

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

THE SCRIBBLES OF KITA

VOLUME TWO

AN ABDL/LG BOOK

KITA SPARKLES

The Scribbles of Kita – Vol 2

The Scribbles Of Kita

Volume 2

By Kita Sparkles

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TV SPOT COMMERCIAL:

FADE IN ON A SCENE WITH A TIRED MOTHER WITH TWO CHILDREN. ONE IS A TODDLER, RUNNING ALL OVER THE PLACE, AND ONE IS A BABY CRYING IN THE STROLLER. THERE ARE STORES ALL AROUND HER, AND EVERYONE ELSE SEEMS TO BE CARRYING SHOPPING BAGS, BUT SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE GOTTEN ANY SHOPPING DONE.

ANNOUNCERS VOICE-OVER: "TIRED OF BRINGING YOUR CHILDREN SHOPPING WITH YOU, ONLY TO FIND YOU CAN'T GET ANYTHING DONE? BRING THEM TO "LITTLE MALL TYKES DAYCARE"! LET US WATCH THE KIDS FOR YOU, WHILE YOU GET YOUR ERRANDS DONE!"

MOTHER IS SHOWN AGAIN, THIS TIME LOOKING ENERGETIC AND FRESH, WITH TWO SHOPPING BAGS AND NO CHILDREN. SHE ENTERS A DOOR ABOVE WHICH THE "LITTLE MALL TYKES DAYCARE" LOGO IS PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED, AND HER CHILDREN COME TODDLING OVER WITH BIG SMILES TO HUG HER.

VOICE-OVER: "LITTLE MALL TYKES DAYCARE IS A FULLY LICENSED DAYCARE FACILITY, PROVIDING SHORT-TERM CARE FOR YOUR LITTLE ONES. NO MORE NOT BEING ABLE TO FIND A BABYSITTER ON SHORT NOTICE, OR FOR DAYTIME HOURS. NO MORE WORRIES ABOUT WHO YOU ARE HIRING TO WATCH YOUR CHILDREN. NO MORE WORRIES ABOUT AGE LIMITS - WE ACCEPT ALL AGES! WE WILL BE OPENING NEW FRANCHISES IN MANY MALLS DURING THE NEXT FEW MONTHS. OUR UNIQUE TRAINING PROGRAM GUARANTEES THAT YOUR CHILDREN WILL BE LOOKED AFTER BY AN EMPLOYEE WHO IS WELL-ATTUNED TO YOUR

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BABY'S NEEDS. LITTLE MALL TYKES DAYCARE - COMING SOON TO A MALL NEAR YOU!"

The screen went blank as the commercial ended. Carrie Tomes sat staring at the screen in shock.

"I can't believe you are actually going to go through with this business, Sue," she said to her friend. "Do you really think a lot of potential employees are going to stick around when they find out just what they have to do for your training program?"

"Only the best," Sue said easily. "That's all I want working there anyway. If they can't be totally in tune with a baby's needs, they can't be one of our specially-trained associates."

Carrie was a bit stunned. Sue had talked about starting up such a business before. They had even joked about it when they were teenagers, and once Carrie had even allowed Sue to "train" her for babysitting, but she never thought Sue would really take it public. It seemed to be a big risk and not a risk that Carrie would be willing to take herself, but she would support Sue regardless.

"Well, maybe, but seriously... Don't you think it is a little over the top?" Carrie asked.

"I think it is a lot over the top," Sue answered. "That's why it will work. There are plenty of mothers who will appreciate it, both mothers of real babies, and mothers of children who act like babies. I'll just let word of that part spread by itself. They'll want to take advantage of the service. The training part... well that serves its purpose to train the employees on how to care for babies of all sizes, puts them in tune to what a baby feels, creates a bond of trust between the employees, and besides, it's just fun."

They both laughed at that.

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Tricia was sitting in the Living Room, her feet on the coffee table - something she'd been told a hundred times not to do - and watching television when her mother came home from work. In other words, the same place she was sitting every day ever since she graduated - watching daytime soaps or talk shows or talking on the phone. Her mother was not pleased.

"I found a place you can get a job," she offered.

"I don't want a job, Mom," Tricia complained.

"Well, that's fine. I guess you don't want to go anywhere either, since you can't afford to put gas in your car." Her mother had already decided to put her foot down.

"Huh?" Tricia looked up, surprised.

"I'm not going to keep supporting you when you aren't even trying!" Tricia's mother told her. "Now, there's a new place opening at the mall and you'd be taking care of kids. Debbie's daughter, Cathy, already got a job there, and she was nice enough to get an interview for you and even give you a recommendation. You shouldn't have any trouble getting this job."

"But..." Tricia started, but then she saw her mother was serious, and no amount of arguing was going to change her mind.

"I think it is just the sort of place that will do you some good," her mother said with a small smile. Tricia wondered what that meant, but let it pass.

It would be nice to have some money of my own, and besides, how bad could it be?

Chapter 1

“Interesting looking place,” thought Tricia as she walked into the brightly lit and decorated room.

The walls were painted with bright colors and it was very large and open and was somewhat of a shock entering this from the smallish reception area in front. There were cribs and changing tables along the wall and different sizes of those as well. She could see doors and she knew from what she had been told that these led to areas for different ages, like toddlers or preschool.

“Where is Cathy anyway?” she asked the woman who had led her into the room. “I thought she'd be here.”

“All in good time,” the woman told her. “She's training right now. Next week, she'll be helping to train you.”

“I can't believe there aren't a bunch of girls lined up to take this job,” Tricia said, perhaps a bit hopefully.

“We've had other interviews,” the woman said. “They weren't quite the right kind of person to work here.”

“The right kind?” Tricia thought to herself? “Just what kind of standards do they have anyway?”

Her concentration quickly went back to the woman who was now asking her interview-type questions, as she motioned for Tricia to have a seat in a chair nearby.

“This is an odd chair,” Tricia thought to herself as she struggled to remain focused on the woman while she tried to figure out the chair. She finally noticed with embarrassment that she had sat down in a large highchair with the tray removed.

“Anything wrong?” the woman, who Tricia now recalled had introduced herself as Susan, asked.

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"Umm..." Tricia considered her options and decided it was best to fake her way through this and hope that Susan hadn't noticed what kind of chair this was. "No, nothing," she said, with a nervous smile. "I'm just... uh... nervous," she explained, having to try desperately not to add a "Yeah, that's it!" on the end.

"It takes a special kind of person to work here," Susan emphasized again. "But from what I have heard from your mother and your friend Cathy, you are just right for it." She produced several official papers and lay them on the table in front of Tricia. "If you'll just sign here, and here, we can get started training right away."

"Oh!" Tricia was startled. She hadn't even thought she would know yet if she got the job, let alone start this quickly. "What are these?"

She tried hopelessly to read the legal papers.

"Just your agreement to work here and finish out three weeks of training before working with our actual clients by yourself," Susan told her. "And the other is a non-disclosure agreement. You agree not to tell people outside of this company about our practices here."

"Oh well, okay," Tricia said with a shrug. She quickly signed without trying to read anymore. She never liked reading much anyway.

"Good!" Susan took the papers and placed them in a file folder. "Now then, let's get you dressed. She took Tricia's hand and helped her out of the chair, beginning to guide her toward the wall.

Tricia thought this quite strange. What did this woman mean by *'get you dressed'*? Was there some kind of uniform she had to wear for this job? They stopped in front of a large changing table.

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"You look to be a medium," Susan said, looking Tricia up and down. She then reached for a shelf and grabbed a big disposable diaper from a stack. "Up you go on the table now," she urged Tricia.

"Wh...what?" Tricia practically yelled. "You mean for me to wear a... to wear a di... to wear *that*?" She couldn't even bring herself to verbalize it. It was just too much to believe.

"Of course. It's all part of the training," Susan said, as though this were perfectly logical and something Tricia should have expected all along.

"But... but that's crazy!" Tricia responded. "I'm getting out of here!" She turned to leave, only to feel Susan grab her arm.

"Can't let you do that, Tricia," she said.

"What? Let me go. You can't keep me here! I'll call the police!" Tricia said.

"Ah, but I *can* keep you here. You just signed over your life for the next three weeks," Susan said, holding up the contracts Tricia hadn't bothered reading. "Just like as if you were joining the military, your butt is mine for at least three weeks. You can leave after that if you like but I don't think you will."

Tricia was fuming. "I'll... I'll tell the newspapers what you're doing here," she spouted. "You'll be shut down. You'll..."

"I don't think so," Susan said smugly, holding up the non-disclosure agreement.

"I, but, I didn't know that I had to do this..." Tricia said, finally running out of steam. She knew she should have read the contracts first. "I... aww, shit!"

"That will be one warning and one only," Susan told her. "We will be working around babies and children here, and that kind of language won't be tolerated. If I have to tell you again, you will be disciplined."

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"Disciplined?" Tricia thought. They really were nuts here.

She thought about fighting it, until Susan casually said, "Gee, I wonder what all your friends would think if they knew you signed up to wear diapers and be treated like a baby for a week, and then a toddler for another week?"

At that point, she decided maybe it would be best to try and get this over with. Maybe her mother would help her get out of it when she found out. Trying to do it with some amount of dignity, she climbed up onto the changing table.

Tricia couldn't believe she was doing this, as she lay flat and Susan undid her jeans and slid them down her legs. Her shoes were removed, then the jeans pulled off all the way. She felt so vulnerable, and while she felt a little cold on her legs, her face was blushing hotter than she could ever remember feeling before. She had a brief moment of panic as Susan reached for her panties, and suddenly she reached down and grabbed them, holding on to her last shred of dignity.

"Tricia!" Susan smacked at her hands, trying to get her to remove them, but Tricia couldn't bring herself to move her hands. Suddenly, she became aware of another presence in the room, someone coming into it from one of the side rooms.

As she struggled to see who she was being exposed to in this way to now, she had a sudden shock.

"Cathy?"

Her mouth dropped open. Here was her friend, who was a year older than she - with her hair in braided pigtails, no makeup (her freckles were SO evident when she didn't wear makeup), and... her *clothes*! Cathy was always so fashion-conscious, but now she was dressed in a short and simple pink skirt, knee-socks, black mary-jane patent leather shoes, and a pink t-shirt.

Susan took advantage of Tricia's shock and pulled the waistband of the panties quickly from her hands, then pulled them down and off.

"Noooooooo!" Tricia now used her hands to try and cover herself.

"Oh, come on Tricia! Don't be such a baby about it!" Cathy giggled at her own joke, and the look Tricia gave her. "You only have to be a baby for a week, and then you get out of diapers. See?" Cathy lifted her skirt and showed off her Disney Princess Pull-ups. She lowered her voice, "But don't have an accident in them! You'll hafta practice sitting on the potty in the corner!" She lost her little girl voice for a moment and said, "Besides, it's fun."

Tricia didn't believe it. The whole scene was just too surreal - perhaps she was dreaming. She knew she'd never last a week like this - she'd go crazy and end up in an institution the rest of her life - probably diapered.

She opened her mouth to say something, though she wasn't even sure what she intended to say, and suddenly tasted rubber.

"There we go! You must be learning to accept this like a good girl. You opened right up for your paci!" Susan praised her. Tricia pouted but kept the pacifier in her mouth even sucking on it a bit. Actually, it wasn't that bad of a feeling.

Then Susan's hands were touching her most private places, rubbing in a bit of baby lotion here and there. She felt vulnerable, helpless, and humiliated. More sensations came then as baby powder was softly dusted across her bottom, and she was lifted up by her legs and the soft, crinkling diaper was suddenly under her bottom. She noted how thick and padded it was as it was pulled up between her legs. It was puffy and forced her legs apart. Susan taped it tightly, and Tricia knew she was going to be constantly aware of its presence as long as she wore it. Susan took the strap

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and buckled Tricia to the table then, telling her she would find some "suitable clothes" for her to wear.

As soon as she was out of earshot, Tricia spoke pleadingly to Cathy. "Quick, unbuckle me before she gets back!"

"Where are you planning to go, just dressed in your shirt and diaper?" Cathy asked. "Besides, what's so bad about this? And if you run, they'll just bring you back. You signed the contract."

"What's so bad?" Tricia was shocked. "I'm wearing a damned diaper! And you... look what they've done to you!"

Cathy looked herself over in the mirror. "I thought it was kinda cute," she pouted.

"For a three-year-old, maybe!"

"Well, that's what I am this week," Cathy replied. "And you are a baby. And that's how it is going to stay until next week."

"No way. As soon as I can find a phone, I'll call my Mom, and she'll get us out of here," Tricia said confidently.

Cathy stared at her with a surprised look for a moment, then burst out in giggles. "You didn't know?" she finally got out. "Your Mom knows exactly what the training entails! She was here last week - she even changed my diaper! She said this job would be just perfect because of the way you were acting. I wasn't sure what she meant by that, but it sort of sounds like you ticked her off. I don't think she'll be rescuing you!"

Tricia looked crestfallen. "She knew all along? And didn't tell me?" she repeated. Suddenly, another thought crept into her mind. "Hey, I'll get out of diapers after we close for the night though, huh? We don't stay here all night!"

Cathy smiled sympathetically. "We don't stay all night, no. But I would not count on getting out of the diapers if I were you. The only way you get out of them is either when they are wet or

messy.” This caused Tricia to instantly cringe. “And you get changed, or when you get a bath. Or, well, you'll see,” she said with a cryptic giggle.

Just then Susan returned.

“I have just the outfit for you, my new little angel,” she said cheerily.

Tricia stared open-mouthed at the pink and white romper. She never wore pink as it was, but this confection went overboard on it and even had lace at the leg openings, sleeves, and across the bottom. “You've got to be kidding,” she finally said.

“Nope, this is all yours now,” Susan said brightly, completely missing or maybe just ignoring the sarcasm.

Tricia had stopped fighting long ago, and now just opted for sulking as her shirt and bra were removed and the romper pulled on. She noted with more embarrassment that it had snaps in the crotch, and she didn't even have to think twice about why.

“One more thing,” Susan said, heading out of the room again.

Cathy looked to make sure she was out of earshot, then quickly whispered, “The first thing she'll probably do is leave you alone in the playpen for an hour or so, so you can be taught how boring it is for a baby if you don't play with them or give them something to do.”

Tricia wasn't listening. She was noticing something else that suddenly began to bother her. “Oh no!” she whimpered quietly, wiggling her legs a bit.

“What's wrong?” Cathy asked, then recognized the pained look and the squirming Tricia was doing. She giggled, “Might as well just let it out. You'll be more comfortable, and you're going to end up using your diapers - both ways - sooner or later anyway!”

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Tricia was becoming annoyed with Cathy's cheery attitude. Bad enough she had to be in diapers. Why did she have to share to moment with Pollyanna? The least her friend could do would be to be supportive, seeing as she had just been through the same thing herself! Her need to pee was getting much worse now, as she hadn't really gone since she left the house that morning. She didn't want to give anyone the satisfaction, but she knew there really wasn't much else she could do and gave in to wetting the diaper just as Susan returned.

"Just the thing," Susan said, holding up hair ribbons and strange-looking canvas shoes. Cathy didn't even look up, as she was focusing on Tricia's diaper. It was the first time she was getting to see someone her own age - other than herself - use the diapers. Susan realized quickly what Tricia was doing, but decided to ignore it as if Tricia was a real baby.

Instead, while Tricia was still getting used to the warm sensation that suddenly tingled through her diaper, she brushed Tricia's hair into childish bunches and tied them up with ribbon, then put the shoes on Tricia's feet. Tricia, recovering somewhat from the wet diaper experience, asked why they felt so strange.

"They are soft shoes, like baby shoes," Susan told her. "You won't be walking for the next couple of days anyway."

As Tricia stared at the shoes, Susan started to speak again. "Now is as good a time as any to go over the rules. Generally, for one week you will be a baby. The first couple of days you will be a very young baby who is only able to crawl. On the third day, you can walk with help. On the last few days, you will be able to be a toddler. You will use diapers the whole time, be fed by someone else, and use everything a baby does. Sometimes you will feel frustrated, but that is part of your training, so you will know how a baby feels."

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"The second week you will be like Cathy is now, in toddler style and preschool style. You will be relearning things - how to potty, how to eat by yourself, how to dress yourself, and so on. Of course, you will be in Pull-ups." She lifted Cathy's skirt to emphasize her point. "Of course, since we only have a week to train you, accidents will earn you a spanking which we never do with the real children." She said this last part looking at Cathy as well.

"The third and final week of your training we will hope to have hired someone else by then since it includes taking care of 'big babies'. Though for the most part, you will be caring for real babies here, there are times when you might be asked to care for an older child who is to be treated like a baby. We are being recommended by places that cater to this type of thing," she explained.

"Sounds kind of fun," Cathy giggled.

"Undoubtedly you will encounter some who find it fun," Susan said, "But more often than not, they will probably not see any benefit to this, sorta like our little Tricia here." She paused. "One last thing. During the times when someone is training, and there are no other 'big babies', the current employees will take turns being a baby again so the new employee can train."

Tricia felt a bit uneasy to hear that. *I might have to do this for more than one week?*

She thought of another thing, "Oh, and the contract you signed that says you are locked into training here only lasts for the three weeks. You are free to go after that if you want but you must stay for your full three weeks' training. Since our training is so... unconventional... for now you are under a non-disclosure agreement, and any minors that want to work here will need to have permission from a parent or guardian, who will be fully informed and sign their own agreement first."

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Suddenly she lifted Tricia from the table, shocking both Tricia and Cathy. "Naptime for baby girls," she said, depositing Tricia into the nearest crib.

Tricia noticed the plastic mattresses crinkle under her as her weight settled in the crib. It felt strange to have bars all around, even though this was a large crib, about the size of a twin bed. It must have been built special, she thought.

"Nap? But I'm not sleepy," Tricia stated.

"Doesn't matter," Susan told her. "It is nap time. Lay down and try to rest."

"But I..." Tricia squirmed in her wet diaper.

She just couldn't bring herself to admit that she was wet. Susan put her hands on Tricia's shoulders and gently but firmly helped Tricia to lay down, covering her with the light blanket. She pushed Tricia's pacifier back into her mouth then, and led Cathy by the hand from the room, leaving it darkened but not completely dark and quiet.

It gave Tricia time to think through the reality of what was going on here. Here she was, a high school graduate, suddenly sucking a pacifier, wearing diapers, and taking a nap in a crib! Her mother had insisted on her taking the job here but apparently already knew what it would mean. She thought about her last few months at home. Not working, and not doing housework either. She didn't even help with dinner or do her own laundry or clean her own room. Her mother waited on her hand and foot, just like she was, she suddenly realized, just like when she was a baby. No wonder her mother thought this was a perfect place for her to work.

Tricia felt bad now and even shed a few tears. She deserved this, and she knew it. Well, if she was going to act like a baby at home, she decided that she could stand to be treated like one for a

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week here, and resolve to do better from now on. And somewhere in this thought process, Tricia began to suck on the pacifier, finding it strangely comforting, and sometime later, she fell asleep.

"No fair!" said Cathy indignantly, watching the monitor. "I never got to sleep during my first nap."

"You didn't cry either," Susan said. "You were too interested in feeling your diaper and trying to see yourself in the mirror. I swear, if I didn't know better, I'd think you like this."

Cathy blushed how was she supposed to know Susan had set up a camera and could see everything she did? She thought for a minute about wetting her pull-up to get back at Susan, but her bottom still stung a little from the spanking she got for that this morning and she wasn't really up for an encore performance.

Almost as if reading her mind, Susan took her by the hand and led her to the pink potty chair. She reached under the short skirt and put her thumbs in the waistband of Cathy's Pull-up, then slid it down her legs, and raised Cathy's skirt until she settled herself on the potty.

Cathy had to sit on the potty several times a day until she went. The potty was a bit hard and uncomfortable especially since it really was child size and Cathy had to squat uncomfortably to sit on it. She was also constantly checking to make sure she wasn't *off-center*, as had happened once, and was much worse to clean up than just a diaper. In all honesty, she would have just as soon gone back to the diapers and thought Tricia was quite fortunate right now.

She knew Tricia felt differently about this than did she. She had been intrigued by the process when Susan had explained it. It just appealed to her to be taken care of like a baby for a little while. She wasn't sure why. Now that it was over, she found herself wishing it had been longer. She was sure that if Tricia just gave it a try, she'd find the enjoyment of it too, and she didn't want Tricia to waste any time that could be enjoyed feeling sorry for herself.

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While doing this, she would seem hypocritical to complain about her own current situation. Besides, she wanted Tricia to have something to look forward to, not something to dread. So, she tried to make the best of it, telling herself that a toddler really would be happy to be graduating to pull-ups from diapers, learning how to use a cup, and feeding herself, even if she as an adult was not. Well, the food was better anyway. And the clothes were cuter, regardless of what Tricia had said about them.

Cathy was letting her mind wander and she blushed a little when she realized that she had started using the potty without even realizing what she was doing. Well, it would make Miss Susan happy at least. Miss Susan could hear her going, and waited until she was done, then wiped her and let her stand and pull up her own pull-ups. She did have to help a little to make sure they were straight. Then she cleaned out the potty and washed her and Cathy's hands.

Looking at the nursery monitor she said, "Let's go wake up your friend."

Chapter 2

Tricia was sleeping on her tummy and suddenly came awake as she felt something cold invade the elastic band on the leg of her diaper.

“Meep!” She jumped.

“Sorry,” Susan apologized with a small smile. “I was just checking your diaper, but my hands are a little cold since I just finished washing them after helping Cathy potty. Guess I’ll be washing them again in a few minutes after changing someone’s diaper.”

Tricia blushed at this public announcement about her diaper’s condition, and Cathy laughed although she had already known anyway.

“Cathy, would you mind being my little helper, and getting a new diaper for your little friend here, and some baby powder and wipes from the changing table please?” Susan asked. “I’ll just change her right here.”

Susan popped open the snaps on Tricia’s romper and Cathy skipped away out of view. Susan blushed as the tapes on her diaper were undone. Yes, she had already been seen naked once today, but now she was in a wet diaper and it was a brand new humiliation. Susan had the front of the diaper peeled down as Cathy returned with the supplies.

“Goodness!” Susan said as she laid the supplies out next to Tricia’s prone body. “You must have got one of the night-time diapers out.” Tricia could see the new diaper was ultra-thick and padded heavily throughout. “I’d be careful if I were you,” Susan told Cathy. “One day, she may be taking care of you as the baby, and payback sucks!”

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Tricia hoped that Susan was going to tell Cathy to go get a thinner diaper, but this was not to be, as she was cleaned and powdered and finally wrapped up and snugly secured in this thick new diaper. Tricia flexed her legs a bit causing a great deal of loud crinkling and realized she couldn't even bring them together. It was also a little bit of a struggle for Susan to get the snaps in the crotch done up over it, but she managed, although a bit of the diaper still stuck out.

Susan then set Tricia down on a play mat on the floor. Tricia tried to stand, receiving a light swat on the diapered bottom.

"You aren't able to stand up yet," she was told.

She sat back down with a loud plop as her bottom hit the play mat. She hardly felt that, and hadn't felt the spank at all, and for some reason, this amused her a bit and she giggled in spite of herself. So now she sat there, her legs splayed out in front of her in a fashion she had not sat in for a good number of years, looking for something to do. Susan set a few baby toys on the mat, and Tricia tried to look annoyed but didn't get anything out of that. Finally, she heaved an annoyed sigh and started to play with a top.

Susan went off to the corner of the room to do something or other, which by now Tricia was ignoring. She had gone through all the toys within a few minutes, finding nothing to alleviate her boredom. Across the room, Cathy had dragged out a dollhouse, and that, while very childish, suddenly seemed very appealing to Tricia. She hadn't played with one for years, and Cathy seemed to be having tons of fun.

Tricia decided that she wanted to try that too, so she started to crawl toward Cathy. Before getting even halfway there, she felt herself being lifted and carried back, this time being put in a playpen so she would "stay out of trouble".

"You're too little to play with the dollhouse. You can play with it when you are older," Susan told her.

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Tricia decided enough was enough. She had tried to deal with this, but this stupid game had gone on long enough. She couldn't possibly last a whole week playing with these stupid toys and wearing diapers and baby clothes. She'd go out of her mind!

Her mind made up, Tricia stood up and climbed out of the playpen.

"What did I just tell you? You are too little to stand up, and you can't get out of the playpen. You're still a baby!" Susan said to her. "Now you get back in there! This is your last warning."

"No!" Tricia said, stomping her foot childishly for emphasis in spite of herself. "This is too much. I..." She was cut short as Susan picked her up. "NOOOOO..." she started to kick her feet. "No! I'm not a baby! I'm 18!"

Cathy watched from across the room with wide eyes as Susan sat down in a chair knowing what was about to happen.

"What are you doing?" Tricia felt the snaps of her romper being undone. "No! What are you doing?" Her diaper was now pulled away from her bottom and she felt a chill on her bare bottom but the chill didn't last for long.

WHAP! WHAP!

The sounds of a spanking filled the room.

WHAP!

"Naughty baby!" Susan lectured, punctuating this with another spank. "You signed the contract and as such, you agreed to be a baby for all this week!"

WHAP WHAP WHAP!

"No! Stop!" Tricia kicked her feet to no avail.

"Are you going to be good?" Susan asked, adding two more spanks for emphasis.

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"Ow-ouch! Yes! I'll be good," Tricia promised.

"What are you?" Susan asked, not ready to trust Tricia yet, and adding another swat.

Tricia sniffled. "A baby," she answered, the words tasting bitter to her.

Susan added one more smack to Tricia's bottom.

"From now on, hopefully, a *good* baby," Susan admonished.

Tricia felt her diaper being pulled back in place, and the romper being snapped back up. She also saw Cathy, and it looked as though she was trying very hard not to giggle.

A few minutes later, Tricia having been deposited in the playpen, Cathy sneaked up when Susan wasn't watching and whispered, "Told ya!"



When the end of the day had finally come, Tricia was anxious, wondering what was going to happen. She knew by now that her mother knew all about what she was going to be doing for the next three weeks and that it was to be enforced at home as well. What she wasn't sure about was whether things would be better at home than they were here or not.

At dinner time, she had been forced to sit in a high chair, the same one she had accidentally sat down in when she had started her interview. The tray was attached now, and her hands were trapped under it. She had to endure the frustration of being spoon-fed some horrible mush. She couldn't even tell what it was supposed to be. At one point, Cathy was allowed to help feed her, but she had to hold the spoon wrong as a real preschooler would. As a result, it was a good thing Tricia was wearing a bib.

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She also learned how to use a bottle. It seemed funny to think about it, ironic really, that she had to learn how to do something a baby already knew how to do. When Susan first put the nipple of the bottle in her mouth, Tricia had just sat there, expecting the drink to pour out into her mouth. She got a little impatient when it didn't, then felt silly when Cathy told her she had to suck on the nipple to get anything from it. Especially since after that Cathy spent the next five minutes giggling at her.

Cathy also wore a bib while they ate, and had to use her fingers for much of the meal. When she did use flatware, she had to hold it in her fist rather than her fingers. She also had her food cut up into small bites by Susan. Tricia watched this as she ate her own food and it looked like it was annoying Cathy somewhat, which Tricia found relieving. At least Cathy didn't think this was *all* the most fun thing in the world, but at least she got to eat real food. Tricia wondered how she would survive eating this gunk for a whole week.

Tricia was surprised when Susan began cleaning things up at 6:30. She was even more surprised when she was told her "Mommy" would be there soon to pick her up. "But, the mall doesn't close for a few more hours yet?" she pointed out.

"Yes, but we close at 7:00 PM," Susan told her. "Most parents would be taking their very young children home by then anyway. We might stay open later during the Holidays. Remember that this will not be a traditional daycare-type facility. It is more a babysitting service for parents who are shopping and don't want to drag the kids all around with them."

"By that time little kids should be taken home for bed," Cathy said.

"Yes, and what time is *your* bedtime?" Susan prompted her.

Cathy blushed. "8:30," she said.

Tricia would have laughed at her once-night-owl friend if she hadn't been worried about what time she would now be going to bed herself.

"At least it's better than last week," she said, as though she had read Tricia's mind.

Tricia began to settle into a mantra of telling herself *"It's only for a week,"* whenever she picked up on this disturbing type of news. *"Less than a week, really,"* she realized, feeling proud of herself for already making it through almost an entire day, regardless of the spanking she received earlier.

And so it was that Cathy was soon seated at a small table coloring and Tricia was still feeling bored out of her mind in the playpen when she heard voices in the outer room and realized her Mommy, her mother, had arrived to pick her up. Feeling some nervous anticipation, she suddenly realized she was taking to diapers more easily than she should, as they suddenly became warm with her pee. She was soaked by the time Miss Susan and her mother came into the main room.

"There's my baby girl!" Tricia's mother said, as though this were a perfectly normal everyday occurrence, to see her daughter dressed like a baby and standing up in a slightly oversized playpen.

In truth, she had already observed Tricia for a few minutes on the monitor in the outside office, otherwise, she would have been caught completely off guard for what she saw. True, she knew Tricia was to be reduced to a baby girl, but knowing what was going to be done and actually seeing it were two different things entirely.

Susan had made sure she would prepare all parents of prospective employees in this same manner. She knew she had to take things carefully and choose her employees very carefully as well; one wrong step could land her with some bad publicity, but if she did everything just right, this movement could become very big. She imagined a time when she would have two sides to her

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business - one that dealt with real very young children while still training her employees in the same manner of course, and one dealing with older children whose parents realized the benefit of keeping their children as babies for a bit longer as her own mother had done with her.

It was an awkward moment. While Tricia had come to accept her three-week sentence here at the Daycare, she hadn't quite yet come to terms with the fact that her mother knew all about the baby treatment she would get here, and that she had been set up. Her mother ignored all this entirely, as she helped Tricia out of the playpen.

Tricia's mother took notice of Cathy, who was now watching the scene quietly from her place at the table.

"Why, hello Cathy," she said. "My, how you've grown since I last saw you! Seems like just last week you were still in diapers!"

Cathy smiled obligingly, then looked at Tricia and rolled her eyes as soon as she wasn't being watched anymore.

Tricia was not used to wet diapers yet, and really wanted to be changed, but at the same time she also did not want to stay here any longer than necessary, so for now she kept her mouth shut. With the thick diaper that Cathy had brought for her change earlier, she had a while before she would leak anyway. She was thankful to see that they were leaving out the back door and she wouldn't have to walk through the mall attired like this. She knew she'd just die if that happened!



Once in the car, Tricia found herself seat belted in by her mother and praying that no one she knew was in the parking lot watching. She wondered what to do or say next. She supposed she

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should be mad at her mother for tricking her into this, but it was partially her own fault too, and in the back of her mind she knew this.

There was an air of tension in the car, as Tricia's mother was also unsure of what to say. In all likelihood, Susan would say she ought to be treating Tricia just like a baby, but she was not able to take to this quite as easily as Susan. Besides, this was her own daughter, whom she had helped "*grow up*" for the last 18 years. Now she had taken away those 18 years in a matter of a couple of hours.

Tricia spoke first.

"So, is this what you wanted?" she finally asked. "You said I wasn't doing enough to help out around the house. How much more work do you think it is going to be with me having to be treated like a baby 24/7? I already need to be changed."

She wiggled a bit causing her diaper to crinkle for emphasis. Normally she would have had a lot more trouble telling her mother that her diaper needed to be changed, but she allowed her anger to carry her into it.

Her mother remained calm. "Your diaper will be changed as soon as we get home, dear," she said. "As for the amount of work, I am not too worried. I already took care of you once as a baby, and have no intention of going through all of that again."

Tricia began to feel a bit excited, thinking that her mother might be about to let her out of her obligation to be treated like a baby at home as well when her mother continued.

"Which is why I asked Frieda to come and help out this week," her mother continued

Tricia felt like her heart dropped into her stomach! Normally she would be pleased to hear that her cousin was visiting. She was only a year younger than Tricia and they had great fun when they

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got together which only seemed to happen about once or twice a year since Frieda lived so far away. But now her cousin - her younger cousin at that - was going to be babysitting her. How would she ever live this down?

"Mom, how could you do this to me?" she cried.

Her mother raised an eyebrow a bit. "I did you a favor," she said, a bit coldly. "It was either bring your cousin in, or ask Lisa to help."

Tricia's eyes grew wide at that. Lisa was a next-door neighbor who had been Tricia's rival all through school. She'd never hear the end of it if Lisa babysat her.

"I figured you'd be more comfortable with Frieda," her mother went on. "But if you really want Lisa, I'm sure I can give her a call."

"No! No, Frieda is fine. Good, I mean..."

Tricia blushed a little, knowing she was babbling. She wasn't sure that her mother wouldn't make good on such a threat. After all, she had landed her in this predicament, to begin with. Sort of.

"Your employer supplied us with all we need," her mother continued. "Since we only need these things a short time, we'd never go out and buy them. Though she also promised a good price in case I decided that you should experience the 'training' a bit longer at home." She tried not to smile as she glanced out the corner of her eye to see how Tricia took that bit of information. "We have a crib and high chair and playpen, some baby clothes, and a crate of diapers. She prefers you sleep in the crib for your two weeks of training when you are treated like a baby and toddler, but you can stop using the high chair and playpen after your first week. We also have a stroller which is to be used both weeks, and a potty chair, and two packages of Pull-up diapers for your second week. We keep all the diapers you don't use, plus some various things like bottles