

The Daycare Regression



Barry Oliver

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Author: Barry Oliver

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Chapter 1: Pinkie Promise



At 1 a.m. on a Saturday night, the *Coffee & Book Jazz Club* was crowded with college students, some spending their entire evening there, others arriving from parties elsewhere. Located just two blocks from the main library of Centerville State Community College, the combined coffee and bookstore was a perfect student hang out, either for after study relaxing or after-party winding down. It hosted live jazz performances Thursday through Saturday nights, and book club meetings Sunday nights. Monday through Wednesday were free of entertainment, so it was an ideal study spot for those who preferred a little more noise than the graveyard silence of the library. And, there was coffee, the ideal study drug.

Summer and Elise had just arrived at the *Coffee & Book Jazz Club* from a party, slightly drunk and looking for a place to sober up with some coffee and conversation. A jazz trio consisting of a bass player, piano, and saxophone played at the back of the store while the two of them were able to find seats near the front window, perfect for people watching and for semi-private conversation.

“Okay, can I just say it. That party was lame,” Elise announced as they took their seats. She looked around the room for someone to take their coffee order.

“You can say that again. Why did we stay so long?” Summer glanced over the drink menu to kill time until the wait staff arrived. There was no need for a menu as she always ordered the same thing.

“The alcohol,” Elise answered.

"Oh, yeah, I guess you're right."

Elise snorted. "Shit, there was a lot of alcohol," then dropped her face flat onto the table, giggling.

"You're drunk!" Summer began to giggle herself.

"You're drunker," Elise said, still face down on the table.

"It would appear not," Summer laughed and went back to searching the menu.

Elise lifted her head and looked around the room again. There was no wait staff in sight. "Coffee wench!" She bellowed, "Come take our order!"

Summer held her finger to her mouth, "Shush. Not so loud. You'll get us kicked out."

Elise waved her off, "No one cares. They're all drunk, too."

At last, a waitress came to take their order, another college student about the same age, attending classes by day and working at the cafe at night. Summer ordered her usual - vanilla almond iced latte with skim milk and whipped cream on top. She reasoned the skim and the cream canceled each other out with respect to calories. Elise ordered her usual - a quadruple espresso macchiato. As a caffeine junkie, such a drink hardly effected her anymore, even this late at night or this drunk.

Both Summer and Elise were seniors at Centerville State and had been friends since their dorm years together as freshmen. To save money, Elise had chosen to remain in the dorms and put up with having two roommates who were just sophomores. She was majoring in social work and didn't mind the noise and chaos of the dorms.

Summer, who was majoring in early childhood education, preferred a quieter, more private environment and had moved into

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a one-room efficiency at The Flats after their sophomore year. The Flats was a former four-story factory warehouse that had been converted into cheap apartments for college students while offering a step up from dorm life. Although it too could be raucous at times, the partying tended to occur on the top floor and only on the weekends. Summer lived on the ground floor and had all the peace and quiet she wanted.

Tonight, however, was not about peace and quiet. With Halloween just two weeks away, tonight was about partying (they had just come from a pre-Halloween costume party for dorks!), drinking, music, and this...

"True confessions!" Summer announced after their drinks arrived.

"Oh, hell no! I'm too drunk for that." Elise took a sip of her powerful espresso.

"You can't be too drunk for true confessions. That's the point of it."

"I guess you're right." Elise took another swig. "Fire away."

True Confessions was exactly what it was named. It was their bonding ritual that had started during their freshman year. Each would share semi-serious, semi-joking secrets with the other, total honesty required, usually after drinking, and always with the *pinkie promise* that their secrets would never travel beyond themselves.

Summer offered her little finger first. "Pinkie promise," she said. Elise was able to grasp Summer's finger after two uncoordinated missed attempts. "Pinkie promise. You go first."

Summer thought for a second, then asked, "So what's up with your unicorn plushie? You had it when we were freshmen. Now you have two sophomore roommates and you *still* have it."

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Elise shook her head. "You mean Jasmine Sparkle? Wait, you're supposed to tell something about yourself, not ask *me* a question."

"Well, I just did. So, you go first." Summer sank her lips into the cream on her latte.

"So, I've had Jasmine Sparkle my whole life. Well, since second grade, I think. She helps me sleep, and believe me, after a few of these," she held up her espresso, "I need it. Why give her up now?"

"But, you're a senior. Your roommates are sophomores. Don't they tease you about it?"

Elise held up her index finger in a gesture of wisdom. "Ah, but I have dirt on them. They better not say a damned thing about Jasmine."

"Oh," Summer leaned in close. "Do tell."

Elise glanced around to make sure no one was eavesdropping. "Both of them are seeing professors."

Summer arched her eyes. It was not a completely scandalous piece of information. She had heard of it happening before, but it could get both student and professor expelled and fired, respectively.

"Who?" She fired back.

"Sandra is seeing Professor Mike. You know, the..."

"Biology professor," Summer completed her sentence.

Everyone at Centerville State knew Professor Mike (really Professor Thompson, but everyone called him by his first name). One of the youngest faculty members at the college, Mike was insanely sexy and wore nerdy glasses, a near-exact replica of the

original Harrison Ford, Indiana Jones.

“Lucky girl,” Summer added. “And, Crystal?”

“She’s seeing Professor Lobel.”

Summer’s eyes dropped. “Oh,” she said mildly disgusted. Professor Lobel was an Economics professor in his late 40s with a mustache and bad breath. “Poor girl,” she added.

“For grades, I guess, except he can’t be bought.” Elise shared Summer’s look of disgust. “Maybe she really sees something in him.”

A thought crossed Summer’s mind that elicited a frown. “You just told me this during True Confessions. Now I can’t tell anyone. Damn you.”

Elise made her best shit-eating grin. “That’s right. It’s our secret forever. If you tell someone, I’ll have to kill you. Now its your turn. And no more questions for me.”

Summer took another swig of her latte, this time much slower and deliberate. This was her chance to bring up something that had been bothering her for months. In a way, she had been planning this drunken *True Confessions* meeting for a long time. In a way, it was her entire reason from coming to the Coffee & Book Jazz Club that night. Her alcohol buzz suddenly lifted from her brain and she became quite serious.

“Well, for starters, you know I work part-time at a daycare center during the week.”

Elise nodded. “Yeah, you told me about it. Building Blocks or something like that. I’m mean, you are going to be a teacher. That’s cool.”

“Buttons and Blocks,” Summer corrected. “Yes, I love it there. The staff and the kids are great.” Summer took another long sip of

her latte, but the cup ran dry.

Damn, I'm out!

She pretended to drink anyway. "Okay, you've got to pinkie promise on this next part." She held the small finger of her right hand.

Elise's mouth wrinkled into an exaggerated frown. "What? Are we in third grade? Come on, we did that already. I promise."

"Pinkie promise again," Summer insisted, still holding her right hand in front of Elise's face.

Elise reluctantly wrapped her little finger around Summer's. "Fucking pinkie promise again," she said defiantly.

"I'm serious," Summer said, becoming more and more nervous about what she was about to divulge. "You *can't* tell anyone."

Elise made a crossing motion over her heart. "That's what a pinkie promise is for. You can kill *me* if I tell anyone."

Summer took a deep breath. There was no point anymore in pretending to drink her empty latte. "So, there's this drug rehab center across the street from our daycare. It's called *Forever Free*. They send some of their clients over to us at Buttons and Blocks."

Elise took a sip of her espresso, then made a sour expression. "That's pretty scary. Do you feel safe working there? I wouldn't want to send my kid there."

Summer shook her head. That wasn't at all what she had meant. She leaned within a few inches of Elise's face and whispered. "No, they turn their clients into children and send them to us to take care of them."

That last part caught Elise with a mouthful of espresso. She

choked and snorted, sending a spray of the super-concentrated coffee out her nose.

“Oh shit! You have no idea how much that hurts.” She grabbed a napkin, sneezed and blew her nose into it. “Do *not* snort espresso!”

Summer never changed her expression. She continued to stare at Elise with a deadly serious expression.

“You remember this is True Confessions?” Elise became equally serious, her own alcohol buzz rapidly fading. Summer nodded, yes. “And you know the rules of True Confessions?” The same nod from Summer.

Elise leaned back in her chair, eyeing her friend closely for any sign of an oncoming laugh, of a hidden joke. Summer’s expression never changed.

“Okay, so they turn these drug addicts into kids? Do you mean literal children? Not hypnosis or something?” Summer continued to nod silently. “Then they send them to your daycare center to take care of?” More nodding from Summer. “So, why are you telling me this, aside from it being completely batshit unbelievable?”

Elise’s last question hit the heart of the issue, the thing Summer most wanted help with — her conscience.

“I’m worried that what we are doing is wrong. I mean, the kids seem so happy when they arrive. The rehab center assures us that their memories of their past lives are gone and that the kids are in every way, actual children. They say all of the clients they send us have nearly died from drug overdoses multiple times and that their lives were ruined before this. That the life we are giving them is infinitely better. But still, I keep thinking there’s something wrong about it. What do you think? Is it wrong?”

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Elise's coffee was empty as well. She couldn't waste time pretending to drink. "You know what I think? I think, seeing is believing."

"What?" Summer shouted, then looked around in a panic, fearing she had drawn too much attention. No one seemed to notice. The sound from the jazz band drowned out most of their conversation. "You want me to show you?" she said once more in a whisper.

Elise nodded affirmatively.

"But, this is True Confessions. You know I can't lie."

"If you're telling the truth, I want to see it. If you are lying, I want to see it. Either way, *I want to see it.*"

Summer took a long minute to think it over. During that time, the waitress came to their table to take another order. Elise shooed her away. When the waitress was out of hearing range, Summer spoke.

"Okay, I know a way we can do it. Two or three nights a week they have a night security guard, Larry, who always falls asleep on his shift. I mean like one hundred percent of the time. He's on tonight, but it's too late now. He's on again tomorrow night, so we can go then. We can sneak into Forever Free and I'll show you."

Elise frowned at that plan. "Are you kidding? That's like breaking and entering. No, just take me to Buttons and Blocks the next time you work. No way I'm breaking into a rehab center in the middle of the night."

"But, there's nothing to see at Buttons and Blocks," Summer responded. "They're kids by the time we get them. We just have a bunch of children. That won't prove anything."

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Summer considered that last statement. Merely showing Elise the regression machine wouldn't prove anything either. Summer had witnessed the machine being used on a client once. She had managed to catch a glimpse of the control panel and visually memorized the procedure. It would require a demonstration of a subject to prove anything. And, how would she get one of those?

Summer's mouth became cotton dry when she spoke again. "There's only one way I can think of to prove it to you. If you will let me do it, I can use the machine to turn you into a child, then return you to your adult self."

Elise averted her eyes away from Summer. She had to look at the ceiling instead. She just couldn't believe her friend, no matter the rules of *True Confessions*. "If you can turn me into a child and back again — I mean really do it, no hypnosis or shit — then I will buy you alcohol for the rest of senior year. Got it? Alcohol's on me if you can prove it."

Summer closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Yes, she felt confident that she could operate the machine, and then reverse it. As long as Larry stayed asleep, they would get away with it. She felt that his sleeping was a sure bet.

"Larry's shift starts at 11 p.m. He's usually asleep by midnight. Meet me at the Flats at midnight tomorrow night and we'll drive over. He'll surely be asleep by the time we get there."

Elise held out her little finger for a third pinkie promise. "Deal." Summer grasped the finger with her own. "Deal."

Their waitress returned again, took their second coffee orders, the same as the first, then returned minutes later with their drinks. Summer was relieved at having the distraction of coffee, while each contemplated what had just been confessed and agreed

to.

Summer slurped some cream off the top, then asked, “So, what’s Professor Mike like?”

Elise shrugged her shoulders. “How should I know, Sandra’s seeing him, not me.”

Summer shook her index finger at Elise in a scolding gesture.

“Oh, alright. I might have accidentally, intentionally trailed them a couple of times, you know, for Sandra’s safety of course.”

Summer grinned before taking another sip of coffee. “You’re such a thoughtful roommate, I’m sure. So, then what?”

“Oh, he’s pretty hot, there’s no doubt about it...”

The jazz trio wrapped up their music around 2 a.m., but Summer and Elise continued to talk for another hour after that. On Friday and Saturday, the Coffee & Book Jazz Club stayed open 24 hours — Centerville being a college town.

Chapter 2: A Change of Clothes



It was 12:30 a.m. and the night guard at Forever Free rehab center, Larry Givens, was asleep at his desk as predicted. A bank of video monitors was in front of him, completely unwatched. Summer and Elise observed him for almost ten minutes through the front doors just to make sure he was truly asleep. Other than the rhythmic movement of his breathing, he didn't budge.

"What did I tell you," Summer exclaimed at a volume louder than Elise would have liked. She waved her arms wildly in front of the door, proving to Elise that neither regular conversation nor movement would wake him.

Elise spoke in a hushed whisper anyway. "So, what do we do? Just open the doors and sneak past him?"

Summer shook her head, then reached into her pants pocket and produced a silver key that dangled on a gold ring. "We use the back door. Come on. Follow me."

The two of them cut across the front lawn and came out in the employee parking lot on the backside of the building. Before turning the corner, Summer pointed to the building across the street with its well-lit sign, *Buttons and Blocks*. "That's where I work."

On the backside of Forever Free, Summer led Elise past the rear employee entrance and walked toward what appeared to be a utility door. She walked directly up to it and inserted the key. Elise put her hand on Summer's shoulder. At this point, they were

officially breaking and entering - or at least entering, as they were not going to break anything.

“Where did you get the key?”

“Ms. Collins, my boss at Buttons and Blocks, she keeps it under the fake palm tree in her office. It didn’t take long to find it.”

Elise’s eyes widened. “And, you’re going to be an elementary school teacher?”

Summer grinned. “I’m not dead yet. Come on, let’s move.” She turned the key, the door unlocked, and the two of them passed quickly into the building. There was a short five-foot passage that ended in a second door. Summer unlocked that one with the same key, then they stepped into a hexagonal shaped antechamber with yet another door on the opposite wall, five feet away.

“This is it,” Summer announced, turning in a circle to show off the oddly shaped anteroom. “This is the Regression Chamber. This is where they turn adult clients into children.”

Other than the shape, the room was little more than a closet. There was nothing impressive about it. Elise began to feel she had been duped. “Right, a closet. You expect me to believe this?”

Summer pointed to a viewing window on the right wall. “In there is the control room. I’ll show you that, next.” Summer walked to the second door.

Elise stood in place, still examining the unremarkable room. “This doesn’t make any sense. Why put this ‘chamber’,” she said, making air quotes with her fingers, “So close to the exit where anyone can look in and see it? Shouldn’t they hide it somewhere deep in the building?”

Summer looked back over her shoulder, one hand on the other door. “It’s how they trick the clients into entering. They think

are being released. They can even see the outside parking lot. Then the doors lock and they are trapped.”

“You mean, this is done against their will? They are tricked into it?”

“Yes,” Summer nodded emphatically. “That’s why I think it might be wrong. That’s why I want to get your opinion.”

“You should have told me that last night. Of course, it’s wrong. I could have told you that without all of this.”

“But, like you said, *‘seeing is believing’*.” Summer opened the second door. “Follow me. I’ll show you the control room.”

The hexagonal room opened into the main hallway. Immediately to its right was another door. The control room was as unimpressive as the regression chamber. It was like another closet, this one rectangular in shape with a simple table holding a double monitor computer. The observation window was immediately above it.

“This is it?” Elise was again disappointed. She felt like this was a joke. “A computer? They shrink people with a computer program?”

Summer removed the backpack she had donned when they had left her car parked on a side street one block away from the rehab center. She sat at the computer and turned the power on. “No, the actual hardware is built into the walls of the chamber. You can’t really see anything from here. It’s part of the whole deception.”

Elise watched as Summer opened a program that displayed a control application onto each monitor. “And, you know how to use it? Did they train you?”

Summer focused on the computer monitors, her expression serious. “Not really, but I watched them do it when they didn’t think

I was watching. It's pretty straight forward."

Next, Elise eyed the backpack now sitting next to the computer table. It was light grey colored and tattered. She had seen Summer carrying it at the gym. "You planning on working out? What's in the bag?"

Summer stopped what she was doing, looked at the backpack, then at Elise. "Um, well...I brought a change of clothes. For you."

Elise pointed to herself, *Me?*

"Y-yes. You're going to be a lot smaller."

Elise covered her eyes and shook her head. "Look. I've seen enough. This is nuts what we are doing. Let's just get out before we're caught."

Summer became impatient. "Do you want to see this or not? You said you wanted to last night."

"We were drunk last night," Elise replied edgily. "What's there to see? A computer? A closet?"

Summer shot a finger toward the observation window.

"You want me to go in there?"

"If you want to see this thing in action, yes. Or, we can just leave and you'll have to take my word for it."

Elise huffed and stomped out of the control room, back into the chamber. "This had better not hurt," she said into the observation window. "If it hurts, even a little, I'm going to kick your ass."

Summer spoke into the microphone that projected her voice into the chamber. "The one time I saw it done, the guy didn't look like he was in pain. But, he did pass out."

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Elise pressed her middle finger against the window. “That’s *really* encouraging.”

Summer was glad Elise was out of the control room as she made the final adjustments to the machine, including setting the target age. At the Coffee & Book Jazz Club she had never mentioned the ages of the children received at Buttons and Blocks, only that they were *children*. She knew that any regression at all would be a convincing experience for Elise. She could have selected age fifteen or even ten. That would have done it. But no, Summer wanted Elise to have the full experience, to understand completely what was being done to the adult clients at Forever Free. She had neglected to tell Elise that in addition to a change of clothes in her backpack, she had also brought diapers. Summer estimated a size 5 should fit, but she brought a size 6 just in case.

Summer spoke into the microphone. “Okay, here we go. One thing’s for sure. It gets really bright, so maybe close your eyes.” She could see Elise through the window squeezing her eyes tight. Summer hit the *activate* button. Next, the light level in the chamber gradually increased from glaring fluorescent bulbs to a blazing desert sun, to a nuclear blast. Summer had to avert her eyes from the window.

She heard Elise cry out, “Oh God, the room is falling!” Then the light was out. The relative darkness of the normal overhead lights felt like a cave.

Summer had only seen the device work once before. She had never actually operated it. She shuddered to think about what she might see in the room if she had been wrong. She cautiously rose from the computer table and gazed timidly through the observation window into the chamber. It was hard to tell what she was looking at since Elise’s adult-sized clothes had collapsed over her shrunken body covering her almost completely.

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Summer stepped out of the control room, looked carefully in both directions down the hallway, and seeing no sign of Larry Givens, opened the door to the regression chamber with trembling hands. She approached the pile of Elise's clothes and gently lifted away from the shirt. Summer gasped and fell back against the opposite wall. There, under the shirt, was an unconscious - though comfortably breathing - two-year-old little girl.

I did it. I really did it. It worked like before.

Summer approached and knelt beside the unconscious Elise. The adult Elise had brown hair, perhaps with a hint of auburn. Her two-year-old self had unmistakable red hair with light curls. It struck Summer how cute the two-year-old Elise had been.

Were we all that cute when we were that age? she wondered.

Next, Summer delicately pulled away the rest of Elise's clothes revealing a thin child, a bit smaller than the usual two-year-old. Summer reached into her backpack and pulled out a two-piece pajama set, size 24 months. It was adorned with pink ponies, rainbows and purple flowers.

This might be a little big on you, she thought, then went about dressing Elise's limp two-year-old body. *Before you have an accident, I had better put this on first.*

She selected the size 5 diaper and gently raised Elise by her ankles, set her back down on the diaper, and wrapped her up. The tapes nearly overlapped in the center.

I could have used a size 4!

Summer sat back again and waited for Elise to wake up. Surely the jostling and insult of being diapered would do the trick.

"I hope you'll forgive me when you wake up wearing a diaper, but if I didn't, you would make a real mess." Working at a

daycare, Summer had learned that toddlers always wet when they slept.

Elise continued to breathe peacefully but otherwise, didn't move. Perhaps dressing her the rest of the way would do it. Summer slid on the pajama pants over the diaper, then pulled the shirt over Elise's red hair, sliding her arms through the sleeves. Despite the additional jostling and lifting, Elise showed no sign of waking.

Summer folded Elise's adult clothes and set them against the wall. She sat cross-legged on the floor beside Elise, waiting for her to wake up. Her plan was to allow Elise to experience the shock of waking up in a new body, a two-year-old body wearing a diaper, then return her back to her adult self and get the heck out of there. It shouldn't take long for Elise to form an opinion about being regressed.

The minutes ticked by. Summer kept checking her watch. It was now 2 a.m. and Elise showed no sign of waking.

What if Larry only takes power naps? What if he wakes up in a few hours and makes his rounds?

Summer stuck her head out into the hallway listening for any noise. Nothing. She grew more and more agitated as the minutes continued to pass and Elise continued to sleep peacefully. Finally, at 2:30 a.m. Summer could take it no more.

We have to go now. It's too risky to stay. Larry is on again tomorrow night. I can bring her back then.

Summer packed Elise's adult clothes into her backpack, then did her best trying to scoop up the sleeping two-year-old in her arms. To her surprise, it was rather difficult to carry Elise like that. Even a small child can be cumbersome when completely limp, offering no assistance. Summer wished she had brought a stroller,

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though that might have given Elise too much of a hint. When she finally had Elise somewhat secure in her arms, slung partially over her shoulder, Summer made for the exit. She stepped out of the chamber, opened the outside door, and was in the parking lot once more. She was mindful to lock both doors behind her, as they had been when they arrived.

Summer walked briskly the quarter-mile to where she had parked her car on the side street. She unlocked the back door and flopped the still unconscious Elise onto the back seat. Summer would have to take Elise back to her own apartment at The Flats, then return to Forever Free tomorrow night. Transporting a two-year-old in her car had not been a possibility that Summer had considered.

I need a child car seat! Which of course, she did not have.

Summer merely worked at a daycare center. She did not have kids of her own.

Well, now I have one, and what am I going to do?

Summer did the best job she could of propping Elise upright in the back seat against her backpack, then pulled the seatbelt over both of them. She knew it wasn't safe to transport a child in this manner, but she had no other choice. I'll drive slow and pray I don't get stopped by a cop.

The fifteen-minute drive to her apartment ended up taking thirty minutes at the creeping speed that she drove. At last, Summer's car pulled into her parking space safely. Summer lifted the two-year-old Elise with both hands and carried her into her apartment.

Thank goodness I live on the ground floor.

Once inside, Summer laid Elise on the mattress of her bed. She went back to the car to retrieve the backpack. When she

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returned, Elise had not moved from her position on the mattress.

She's probably down for the count, Summer thought, realizing Elise might well sleep all the way until morning.

Summer lifted the sleeping toddler one more time, pulled back the blanket, then laid Elise's curly redhead on her pillow and covered her best friend's child-sized body with the blanket.

"I'll sleep on the couch," she whispered to the sleeping Elise. "I hope you're not too mad at me when you wake up. You'll have to stay like this until I can take you back tomorrow night."

Summer retrieved another sheet, pillow, and blanket from her linen closet and spread them out over her couch.

"Please don't be mad at me," she whispered one last time, then turned out the light.

Chapter 3: Seeing is Believing



Summer awoke to a thumping sound. It was a rhythmic beat that, at first, she wasn't sure was coming from her apartment. Perhaps the upstairs tenant was playing music. She sat upright on the couch and discovered its source. The toddler-sized Elise was jumping repeatedly on her bed. Summer didn't know how she should respond.

"Um...Hi," she said timidly.

"Oh, hi Summer. Look at me," Elise said leaping up and down on Summer's mattress. Then, she covered her mouth with both hands. "Oh my God, my voice! I sound like a mouse."

Summer nodded, still uncertain and confused. "Sooo... how do you feel?"

Elise performed an extra-large jump and landed on her butt. She then got back up and started again. "This is the most awesome feeling! I'm light as a feather. And, I have so much energy, I could go on like this all day."

That's toddlers for you, Summer thought, thinking about every other two-year-old at her daycare.

"I mean, how do you feel about being a child? What's it like?"

Elise bounced onto her butt again, then threw herself back on the mattress.

"It's great! I'm so small and light, and this voice," she started to giggle. "It's crazy," she laughed and started rolling over and over, all the way to the edge of the mattress. Summer jumped up to catch

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Elise before she rolled onto the floor, but Elise stopped rolling in time. “So, how old am I anyway?” Elise held her small, delicate hands in front of her face, inspecting them.

“You’re two years old. Exactly twenty-four months.”

Elise considered that information for a moment. “Damn, I guess that makes sense,” she said, now inspecting her arms and feet. Elise was surprised by the flexibility of her small body. She could almost bring her feet to her face. “When you said they turned them into kids, I thought you meant like ten years old or something.”

Summer blushed. “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you that detail.”

Elise didn’t seem upset in the least by Summer’s deceptive omission. She stood back on the bed and prepared to jump again. Then, the first look of doubt crossed her face.

“Wait. You said twenty-four months?”

Summer nodded affirmatively.

Elise pulled the elastic waistband of her PJ pants and looked down. “Oh no. No, no. That’s not happening.” Elise jumped off the bed and ran across the hardwood flooring of Summer’s apartment.

“Where are you going?” Summer called after her.

“To the bathroom. Be right back.” Elise found the single bathroom in Summer’s apartment and shut the door. A minute later she opened the door and returned to Summer’s bed.

“You put me in a diaper? I can’t believe you put me in a diaper!”

Summer blushed again. She had suspected Elise would be upset by that, wearing a diaper. It was probably the single most upsetting aspect of being regressed to such a young age.

"Well, yes. Most two-year-olds wear diapers."

Elise crossed her arms defiantly. "Not *this* two-year-old."

"You took it off?" Summer looked worried.

"Hell yes! I mean, being this small is really fun, but no way am I wearing a diaper. And, let me just say. O-M-G! I really *am* a kid down there." She pointed to her PJ pants. "I mean, *all* of it!"

Summer shook her head. "Yes, *all* of your body is two years old. But, you might regret taking off the diaper."

Elise kept her arms folded, but suspicion crept into her young voice. "What do you mean?"

"Um...well..." Summer hesitated.

How do I explain this?

"Your body is two years old in every way, including muscle strength, reflexes, and coordination..." Summer paused again, reluctant to break the news to Elise. "That includes your bowels and bladder. You won't be as aware of them. There's a chance you might..."

"Pee myself?" Elise finished her sentence. "Nope. That's not going to happen. I can feel everything down there just fine."

Summer held up her hands, exasperated. "So, this is the experience I wanted you to have. Being two years old. Wearing a diaper. Peeing and pooping yourself. That's what Forever Free does to all of its clients. They send them to us as babies and toddlers, all of them in diapers. That's why I regressed you to this age. I want you to fully understand what is being done, to feel what it's like." She knelt down to Elise's level and put both of her large adult hands on Elise's tiny shoulders. "To feel like they do, small and helpless."

Elise took a step back from Summer's arms. It struck her

how, even kneeling to her level, Summer was still taller.

I guess I am pretty vulnerable, she thought. And, not very fast or strong compared to an adult. “Well, when you put it that way, I guess it is a problem.”

Summer stood back up, towering over Elise. “See, I knew you would get it. I knew you would think this is wrong.”

Elise made a ‘stop’ gesture with her hand. “Hold on a second. Let’s think about this.” She climbed back onto Summer’s bed and started jumping. “First off, this feels pretty darn good. And by that, I mean super great!” She jumped higher and higher. “It’s not exactly torture. Second, you said all those clients had serious drug problems, that they had all almost died from overdosing.”

Summer agreed, reluctantly.

“So, given the alternatives — death by overdose, or this.” She indicated her body. “That’s a pretty good deal if you ask me.” Elise slammed onto the mattress and rolled around giggling. “You can’t imagine how great this feels. You should try it yourself sometime.”

Summer put the palm of her hand to her face. This was not the response she had been looking for. It did nothing to allay the doubts she still felt about Forever Free and their age regression device. “But, shouldn’t they at least get the client’s permission before regressing them?”

Elise stopped rolling and sat up. “How do you know they don’t get their permission?”

“Well, the one client I watched being regressed,” she said, recalling how she had covertly observed how to operate the device, “They didn’t ask him.”

Elise shrugged her shoulders. “Maybe it was just that one. Maybe they got consent from the others. Do you ever ask them, the