous mush still burbling in the glass jars before them.

Jack’s pride told him to stubbornly refuse; to lock his jaw once more, and cross his arms in defiance. Jamie knew in her heart that she should go limp and passively resist. Both had made an error in judgement and had girded themselves against punishment, instead of pleasure. They were both hungry now, and they both wanted more.

Silently, they turned towards each other in their high chairs, and communicated with their eyes. Without saying a word they each said:

“Will you?”

“I will if you will.”

“Just this one time.”

“We can’t starve.”

“I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

They turned to face the congealed mess in front of them, and willingly opened their mouths to be fed. Spoonful after spoonful of the delicious muck was shoveled into their waiting mouths by the floating spoons; each taste a flavor of a favorite memory long ago.

Both instinctively knew that they're tongues were being tampered with. Jamie hated greasy foods, and Jack didn't much care for fruits. Both knew that the other one must be tasting something else. And neither one cared. They were hungry. The food was good. They enjoyed it.

The blue woman watched the proceedings with quiet delight. The arms of her nearly midnight black with white pinstripe gown folded over each other in smug satisfaction as her slender fingers twitched ever so slightly with each dip of a spoon; as if she were pulling the strings that made the utensils float effortlessly through the air. And maybe she was.

After the first few spoonfuls of blue goop were gratefully consumed by each of her prisoners, the white haired Faerie began to play a little bit to amuse herself.

"Here comes the choo-choo train," she would tease and the spoons would take on the jerking start and stop motion as they chugged along tracks only a mother and infant might see. Jack's eyes would widen in frustration as the ambrosial food was delayed in getting to his mouth.

Jamie, despite herself would slump in her highchair ever-so-slightly at the thought of her delicious num-nums being delayed. Unconsciously, neither of them realizing the other was doing it, they each grunted and gurgled, asking for more of the stuff.

Neither of them thought to even close their mouths. They didn't dare to bring their lips together save to swallow down more of the stuff, so they could open up again. They were rather like the baby birds printed on the front of their diapers: Mouths open and cheep-cheep-cheeping to be fed by their momma. That thought alone fed Madam Mathair more sustenance than a thousand jars of the mushy blue baby food could feed her charges.

"Open up the hangar, we're coming in for a landing," Mathair's violet eyes sparkled, and on cue, the spoon resumed the dipping and weaving motions reminiscent of a World War II fighter plane.

Ravenous with newfound hunger and pleasure, Jack forgot himself and reached out, lightning fast, to grab the spoon-plane's coveted cargo. With an iron grip, he grasped the handle, his tongue wagging out of his mouth, he moved to feed himself.

"Tut, tut, tut, my darling Jack," Madam Mathair spoke out. That instant, the handle on Jack's spoon became limp like overcooked spaghetti, its contents spilling and splattering on the floor beneath his highchair.

"Good babies don't feed themselves, naughty boy." The Faerie reminded the young man. "I thought you knew that."

Jack lowered his head like a scolded dog. “Gagagaga”, he burbled a kind of half-hearted apology. He didn’t mean it, he knew in his heart of hearts. Their captor knew it too, but the forbidden fruits fantastique were quite addictive, even when pureed. Besides, the brats never truly meant it when they said they were sorry.

“Well, you were almost done, anyway, my little darling” the wyrd woman conceded. She took a moment and examined the baby food jar. “Though, there is a little bit left,” she told him. “Too bad your spoon is worthless right now. I’ll guess I’ll just have to give the rest to Jamie.”

The baby food jar floated off of Jack’s tray and onto the waiting tray of his wife. Jamie didn’t notice this exchange, so caught up was she in the taste of chocolate truffles and raspberries. Her eyes were open but she saw nothing save the spoon as it danced in front of her, feeding her a treat that even Roald Dahl could not comprehend. She did not notice that her jar had been scraped clean. Neither did she notice as Jack stared, green eyed with envy as she finished the last of his breakfast.

The jars and remaining spoon, now empty, danced themselves across the air into the awaiting sink.

“Now that wasn’t so bad, was it?” their captor cooed as the dishes cleared themselves. “How about something to wash it down with?” Without waiting for a response, the refrigerator in the kitchen opened and two large baby bottles sailed gently through the air and wafted down in front of the babied couple.

Jamie, her belly feeling overly full barely glanced at the bottle. Her hunger more or less sated, she returned to her planned response of passive resistance. She neither smiled, nor frowned at the bottle, filled to the brim of what looked like milk. Then again, things here clearly didn’t taste how they looked. Absentmindedly, she sucked on her teeth to contain a fresh wave of saliva, lest it spill over and become drool.

Jack, still hungry, felt himself reaching for the container, and then abruptly stopped himself. He would not make the same mistake twice. For all he knew, as soon as his hands touched the bottle, the container would liquefy, leaving him drenched in milk.

“Go on,” Madam Mathair teased, the light in her violet eyes dancing with mischief. “You can hold your baba if you want. You’re not that much of a baby, are you?”

Jack gritted his teeth and stifled a response, knowing the correct words would fail to come to him anyways. Was this a trick? Would he still be punished for reaching out and taking the small dignity of feeding himself? Would the bottle still melt in his grasp only so that the witch of a woman could then taunt him with “I guess you really are that much of a baby.”?

He snatched up the bottle and opened his mouth slightly, scowling with his eyes as he pressed the rubber teat to his lips and began suckling down the white creamy stuff. He drank rapidly and greedily at first, for fear that at any moment he'd be covered with the stuff. His eyes never left his captor. He was expecting to be robbed of the second course of his meal any second.

But, for the moment anyways, the milk was his. The milk did not magically change flavor to his favorite food, however. Instead, with the reach creamy sweetness of the stuff, memories came bubbling up the surface.

It was like drinking childhood nostalgia.

They were memories of simpler, perhaps happier times: He recalled the simple satisfaction of draining a bowl of its milk, after eating all of the cereal inside while he watched cartoons on a Saturday morning, clad only in his underwear. He thought of sweet chocolate milk served as a special treat in a sippy cup when he had finally graduated from Pampers to Pull-Ups. He remembered suckling on his breakfast, much like this one, content as his mother changed his sodden diapers first thing in the morning. Through it all he was vulnerable. He was exposed. He was weak. And that was all okay because he was little.

All through this, Jack kept his heart hardened. It didn't matter that the food was great, and that more and more happy childhood memories were floating into his brain with every sip. This thing was not his mother. And as delicious as it was, it did not taste of freedom. What did not bode well, though, was that his eyes did not burn with homicidal hatred, but with pouting, indignity.

"Such a big boy," The blue Faerie cooed, pinching his cheek and causing him to blush, before turning her attentions to Jamie.

"Now you, my little girl," the wyrd woman said, "you need your Mommy's help, don't you?" Jamie practically became a ragdoll. She retreated inside herself, staring off into the middle distance, as her slender, pointy eared warden walked into the center of her vision. She wouldn't fight, at least not physically. But she could resist internally.

"Poor little thing, Mommy Mathair will help you," the Faerie smiled as she grabbed Jamie's bottle with one hand and unlocked her highchair tray with the other. Then, with no actual effort on her part, she scooped the petite mortal up into her arms and walked over to a waiting chair and sat down.

Jamie's diaper crinkled beneath her as she was positioned onto the slender blue woman's lap. "That's right," the Faerie cooed and whispered. "That's right. Just let Mommy Mathair do aaaaaall the work." Helplessly cradled in Mathair's lap. Jamie, accepted the bottle without struggle, or complaint. Struggling would only make it worse.

Then her own memories came floating back. Memories of easier times before she had to worry about being “ladylike”, and before she was plagued with the body consciousness and image problems that come with being thirteen and still having “baby fat”. When being perfumed and pretty had nothing to do with boys.

She remembered snuggling on her mother’s lap, on moonlit summer nights, drifting off to sleep and waking up in her crib. She remembered carrying around blankies and bottles with her around the house as she toddled and crinkled from pretend tea-parties to games of hide and seek with her stuffed animals. She remembered the intimacy of bathtime.

Some, if not all of these memories, Jamie knew in her mind, were false. Never before had she remembered her early childhood so clearly. Most people didn’t. This new clarity must be due to the contents of, and just like how the flavors of the baby food could be manipulated to suit her taste buds, Jamie had little doubt that this milk was affecting her memories.

The Faerie that styled herself “Mommy”, had promised to leave the young couple’s free will intact. She could do nothing to force them to love her and this life she was forcing upon them. But the loose wording of their game still left much she could do.

“You’ve already figured it out, haven’t you?” the Faerie quietly asked the suckling young woman on her lap. “Such a clever little girl,” she whispered into Jamie’s ear. “Making this little bet with me, knowing that I am bound by my word. I’m going to do everything that I can to make it so that you and your new brother love me and this place. And when I’m done, you two are going to be some of the most delightfully spoiled babies that I’ve ever coddled.”

Jamie kept her eyes forward, not daring to stare into the strange thing’s violet eyes.

“So, gentle, so timid, so limp,” the blue woman mused, “and yet so tense. Perhaps a little bit of baby massage to help you relax.” She took the bottle away from Jamie’s lips and set it on the kitchen table beside them. Then, still cradling the young lady, she began to rub and massage Jamie’s legs. First at her thighs, then down below her knees, even going to the trouble to adjust her adult baby so she could better reach the girl’s ankles and feet. Then, she kneaded her way back up.

Mommy Mathair’s ministrations were gentle, comforting, loving, and even slightly arousing to Jamie. Her muscles, quiet until now, suddenly ached and cried out for release, and with each gentle kneading of the azure lady’s deceptively long fingers, they sang out in pleasure. Jamie let out a low, breathy moan as the other woman, the thing that was Mommy caressed her flesh. There was no way to passively resist comfort.

Jack watched all of this, quite helplessly from his high chair. His chugging slowed as he saw his wife being massaged by this strange, though admittedly beautiful monster. When she moaned



out as tension she never realized she had left her body, a new, different kind of tension ran into Jack.

Jamie bit her lip and closed her eyes while their captor repositioned her and began massaging her arms and shoulders. Jack grunted quietly and his blood ran hot as more breathy moans came from his all but naked wife's lips.

Mathair for her part, didn't look up at Jack. She was staring lovingly at Jamie's petite, topless body, as she massaged her baby girl's limbs. Jack might as well have not even been in the room, as far as they were concerned. He was for all intents and purposes alone...watching...watching...watching.

Jack suddenly felt his diaper become tighter around his crotch and the naughtiest of thoughts crept into his head. Should he? Could he? Could he get away with it if he did? He put the bottle down and looked down at his waist, and his face fell.

It would have been hard enough for Jack to pleasure himself through the thick padding and plastic backing of the diaper, but now, for reasons that could only be fathomed as "sadistic", the highchair had shrank. It still easily held Jack's weight, but now the space between Jack's belly, and the feeding tray was all but nonexistent.

He had not suddenly developed a pot belly either. The highchair itself, possessed of a kind of sentience -just like every other piece of furniture they had encountered in this damnable place- had chosen to make it impossible for Jack to reach his hand under or around. He couldn't even tease himself, yet alone properly masturbate. His fleeting thought became a torment, and so Jack took the only option given to him.

He shut his eyes. He grit his teeth. He bit his tongue. He growled. He was being teased, he was being tempted. He was being tormented with his senses and he must do everything he could to shut them out.

"Oh, Jack, darling, do you need burpies?" the Faerie woman's voice drilled into Jack's head. Jack opened his eyes. Gossamer wings and purple retinas met his, a playful, wicked smile on blue lips. Where was Jamie? He craned his neck and peered over his captor's shoulder. There, in the living room, on a multicolored plastic play mat, Jamie lay dozing, content from a full belly and a loving gentle, message. She was every bit as docile and as unresisting as a sleeping babe.

"Mommy's here for you Jack. Mommy's here." The Mistress of the Manor regained Jack's attention as she removed the feeding tray and picked him up, letting him wrap his legs around her slender waist. A strange heat radiated off of her, Jack found. Instinctively, he pressed hard against her, feeling the heat and enjoying her. Her touch was instantly electrifying. His skin was on fire. His manhood throbbed uselessly in his diaper, aching for release.

“Let’s get some of those burpies, out, shall we?” Mommy cooed, patting him on the back. With each pat, Jack felt something stir up inside him. It wasn’t gas, per se, but something was definitely bubbling up. Jack began panting, and lightly gyrating his hips. The blue woman chuckled as she rubbed and patted his back with one hand, and then reassuringly patted his bottom with the other.

Each little vibration, each tapping of her palm against his rear as she gently bobbed him up and down sent pulses through Jack’s body.

The blue woman wasn’t touching his member, but for all the energy, all the lust that was building up inside of him, she might as well have been. Spittle formed in the corners of Jack’s mouth as he was patted and rubbed. Rapidly, but ineffectively, he tried his best to grind into his captor, to get some kind of traction and release inside the plush lining of his plastic prison.

Peering over the Faerie’s shoulder, Jack saw his sleeping wife on the play mat not fifteen feet away from where he was being held. If only he could get to her. His mind turned to sinful thoughts and gleeful remembrances of the previous night. He had to get out of this woman’s clutches, he had to get out of this house, he had to get out of this diaper, he had to get to his wife, he had to get...off.

“That’s right, let it aaaaalll out, Jack. Guilt is for grown-ups. Shame is for big kids. Restraint is for the strong. You don’t need any of those, do you?” the wyrd woman weaved her spells of words. “No you don’t! No you don’t!”

By her words, the Faerie could not affect her new children’s wills, but she could affect their bodies. And what were little things like lust and passion but basic body chemistry? These simple, fragile things really developed very little during their lifetimes. If it wasn’t about filling some empty organ or another up, it was about evacuating another organ. Build up and release, build up and release. What built up and what was released into where were really of very little difference to her.

She was winding Jack up. Now all she’d have to do is let him go. Either he would release into his waiting diaper like a good baby and further his conditioning, or he would attempt something horrible upon his sleeping lover, driving them apart.

Jack let out a thunderous belch, but his eyes did not stray from the target of his lust. He needed sex. He needed it right then and there. He needed his cock to be in something warm and wet, and he was on the verge of bursting.

He had been taken off the path of rationality and logical thought. As he was held in Mommy’s arms, his every sense heightened, he was losing sense of time and words. Everything was about sight, scent, taste, and oh yes...touch. How he loved being touched. How he wanted to

touch. And each, light patting of his diapered bottom was making him want to touch more and more...and oh so much more than that.

Like the wolf from another story, all Jack wanted to do in the heat of that moment, his loins encased and raging, was take. And take he would.

The Mistress of the Manor walked into the living room and placed Jack down on all fours on the playmat right in front of the big screen television. She stepped back to admire her handiwork. How easy it was to bend these mortals! She'd turned their own selves against them, and was now going to release them upon one another. She'd break them down from the so called adults they were to their baser selves and then build them back up into her loving babies just like all the rest.

Three days was more than enough time to have them begging to be kept in diapers while they suckled at her breast. That assumption, that the lovers could as easily betray each other, as they had betrayed themselves, was Madam Mathair's first real mistake.

Jack crinkled as he crawled over to his wife, lying peacefully on the floor. He gazed at her, mouth agape in a crazed half snarl. Even with the diaper on, her otherwise naked form was as enticing as ever. He wanted to rip their diapers off, first his, then hers, and then take her sleeping. He wanted to cup her breasts in his hands and ravage her. He wanted her, and would do anything to have her.

Then she sighed. She sighed and opened her eyes, looking directly into his. "What are you going to do?" her eyes asked, confused.

"I don't know," his eyes answered.

"Where am I?" her eyes darted around, only now realizing that she was no longer being cradled and coddled.

"You don't know?" his eyes responded.

"Oh God what's happening to us?!" They both screamed in silent terror. And they stopped. And they held each other, all hot blooded emotions tempered and restored to normal, all passiveness stirred into action. They held each other, and dared not let go. They just breathed and took comfort in the touch of each other.

Mathair gawked in disbelief as the two lovers completed each other, instead of driving each other to their natural extremes. They were not codependent, but complimentary. This was not as it should be.

“Grrrr...” she growled in her throat at the sight of husband and wife reconnecting. Where had she gone wrong? What more could she do?

“Hmmp...” Madam Mathair, Mistress of the Miller Manor voiced her disapproval. “Have your words back. Take your hour.” She left a trail of clouds in her wake, and a quiet thunder echoed in the living room as she literally stormed out.

This was going to be harder than she thought.

Twin beams of emerald energy streaked out from the pacifiers, still laying on the high chair trays, and zigzagged back into the couple’s mouths. They had their words back. But for what felt like the longest time, they didn’t use them. They just kept holding each other, breathing in and out as one. Letting more than their words permeate and comfort each other on the stuffed plastic mat.

Jamie felt Jack shudder in surprise as his bladder suddenly let loose, flooding and filling his diaper, but not leaking. Jack felt Jamie return the shudder as her own diaper became damp and warm between her legs without warning. He heard her snuffle a bit, ashamed at how she had just debased herself and was so much more caught up in the moment- in the humiliating act- than he was.

Jack, for the time being, was able to put the sensation aside. Wet squishy pants were wet squishy pants. As long as you didn’t think about the source of the wetness and what made the padding go from cushy to squishy, it wasn’t that bad. Not bad at all, actually, Jack realized as the padding swelled up around him at ground zero.

It was kind of like...it was like...well it was very similar to a certain something he had been craving, and that realization caused his manhood to stir a little bit. If he didn’t think too much, or mind too much that it was his own pee that was making the insides of his underwear soft and moist; that it was a used diaper that was getting his dick wet...then well, a fella could get used to...no. No. No. Jamie clung to him tighter as he shuddered in revulsion at his own thoughts.

“Jamie,” Jack drew back from his wife’s embrace, “what the hell is she doing to us?”

“She’s...” Jamie paused. “She’s trying to make us like this. She wants us to like being this,” she gestured to herself, naked save for her sagging diaper, “more than we love being this,” she threw her arms open and took her husband back in a hug.

“I’m worried that it’s working,” Jack admitted, still holding Jamie close to him.

“It’s not,” Jamie said.

“But the food...” Jack insisted.

“Is amazing,” Jamie conceded. “And I was in heaven when she started rubbing my legs. But that doesn’t mean that it’s working.”

“For a moment there I wanted to…” Jack stopped himself.

“Did you, though?” Jamie asked. Jack shook his head.

“I couldn’t.” Jack admitted.

“Because that’s not who you are,” Jamie comforted her husband. “That’s not who we are. It doesn’t matter if she does stuff to us, drugs us, messes with our heads, or makes us have to piss ourselves,” she gently reached a hand and groped at her husband’s diapered crotch

“Yeah, about that,” Jack sighed and quivered as his already quivering penis stood again to full attention at the slightest touch, “I think this,” he drew back and gestured to his diapered state, “may be affecting me more than it is affecting you.”

“I think it’s just affecting us a little differently,” Jamie offered, “But as long as we love each other more than what she’s offering, we’ll be out of here in a few days.”

“I would do anything to make you happy,” Jack offered.

“And I would do anything to make you happy,” Jamie agreed. “As long as we live for each other and not ourselves, there’s nothing this thing can do to us that really matters.”

Gentle Reader,

Despite their gossamer wings and delicate appearance, the habits and techniques of Faeries are more akin to the deadliest of spiders than to their buzzing prey. The best ones know how to sit in wait for days, becoming part of the environment, until something buzzes along and gets stuck in their web.

The Miller Manor, some might say, was Mathair’s web. And so, as she stormed off to the top of the stairs, into what were her own chambers, she did more than just fume and pout at her failed attempt to bring the two little darling mortals to heel. Oh she also fumed, gentle reader, be sure of that; Faeries have never been particularly good sports, especially when they were losing- but she also sat in wait, and listened for what insight the two lovers might yet bestow on her. She did not truly believe she’d have trouble bending their wills, but she did allow them this unsupervised time to talk, and to give away secrets, just in case.

There was no “baby monitor” in the house: It’s often the tiniest, yet vital, details that go unnoticed by the Fair Folk. She had thought to replicate cribs, diapers, wipes, a changing table, diaper pail, swinging chairs, high chairs, bottles, baby food, rattles, teething rings, toys, playpens and mats, mobiles, and closets full of adorable clothes. She had more than enough glamour for that, and had long ago devised how to incorporate her magicks into them to get the desired effects.

A baby monitor though: A device meant to listen in on children while their parents were out of ear shot; a little gizmo meant to give parents a sense of safety while they’re children learned to sleep in their own cribs; Mathair didn’t have one of those. To be fair, there’s very little practical evidence suggesting that baby monitors actually accomplish anything other than giving parents the “luxury” of putting their baby’s room on the other side of the house so that they have longer to walk for those middle of the night feedings.

Baby monitors don’t really help prevent much of anything in terms of child safety, really. The parents got a false sense of security, but not much else. If death was going to come to a child’s crib, it was going to come quickly, quietly, and with no warning; monitored or not. But even that was telling. It made the parents worry less so that they might sleep better.

Highchairs, cribs, playpens, and all other manner of infantile devices provided safety through confinement and restraint. The Faerie understood confinement. Worry though? Love? Not as much as she feigned. She had had so many full grown infants under her care, she had lost count. If something unforeseen happened to her babies, she’d just lure in new ones and take care of them. All would be well as it always had been.

Besides, she didn’t really need a baby monitor. She heard everything, felt everything, saw everything that went on inside the house. Even as the diapered lovers conspired to keep their sanity, every hushed whisper and assurance they gave to each other traveled up the stairs and down the hall into her ears as clearly as if they were whispering to her and not each other.

“As long as we live for each other and not ourselves, there’s nothing this thing can do to us that really matters.”

Jamie’s words to her partner skittered up the stairs and into the wyrd woman’s ears like a centipede on cocaine. Those words left a bad taste in her ears, they did. She had heard those words of encouragement, or words like them, anyways whispered by her babies to each other for the longest time. They had never bothered her before. But that’s because she had never had anything to lose. Bedtime stories were just bedtime stories that the little darlings told themselves. Let them play grown-up for a few more years. The fact that they weren’t grown up would settle in eventually.

But soon enough might not come for these two. Soon enough might be a day too late. She frowned at that. The thought of not mothering these two was so antithetical to her being, that

she became worried. What if they did leave her at the end of these three days? What if their love for each other was stronger than their love for her? They'd leave her.

Yes, she could always find more, and she wouldn't be stupid enough to make a bet with their replacements, but she'd always know that Jack and Jamie were out there...not loving her!

Mathair began pacing the floor, working herself into a frenzy. Faeries are, as a rule, gentle reader, not rational beings. Rationality requires the kind of consistent reality that just doesn't typically apply to those strange creatures.

"How dare they!" Mommy Mathair snarled to herself. She'd known them since they were babies. She'd fed them, burped them, changed their diapers. She'd put a roof up over their heads. And they want to leave her at the first opportunity, after all she'd given them?!

"THOSE! UNGRATEFUL! LITTLE! BRATS!" The house, thankfully, did not allow those sounds to reach Jack and Jamie's ears, lest their wills be strengthened by their captor's frustration that her first gambit had failed so miserably.

Mathair stopped and shuddered. An emotional orgasm gushed through her whole being. What a rush! The thought that she might lose was exhilarating. This is why Rumpelstiltskin played his name games! This is why the Black Faerie gave Briar Rose's parents over a decade to prepare for their daughter pricking her finger on the spindle of a spinning wheel.

"I'm going to win," the Faerie promised herself. "I just don't know how."

And so the day went on, gentle reader, as all expected: Madam Mathair returned after the allotted hour had passed and changed her little darling's diapers. Begrudgingly, they allowed themselves to be stripped, have their most intimate of parts cleaned and then diapered again so that the process would repeat itself several more times throughout the day.

She made it quite enjoyable, she knew- a mother can always tell these things- but it didn't make a difference. She gave them rattles that stimulated the very pleasure center of their brains when shaken. Nothing. They shook it, smiled, drooled even, and then put it down.

She gave them more of the finest food human tongues could taste. They devoured the stuff, and mewled like kittens as they nursed on their bottles, but they never demanded more than what was offered.

She read them stories that when told made them cry, both tears of sadness and joy as the plot demanded it. At one point, both laughed so hard, that they wet themselves and sincerely begged her to continue the story, so they could hear the end of it. But as soon as the story was done, so were they.

When she put them down for their afternoon naps, she made sure to fill their dreams with pleasant memories of infancy, all with her as their mother. They weren't Jack and Jamie's memories, to be sure, but maybe if they saw the world through some of her previous charges eyes, they might awaken to the possibilities she offered.

Mathair positioned herself over their cribs so that she was the first thing that they saw upon waking. She was rewarded with a brief smile...that was cut short as soon as the couple looked at each other. Jack's smile transformed into a muted scowl while Jamie gave her nothing at all.

The rocking horse that gave its rider the thrill akin to riding a roller coaster was a complete hit, until it wasn't. The teddy bear that made you feel complete dreamy bliss was perfect, but not preferable to each other's warm embrace.

The bath she gave them was cleansing and relaxing, as were the footed pajamas that she dressed them in for the night. But she could sense that they felt no real gratitude, no real love for her or her actions.

Every parenting trick she knew was having no lasting effect on them. All the young lovers would have to do is look each other in the eyes, and communicate silently that they still loved each other, and their bond would be renewed.

They were supposed to be becoming addicted! But how could they become addicted to her when they were already addicted to each other?

Those words: "As long as we live for each other, and not ourselves, there's nothing this thing can do to us that really matters." They kept bouncing around in her head. "Live for each other." Yes, that was the problem. These two mortals had actually stumbled upon something resembling true love. They thought they loved each other, more than they loved themselves.

These two were becoming less and less like proper babies. Proper babies were so wonderfully self-centered that they were almost Fae like. Jack and Jamie had seemed like such good choices in that regard with their excitement for all of the amenities the house offered. But the trauma of finding themselves prisoners had changed that, or had at least brought something to the surface that she had not noticed before.

Selfless love. How did that work? How could she counter their love for each other?

But were her newest charges selflessly in love? Was there such a thing as selfless love? Clearly they were getting something out of their arrangement that Mother Mathair had yet to provide them. How to break it? How to break it?! She would need to break it if they were ever going to love her.



And then, as Jack and Jamie slept, confined in their separate cribs, hands dangling between the bars and drooping down the side, as they had lost consciousness reaching for each other, Mommy Mathair had an idea.

Why break that connection, when she could use it?

Gentle Reader,

It was Ivan Pavlov that first noticed that his dogs began drooling every time a bell rang, regardless if he brought them food. Their brains and bodies, not their conscious minds, had learned that the chiming of the bell above Pavlov's kennel door heralded nourishment and their bodies reacted to it. Classical conditioning, they called it.

B.F. Skinner took it a step further and formulated and formalized the theories of operant conditioning, behaviorism, and reinforcement. He was once quoted as saying, "I did not direct my life. I didn't design it. I never made decisions. Things always came up and made them for me."

These men were among the most brilliant minds of their respective generations and it took mankind close to two thousand years after the birth of the Christ child to realize the fundamental existential truth that Madam Mathair of the Faerie had known her entire existence: There is no such thing as free will. Everything you are and do is a result of factors that are outside of your control that shape your conscious and unconscious thought.

The Lords of Fate and Hearth wanted their stories told a certain way, and if you were a character in their stories, you really had very little say, ultimately about where you ended up. The only benefit that a heightened sense of awareness and advanced cognition gave you, is you could sometimes see the strings pulling you and controlling your actions. But what good was it, really, if the train could see the tracks? There's so little that is in our control.

Jack and Jamie had no control, gentle reader. They were unable to control their tongues well enough to speak, save when Mommy Mathair allowed it. They were unable to control their bladders at all. They could not feed themselves. They could not dress themselves. They had no true independence that any society would value. They had no control over their bodies, yet suffered the delusion that they might yet control their own destinies and avoid becoming Mommy Mathair's next generation of lovely little darling babes.

They believed, through the benefit of some delusion called "true love", that they gave each other strength. They held each other sacred above all else. They had endured the myriad of temptations and pleasures that the wyrd woman had offered and forced upon them because of each other. As long as one could endure, the other could endure. They were Pluto and Charon; constantly rotating around each other in a kind of dance around an invisible center point that only each other saw.

They were the last thing each other saw as they closed their eyes from the previous night, and the first thing each other saw as they awoke in their cribs on the second morning; bodies refreshed and diapers wet. They dreamed of each other, and only each other. It was almost as if they had never broken eye contact at all.

“Good morning, my little darlings,” the strange blue woman glided into the room the very second they were both awake. “Did you sleep well?” As had been their strategy for much of the previous day, the two lovers barely acknowledged their jailer. The wyrd woman didn’t seem to mind as much, this time, however. Instead, the cribs merely trotted over to the large changing table.

They were unnerved by the jaunty tune she hummed while her fingers nimbly changed their diapers. Jack even managed a blush as her pale blue digits wiped away his morning wood. Both of them squirmed as the Faerie went about the business of cleaning them and then slathering on a strange, almost greenish cream on their genitals and anus. This was new, but just as the day before, they stared into each other’s eyes for comfort, not even needing words. In forty-eight hours they’d be free.

“Your new Mommy has a special day planned for you,” the Faerie announced in the sing-song tone reserved for true children. “You’re going to get to pretend to be a big boy and a big girl for a little bit today.”

Jack’s eyebrows arched in curiosity. Had they won already? Not likely. This must be some new way meant to entice them; to have them embrace the blue lady with the gossamer wings instead of each other. He’d have to be on guard, and perhaps, he thought devilishly, look for the opportunity to throw this defiantly into her face.

Jamie’s eyes narrowed. Nothing this thing offered could be good or as it seemed. Faeries were tricksters at their core. But what trick could she be possibly pulling? What deception yet loomed?

“Don’t be too excited, dearies,” Mommy Mathair taunted as the animate highchairs came and collected them. “You’ll still be wearing diapers. Mommy’s just going to test you. Perhaps you’re bigger than you seem to Mommy. But she’ll tell you all about it after breakfast.”

Other than the near instinctual mewling over the delicious food and the release of tension with the soothing milk, there was no talk during what passed for breakfast. For the young husband and wife, it wasn’t a matter of choice; they had none. Their captor, meanwhile contented herself with feeding them via enchanted spoons that served them their delicious slop with the slightest twitches of her wrists. And did she ever seem content, Jamie noted.

When the meal was done, and both her charges were full to the belly, the Faerie directed the lovers' attention towards the floor beneath them. Like a zit forming from the linoleum, a solid opaque bubble rose up from the ground, warping and shaping like a tumor. Then, with a sickening squelch, the floor gave birth to a distinct, and separate form.

Laying in front of the couple was a large plastic bowl. Its color was the same almost sickening pastel pea green hue as the paste that was slathered onto their posteriors. It had no proper backing to it, but the rim was wide enough to sit on comfortably, not unlike a toilet seat. There were two white circles with black dots near one end that looked vaguely like eyes, and a pinkish reddish line at the other end approximated a smile. In another era, before indoor plumbing and with slightly different materials, this might be considered a chamber pot. But to the two infantilized millennials, it was quite clear what it was to be called today.

"This, my darlings," the Faerie gestured to the plastic bowl, "is a potty. It's what big kids use when they have to go pee-pee and poo-poo, instead of their diapers" Jack instinctively rolled his eyes and grumbled at this demeaning display.

"Now, I see you rolling your eyes, Jack" the white haired wyrd woman shook her finger at him, "but if you're going to be a big boy you're going to have to use the potty. I know it's scary not using your diapers, and I know how much you've enjoyed them," she teased, throwing a suggestive glance towards his crotch. "But if I'm going to send my darling babies out into the world, I have to know you're ready to use the potty."

"I bet you won't even use the potty once, you big baby," she condescendingly tousled Jack's hair. Jack's lips drew back in a disgusted snarl.

"Abba!" Jamie warned, gaining Jack's attention. Jack immediately reined in his emotions and steeled himself against the Faerie's tauntings.

"I beg your pardon, Jamie darling?" Mathair turned her attention to the calmer of the two. Jamie immediately shut her mouth and averted her gaze. Unconsciously, her eyes darted towards her waist towards her diaper. "Go on, use your words," she coaxed. Jamie bit into her tongue. She knew she had none.

The promise of urinating in someplace other than her pants was likely a red herring, Jamie consoled herself. A trick of psychology, most likely. Step one, promise them access to a simple adult activity. Step two, set them up to fail, make them question their own capabilities. Make them doubt their own maturity and whether or not they truly are babies on the inside or some such nonsense. Step three, hammer it home and make being an eternal infant the most attractive and seemingly logical option. It didn't take a rocket scientist to see where this was going. Yesterday, Mathair had taken the half-step of simply enticing them to stay in the cradle till their graves. Today, Jamie realized, would be the real war.

“Ah yes,” Madam Mathair smiled, as if reading Jamie’s mind. “There is that little matter of your control, isn’t there? It wouldn’t be fair if I offered you potty training and did not give you any actual control, would it? Bad form. Bad form, indeed.” The Fae took an unneeded breath, drinking in the moment. “Therefore,” she continued, “I will be leveling the playing field a bit. I’m giving each just enough control so that you can consciously, but decisively make a choice. You will be able to use the potty like a big boy and girl, or make uh-ohs in your diapees. Now, isn’t that nice of me?”

Jack sucked in his breath and cast an anxious glance towards his wife.

“What’s her game?” He asked without asking.

“Some trick,” she answered wordlessly. “Be ready.”

“Okay.”

“I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

This silent communication, using the barest of glances and wordless gestures and nods, did not go unnoticed.

Then they both turned their gaze towards the plastic pot and the floor, waiting to be released so whatever circus the Faerie had planned could get underway.

“Oh, before I forget,” Madam Mathair interrupted their train of thought. “Since you’re going to be treated like a big boy and big girl, I think you each should dress the part. That caught the couple off guard. For the last twenty-four hours, only the crinkling plastic prison wrapped around their nether regions had clothed them. Modesty had all but been discarded as they helplessly wet themselves and babbled reassurances to each other.

“Little ladies first,” Mathair grinned, picking up Jamie out of her high chair. “Let’s go get my big girl dressed for the day.” As Jamie was carried upstairs to their infantile bedroom, Jack was left to sit and wait in his highchair. Awkwardly, he reached down past the tray- it let him this time, thank goodness- and gave the front of his crotch an experimental squeeze.

Yesterday he hadn’t thought much about his diaper. He had freedom to secure and infantile madness and mindsets to stave off. If he was going to wet himself, he was going to wet himself. What went on in his diaper had literally been the least of his problems. Now, in the back of his mind, he was ever so slightly nervous. Now, he had the potential to fail.

He shook his head at that. It was some trick of the house's magic causing him to feel suddenly so off center. This was no different at its core than the other machinations of the past twenty-four hours. Just as before, Mathair would start strong, and then the wyrd woman would just peter out, lacking the originality of human creativity or the persistence of the human heart.

He didn't need his wife to tell him this was some kind of manipulation to make him abandon adulthood in trade for some safer, cuddlier, less responsible, more care free life. Hold up. He couldn't have come up with those thoughts on his own. Right? Right. Right? Then Jack shuddered again as he realized he had been thinking of the diaper he wore as "his". This manipulation might be far more subtle than he realized.

Nervously, instinctively, Jack glanced over to Jamie so that he might refocus himself. Her calm, reassuring eyes was all he needed. Jamie wasn't there, though. She was getting dressed by Mathair, and Jack had only the house and his own, suddenly errant thoughts to keep him company for the time being. It was only then that the first of Mathair's subtle manipulations became evident to Jack.

"Gaaaa booo!" Jack yelled as he angrily slammed his high chair's feeding tray. The words "That bitch" were unavailable to him for the time being. So "Gaaaa booo!" would have to do.

"Oh I think you'll look just adorable in this little outfit," Mathair cooed as she pulled the light blue babydoll dress over Jamie's head, working her little girl's arms into the sleeves. The top of the dress didn't completely conceal the diaper she had on, still dry for the time being, and Jamie knew that was on purpose.

"Let's not forget these," the blue woman held up a matching diaper cover with white ruffles on the bottom that matched the lace trimming on her new dress's collar and sleeves. "They're not proper big girl panties, I know, but then again, you're not a proper big girl till you've used the potty, have you?" she cooed. "I don't think you'll be going potty today though."

Jamie didn't bother to respond and just allowed herself to be laid back as the diaper cover was slid up her legs and secured around her waist. She was in ragdoll mode and passively resisting while keeping her mental guard up. Gandhi would have been proud. Gandhi wore a diaper, too, Jamie mused. Not really, but that was the joke. Then again, Gandhi only had to deal with British Imperialists, not magical creatures that weren't supposed to really exist in this day and age.

Jamie was tugged into a sitting position, and suppressed a shudder as the vile thing that played at being a mother put matching blue ribbons in her luxurious blond hair, tying them up into pigtails.

"Oh yes, Jamie, one more thing about the potty," said the blue woman with the purple eyes as she shifted Jamie onto her hip. "Big girls deserve to know the whole truth. If you go potty like a

big girl...” And then she whispered the rest into Jamie’s ear. Jamie’s eyes went wide with dread.

Jack’s eyes bugged out in surprise as his wife was carried back into his line of sight. Somehow, with the ribbons and childish dress and, not to mention the frilly panties covering the diaper, Mathair had managed to make Jamie seem even more childish than the previous day when she had been nude save for her diaper.

An adult in a diaper was still just an adult in a diaper, regardless of the childish decorations on the front. Psychologically, it could be written off, or blocked out. But with the rest of the ensemble, Jamie became that much more committed and cemented in the role. It didn’t matter that Jamie hadn’t made the commitment herself. Jack couldn’t help but stare.

The blue woman with the violet eyes sat Jamie down on the rainbow colored play mat in front of the television. “Wait here, darling. I have to get your brother dressed for the day,” Mathair patted the young woman on the head, before straightening out her pigtails. Both husband and wife visibly bristled at the implication that they were siblings.

“Had the Miller’s been siblings?” they each thought in turn. “Probably not.” Mathair’s wings buzzed a little bit as she stood back up. She held out her hand, and from Jamie’s abandoned highchair tray, her pacifier zipped into the Faerie’s outstretched hand like a certain laser sword traveling to a magical space monk. Then, with a flourish befitting a stage magician, Mathair withdrew a bit of pink ribbon with a clip that attached itself to the rubber soother. Delicately, she clipped the pacifier onto Jamie’s waiting dress.

“Now you be good, dear. We’ll start your potty training once Jack is all dressed. Won’t that be lovely?”

Jamie sat on the mat while her husband was carted off, likely to be dressed in an outfit just as toddlerish as her own. Perhaps a faux sailor suit or some other such nonsense. As Mathair’s footsteps clicked upstairs- a queer affectation meant to make Jamie feel like she was alone she knew; the Faerie could glide across the room soundlessly if she so desired- Jamie saw something pea green in the corner of her eye. It was the oversized child’s potty, now directly behind her and just on the periphery of the play mat.

She stared at the thing in revulsion. She shouldn’t have been surprised that the thing had moved from where it had been birthed on the kitchen floor. Everything about this house moved when it was convenient for its mad goddess. Everything flew, or trotted, or scooted as Mathair required it to. Jamie suspected that even the diapers they wore, if they didn’t just materialize where they were needed, would flap over from the changing table in the nursery like bats and unfold themselves neatly beneath Jack and Jamie’s waiting rumps if the Faerie had so wished it.

Everything went according to Mathair's wishes. The animate furniture was little more to Mathair than a child's imaginary friend or dolls, Jamie realized. It could be fun for a time, but at the end of the day you were really just talking to yourself, weren't you?

Mathair needed the human interaction; something that she couldn't fully control to keep it interesting, lest she go completely mad. Making the couples she had imprisoned eternal infants was just how she justified keeping her human pets close by. Perhaps this Faerie was more emotionally a child than the mother she pretended to be. But that didn't matter right now. She could philosophize the wyrd woman's motives after this trial was over and she was free. Now, she was alone...with the potty.

What was particularly unnerving about the potty, though, was that Jamie hadn't noticed it before or heard it move. Every other piece of baby furniture had the decency to make a sound of some sort, announcing its presence, proclaiming its unnatural "life".

Even the floating spoons that fed them the ambrosial mush from the hovering baby food jars had a quiet humming sound that you could only really hear when you were completely silent: Like the buzz of fluorescent lights, or central air conditioning. You couldn't even really hear it when you were swallowing the delicious blue goop, but if you concentrated between gulps, you could at least hear something.

The potty, though, just seemed to appear behind her, like the creepy doll in every bad horror movie. Whether it glided there or teleported, Jamie couldn't be sure. It just wasn't there when she was placed down on the mat, and now it was. She thought about what Mathair had hissed into her ear before being carried back and rested on the mat. This was going to be an attempt at training, alright, but not potty training.

What would she do when the time came? Would she and Jack accept the consequences of going to the potty, or for the first time would purposefully choose to debase herself? Which was the more "adult" thing to do? She didn't know. She didn't know, but the potty lurked behind her, asking her. "What will you do?"

She couldn't make this decision alone. She needed Jack for this. She needed his consent, with or without words. And right now she was alone...with the potty, its dull lifeless eyes on the rim somehow being able to stare into her even though they were logically pointed straight up at the sealing, just waiting for a bare ass to smother them and blind them.

Jamie did the only thing she could and turned her back to the infernal chamber pot, turning her attention to the powered down television set in front of her. With nothing else to do, and still with the feeling of being watched, she popped her pacifier into her mouth and inspected herself.

The diaper she wore still crinkled as she shifted her weight on the mat and examined herself. It was a shame really. It was almost an "out of sight out of mind" thing. Except it wasn't. Thanks

to the light perfume of the baby powder, the constant crinkling at the slightest movement, and the comfortable padding spreading her legs apart and cushioning her bottom, not to mention the obvious bulge from beneath her ruffled panties, the diaper was never completely out of Jamie's mind. She was just as babyish now as she had been the day before.

Still...the dress was cute, she admitted to herself. Simple and not too flashy, but just a little bit of lace to accentuate it. If she didn't have to worry about constantly flashing her panties every time she moved, she might have worn something similar in public. She blushed at the thought of strangers seeing her underwear every time she bent over or sat down. Actually, with the thickness of the diaper she was wearing, most people would see her underwear even if she was standing perfectly straight.

The matching ruffled panties helped a bit though, she admitted. They vaguely reminded her of the matching panties and short skirts that cheerleaders wore. One Halloween, she had dressed up as the "sexy cheerleader", and it about drove Jack crazy with lust.

Really though, Jamie considered herself more of a quiet bookworm than the wild and crazy girl. In college she had preferred the quiet evening home with close friends instead of the loud party with strangers. On paper, she and Jack shouldn't have clicked nearly as much as they did. It really was a miracle that she had decided to get dragged along to that party where she met her future husband. Perhaps they had been fated to be together after all.

She mused over her outfit and increasingly became pleased with it the more she thought of it. It was a little silly, but it wasn't bad, really. She crinkled as she moved to her knees so she could look, lift the back of her dress up and inspect the back of her baby panties. Not bad. Not bad at all. Why didn't grown women's underwear have more frills? It was kind of neat. The little flourishes and ruffles on her outfit, now that she thought about it actually, made her feel more delicate and pretty; more feminine; more of a girly girl in a good way.

Her outfit still wasn't complete, though. Her feet were still bare. Maybe some matching socks with frills around the ankles and some black Mary Jane leather shoes. That could work and compliment the outfit nicely. She smiled behind her pacifier at this thought.

Maybe she'd look into finding clothes like this once their freedom had been secured. From the way that he stared when the Faerie carried her out, Jack was clearly impressed with how she looked. She might not ever wear these things in public, but in the comfort of her own home...she stopped herself right there. Where were these thoughts coming from?

Bile rose up in Jamie's throat. These weren't her own thoughts. They couldn't be. They just couldn't be. Was her will being manipulated so that she liked this? The other strange alien thoughts had come immediately after some sort of stimuli, and they resembled more the mind's incessant ramblings and fleeting fantasies while drunk or high. This...this felt natural and logical...this line of thought felt...right; and that's what made it so wrong.



Had the blue Faerie found a loophole? She didn't have some kind of predisposition to these thoughts, did she? Was that why she and Jack had been chosen as Mathair's latest victims?

Almost instinctively, she looked around for Jack. She longed to see his eyes and draw strength from him as he drew restraint from her. Jack was still nowhere to be found. How long had she been left alone to think? She felt what might have been phantom pains from her bladder, and glanced nervously at the potty just on the edge of the play mat. What would she do if she suddenly needed to pee? What should she do?

Was this part of Mathair's plans? Was she stalling getting Jack dressed so that the element of choice and consent were taken from the couple when it came time for Jamie to decide? Or was Jack allowing himself to be coaxed and baited by the blue Faerie and struggling futilely so that she had a reason to dawdle and let her perverted version of nature take its course? Either one was likely. Very likely, in fact.

Jamie spit out her pacifier in disgust before proclaiming, "Gaaaa booo!"

"Oh this is just so cute," Madam Mathair held up a large pair of fire engine shortalls in front of Jack. "Don't you agree, Jack?"

Jack sat upright on the changing table, wearing nothing but a dark blue t-shirt and his diaper, arms crossed and staring daggers at his captor.

"Oh look," the wyrd woman pressed on, pointing to some snap buttons along the inseam. "How clever! These little snaps will make it so that I can change your diaper without having to take your clothes off." She pinched his cheek and cooed condescendingly, "That way you can look like a big strong, pants wearing man until it's time to change you. That's even better than how Jamie's dressed," she taunted. "I'll still get to...I mean I have to take her panties off before I can have my fun with her."

It took everything Jack had in him not to leap and attack Mathair like a rabid animal, right then and there. How dare she?!

"Or if you wanted to," Mathair baited Jack, as she turned the shortalls over in her hands, "I could dress you up in something a little less manly." Fire engine red turned to light pink as the Faerie twisted and wrung the garment in her hand and took the shape of a dress. "You can even have matching panties," she offered, "with lace and little ruffles and everything. I could always have two baby girls."

Jack couldn't help but flinch in alarm at the prospect. His pride not allowing him to remain sullen but stoic as he had managed to up until this point.

“No?” she asked. Jack shook his head vigorously. “Fine,” she sighed. “Back to pretend big-boy pants it is.” She shook the pink dress out like she was shaking out a blanket and folded and wrinkled back into a large pair of red shorts. Jack let himself sigh in relief.

He hated how helpless he felt right then. He was supposed to be the strong one, the aggressive one, the provider and protector; and all of this baby shit was anathema to every part of that identity. He wasn't supposed to need diapers, or enjoy playing with baby toys, or being spoon fed. Even if the enjoyment was being magically forced on him, he was supposed to be strong enough to resist it.

It was Jamie who kept him strong, he knew. Jamie who was helping him build up his emotional walls and defenses. He was strong for her. He always had been. Deep down he wanted to be weak, in some way. He wanted to ride the highs and lows of his emotions, however they came to him. He wanted to enjoy the pampering and physical and emotional stimulus being given to him. He wanted to get drunk off of irresponsibility. But that was weakness, his ego told him, and now was not the time for weakness. Perhaps later.

He wanted to attack his tormentor who kept him in diapers and cribs and was now dressing him and his wife like a couple of two year olds. He wanted to give in to those seemingly manly emotions of blood lust and vengeance and anger; but that lack of control, as manly as it might seem, was little more than a very large temper tantrum to the likes of their tormentor. Even anger, as empowering as it might seem, was a weakness in this house.

Yesterday, Jamie's strategy of emotional distance from their jailer coupled with emotional support from each other had proved the superior one. So, with or without her- a paradoxical thought indeed- he would stay the course. He would be a man, not a child, and see this gambit through to the best of his ability. He would be there for his wife and provide in any and every way he could. He was a man. Not a baby.

“It's so sweet how you're still pretending to be a big boy,” Mathair cooed as she fastened the garment over him, each snap around his legs and nether regions going off like a gunshot in his ears. “If you were a big boy, you wouldn't have been married and living off your old Mommy and Daddy's charity. You could've at least gotten an apartment or something.”

That last comment stung. Even as he had justified it to himself due to economic stressors, Jack always had felt like less of a man for not having his own place for him and Jamie. Deep down, that insecurity that had begun to sound to him more and more like a fundamental truth, was what had made Jack leap into this trap and drag Jamie into it with him.

“Well, we'll see how much of a big boy you are,” Mommy Mathair chuckled as she finished dressing Jack up. “I predict that you won't even have the guts to use the potty unless I place you on it myself. You're a fun little boy, Jack, and I look forward to being your mommy, but

you're not a risk taker, darling. Just do yourself a favor and go in your pants when the opportunity presents itself."

Jack just stared defiantly at her, refusing to break eye contact. Whatever game was playing this day, she wouldn't win. She didn't win the first day, and he wouldn't give her the second. Then the third would come, and he'd get to forget this whole mess ever happened.

"Oh yes, Jack, one more thing about the potty," said the blue woman with the purple eyes as she shifted Jack onto her hip. "Big boys deserve to know the whole truth. If you go potty like a big boy..." And then she whispered the rest into Jack's ear. Jack's blood boiled with anger. The gauntlet was thrown and the challenge accepted.

"Here we are," the blue Faerie announced as she came down the stairs, Jack on her hip. She placed him down next to Jamie and the two took a moment to take each other in. Somehow, he too felt more infantile than before in this new garb. Men, if they were cocky and confident might walk around clad in nothing but a diaper, and still retain their machismo. Little boys and babies were dressed in bright red toddler shortalls.

Jack was instantly uncomfortable. Worse yet, as he moved around, and shifted on the play mat for those first few awkward seconds, he noticed that all of his discomfort was psychological in nature. Everything about the outfit was amazingly comfortable. It was roomy in all the right places and felt sturdy, yet gentle. This was a play outfit, meant to be run around and even rolled around in.

He briefly imagined himself playing football in this outfit, and the only thing that caused him pause was imagining his friends pointing and laughing at him. In his mind's eye, his friends all mocked him, pointed and laughed at his crotch as he realized that even in his mind's eye, his crotch was beneath the outfit; the tell-tale bulge of his diaper noticeable even under the extra clothing.

With no pacifier within his reach to seek comfort, Jack fought the urge to pop his thumb in his mouth and contented himself to sucking on his teeth.

Jamie stared at Jack, still blushing, and felt a heat within herself. She didn't see Jack like this often. He seemed exposed, and vulnerable. It was cute, and kind of attractive, actually. It was like the sweet guy, the teddy bear, the goofy little kid underneath the sweat, adrenaline, and raw energy had finally been exposed. Jamie liked what she saw, and smiled.

Jack was too caught up in himself to notice the awestruck look in Jamie's eyes. Jamie, for her part, still looked beautiful to him. She could make anything, even a dress like the one she wore, look sexy, without even intentionally trying. She had always been the pretty girl that didn't know how pretty she really was. Jack loved that about her, but took it for granted, caught up in his own self-esteem issues.

Mommy Mathair's jabs at his lack of courage, about his inability to be a "big boy" and truthfully provide for his wife echoed between his ears. He had expected to be tormented about some magically induced inability to piss in a pot, but not his real life failure to move out of his parents' house. How had she even known that? What eldritch forces gave her that knowledge? Could she read minds?

She smiled, bashfully. He blushed, shamefully. For the first time since they had woken up in diapers yesterday, they were too caught up in their own thoughts to be properly in sync with each other.

"Now before we begin your first attempts at potty training," Mommy Mathair broke their concentration, "I have to check to see if you're wet. No sense in potty training you if you're already wet." In truth, this was hardly necessary. Even when their bladders were as weak as actual infants, they were still able to distinguish between wet and dry, and all three of them knew.

Still, their diapers were checked. The Faerie gave both their crotches and their bottoms a squeeze, and stuck her fingers in the leggings of their diapers to check for wetness. Jamie had the back of her dress hiked up so that the wyrd woman could pull back the waistband of her panties and diaper and look inside. Nimble azure fingers popped open Jack's crotch snaps and reached inside his diaper, before being sealed up again.

"Still clean," Mommy Mathair grinned down at them. "We're off to a good start, my little darlings." The words were not spoken as such, but the message and the intent was clear: Their clothes were but a formality; an illusion. They still had no privacy, no control but for what their jailer allowed them.

"Now, I know you two are both confused about how to use the potty, because you're so little," The Faerie spoke down to them, "So I found a little video to help explain it so that you can understand it." She gave them each one last condescending pinch on their cheeks and then glided behind them as the T.V. turned itself on.

Jack and Jamie craned their necks up from their seats on the floor to watch the latest torture that the azure lady with the white hair had concocted for them.

It was a cartoon, apparently. The two dimensional setting was a child's nursery. There was a plain white crib, and a window with a light blue sky was behind the crib, and not much else. A flat, cartoon monkey wearing a diaper jerkily wobbled out onto the center of the screen.

Jack and Jamie stared confused and bemused. Blue's Clues had better production value than this. What in the hell did the Fae woman plan to accomplish with this nonsense?

“Bibbo is a baby,” a deep, masculine voice from off screen narrated. “Bibbo’s Mommy loves him as a baby and takes care of his every need.” A slightly larger, poorly animated monkey in a pink skirt hobbled onto the screen. The “Mommy” figure, obviously.

“This is the way it has always been,” the narrator continued. Jack and Jamie watched in complete silence, their faces masks of confusion, as for several minutes, the cartoon mother went through a poorly animated pantomime of generic baby tasks. The baby monkey was spoon fed, bottle fed, burped, and changed, all of it done in animation that was shaky and sketchy. There were no spoken words, only a generic mellow bass line with a cheery xylophone accompaniment

“BUT,” the narrator’s voice interrupted as the Mommy Monkey finished diapering her baby. “Bibbo’s Mommy has arbitrarily decided that she doesn’t love Bibbo enough to baby him anymore. He is no longer a treasure to his mommy, but an investment for the future. He must now begin a several decade’s long indoctrination into society called growing up, and the first step in this indoctrination is called POTTY TRAINING!”

The last two words blared across the screen in enormous, yellow letters as the narrator’s voice was amplified and deepened into a menacing bellow. The Mother Monkey ripped off the diaper that ‘Baby Bibbo’ was wearing, causing the cartoon monkey’s smile to turn upside down.

“From now on,” the narrator continued while his mother callously slapped her animated son off the changing table and onto the pastel carpeted floor, “he will be shunned for a behavior that he has been led to believe is considered normal and natural for him since the day he was born.”

“Rather than relieve himself, stress free, into an absorbent and comfortable undergarment that only he is wearing,” the narrator rambled on as the mother brought a suspiciously familiar looking green training potty onto screen, “Bibbo is going to be potty trained. This means he is going to be taught to piss and shit into a communal bowl where he will be exposed to the bacteria and stink left behind by other people’s excrement.” The mother put the little monkey onto the training potty, and the monkey began to cry, while the mother monkey crossed her arms and smiled.

“Also, Bibbo is going to simultaneously learn shame and embarrassment about his body. It’s wrong now for people to see his genitals.” The little monkey looked down at himself and his cheeks blushed bright pink. “But, he can only wear a single thin layer of cloth to obscure them, maybe two if he’s lucky.” Underwear was quickly pasted onto the animated cub. Bright blue question marks appeared above his head.

“But don’t worry, Bibbo,” the narrator spoke, “You won’t have any more diaper changes, but there’ll be plenty of other changes coming your way. You’ll be losing your crib, too.” Instantly, the crib in the background vanished in a puff of smoke.

“Also, in the near future, say goodbye to your high chair, your car seat and your stroller.” All three items slid into view before “poofing” off screen in a cloud of poorly animated smoke.

“Basically all of your worldly possessions and comforts are going to be taken away from you; all so that you can be a little more convenient to the people who decided that you should be born in the first place!”

“Eventually, they’ll try to kick you out,” the background slid out from behind the little monkey and was quickly replaced with a gray and dingy city street. Jack and Jamie couldn’t help but feel a little sad as it began cartoon raining on the little fur ball.

“Unless, of course, you’re a total loser who won’t survive without them,” The background shifted to an eerily familiar basement bedroom. Now, a gray haired Mommy Monkey stared at Baby Bibbo, her brow furrowed in disapproval. “Then they’ll take reluctant pity on you and shelter you while secretly hoping you leave them alone. The novelty of parenting has completely worn off.”

“And all of these changes to things you enjoy and have known all your life, start with potty training,” the narrator concluded. “So, boys and girls? Who’s ready to go potty?” The words ‘THE END’ in the same disgusting yellow font appeared on screen before the television turned off.

Jack and Jamie each looked each other in the eye and both thought the same thing: “What the fuck?!” What was this supposed to do? Make them scared of using the bathroom? Make them fear growing up? This ancient being that had captured and coerced them had mastered sensory and emotion altering magic and masked it with storytelling, and plush animals, rocking horses, and simple rattles; but she couldn’t make a damn cartoon.

Jack and Jamie looked at themselves and each other, each taking mental stock of their emotions and faculties. There was nothing different. No pleasant memories of infancy or random thoughts about how much easier it was before potty training; no deeply repressed memories of their toddler years or accidents in public; no particular distaste for the act of not peeing or shitting one’s self. Every other activity that they had experienced had been with the intent and affect to influence them. This cartoon, which couldn’t have been longer than fifteen minutes total, did nothing to them. But really, the movie did the one thing it was supposed to do, kill time.

Jamie was suddenly aware of an all at once familiar yet already half-forgotten sensation- the need to actively relieve herself. Her bladder felt stiff and ached like a bad back that had spent the last day in bed. She was filling up quickly. Like a bizarre kind of muscle memory, her body behaved like she was two and a half again. She climbed up to her knees and hunched over, her hands pressing against her crotch.

“Uh oh!” Mommy Mathair exclaimed immediately, “Looks like someone is doing the potty dance.” She smiled, wickedly. “Jamie, darling, do you need to go potty?”

Nervously, Jamie turned around and eyed the green plastic chamber pot on the floor in front of her. She bit her lip, and stiffened her neck to prevent herself from nodding an enthusiastic “Yes please!”. She wanted to go potty, she needed to. She craved it right then more than anything she could remember craving, and any second now, she would burst and wet herself if she didn’t act quickly.

“Just remember, big girls have to live with the consequence,” the blue woman hissed, sweetly. It was a not so gentle reminder of words whispered into her ear after she had finished being dressed.

Jack turned to Jamie, now sucking nervously on her pacifier, and made eye contact once more. Once more, they communicated with a few key gestures, body posture and looking into each other’s souls through the windows of their eyes.

“You know what she means, right?” Jamie asked

“Yeah.” Jack nodded

“What do you think I should do?”

“Your call.”

“I...I can’t.” Jamie’s eyes became teary.

“That’s fine. I won’t judge you.” Jack consoled her.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Jack scooted around so that his back was to his wife and closed her eyes. It was all the privacy he could give her. Jamie didn’t close her eyes so much as blink before the dam of her bladder finally let loose with what dignity she still had and she flooded her awaiting diaper; the warm wet liquid hugging up against her skin, greeting her, loving her. Tears flowed down her cheeks as she wet herself. Knowing that she had another option made it worse, even if she knew the alternative would have been unbearable for her.

Her mind reeling, but her body quivering with the most primal of pleasure, she let out an audible “Ahhhh” even as she shuddered in disgust and cried.

“Awww,” Mathair all but crooned. “It looks like little Jamie wasn’t a big girl, after all, was she? You didn’t want to potty after all, did you? No you didn’t! No you didn’t!”

Jamie for her part, quietly rolled into a ball and cried as the Fae woman taunted her.

Jack wanted to be angry. He really did. His blood wanted to boil over into blind rage. Rationally, he wanted to abandon rationality completely and rise up against her and his wife’s tormentor. But something was happening to him.

A familiar heat rose up inside him right as Jamie was wetting herself. His breathing picked up and blood rushed back to his penis as though each little red drop in his veins was racing to that singular point. He tingled inside, oh how he tingled! He throbbed and ached as every part of him that mattered to him cried out for release! Muscles tensed and pressure surged.

He was climbing the mountain and peaking at breakneck speed. For an instant, Jack was a male lion, all adrenaline and testosterone, all heat and lust, all man. Within seconds of his wife wetting her diaper, Jack was already convulsing on the floor in the greatest, most intense orgasm he had ever experienced in his life. Jamie might have been the one who chose to wet herself right then, but both of their diapers were filling up- hers with urine, his with cum.

“Oh, did I forget to mention that?” Mathair broke their reverie- hers of misery and his of ecstasy. “The diaper cream I put on you two this morning when I changed you prevents and soothes rashes, but it also has a neat temporary side effect. When one of you uses your diaper like a baby, the other uses it like a grown-up” She smiled, all teeth, purple eyes gleaming with manic delight as the two cradled themselves.

“I didn’t want that to affect your decision on whether you used the potty, though, darlings...till now anyways.” The wyrd woman glided over and gently rubbed Jamie’s shoulder. “Maybe I was wrong about you, Jamie. Maybe you are a big girl. After all, I think you just gave Jack the time of his life. Then again, maybe little Jack just doesn’t have the big boy stamina he thinks he does,” she snickered.

“So that’s how this round is played, my darlings.” Mathair went on as Jack pushed himself back into a sitting position, embarrassed and glistening with a light sweat. “But now the real question is this: what will Jack do? Will he return the favor and wet himself so that Jamie can get a different kind of wet? Or will he try to be a big boy and use the potty, consequences be damned?” she looked Jack right in the eye, daring him.

On cue, Jack felt his bladder filling up. Whether this was coincidence or the blue devil with the gossamer wings was speeding things along, it didn’t matter. The gauntlet had been thrown down. Challenge accepted. She was staring Jack in the face. He wanted to spit right in her eye, but he had a better idea.



“Don’t do it!” Jamie’s eyes begged from across the mat.

“I’ve got this, don’t worry,” Jack silently assured her.

“Please! Don’t! For me!”

“I’ve got to do this. I’m sorry.”

Jack stood up. He ripped open the crotch snaps on his shortalls and hiked them up above his waist. With one hand, he was suddenly able to undo the tapes on his diaper and let it fall to the ground like a dead leaf in autumn. Then, dick dangling in the air, he frog marched over to the waiting potty and pissed.

The sound of urine hitting plastic was instantly drowned out by a blood curdling scream. Jack had been expecting pain for this transgression, immense pain, in fact; mind numbing pain, even. But he was expecting his own pain. Instead, as his bladder emptied into the plastic bowl, the sound of his wife screaming echoed throughout the house.

“AAAAAOOOOOOW!” Jamie howled out in pain, writhing on the ground in complete agony. Her face scrunched up as if she were being tortured with red hot pokers. Her insides felt as if an ice cold sickle were rooting around inside of her. Her scream cut off abruptly as the pain refused to abide and she ran out of air with which to scream. Jamie’s lungs shook impotently, pleading for air that she was unable to draw in.

Jack just stared, dumbly, confused, peeing into the air.

Gentle reader,

Faeries are renowned tricksters, but not due to their ability to tell a lie. Far from it, most Faeries are terrible at telling falsehoods and tend to watch their words very carefully. It’s difficult to lie when almost anything you say can become reality. Falsehoods don’t remain so when the Lords of Fate and Hearth make every intended white lie become a bitter black truth.

But, Faeries are masterful at the art of lying through omission.

As she dressed Jamie for the day, Mathair had whispered to her, “If you go potty like a big girl, Jack will experience the most intense pain imaginable.”

When she was done dressing Jack as his toddler self, she amended her statement to the more ambiguous, but no less truthful, “If you go potty like a big boy, you will be punished.” As Jack finished emptying his bladder into the plastic bowl, he realized that this was his punishment.

The Faerie scooped up Jamie in an instant and began. Jamie was not crying. She was beyond tears. Instinctively, Jamie leaned into Mathair, clinging to her breasts for comfort as the pain began to subside.

“Jamie! Jamie!” Mommy Mathair cried, sounding every bit as startled and panicked as a real mother. “Are you okay dear? Please be okay! I am honestly surprised,” she rocked Jamie in her arms. “I had thought that Jack would have chosen to please you instead of spiting me. I wanted you to enjoy this, I really did! I am so sorry, my darling. That was wrong of me. I will never do that to you again. Never. I promise!” Alien pink tears splashed onto Jamie’s face from above, numbing the pain Jamie felt completely.

“Ba..buh..gaa...” Jack muttered incoherently as an invisible force laid him back down on the mat. His diaper slid back underneath him and refastened itself. Even if his speech hadn’t been robbed from him, Jack was so flabbergasted that he likely wouldn’t have been able to talk. “Jack!” the Fae woman barked. “Naughty stool! Now!” Jack felt the very floorboards grab and drag him to the corner. There might not have been a naughty stool before Mommy Mathair had spoken those words, but it existed now, and it waited for Jack in the corner of the room. Jack found himself, confined to the stool, his spine rigid with his bum stuck to the stool like flypaper. His back was turned away from the scene he had inadvertently created; unable to even silently apologize to his wife.

“I am so sorry that happened, darling.” Mathair gazed deeply into Jamie’s eyes. “Even I can’t control certain magics when they’re set into motion.” Jamie sniffled, but found herself nodding her understanding. Jack had always had a temper, and had finally let it get the best of his judgement.

The rational part of her brain knew this was some kind of Faerie trick. Jack never would knowingly hurt her. But her anger and pain wouldn’t allow her to excuse him so easily. He had a perfectly safe alternative that they could have both enjoyed. He was an idiot when it came to his pride: Quick to rush in, quick to anger, quick to act but reluctant to think. The act of cumming had made him even stupider, in hindsight. She still loved him, she knew, but right then she had lost a little respect for him.

“Here’s an idea,” Madam Mathair suggested. “You deserve a treat, dear. A big girl treat. And since he didn’t give it to you, why don’t you give it to yourself?” Much like a certain godmother on the night of the ball, the blue woman clapped her hands together, and as she separated them, she produced a wand. This wand, however was not magic, but battery powered. It did not sparkle, but it did buzz. It did not shoot mystical beams of enchantment but it could take it’s user off to a land of enchantment, if only in their imagination.

She offered the instrument out to Jamie, and greedily, she took it. Jack, still confined to the corner, heard the buzz from the wand and shifted uncomfortably in his seat. While his wife

moaned and masturbated, he felt little spurts of pee fill his diaper. As she became wetter and wetter, so did Jack.

As Jamie convulsed in pleasure on the floor, moaning to herself, her brain already making the unconscious connection between her wet diaper and her intense building orgasm- not unlike Pavlov's dogs and their infernal bell- Madam Mathair smiled. The real blow had been struck. The crack in their wall of resistance had been formed.

Gentle Reader,

Love is not an emotion, but a state of being. Love is not like other emotions that are fleeting and predictable and more often than not a direct and measurable response to stimuli. Few people ever ponder about the nature of embarrassment. Fewer still think of themselves as "in like" with someone. No one has ever kept themselves awake at night, tossing and turning, as they wonder "do they hate me like I hate them?"

There is also no one singular kind of love, either. The love for one's God is not the same as the love for one's country, is not the same for one's mate, is not the same for one's children. Yet they are all love. Some may be more intense than others, and one's priorities might shift, but the love is still there.

Love, it could be argued, is not something that goes away, either, but changes and mutates over time. Crotchety old men can still love their wives but admit that the old crones they're married to are not the same pretty young girls that they fell in love with a lifetime ago. A divorced couple might still love each other, even though they are not right for each other as lifelong companions. If not, perhaps they never truly loved each other to begin with and only realize that now that the pressure is on and the lust is gone.

That's another thing about love: Its presence is often attributed to thoughts, deeds, and places where it simply does not exist, making it fairly unique. "I thought I feared you, but I guess I was wrong," is not a phrase, save for perhaps satire.

And most importantly, gentle reader, love makes mortals do stupid, stupid things. A war that rocked the ancient world until it was ended by a wooden horse was waged for love. A minstrel journeyed into the Underworld and defied death for love. A girl from a perfectly respectable Venetian family faked her death-ultimately resulting in the death of her betrothed and the suicide of her star-crossed beau-for love. An old puppet maker journeyed out to sea and was swallowed by a whale for love.

Love is...complicated.

It is with that fact in mind that I ask you to not look unkindly upon the two lovers, Jack and Jamie.

After multiple orgasms at her own hands, Jamie lay lazily in her Faerie captor's arms, not quite dozing, and quietly and dreamily contemplating her situation. The pleasure that she had felt had only been rivaled by the pain that her hotheaded husband had accidentally inflicted upon her. But this delightful sensation, this rightness of being, definitely exceeded her torment of minutes ago. (Was it minutes? She had been so thoroughly enjoying rubbing herself through the wet padding of her very infantile looking diaper that she had lost track of time.) Perhaps the vibrating wand she held in her hand was a magic wand of sorts, after all.

Jack, meanwhile, cried quietly on the naughty stool in the corner. Each orgasm that rolled through Jamie's body caused him to uncontrollably wet himself further. They were connected in that way for the time being. He was acutely aware of how many times she had reached climax pleasuring herself in her plastic underwear while resting comfortably on Madam Mathair's lap. All things considered, the diaper was doing a marvelous job at containing Jack's liquid- though the distinct sloshing feeling Jack felt from the back to the front of his diaper told him that he was in desperate need of a new one. Very likely, he'd need some form of hydration soon, too.

Jack did not weep due to discomfort or embarrassment. He had already endured incontinence for more than twenty four hours without being particularly rattled by it beyond blushing and praying to any god that would listen that none of his friends would ever know about this. Knowing that each time his diaper grew damper was an indication that his wife was shunning him in favor of rubbing herself in their captor's arms is what caused him pain. She was mad at him. She was punishing him. So contritely, as if he had any other options, he sat there and let the nappy swell to well past saturation, shedding tears of deepest regrets. If only he had chosen not to call the Faerie's bluff of potty punishment, this wouldn't be happening. He could have simply chosen to use the connection and wet himself, causing this sick spell to sexually gratify his wife. Pride makes mortals do stupid things, too.

"I think that's enough for now," Mommy Mathair waved her hands in the air, causing the sex toy to literally evaporate from Jamie's tired grasp. "Time to get you changed into some big girl panties."

"Gah?" Jamie babbled her question up at the azure lady.

"Gah?" Jack called up from the naughty stool.

"Even though you wet your diaper," Mommy Mathair explained on the way up to the nursery, "you chose to because you knew there'd be consequences if you went potty. You didn't want to hurt Jack. That wasn't an accident. That was a very big girl thing to do, and I'm proud of you. You deserve a reward." Jamie felt an almost unnatural sense of accomplishment at that remark....almost unnatural.

“But Jack,” the wyrd woman called back, the house carrying her words to Jack’s ears regardless of distance, “chose to fight Mommy and accidentally hurt you. He’s the one who had the accident, and now his diaper has much more pee-pee in it than yours does, doesn’t it?”

Smartly, Jamie decided to retreat back into herself. She stared off into the middle distance as she was laid back on the changing table and her diaper was removed. She would give Mommy nothing to work with. Shit! Was she really thinking of this woman as “Mommy”?

As a pair of panties that matched her dress slid up her hips, Jamie squirmed a bit in discomfort. They were so thin compared to her diapers. Mathair carried her into the game room that both she and her husband had been ogling as adults and set her down on the floor. Without the layer of padding that separated her rump from the rest of the room, she was acutely aware of everything that touched her backside. Was her ass always this boney? She felt almost naked by comparison, and not in a good way.

A few minutes later, the Faerie came in with a frowning, but sweet smelling, Jack. “All clean,” she announced. There was an unspoken “for now,” in there, as well. “Now,” the wyrd woman with the white hair spoke, “I’m sure you two have a lot to talk about, so I’ll give you two your hour, as agreed.” She snapped her fingers and green sparks traveled from her fingers to their mouths. “Just call out my name if either of you need anything. A fresh diaper perhaps, or new panties. The potty’s over there if you need it, Jamie darling.”

Jamie looked over her shoulder.

“Jesus!” she shrieked, scooting back. Where had that thing come from?

“If you’re lucky,” Mommy Mathair grinned maliciously, “you might cause him so much pain that he wets himself, and then you know what happens after that.”

“Fuck you!” Jack shouted up at her from his spot on the floor.

“You two be good now,” the azure lady ignored the comment, “Just call my name if you need anything and I’ll come.”

When they were alone, or at least seemed alone, husband and wife spoke to each other, frankly, and angrily.

“The hell was all that about?” Jamie demanded.

“Sorry,” Jack flushed, eyes towards the floor.

“Seriously,” Jamie pressed, “what the hell were you thinking?”

“I didn’t know that peeing in THAT thing,” Jack pointed to the potty, ominously lurking in the background, “was gonna hurt you.” He was sorry, but he was also proud. He didn’t need to be reminded how dismally he had failed.

“I figured that much,” Jamie huffed, “but you could have at least taken the safer option.”

“And pissed myself?!” Jack snapped

“Not like we haven’t both done it before!” Jamie countered. “But nooooo, you had to prove how big and strong you were!”

“Yeah, and I messed up,” Jack half admitted, half argued. “So did you just go and revenge-masturbate on me because of it?”

“You got to cum in your diaper!” Jamie accused her husband.

“Yeah, on accident!” Jack defended.

“And you could have made me cum in mine on purpose,” Jamie yelled, “but you decided to be an idiot instead!”

“So you beat off half a dozen times in retaliation?”

“She wound me up!” Jamie defended herself. “She did the same thing to you, yesterday. Remember yesterday? I’m pretty sure if you hadn’t snapped out of it, you were going to do more than give me a hug!”

“But I did snap out of it!” Jack screamed.

“Yeah,” Jamie paused a beat, staring daggers at her husband. “Because of me!”

There was a long silence. A few uncomfortable seconds stretched out into an agonizing five minutes. Jamie, in her big girl panties, crossed her arms at her diapered husband, daring him to argue.

“Just...just...whatever!” Jack finally huffed. “We’re gonna get out of here by tomorrow anyways.” He scooted around on his bottom and sat in silence with his back to Jamie. She made no reply or acknowledgement one way or the other. They finally had the opportunity to talk, and yet they entreated each other only with the sharpest of silences.

The silence stretched on for another ten minutes or so, each one saying nothing other than perhaps an audible sigh of exasperation and frustration. Then, after another ten minutes, anger

gave way to boredom. Jack looked up at the pinball machine by the wall. That hadn't changed, at least. It had been what sealed the deal and made him want this house.

He had signed away his adulthood for a pinball machine and hadn't even gotten to play it yet.

"I'm gonna play some pinball." He crinkled as he stood up and waddled to the pinball machine that he had coveted.

"Whoah!" Jamie exclaimed in surprise as the pinball machine came to life with its myriad of bells, whistles and flashing lights.

"What?" Jack called back over his shoulder.

"You're standing!" Jamie gawked, still on the floor. "We've been crawling since breakfast yesterday morning!"

"Huh..." Jack grunted a bit. "Honestly... didn't notice that till now."

"Do you think we couldn't walk before?" Jamie asked.

"I dunno," Jack shrugged, still distracted by the pinball game, and still a little defensive with his wife.

"Holy shit, have we been crawling this whole time for nothing?" Jamie shuddered at the thought. Was this another one of the Faerie's tricks, or had they just assumed and taken to crawling naturally? Had they given up that simple vestige of independence of their own free will?

"I just..." Jack grunted again, "kinda assumed." His focus was still completely on the pinball table and its bouncing silver ball. Jamie tilted her head sideways in curiosity. Was Jack standing oddly? He was kind of squatting, by the looks of it.

"Jack?" Jamie called out with growing concern as she rose to her feet. "Jack, what are you doing?"

"Nnnnn....nothing," Jack's voice strained as he continued playing.

"Jack, what are you doing?" Jamie repeated. "Look at me, honey." Jack ignored her, still playing with the damnable machine. Jamie's pleas were greeted only with the sound of balls hitting bells and bumpers.

"JACK!"

“Hnnnn...just a minute.” Jack called back over his shoulder. “Something’s wrong. This thing’s...hnnng...stuck. Gotta get it... out.”

“JACK!” Jamie shrieked. But it was too late. Jamie was soon doubled over on the floor, cumming in her panties full force and convulsing as every neuron in her system buzzed with complete and utter sexual release. Oh God, is this what it felt like when he did that in his pants? If and when she did the same, his dick would likely fall off from exhaustion, Jamie reckoned.

“Oh God, Jamie!” Jack whirled around as his wife fell to the floor. “What happened?” he cried out. “What happ-“ he stopped and took stock of himself. “Oh...!”

“Yeah...” Jamie panted. They both blushed, though for very different reasons.

“So...what...what do I do now?” Jack asked. “Like...should we wait for the hour to be up...or...?”

“No,” Jamie shook her head. “You should definitely get a new diaper.”

“Okay,” Jack broke off eye contact, feeling embarrassed at what had just happened.

“Mathair,” Jack called out. “Mathair, I need...I need to be changed.” Nothing.

“Mathair?” Jamie echoed her husband’s reluctant tone. “We need you. Please. Jack needs you.”

They both shared a knowing look and sighed in defeat. They knew what to do.

“MOMMY!” They cried out, albeit reluctantly.

“Yes, my darlings?” the Faerie seemed to appear from thin air as her form crossed the threshold of the game room. “Can I help you?”

Jack shuffled up to the blue lady, grimacing as even the very act of walking made him feel unclean. “Will you change my diaper?” Jack grumbled.

“What was that, baby boy?” Mommy Mathair leaned in, her smile evident “I didn’t quite hear you.”

“Mommy,” Jack sighed, “will you change my diaper, please?”

The wyrd woman’s violet eyes sparkled with mischievous delight. “Why Jack,” she positively gushed. “I would love to. Let’s go change my big boy’s diaper, shall we?” The contradiction of “big boy” and “diaper” caused Jack to cringe.



The Faerie walked away, holding her hand out for Jack to take. "Come come, now, darling. Or do you want me to carry you?"

"I'll walk," Jack sulked, following their captor to go get cleaned up.

Jamie sat on the floor in stunned silence. What was happening to them? What was happening to their bond? Their cunning? Their independence? She had actually been proud of herself when Mathair had called her a "big girl", but it had been in the same condescending tone that Jack had just been addressed with, moments ago. Jack had been nowhere near acting like a "big boy". But mothers often called their babies "big" anyways.

In hindsight, rubbing a good half a dozen cummies out, didn't make her any more of a big girl, either, she realized. Holy shit, had she just infantilized the concept of an orgasm? The Faerie wasn't supposed to be able to affect their minds this deeply. She had managed to stir up body chemistry, but never free will. Had she found a loophole in their contest of wills, or did Jack and Jamie really just have these tendencies already lying in wait inside themselves? Was some strange facet of fate against them all along? Was this meant to be?

Jamie pondered all of this as she absent mindedly dabbed at her panties. They were quite wet, and the smell of her own sexual juices, while not unpleasant- everyone liked the smell of their own brand- was still disturbing to her. She was beginning to like this, she realized to her dismay.

She got to be safe and protected and naughty and a little bit sexy too. And with the magics surrounding this house, no one would ever know that she ever felt this way. It was the perfectly kept secret. She was developing a fetish, the cold rational part of her brain realized. They both were, very likely. As much as he might loathe to admit it, some intimate part of Jamie knew that Jack was excited at how he was being treated. He struggled, naturally, but from the way he held himself and blushed, he liked being taken down a notch, too.

She still loved Jack, she knew, but the nature of this contest wasn't a matter of did she love her husband or not. The stated rules of the contest were "who did she love more?". What was stronger, the feelings they had for each other or the passions they were experiencing at the hands of this mad goddess?

And she worried about Jack, now, not as a lover, but as a friend, and perhaps even the way one might be worried for...a little brother. Emotionally and cognitively speaking, he'd been to the brink more times than she had. But her own doubt in him might be the straw that broke the camel's back. Jack had been motivated by anger and his emotions, more often, that was true, but was he the one having doubts? Was she really the weak link here?

Just then, the T.V. in the game room buzzed to life. Jamie whipped her head around toward the screen and sucked in her breath at what she saw.

Mommy Mathair loomed over Jack on the changing table. His fire engine red shortalls were unbuttoned at the legs and crotch and bunched up above his belly button. She was just finishing pulling a new diaper taught between his legs and fastening it around his waist. One tape, and then the other. Jamie saw a wisp of baby powder puff up from the inside of the diaper onto Jack's bellybutton as Mathair finished diapering him.

"All clean!" the blue Faerie beamed, giving Jack's padded crotch a playful little pat. "There now, I bet you feel sooooo much better with a nice clean diaper on, don't you Jack, darling?" She lingered with her hand still caressing the front of the diaper. "Oooh, someone definitely feels better."

"Just...just...button up my pants and take me back to my wife." Jack stuttered.

A playfully mischievous smirk came to the Fae lady's lips. Jamie recognized that look. Jamie had given that look to Jack any number of times. That was her look, not the Faerie's.

"Stay away from him, you bitch," Jamie hissed at the television set.

"She's busy getting ready to go potty," Mommy Mathair told Jack. "Probably doing a little dance and debating whether or not to pay you back for your little oopsie. Her bladder is filling up." Mathair paused, dramatically.

"That's why you're getting an erection, isn't it? I mean, it makes sense. She's getting ready to wet, so you're getting ready to cum. Or does my big strong man like going potty in his diaper like a widdle baby boy? Does he like getting his diaper changed?"

"Shut! Up!" Jack growled through gritted teeth.

"It's okay, honey. It can be our little secret." The Fae whispered. "I don't judge. Mommy never judges. Let me help you." Jack eyed his captor wearily.

"If you orgasm in your diaper, she wets her panties." Mathair leaned in with a hushed, conspiratorial whisper. Still, Jamie could hear it from the television.

"On one hand, maybe she thinks that she lost control and had an accident. In which case you're off the hook. On the other hand, maybe she finds out about this and suspects you forced her to. But that's not so bad, is it? You know she loves you, and the potty in that room is just agonizing her to no end. So, you take the matter out of her hands. You take temptation to get even with you and the guilt that would later cause and take it off the table. Besides," she added, giving Jack's cock a firm squeeze through the diaper. "By my count, she's had at least seven orgasms, six of them self-inflicted. You've only had the one. That's not fair is it? She'll understand."

"I love her." Jack declared to the demon woman with white hair.

"I'm not asking you not to love her," Mathair countered. "I'm asking you to make cummies in your diaper, for me. Just once. You'll be out of here tomorrow night at the rate you're going. So what does it matter what you do in the here and now? That," she pressed on, "and if she has an accident in her pants again, I'll practically have to put her back in diapers. You'll both be little babies again. You'll be on equal footing."

Jack sighed. And looked around the nursery as though someone else might be watching him. Someone was, but he didn't seem to realize it.

"Just once," he said.

"Once is all I'll need."

"NOOOOOOOO!" Jamie screamed. "JACK, NO! DON'T LISTEN TO HER!" But the house was not on Jamie's side. No sounds would reach the nursery that Mathair did not wish to reach the nursery. Through the television, Jack's groans and the crinkling of his diaper as the wyrd woman massaged and rubbed at his crotch could be heard as clear as anything. Jamie ran to the playroom's threshold and was met with a door slamming in her face.

"NO!" she wailed, first pounding on the wooden door and then clawing at it like a cat. Meanwhile, Jack groaned and wriggled on the table.

"It's okay, baby boy." Mathair's voice soothingly whispered to Jamie's husband. "Suck your thumb if you want to. No one's looking."

Jack's eyes closed and he slipped his thumb in his mouth and began sucking it. Jamie saw this and couldn't believe her eyes. Why was this happening?! Why now?! They should be winning!

"It's what you're supposed to do when you're stressed." Mathair cooed. "It's okay. It's what you're supposed to do. You're stressed, so relieve it. But this is good stress, isn't it?" she kept on. "This isn't bad is it? My darling baby boy is just all...wound...up!"

"Nononononono!" Jamie screamed in earnest as she felt her bladder welling up inside of her. All too soon, the dam broke, and Jack let out a satisfied sigh of relief.

"Good baby!" the Mommy praised her overgrown baby boy. "Good making cummies in your diaper. Now let's give Mommy a hug." Jack sat up, thumb still in his mouth, and hugged her as she rubbed his back. His shorts still bunched up above his waist, and his diaper on full display, he seemed completely content as Mathair patted his bum again and whispered "Good job, now let's get you buttoned back up."

Jamie was much less content. The warm liquid rushing out of her and into her panties caused her to gasp involuntarily. Rather than pooling and being absorbed into the core, as she had quickly become accustomed to; the pee soaked through the thin, already wet, cotton barrier of her underpants and gushed down her legs. A million tiny fingers tickled the inside of her thighs, leaving a foul smelling residue. A pool formed and underneath her feet. This was a plague of unclean.

The cold air of the world outside her clothes almost immediately began drying and cooling the disgusting bodily fluid she had drenched herself. Already, the ammonia was becoming stale and uncomfortable. Already, she was shivering.

Jamie hated to admit it, but a wet diaper was infinitely preferable to pissy panties.

The T.V. blinked off as Mathair brought in an ashamed looking but (mostly) clean Jack.

“Oh dear!” Madam Mathair shrieked when she took Jamie’s visage in. “Jamie! And here I could have sworn you were a big girl! You could have easily made it to the potty.” The worst part was, the slender Faerie sounded genuine when she spoke, as if she didn’t know that she had caused this.

“It’s back to diapers for you, young lady,” Mathair pronounced as she set Jack down so she could scoop his wife up in her arms. “I knew you weren’t ready for panties without protection. Come now, darling, let’s get you cleaned up and in a fresh one.”

As his wife was scooped up in the slender Faerie’s arms and carried off to be redressed in more infantile underwear, Jack sat on the floor, in his not quite fresh diaper, baking with guilt. He couldn’t help it. That witch had a hold of him. She had put something in him that he was powerless to resist. He was the weak link in this contest of wills, and he knew it. Oh god, what would happen if on the third day, some part of him genuinely liked...liked...this more than his own freedom, or his wife? He could deny it of course, but that wouldn’t make it any less true.

Who knew? The Faerie probably had some magical way of ferreting out the truth, and even if he lied, he’d be caught...he’d be caught...and spanked...and made to walk around in nothing but a dia-STOP IT! STOP IT! STOP IT! STOP IT!

While Jack wrestled with himself, Jamie was being cleaned- very slowly- by her jailer. Wordlessly, Mommy Mathair dragged the cold baby wipes across her legs, while still leaving her in the soaked cotton underwear. Warm and sticky had gone to cold and clammy in a matter of moments. The panties did nothing to pull the moisture away from her bare skin. She was hyper aware of the moisture at all times. It was a little like sitting in a wet bathing suit with no towel in sight and no refreshing shower in her future. She was beginning to itch, she realized, biting her lip.

They weren't talking, but Mathair was telling her something all the same: "Diapers aren't the worst."

As if to drive her point home, the blue Faerie took out a fresh diaper and slid it under Jamie's bottom, without first removing her wet panties. Mathair made a move to pull the diaper up, and Jamie sucked in her breath.

"Something wrong, darling?" Mathair asked.

"Aren't you going to...y'know?" Jamie glanced at her wet cotton panties.

"Ah, we're talking now, are we?" Mathair smirked. "I said I was going to put you in a fresh diaper. I didn't say I was going to take your panties off, did I?"

"But...but...but..." the young woman reached for the words. "You said you'd clean me up, and I'm not clean yet.

Mathair's smirk was replaced by a furrowed brow. "Yes...I suppose I did say that. Clever girl," she snorted, though it didn't sound at all like a compliment.

Nimble but strong fingers ripped open the sides of Jamie's panties as if they were paper and pulp instead of cotton fiber and Jamie was quickly cleaned up with more expertly wielded wipes. Then, the Faerie did the unthinkable and took out another matching pair of panties.

"What are you doing?" Jamie blurted as Mathair moved to work Jamie's feet through the holes.

"I'm putting clean panties on you, dear. That way, you can still be a big girl and go potty if you want, but if you have an accident, it won't ruin any nice clean floors. I think you're much more mature than Jack, and deserve a second chance, don't you?"

Jamie remembered the T.V. in the game room. Likely this temptation was being broadcast into the playroom while Jack watched in scornful disbelief. Mathair was trying to drive a wedge between them, or drive it deeper as it were.

"Even if you have another accident, the panties will help you learn."

Jamie was suddenly reminded of a barely recalled period from her childhood. When she had been potty trained, her mother hadn't just put her in Pull-Ups or some other form of diaper disguised as training pants. She had worn big girl panties underneath. When she had had that inevitable "accident" the diaper had contained the accident, while the wet panties clung to her skin, making her uncomfortable, and gave her incentive to pay attention to her bladder. The fact of the matter was, diapers were designed to be comfortable when wet. Panties were not.

“Um...no thank you.” Jamie blushed.

“Are you saying you’d rather be in a diaper instead of big girl panties?” Mathair cocked an eyebrow.

“...Yeah...” Jamie nodded. She wasn’t going to be sitting on that dreadful potty, if it hurt Jack. So peeing herself (among other things) was the only option left to her. But if she was going to be going in her pants anyways, there was no sense in being uncomfortable, was there? She was willing to stow her pride while ensuring that she was at least slightly comfortable. She was a pragmatist, not a martyr.

“That’s probably for the best.” Mathair agreed, dropping the panties out of sight, and likely out of existence. “You’ll need to get used to it, anyways.” She fastened the large baby diaper up properly between Jamie’s legs. “You’ll be wearing these for a long time.”

“You’re not going to win.” Jamie stated with all the dignity she could muster.

“I didn’t say I was,” Mathair stated matter-of-factly, giving a slight shrug.

“Then wh-?” Jamie started.

“Just a moment, darling,” Mathair cut her off. “If I’m going to have this conversation with you, I’d rather we be looking each other in the eye. Jamie was pulled into the sitting position and quickly scooped up by the Faerie. But instead of being trotted back into the game room with her husband, Jamie found herself placed gently on the nursery floor.

Stranger still, the wyrd woman who had placed her there was now joining her on the floor, her legs easing to her right side as she leaned to the left. She looked relaxed, and vaguely seductive; like a jazz singer at a speakeasy laying on the piano while she crooned. Her proportions were just so off though, that she resembled Jessica Rabbit more than any actual starlet. She stared at Jamie, looking her in the eyes, coolly measuring her up.

Jamie was suddenly very aware that she didn’t have a diaper cover on and that her dress was doing a poor job at concealing her padded underpants. Maybe it was the strangeness of this whole situation suddenly bubbling over, or the way Mathair was looking at her- the Faerie’s expression had changed from careful condescension to something resembling sincerity- but Jamie was suddenly very self-conscious. She wiggled a bit, her bottom crinkling as she fought against the urge to try and sit cross legged so she could have just that little bit of modesty. It’d be better than sitting splay legged on the floor, anyways.

“Don’t bother, darling,” Mathair prompted. “It’s just us, and you’re more clothed now than you were when I carried you in here.” Mathair closed her eyes and inhaled, as if she were repulsed by what she was about to say.

“So...real talk.” She finally said. “No pretenses. No me being your Mommy or you trying not to be my baby girl. Let’s be real.”

“Fine.” Jamie crossed her arms, still on guard. “I still love my husband, and he still loves me. Even if we’re enjoying this on some level, we’re not going to pick you over each other.”

“That’s fair,” the blue lady nodded. “And that might be true. But as our game stands now, you’re going to still need to get used to wearing diapers.”

Jamie stared at the Faerie. She knew she was being baited, but she couldn’t resist. The urge to know was too great.

“Why?”

“I said that I’d give you your freedom, Jamie,” Mathair told her. “I never said anything about turning you back to normal.”

Jamie’s eyes widened in disbelief. “But...that’s not...” the words refused to leave her mouth.

“Did you think that I would undo the spells that I cast on you?” Mathair tilted her head in slight incredulity. “That’s not something I agreed to.”

“But...we’ll be...we’ll be out!” Jamie blurted. She was shaking. A rock had been dropped into the pit of her stomach.

“And?” Mathair asked. “What’s your point? Does a heart stent automatically go away once you’re free of the hospital? Does the cancer? I’ve altered your and Jack’s bodies and by the end of tomorrow, you will be free and kicked out into the open world; completely incontinent, unable to speak properly, and virtually unable to provide or feed for yourselves.” She paused for a moment to let that sink in. “If you’re lucky, maybe they’ll put you in a group home together. But I suspect you’ll both just be institutionalized in separate wards. Though it will be amusing I suspect when one of you suddenly has an orgasm apropos of nothing while the other one soils their diapers in a more conventional fashion miles away. Also,” she added as an afterthought, pointing to the baby birds on Jamie’s diaper, “your diapers won’t be as cute, but I think that’s a relatively minor concern, don’t you?”

“But the stories...” Jamie reached, “the rules...!”

“Have not been and won’t be violated,” Madam Mathair corrected. “Really, your best option is to give up and surrender. I’ll at least take care of you and treat you with love and tenderness. Any enjoyment that you feel at being treated this way will be kept secret from the world and you and

Jack can have all of the nice and naughty fun that either of you could ever want for the rest of your lives.”

“You’re...” Jamie was shaking, tears starting to blur her vision. “You’re a terrible person.”

“Technically,” Mathair replied dryly, “I’m not a person. Not in the sense you’re thinking.”

“You’re a monster.” Jamie growled.

“Yes I am.” Mathair affirmed. “But I can be a monster that is good to you, like a mother, or well... monstrous.” A wry smile played across the Fae woman’s face. “I guess you might say that I’m momstrous.”

Jamie held herself upright. She stopped herself from shaking. Then, clear as a bell, voice unwavering, she said “We’re going to destroy you. Then we’ll be truly free.”

Jack sat alone in the game room, contemplating what he had just done, what had just been done to him, and was desperately trying to think of what he would do. Like so many little boys led around by their cocks, he felt like a different, more clear-headed man after “blowing his load”.

Like so many men with a guilty conscience, his consciousness was a mix of hard truths diluted with heavy rationalization. Had he wanted what had just happened to happen? No at first; then yes. Had he enjoyed it? Again, no at first; then yes. Was he being manipulated some way, be it magic or mundane? That was a big yes! Was he embarrassed? Humiliated even? Of course he was. Was it his fault? He couldn’t answer that.

He couldn’t even make himself answer that question. Everything in his big, alpha male driven ego said it had to be. He couldn’t be the victim. He just couldn’t be weak. He had either just been assaulted, or seduced. He had either become emasculated or he had just cheated on his wife. Neither one was palatable.

And then the truth- not the facts, perhaps- but the truth finally hit him. He had to find a way out of this mess. He had to save himself and Jamie. But how?

What to do? What to do? This was all his fault. All of it! He had wanted to get this house. He had wanted to sign on the dotted line. He had lost control not once, not twice, but three times; each time becoming more selfish, more short-sighted, and more infantile. And a growing part of him liked it!

If they ever got out of this hole that he had dug for them, Jamie would surely leave him. He had glimpsed her briefly in the eyes as she had been carted off to be re-diapered by the Faerie, likely seduced herself, and had seen the utter shock and disappointment lingering in her eyes.



Those weren't "I pissed my pants" eyes. Those were "How could you?" eyes. Jamie knew what had happened. Somehow she knew. Jack didn't know how she knew, but that was irrelevant at this point, wasn't it?

If he lost, they'd be together forever, stuck as this mad goddess's wet little playthings. If he won, she would surely leave him for a man who was less impulsive and idiotic; and infinitely more faithful. The idea that he had on some level been unfaithful was the hardest and most bitter pill to swallow.

He expected that he would wet himself any moment now as Jamie climaxed as he recently had. Her infidelity would be justified with his own. Or even worse, Jamie's willpower would eclipse his own, and they'd be both bone dry when they were reunited.

He might have agonized himself into a gibbering wreck, gentle reader, had some outside force not intervened. Perhaps the old house wanted to make the game more interesting. Perhaps the Lords of Fate and Hearth intervened in some way; they sometimes do that, like spoiled children screaming "Get to the good stuff!" Regardless of the "why" something did happen, and it happened not with a bang, but a "THUMP".

Jack was startled from his reverie by a loud, solid "THUMP". Still on his hands and knees, he pivoted around looking for the source. Had the potty chair suddenly come alive? Was it going to force him to sit on it and cause Jamie even more pain? What new plot was Mathair up to? Hadn't she done enough?

He looked towards the bookshelf, the source of the sound, and saw a thick, blue leather bound tome. Crinkling with every movement, he crawled over to the book. He could have walked, he supposed, but something about crawling felt appropriate, stealthy even, despite the rustling sound to the contrary.

The book had no title on its azure cover, but it did have golden insect wings stenciled into the cover. They were ornate, and of masterful craftsmanship, but were thin and slender, more like gossamer dragonfly wings, than the fat and flat butterfly wings. Even the little veins in the wings were etched into the metal stencil. Moreover, something about it looked old and well read. There were cracks along the spine where the book had been opened up and the same pages had been read again and again.

The tome even had a peculiar smell to it. It did not smell of dusty paper and mothballs as some form of common knowledge archetype suggested ancient tomes must, but of baby powder.

Jack looked up at the bookcase of what was supposed to be Jamie's library. Sure enough, there was an empty space near the top that was roughly the size of the book in front of him. Not bothering to stand up, he reached for a book on the bottom shelf and withdrew it.

Instead of reading it, though, Jack laid it atop the first book. The second paperback book, one of Jamie's trashy romance novels was a little over half the size in terms of length and height, and nowhere near as thick. Jack had decent spatial awareness; enough to guess that the shelves were all roughly equivalent in size. But a tome this large shouldn't be able to fit on the bookcase at all. Perhaps it could be prominently displayed on the very top, but that seemed unlikely.

Placing the second book back on the bottom shelf, Jack gazed down at this book, this leather bounder, insect winged, blue skinned book that smelled of baby powder.

Something magical was happening again. Something wanted him to read this. It was time for a leap of faith. With unsure, anticipating, even trembling hands. Jack opened the book and began to read.

It said this:

"Gentle reader,

You likely know the story of how a little wooden boy was brought to life to grant an old man's wish to be a father. This is not his story. This is the story of the Faerie that granted that old man's wish and turned that little wooden boy into a terrible, mischievous, real child.

The Fae are not human creatures, and rarely, if even, share the same goals and motivations as mortals. Yet the blue Faerie granted the old man's wish as best as she could. Why then, gentle reader, would one of the Kindly Ones grant a clock making codger's fanciful wish? Was she obligated to due to some strange custom of wishing on a star?

No. The answer is much simpler. For a brief moment of time, a relative flicker of an instant, Mathair of the Fae, the Mother with no children of her own, felt a kinship with the old man."

But this isn't the old man's story. It is not the story of the little wooden boy who killed crickets and turned into a jackass before being swallowed by a whale. This is the blue Faerie's story. This is Mathair's Story."

Jack's eyes widened in recognition. He read on:

"The Faerie, long a giver of pregnancies and miracle births to women in want of children, felt a kind of kinship to the clockmaker. Like herself, he too could not have children of his own, yet desperately wanted one. She had lived vicariously through so many women thought to be old or barren being rewarded with their own child to nurture, but had been jealous of them as well.

The old man, though, was someone she could relate to. Just like her, he had no way of truly giving life to something, but could only imitate it. But, as Faeries are apt to do, she was able to harness his dreams and fantasies and bring them life in a cold and rational world.

She lived through the old man and his little wooden boy in a way she had never lived through any of the crones, old maids, and if rumors are to be believed, a virgin or two. All before the old man had at least been meant on some level to give life and have children of their own. The old man was more like her. In helping him, she was helping an aspect of herself. And for a time, she was satisfied. But satisfaction turned to jealousy. Why couldn't she?

The reason, she knew, was simple. More powerful than a Djinn, she could bring both dreams and nightmares to life, regardless of a mortal's intent or what they "wished". But, as Fae she needed mortals for that creative spark and inspiration. She needed mortal imagination.

All she needed was someone who would on some level imagine her having a child, and she could harness that to become the mother she was meant to be. And so, the wyrd woman with the azure skin took the name "Mathair", a derivative of an old Fae word meaning "Mother", she went in explora-

Boring. Useless. Where was her weakness? How was Jack going to destroy her and get her freedom? He skimmed and skipped a few pages. The book had gone from a story to a very cut and dry narrative that left none of the details out. It was like reading those really boring parts of the Bible; the parts that read:

"And so and so begat so and so who begat so and so who went to this place and married so and so who bore him three sons and the first child went off and made a house of straw and the second one went to another country and made a house of sticks and the third one stayed home in the house of brick and married a woman who bore him nothing but daughters whose names were blah de blah dee teedly tum."

Finally, Jack came to a part that caught his eye.

"And then she found a new world, and with it a new perspective. Mortals were selfish ultimately. They cared nothing for the Fae except for what benefits they might provide or what wrath they might invoke. They were selfish and would never even consider her needs for a child. Some of them were ready to war with their kings over little things like taxes and tribute.

They were themselves, children in a sense.

Mathair would become mother not of some homunculi like the old clock maker's wooden boy, but of a human. Granted, taking human children had long since been forbidden, but there was a loophole. All she would need to do would be to find a grown human that desired on some level to be a child again."

Jack scoffed at that. There was no way. He and Jamie might have been reluctantly enjoying this most strange of experiences, despite their intentions, but he refused to believe that there was any initial desire to be harnessed. He and Jamie had been trying to become adults, not escape it.

“Or someone who dreaded being a child again. That would work just as well, and the end result would be the same.”

Phew! That must be it. Jack sighed and kept reading:

“But she would not come to her little darlings. They would come to her, and seek her out. And so like the witch of the black forest and her gingerbread house, Madam Mathair changed her form to something more pleasing and called out across the Aether so that her surrogate children would find her in the woodlands.

They would be lured in. Without knowing it they would agree to her terms. And like it or not, they would be loved and cared for and coddled forever after.

But Mathair paid a heavy price for finding her loophole to her forever children. She would be a prisoner, too. Trapped in the same spot for all time. No longer would she wander the night sky waiting for a wish to empower her. Never again would the lovers and dreamers of the world smile at her presence. Instead, all but those who heard her silent siren song would know to stay away, lest they become her newest charges.

And finally, in the transformation she invoked upon herself, in twisting her capabilities and physical form so that she might finally realize her true nature as the Lords of Fate and Hearth intended she incurred a terrible weakness upon herself. Though she would never die on her own, she might be destroyed by those whom she welcomed and coddled as her babies. It was ironic really, the old witch of the black forest would laugh if she knew...”

And so he read on and on and on, and when he found the part that he was looking for Jack grinned with childish delight and closed the book in triumph. He was the boy who had just gotten a peek at his Christmas presents...or perhaps more appropriately, the boy who found the walkthrough of his favorite video game that he could never beat. If only he had turned to the back of the book and read the words that you're reading now...

“Did destroying the so called Wicked Queen, wake Snow White from her curse?” Mathair asked Jamie. “Did destroying my sister in her dragon form wake Sleeping Beauty? Does killing the snake remove its venom?”

“No,” Jamie shrunk down a bit.

“You seem to be under the impression that if you kill the spell caster, you stop the spell. That for some reason my conscious effort is required to keep you in a state of perpetual infancy.” Mathair stood up to her full height.

“The only thing that requires any effort on my part, conscious or otherwise, is keeping you here in this house and caring for your needs. The only thing killing me will do is get rid of the house and cast you two baby lovebirds out into a world that is ill equipped to care for you and keep you together.”

“We still have our true lo-“ Jamie began to object.

“Don’t bother thinking true love will do anything other than make your lives more bearable together or more painful separated.” Mommy Mathair interrupted. “Did you know that Briar Rose was awakened from her slumber, not by a kiss, but by being impregnated in her sleep and giving birth?”

“That’s a lie!” Jamie shouted indignantly.

“It’s the truth,” Mommy Mathair told her like a parent telling her child that Santa doesn’t exist. She picked Jamie back up and sat her back up on the changing table, still looking her in the eye. They were speaking as equals no longer.

“True love as a breaker of spells is just something the peasants made up because love was the one thing they had in abundance. It made them feel safe. Besides,” Mathair gave Jamie a conspiratorial wink, “even if the nicer stories were true, wasn’t it always true love’s first kiss that ended the spell? And you two were married before you became my babies. So even if you do have true love, your first kiss was long ago. Otherwise you’d be out of here by now. Think about that when I take you back into the game room.”

“I...I...I...” Jamie stopped talking. She had all of her words back, but none of them were doing her any good.

“Be reasonable, darling.” Mommy Mathair stroked Jamie’s soft blonde hair. “Be smart. It’s your best quality. Surrender yourself to me, and Jack will follow, and I will take care of both of you. I’ll let you talk for an hour every day, and keep you safe and comfortable and well fed and entertained happily ever after. You might not have proper sex, but I’ll make sure that you’re...gratified. You’ll love it.”

Jamie mutely shook her head.

“The story is already written in the stars,” the wyrd woman whispered. “The Lords of Fate and Hearth have already decided that you two will be cursed. How badly off you are is really the only thing up to you.”

Jamie stayed silent. She did nothing but stare off into the middle distance.

“Oh, not this again!” Mathair threw her head back in exasperation, her white hair flapping as she did so like a curtain in the wind. “Such a stubborn little girl, you are!” Mathair shook her head. “Don’t talk to me, then. Just listen. Your hour is almost up. I’m going to take your words back from you in just a little bit. But for you, I’ll let you keep three of them. ‘I. Give. Up.’ You’ll always be able to say those words.”

“Say them,” she offered Jamie in a hushed, soothing whisper, “Say them anytime and all will be forgiven and your torment will end. No more worries, no more problems that can’t be fixed with a cuddle, a toy, some num nums or a clean diaper.” Jamie gave the wyrd woman nothing. “Or don’t.” the Fae lady said curtly. “Let your pride be your downfall.”

Jamie was picked up and carried out of the nursery. Before entering the game room to be reunited with Jack, Jamie felt her rump patted and squeezed and felt a bit of a breeze blow down the back of her diaper as the waistband was pulled back. “Not yet,” Mathair chuckled. “But soon. A few hours, perhaps. Maybe tomorrow morning. And once I’m done cleaning you up and changing Jack, I doubt he’ll ever want to be with you again in the old fashioned way. Then where will your true love be?” Jamie shook with rage at that idea: Of being replaced by a diaper.

Jamie was carried the rest of the way back to the game room, a sense of desperation whirling around inside her. She looked to Jack, who had the dopiest grin on his face. If he was aware of how bad things were, of how dire their straits really were, he didn’t show it. Idiot.

“Not much time left, darlings,” Mommy Mathair announced before placing Jamie down in front of her husband. “I’ll be back in a minute or so. Use it wisely.”

“Honey!” Jack whispered, his voice tinged with manic and victorious excitement, as he crawled towards his wife. “I know how to get her! I know how to-!” Jamie cut him off with a kiss. She pressed her body against her husband’s, pushing him to the ground and mounting him, her padding rubbing against his.

She kissed him again and rolled over, pulling him on top of her so that she could wrap her legs around his hips while her tongue danced with his. She closed her eyes and grabbed the back of Jack’s head, moaning with passion. Any minute now, their love would break the spell. They’d be potty trained, they’d be immune from the Faerie’s power, they’d be normal.

They’d be normal. They’d be normal. Please God Almighty let them be normal.

Jack did not respond in kind. Maybe it was the sheer bulk of the padding between them so he couldn’t really feel it. Maybe he just hadn’t fully registered what was happening. Maybe

something had happened to him while he had been alone but for whatever reason, but he did not grind back with her. His tongue did not dance with hers as much as it stood in place and was danced around. He even pushed her away from him.

“I know how to beat her, I know how to win!” Jack broke off the kiss, all but screaming “I know! Just listen. All we have to do is blargle drab mawmaw!”

“Times up, darlings!” Mommy Mathair appeared again. “Time to finger paint!”

“Blah!” Jamie cursed as their words shot back out of their mouths in jade zigzags through the air.

This was going to be harder than either of them thought.  
Gentle Reader,

I shall not bother you overmuch with the sordid details of the rest of that second day. Much like the first day, all the great catastrophes and developments happened in the beginning. The rest was just so much amusement designed to weaken their resolve.

There were finger paints that caused mild, but pleasant, psychotropic hallucinations; bubbles blown that released pure childlike amusement once popped; animate puppet shows that recreated the finest plays both drama and comedy ever put to paper with all the skills of the greatest actors to play the parts; and a baby piano that caused whomever sat before it to have temporarily have virtuoso talent at playing it. It was rather wondrous if you were one of the little mortals. It was merely (and literally) child’s play if you happened to be of the Fae.

As before, Jack and Jamie were completely helpless to resist the magical charms of the wyrd woman in the heat of the moment. But unlike before, it was becoming harder and harder for them to come back to themselves.

Perhaps their resolve was simply wearing down given the events of the past morning, and becoming more childlike was a way to escape the anxiety and stress that they each faced- both alone and together. Perhaps being secreted away and experiencing childish, but otherwise pleasurable things away from the judgmental eyes of society allowed them to let their guards down. Maybe there was just a little more toddler in each of them (that was not placed inside of them through magic) than either cared to admit.

Regardless, the myriad of amusements that Mommy Mathair forced upon them was a welcome distraction from the internal strain that each faced.

Jack was frustrated. As the Lords of Fate and Hearth would have it, he had stumbled upon the blue Faerie’s great weakness. He had a way to end their torment once and for all. It was so simple really. He would only need a little help and then this entire misadventure would just

become an increasingly foggy memory. And the best part is, he'd get to be the hero. He wouldn't just outlast the white haired demon in this game, he would destroy her; turn her into so much ash and scatter her to the winds.

But he likely wouldn't be able to do it alone. He'd almost certainly need Jamie's help, but to get her help, he'd have to find a way to talk to her. This was going to take more than a little precision for the tale to unfold into Jack's favor.

Jamie had problems of her own: If what the violet eyed Faerie had told her was true, win or lose, Jamie and Jack's adult lives were lost to them forever. In the stories, Faeries were always very particular about the words they used, and could always be counted upon to keep to the letter- but rarely the spirit- of their agreements.

In their desperation, Jamie had managed to wager Mathair into a contest of sorts, the prize being her and Jack's freedom. Only now, Jamie knew, that their freedom would be the only thing that they would earn if they succeeded in this gamble; none of the enchantments that altered their capabilities or dependence would be removed.

It wasn't just a choice of freedom or confinement, it was a matter of comfort in being treated as an overlarge child, or torment in being treated as a mentally incompetent adult. Either way, the life that they had dreamed of was most likely beyond them.

But what if Mathair had been bluffing? Desperation made humans craft elaborate fictions often and wildly, so couldn't Mathair, fearing their love, be moved to equal if not greater desperation? It could be a lie, Jamie supposed, but the blue Faerie had yet to lie...deceive, perhaps, but lie? No. Not yet. Mommy never lied to her little darlings.

Jamie even tested out the Faerie's latest claim: After one of her inevitable "accidents" in her diaper, (though really, if it's inevitable, is it really an accident?) Jamie threw her hands to her crotch and let out a shrieking "!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!". "I" had been one of the three words that Mathair had left to her; the other two being "give" and "up". Just as promised and expected, Jamie's mouth cooperated with her and intoned the word correctly, if rather drawn out. Just in case, she mouthed the word a few times in a whisper. To make sure it wasn't a coincidence, she then successfully hissed "give", and then bit down on her tongue while her fingers scrambled to guide a pacifier to her lips; lest she utter the third and final word that would end the game and trap her in this bizarre little funhouse.

Jack, in the meantime, failed to notice his wife's non-babble. He was too preoccupied rolling on the floor, panting and pawing at his own diaper while he was magically brought to the point of orgasm. Whether he was trying to stop himself, speed the process up, or miming some weak form of masturbation due to habit and muscle memory is a matter of some debate.



Jamie couldn't help but smile at Jack in his stupor. There really was much to enjoy about this miserable situation they had been forced into. If not for a lifetime of social stigma- stigma that would never impact them so long as they never left-this would be delightful. The food was good, the entertainment was varied and amusing, and when she wasn't plotting ways to break their spirits, Mommy Mathair ministrations could be downright decadent. Even the diaper changes had a certain level of luxury to them. With Mathair, at least, there was a clear reason why a brand of diapers had taken the name "Pampers".

A growing part of her wondered how much of her really wished to be an adult at all. Was she truly a woman at heart? Or just a grown-up infant? Deep down, who didn't want to be cared for and loved? The idea that the only alternative was worse and far more demeaning also made it easier to accept.

Throughout the rest of that day, she tried to imagine what she might look like: Wearing frilly dresses that did little to hide the thick padding between her legs. Being spoon fed what tasted to her as her favorite foods every day. Being entertained and played with constantly. And being able to make her man moan in ecstasy just by soiling her diapers -and yes, they were her diapers she quietly realized. All of these things were immediately and immeasurably tempting.

Compared with being institutionalized, unable to communicate with anyone, being incontinent and separated from the love of her life, being a big baby wouldn't be so bad, would it? Perhaps she and Jack had only objected to all of this because they hadn't known what they had been getting into. Perhaps they weren't really two adults struggling to retain their independence (had they really even had that to begin with?) but two children who were cross about being tricked into going to the doctor's office when they were promised the circus.

The only price she'd have to pay for all of this would be to never sit on a toilet again, cut off all ties with the outside world, and possibly lose the love and trust of her husband. The price was steep enough, but it was only that last part that kept her from uttering that last "up". Instead, she spent the rest of the day, pensively, guiltily even, sucking on her pacifier.

Jack didn't notice his wife's guilt, he was far too preoccupied with hatching his ingenious plan in between sessions of finger painting and bubble blowing. He was busy fantasizing about rescuing her and toppling the evil witch. He daydreamed of taking her in his arms and then rutting on the ground with her in primal passion as man and wife.

When the diaper between his legs became suddenly damp with urine, he watched as Jamie moaned and gasped and smile despite herself. He smiled, too, and felt a subtle swelling in his loins. A wet diaper didn't have quite the same feeling as making love to his wife in terms of texture and temperature, but it was close; the orgasms helped, too.

He marveled at how even in baby clothes how beautiful Jamie was. A little voice in his head that he promised wasn't his own made a note that maybe they could try something like this- dressing up, that is- when they were free.

There might not be baby diapers in their size, but a package of Depends would likely still do the trick and give her that slightly "puffy" look around her hips. His synapses fired pleasure through his system and he sucked on his teeth as he briefly fantasized about the two of them walking around with diapers under their clothes. Hers slightly visible when she bent over; his peeking out from the top of his shorts. There was a certain pleasurable rush at the idea of being caught and humiliated.

That same voice, despite his most earnest wishes, also gave him the idea: Why settle for Depends and playing dress up when you could both play dress up forever? It was tempting, he had to admit. He could struggle against the Faerie all he wanted and then be put back in his place; safe, secure, and in her care. It could be the best of both worlds; a complete lack of personal restraint coupled with zero responsibility and an inability to actually harm someone.

Even at his most hot-headed he saw the same basic advantages to this arrangement as Jamie did- there was a certain freedom in having nothing left to lose – but there was one thing that was holding him back. If he gave up, if he surrendered, he would lose. And Jack was no loser. He would do more than just beat this witch at her own game, he would invent a new one that she hadn't anticipated, and destroy her.

Jack was no man-child. He was not the one in need of care or coddling, no matter how much he liked it. He was the bold hero who would violently save his lady fair through a combination of trickery, brute force, and maybe a little luck. But if that was true, then why did he increasingly feel less like he was plotting an assassination or more like he was preparing for a game of hide and seek? Why did he feel so...juvenile? Perhaps it was the crinkle that he made with every movement. Hard to feel particularly "manly" in a soaked diaper. More likely, though, it was the lack of enthusiasm and distracted look in Jamie's eyes every time he glanced in her direction.

He had told her, hadn't he? Hadn't she heard his message of "I know how to get her!"? Couldn't she understand that they were on the precipice of victory? Then why wasn't she excited, or at least curious? In the quiet moments they were allowed, it was clear from the look in her eyes that she was holding something back. Did she not love him anymore? Had the Faerie that had turned them both into these juvenile acting freaks already won?

No. Just no. He'd protect Jamie. He'd defeat Mathair. Then Jamie would love him all the more. He would win. Like so many children before him, he knew intrinsically that this was his story; his world. He was the hero, and the heroes always won. Didn't they?

The lovers gave each other one last look that night as they were laid in their separate cribs, each wishing desperately to talk to each other in true privacy, to let the other know of their plans

and reservations and above all that their love was still solid, no matter what. Their eyes drooped from exhaustion with that thought on their minds, that lingering wish festering inside both of their hearts

...and that wish was granted.

Some things, gentle reader, can't even be explained by the powers of the Fae. While they are empowered by the Lords of Fate and Hearth to bring mankind's greatest dreams and fears to life, they are far from the only influence upon the world as we know it.

It might have been that Morpheus or one of his ilk took to their own form of meddling. It may be that the faith of the Christ-child's rhetoric of "two souls intertwining" through marriage has some merit. Even the realm of Science, with its "theta waves" syncing up might offer some form of explanation as to "why".

As it so often is with such things, the "why" wasn't as important as the "what". Whatever the cause, both lovers closed their eyes looking at each other, and opened them again seeing each other's faces. But this time, neither one was in the waking world.

"Jack?" she asked.

"Jamie?" he replied.

"Are..." she hesitated, "Are we dreaming?"

They looked around. There was no landscape. Nor sky. Nor horizon. In every direction that they were capable of looking, was only a gray abyss with wisps of what might have been smoke constantly hovering around the periphery of their vision.

"We might be," Jack conceded, "but if so, whose dream is this? Yours or mine?"

"Does it matter?" Jamie asked.

"I guess not," Jack admitted.

"What if this is just a dream?" Jamie wondered.

"Then I guess it's just a dream," Jack concluded. "One of us dreams this, we wake up, and if the other one doesn't remember-"

"We just start off from scratch," Jamie completed the thought. Neither one knowing how to start, they just stood and stared awkwardly as each one mustered the courage to speak uncomfortable truths to each other.

"I think I found a way to win," Jack finally gathered his courage. "I found a way to kill her."

Jamie sucked in her lips, nervously, wanting to object, but decided to let her husband say his piece.

"While you were alone with her, I found a book," Jack explained. "It was like one of those weird fantasy books you like reading, only it was all about... her," He dared not even mention Mathair's name while speaking of this plan, even while dreaming. "It said she wasn't supposed to be this way, but she changed herself; changed the way she was and how she looked so she could...I dunno...try to have kids or something. She has a weakness."

"What?" Jamie heard herself say, becoming numb inside. How would Jack propose to doom them both, if Mathair was truthful?

"Fire," he whispered. "The book said that she was as vulnerable to fire as dry kindling."

"Okaaaaay," Jamie grimaced. "But how do we set her on fire?"

"I've been thinking about that all day, and I think I figured it out," Jack grinned, his eyes mirroring a fox's cunning with the sinister urges of a snake. "Ever read Hansel and Gretel?"

Jamie gasped in recognition. "You want to push her in an oven?"

"Yup." Jack was quite pleased with himself.

"That's..." Jamie searched for the right words. "That's not going to matter."

"No, we can make it work," Jack insisted. "All we need to do is--"

"I'm not saying we can't do it," Jamie interrupted, "I'm just saying that it won't matter."

"What do you mean?" Jack asked, concerned.

"When you were reading that book, she..." Jamie echoed her lover's caution, "she told me something. Even if she loses, even if she dies, there's nothing we can do to turn back to normal. If we go free, we only go free as big babies."

"She's lying," Jack asserted. "Simple as that."

"I don't think she can lie, as much as misdirect." Jamie insisted.

"Then she's misdirecting," Jack snorted.

“Honey,” Jamie pleaded softly with Jack. “We were screwed the moment we signed on the dotted line. We’ve already lost. Now it’s just a matter of how bad we lose.”

That’s when they noticed what they were wearing.

Sigmund Freud may have been a cocaine addict with more than a few mother issues, gentle reader, but he had great insight into the nature of mortal dreams. The wise pay attention to their dreams. People often have nightmares that they cannot wake up from till the most critical moment, trapped in a feeling of helplessness that they don’t voice when their eyes are open and alert. Others have dreams that they languish in, fantasies given a form of indulgence that they would never admit to in public. Only the most brilliant liars and the most delusional souls can have complete control of a dream. Dreams tell you truths about yourself that you might not otherwise admit.

Jack was wearing a pastel blue onesie, the words “Big Boy” were printed in white block letters on the front. Jamie was in a light pink Lolita dress, the frills making her resemble a delicate flower, but with a hem that was almost comically short. The matching ruffles on her panties only accentuated the look. Around her neck was a matching pink bib, the words “Momma’s Girl”, embroidered onto the front. Both were obviously well padded. Even in their dreams they were infantilized.

“No,” Jack stomped his bare foot. “This is a trick. She’s trying to trick us.”

“I don’t think so,” Jamie said, staring down at her feet. “None of the stories I’ve read have ever indicated-.”

“But don’t you get it?” Jack cut her off. “This is a story. That’s all this is! There are rules she has to follow because this is all a story. She’s the wicked witch, we’re the kids that got trapped in the house that was too good to be true. You bought us time to survive while I close the deal and we get our happily ever after.”

“But...” Jamie paused, “she’s not a witch. And we’re not actually too lost little kids. We’re just two adults that never got the chance to really grow up. This story might be different.”

“We’re the new Hansel and Gretel,” Jack insisted, “and just like the original, the bad woman is going into that oven.”

“What if you’re wrong?” Jamie questioned him. “What if it just makes everything worse and we’re left stranded and screwed?”

“What if I’m right?” Jack countered. “Do you really want to give up without even trying? Is that how things are, now? Is that how we are? Jamie took a deep breath and found her courage.

“No,” she concluded. “I guess it isn’t.”

They spent the remaining time they had, how long it was, no one is certain, finalizing how they would get the azure demoness into the kitchen oven. They talked, and strategized, and quibbled on a few points, but they reached their gambit soon enough.

No further words were said in that gray endless void. No more were needed. They each woke up that morning, hugging the stuffed animals in their cribs as they might have held each other. Just like the first morning, there was no Mathair to torment them. Just like the last two mornings, and every morning for the foreseeable future if the wyrd woman told the truth, their diapers were soaking wet and trying desperately to hang off their hips, contained only by the pajamas they had been placed in.

“Good morning, darlings,” Mathair’s voice rang out, breaking the silence of the morning. “Ready to start our final day?” Then she paused, her wings buzzing thoughtfully. “Well not our final day together, obviously, but the final day of our little game.”

The lovers each stole a look at each other, searching for recognition and remembrance in the other’s eyes. They both found it. They nodded without nodding. Jamie stared off into the middle distance, becoming little more than a passively resisting doll. Jack growled under his breath and gave the Faerie the middle finger. She must not know or be allowed to suspect that anything was different. They must appear for all intents and purposes to be ready to stay the course.

As was becoming typical, Jack was the first one trotted over to and then hoisted onto the changing table. He smiled in grim satisfaction as he was stripped of his clothing and cleaned, knowing that this clean diaper- crinkling ever-so-slightly as his rump was lowered down onto it- would likely be his last.

He heard Jamie whine a bit in distress after he was taped up and he soon saw why. From the air, Mathair had conjured the latest infantile outfit to clothe him in. It was a pastel blue onesie, the words “Big Boy” were printed in white block letters on the front; just like Jack had dreamed it.

Did the Faerie know? Had she peered into their dreams or read their minds? Their gambit would fail, then. Too much of the plan relied on surprise. But Jack couldn’t read any hint of recognition in the wyrd woman’s face. There was no knowing grin, or smug double talk such as “I just knew this would be the outfit you dreamed of, Jack darling.”

Maybe, just maybe, the dreams were prophetic. Jack hadn’t believed in prophecy, but four days ago he hadn’t believed in feathers either.

Both lovers felt their stomachs knot up as Jamie was changed and worked into an all too familiar Lolita dress with a matching diaper cover.

“Now,” Mathair announced as two large highchairs hobbled up the stairs, “I think some breakfast is in order, don’t you two?” The two were carried down the stairs and into the kitchen as they had been for the last several meals, while Mathair glided behind them, her feet concealed beneath her almost midnight colored dress.

The jars of (admittedly delicious) muck were floating in the kitchen when they arrived, already waiting for them. Even though each spoonful tasted heavenly, an exact recreation of whatever favorite food either one craved at that particular moment, both of them struggled with every spoonful. Legs kicked, and heads turned sharply at the last moment. Hands swatted.

None of this seemed to perturb the Mistress of Miller Manor. A few more wiggling of her digits, and both Jack and Jamie felt invisible forces grip their heads into vises and pinned their arms to the tray. Just as on the first day, history was repeating itself. Then, Jack did the unthinkable. Baby food sailed through the air past the feeding tray of his highchair and onto the pristine kitchen floor. He spat it out. Jamie followed suit.

For an entire three seconds, Mathair just stared, unsure of what to make of this new development.

“What’s wrong, darlings?” Mathair cooed, whatever method she used for holding her captives in place relaxing a bit. “I know your num nums are yummy. Why don’t you want them in your tummies?”

Jamie was already making herself shiver; shaking so much that her chair was rattling. It was an exaggerated shiver to be sure, but hopefully the wyrd woman would buy it.

“Is it too cold?” Mathair asked Jamie as if she were a child. “Do you want something warmer in your tum tum?” Jamie did her best to look conflicted. She looked away, not nodding, but not shaking her head either.

“And you Jack?” Mathair regarded him. “Are you trying to tell me something, too?” Jack responded by snatching a plastic tipped spoon out of the air and then hurling it angrily to the ground. He looked up and stared daggers at his jailer.

A wry, knowing smile came across Mathair. “Of course,” she whispered. “I have been awfully mediocre with my food, haven’t I?” she spoke up. “Just because it tastes good doesn’t mean it’s satisfying to eat. Taste is just part of it. There’s still texture and temperature to consider.”

“So...” she suggested. “How about something to warm my little girl up and something my darling little man can eat by himself?”

Jack's toes curled in anticipation. This was it. She was taking the bait. This was almost too good to be true. Jack and Jamie had been planning on going hungry or being punished at breakfast. This gambit was supposed to be stretched out till at least lunch, perhaps even dinner. They had even anticipated talking about how the food left something to be desired during their one hour of "unstructured" time where they were allowed to speak like adults.

"Well what if we use your food as a type of jam, and put it on some nice hot biscuits?"

Neither of them nodded, or squealed, that would have given too much away. But neither objected as freezer doors from the top of a previously unused refrigerator opened, and a tin of dough emptied itself out onto a metal pan. A red glow came from the nearby oven, and a wave of heat burst out so that the air literally began rippling. Both lovers craned their necks around to see the source of the heat, and the high chairs graciously rotated so that they had a front row seat to the baking.

Perfect. Jack was worried for a moment he'd have to do this backwards.

As the door to the oven groaned open, falling to the floor with a "CLANG", Jack squirmed and wriggled in his highchair, managing while Mathair used her powers to stay a safe distance away from the one contraption in her house that might actually harm her to actually get his feet bunched up under him. He waited for Jamie to take her cue.

"I!" Jamie yelped. "GIVE!..." and then she stopped.

"Yes?" Mathair asked, gliding in front of Jamie's high chair. "What is it darling? You were about to say something?" She grinned like a junkie about to get her fix. "Go on, say it Jamie. Say the last word and be mine. Say that last word and this game will be over for you."

"Blaba!" Jack shrieked as he leaped from his highchair, Mathair too distracted by anticipation to notice him. His forearm clocked her on the temple, sending her reeling. Her feet unsteady, she gripped onto the highchair, only to feel Jack, having landed on the floor bear hugging her ankles.

"Blaba." Jamie repeated as she leaned forward and shoved with all of her might. Back, back, back, the Faerie fell into the fiery maw of her own oven, the Lords of Fate and Hearth decreeing that this was how she would end. Like a dragon turning on its keeper, the oven door snapped closed as Madam Mathair, Mistress of the Miller Manor tumbled inside it.

The shrieks of a thousand dying insects echoed from inside the oven. Jamie had to catch herself and land on her feet as her highchair was the first thing to collapse like stale peanut brittle. She threw herself towards the oven door, and Jack joined her on his feet as they leaned



against it to prevent their tormentor from having any chance to escape. They both shuddered as they felt the monster's kicks and scrapes from the inside.

As the Faerie became so much ash, her inhuman screams echoing in the oven, a change came over the house. It was fading, becoming less tangible by the second. The pallor of the walls became the deathly white of burnt charcoal, the floors sizzled and then joined the walls. Soon the entire structure was taking on a greasy, translucent hue, like thin paper at the bottom of a basket of French fries.

Their clothes were likewise unraveling. Jacks' cute onesie was beginning to drip from his skin. Her dress was becoming nothing more than mist. She clenched her toes around little more than dirt.

But while Jack looked around, eagerly, smiling like the man who just won the grand prize, Jamie noticed one minute detail as they held the oven door with all of their might. Their diapers weren't disappearing. The infantile decorations on the landing strip of cute baby birds, still in their nests were fading from view, but the incontinence garments themselves stayed firmly taped on their hips.

"Blaggle dabba dabba!" she tapped Jack on the shoulder to get his attention, Jack still marveling at his handiwork and grinning like a drunkard.

Only as he glanced at her and asked "Gah?" did they both let out a gasp. Their words weren't returning to them. Jack was wrong! Both looked to their waists and witnessed in horror as two large tapes became four tiny ones and a pale yellow wetness strip that wasn't there before snaked its way down the middle of their diapers.

Gone were facsimiles of the infantile garb of their youth. In mere moments the house would vanish and they would be out in the open, unable to talk and naked save for a pair of decidedly "adult" diapers.

Jack's face went from one of glorious victory to caught trout. His lip quivered in fear and regret. He fought for control and lost as his breathing sped up and he began hyperventilating.

Jamie looked to her husband and then to herself. There was only one last gambit to try. If Tinkerbell could be saved with some clapping, perhaps their relatively benevolent captor could be brought from the brink with three words. She closed her eyes and balled up her fists.

"I. GIVE. UP."

A flash of light overtook the couple, blinding them while and the hum of a thousand insects fluttering their wings in unison drowned out their screams. When they could see again, they were both dressed as they had been; as toddlers.

They were still in the kitchen, the tiled floor now gleaming their reflections back at them. Only now, Mommy Mathair-and she was most certainly "Mommy" now-held the young woman in her lap, a pink bib reading "Mama's Girl" tied around Jamie's neck.

"Good girl," she smiled with one hand wrapped around her new daughter's waist, the other hand stroking her long golden locks. "I knew you'd make the right choice. You always have."

Both Jack and Jamie looked at the oven, a pile of glittering ashes remained visible through the glass panel.

Questioningly, Jack looked the wyrd woman dead in the eyes, and noticed that their coloring had gone from an almost royal violet to a cat-like yellow. Her hair was also jet black, now, for some reason. Her wings were gone, too.

"Grah ma?" he babble asked.

"Oh I was getting tired of that body anyways." Mommy Mathair waved off the question. "I decided to borrow your hair color, Jack. I hope you don't mind." She snapped her fingers, the tips of her nails now strawberry red, and green sparks danced through the air and down Jack's open throat.

"THE FUCK?!" Jack shouted angrily, his words returned. "I killed you! I won!"

"Jack, darling, I am quite vulnerable to fire, but you can't just burn my head, arms, and legs. You have to burn alllll of me" she spread her arms and gestured to their surroundings.

"You mean?" Jack understood at last.

"I am so much more than a blue woman, Jack, stop treating me as such." She smiled wryly.

Fresh tears dripped from Jamie's cheeks.

"You...you were never in any real danger, were you?" Jack questioned.

"None at all." Mommy nodded, "Everything you just saw was for your benefit. I like these bodies, but they are animate in the same way that the furniture or the puppets, or even the potty that you two so dread, are."

"You lied to us," Jack accused, his outrage draining into a kind of defeated numbness.

"Not at all, Jack darling," she was bouncing Jamie on her knee. "It was more of a bluff. Playing psychological chicken, really. And it worked didn't it? Oh, you're free to go, by the way."

“Huh?”

“I really only need one little darling I suppose, and Jamie was such a good girl, after all.” Mathair went on. “Walk out the front door. It’s open now.” The creaking of old hinges rang out, blunted by wood slamming against wood. Jack felt a cold breeze wash over his bare legs. “Leave and all of the enchantments I’ve placed on you will be removed. You’ll be naked and require a walk of shame back to your Mommy and Daddy’s home, but no one will remember Jamie, so you won’t have to explain anything.”

“I’ll just come back and burn the rest of you down from the outside,” Jack threatened.

Mathair laughed at that. Everything laughed. Cabinet and bedroom doors opened and slammed shut. Toys and furniture rattled on the floor. Jack heard her laughter reverberating from the television in the living room and heard the faint dinging of buzzers and bells from the pinball machine upstairs.

“If you do that, darling Jack, Jamie will burn too, won’t she? No, no, I think Jamie and I will be having a nice long tenure as Mommy and her little girl. Now, off you go. Take your freedom.”

Still bouncing on Mathair’s knee, Jamie whined as she slid her hands to her belly. Her eyes were all apologies and urging her husband to go, and leave her to her fate.

“No.” Jack said. It was fact.

“I beg your pardon?” Mommy Mathair tilted her head inquisitively. “I’m not quite used to hearing that word and in that tone.”

Jamie whimpered a little as she bobbed up and down on the Fae’s knee. Mathair plucked a pacifier from thin air and shoved it in the girl’s mouth.

“I’m not leaving without my wife” Jack replied. Once again, this was fact.

Jamie’s legs began fidgeting, feebly kicking the air.

“Oh she’s not your wife anymore, darling,” the wyrd woman grinned. “And you aren’t her husband. Your marriage has been effectively annulled. But you could always be her brother. All you’d have to say is those three little words. Concede the game to me.”

Jamie’s face was turning red, but not the familiar light pink hue of embarrassment- that would come later-but the deep crimson of strain.

“Nev-!” Jack cut himself off as the crimson in Jamie’s face paled as she finally relaxed herself and transmuted to the rosy blush of shame. Jack welled up inside and fell to his knees as a flood of pure sex surged through him.

He may have been an epileptic, he shook so. As the contents of his lust rocketed through him and into his pants, the stickiness quickly absorbed by the padding, he broke out in a cold sweat and meekly pawed at his crotch, desperately trying to stem the tide for the sake of his pride more so than anything.

Jamie took it all in from Mommy Mathair’s lap and hid her face in her hands, sucking on her dummy for comfort. Meanwhile Mommy Mathair, her job done, thankfully stopped bouncing the poor girl.

Once their respective deeds were done, Jamie grimaced as she found herself plopped, bottom first, onto the floor beside Jack. Jack looked up at the blue Faerie from his new position on the floor, tears of shame and sorrow, and perhaps relief, flooding his eyes. Then he said the words: “I give up. Take me. Just let me stay here...with both of you.”

“Such a good boy,” Mommy tickled him condescendingly, yet lovingly, under his chin. “You passed the final test, my darling baby. The test of love; and now you two will have it.”

Seductively she lowered to her knees in front of the two former spouses. The top half of her black and white pinstripe dress peeled as a plant does when opening its flowers, revealing her bosom. Two large breasts, nipples dripping with milk greeted the babies. Delicate, inhuman hands reached behind unresisting heads and guided them towards her bosom.

“Come to Mommy,” she whispered to them both. “It’s time we get to know each other a little better.”

As their mouths opened, Jack and Jamie shared one last look with each other. They didn’t talk, but they didn’t need to. Their eyes, the eyes of love, communicated the same message that they always had.

“I love you”

“I love you, too”

They had tasted this milk before from their bottles; albeit a more watered down, less potent version. It was a milk of innocence and preservation. A milk that tasted of better times and nostalgia. Of comfort and security more so than nourishment.

The creamy stuff flowed down into their throats, saturating their very souls. Everything that they were up to that point was preserved. But everything they could have been- parents, people with

successful careers, independent adults with adult friends- all of that was impossible now. They were Mommy's little darlings, from now until the end of their days.

Here ends their story, gentle reader. For while their lives and their love continues and will go on, their tale does not. Whether this tale is cautionary or wish fulfillment is a matter of debate. But as I have with all of my little darlings throughout the ages, I have told the tale and written it in the book of Fate and Hearth where all such tales are recorded. May the Lords of Fate and Hearth be satisfied; whining, mewling children, always wanting the same yet "different" story that they are. Hopefully, this one amused them with a little twist, and I am to remain blessed with a steady supply of little ones.

Now if you excuse me, gentle reader. I must put down my quill and cease writing in the pages of destiny. I have two little darlings to attend to, both eager to be changed, fed, and then played with; their Mommy loves them so.

Oh, and one last offer, gentle reader: If you ever happen to come across a certain house- the kind in an otherwise nice neighborhood, that is not quite abandoned, but no one can ever recall catching sight of its tenants- feel free to knock and not run away like the neighborhood children are wont to do. I might just open to you. My little darlings could souse another playmate. Perhaps a brother or a sister.

"Happily Ever After",

Madam Mathair, Mistress of Miller Manor, and the Manor Itself; but perhaps you'll call me "Mommy".

(Fin)

Retrospective.

In many ways The New Hansel and Gretel is a building block for my later stories. (See "The Struggle" and of course, "Run Away".)

It was a fun commission. My patron gave me the parameters of new couple buys a house and something inside babies them. That very loose description, of two people being led into a house, helped form the title. The parallels were there.

I didn't want a witch, (admittedly the original suggestion, but I pitched Fae, and he agreed to it.) I wanted the Fae instead of witches because witches are still typically "human" and thus have human needs and desires. (And I had recently done a "witch" story in Interview with the Baby) The Fae allowed me to twist that around. Alien beings have alien needs, and that lack of understanding on our part made suspension of disbelief a little easier. The idea of having

Madam Mathair be the house was there from the beginning, but having her be a twisted version of Pinnocio's blue Fairy came later.

Also, whenever I make an attempt to change my "voice" as a writer, I feel good if I think I'm successful. So yeah. I feel successful. This piece is also notable because the omniscient narrator is the villain.

I hope this one gets more love in the future. Thanks for reading it.

-Personalias