

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

A woman is sleeping peacefully in a white crib. A mannequin stands by the crib, holding a small brown teddy bear. A mobile with stars and a crescent moon hangs above the crib. A nightstand with a bottle of milk is next to the crib. The scene is set in a nursery with light-colored walls and a window on the right.

# the mommy protocol

AN AI STORY

MAX HARPER

# The Mommy Protocol

by  
Max Harper

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# Chapter I

## **Week 2**

I groan and try to hold back the tears. I fail, and one rolls silently down my cheek.

I grimace as a hand stops what it's doing and wipes the tear away. I twitch at the touch.

The hand returns to its task as I stare at the featureless off-white ceiling. I'm in hell. Every moment of my existence is torment and torture. I hear the scraping of wet fabric across plastic and recoil as the cold, damp cloth brushes my skin. A hand rests unmovable on my stomach, applying enough pressure for me to understand the warning. Fighting was not an option. I had learned that lesson. It took me a few tries, but the truth became inevitable. Resistance was futile. My ankles were grabbed and lifted, my toes coming into view. The hand on my stomach moved, and my hips rose off the table as fresh air cooled my sore backside. More tears rolled down my face. Tears of fear and memories of pain. Fabric pulled at my back, and something wet and heavy was dragged across what I lay on. My lower half was still in the air as the sound of rustling reached my ears. I didn't want to look. I never wanted to look, but I was compelled to. I had to know what fresh hell I would yet have to experience.

I saw it waving about in the air, and I shook my head no. Every time I saw it, I had the same reaction, and every time it happened, I cried. I tracked it with my eyes, blurry from the tears as it was expertly spun around and slid under me.

"Please," I plead as my hips lower onto it. "No more. Please."

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My pleas are ignored, just as they have always been. Doesn't stop me from trying. It's the only resistance that is tolerated, but never for long. The hand returns to my stomach as a white bottle moves across my line of sight. The cap is open, it's always open, and it is tipped upside down, with white, silky dust falling from it and onto me.

It's shaken once, then twice, before it's squeezed, shooting a stream of dust onto me. The bottle is set down, and there is a tug at my knee. I resist, as futile as I know it to be.

I won't let this happen to me willingly. I can't.

The hand on my stomach moves to my other knee, as expected, and with overwhelming force, my legs are spread. And by overwhelming force, I mean truly overwhelming. As hard as I try to clamp my legs together, they are steadily pushed open as if my efforts are meaningless.

I relent, and the tears flow freely down my face. The muscles in my legs are burning from exertion, and one of the hands begins to brush the powder across my skin. Its touches are unsteady and gentle, a far cry from where they were when all of this started. I know that there isn't much more left. Only the last, sealing bit as the torture inexorably continued. From between my legs, something soft and covered in powder is pulled up and laid across my pelvis. A hand holds it in place as the other pulls back on adhesive strips, applying them one at a time to the plastic material, pressing firmly to ensure a good grip. There were two on each side, and the hand moved from my left to right across the top, then the bottom, and at long last, it was over.

I lay there sobbing quietly to myself. I hated everything about what just happened to me. I hated that there was nothing I could have done to prevent it. I hated that I was so weak. So helpless.

The hands gently grabbed my wrists and pulled me into a sitting position. I was naked, save for my torment, and a small baby tee was unfolded in front of me. It had one of the Rugrats characters

on it, and like all the others that hung neatly on the rack nearby, it was one size too small. It was held open so I could put my arms in the sleeves, likely as an offering of good faith. If I refuse, I would end up wearing it either way, only not on my terms. I whimpered and stuck my arms through the sleeves. I couldn't bear to deal with the consequences of another refusal. The tee was slid up my arms and pulled over my head, my blonde hair falling across my face. It was pulled down across my chest, and I could already feel how tight it was. It stopped just above my belly button, as expected. There was nothing in the limited wardrobe that ever came down below my belly button, nothing that would hide what was being done to me.

I was left alone after this. Free to do whatever I wanted, supervised by ever-watchful eyes. I knew what was expected of me, which was to behave according to the rules. Rules I had no say in. I slid off the table to the sound of crinkly plastic and grimaced. Even now, I wasn't used to the sound. I didn't want to be. I refused to be.

There was noise in the direction of the kitchen. I looked that way to see if I was being watched. Even though I knew the rules, I couldn't stop myself from testing them. I reached down and touched the thing hanging off my hips. The plastic casing was soft and smooth. I knew that pulling at the tapes was strictly forbidden, as was trying to take it off. Both were met with harsh consequences. Consequences I had paid for on several occasions. I looked towards the kitchen again before dropping on all fours and crawling. It was humiliating and demeaning, and I hated it, but it was expected. I glanced over at the mirror leaning against the wall, my shame was on visible display. The mirror was placed there on purpose so that each time I was on the table, I would have to see myself in the mirror. Every time was the same sight, only with different colors. And every time, I wondered where it went wrong and how it would end.

I look in the mirror and try to remember a time when I didn't look like this. I haven't been this way for long, but the days were

beginning to blend together. I knew all the important stuff, and I struggled to hold on to that as my only means of hope.

My name is Alexis Reynolds. I'm twenty-two years old, five feet four inches tall, blonde, thin, and beautiful. I'm in perfect health and fiercely independent. At least, I was.

Now on my hands and knees, in a tee shirt that's too small, and... something else. I'm now none of those things. I'm made to look like I feel, infantile and helpless. I can't ignore the truth any longer, no matter how much I plead and beg, this is my new reality. I'm being babied by someone I can't bargain with. Or reason with. There is no pity, remorse, or fear. And it seems like it absolutely will not stop... ever!

I shift slightly and am again reminded of what's been happening to me. The torture. The torment. Taped around my waist is the most humiliating thing I've ever experienced.

A diaper.

You read that right, a diaper. An honest-to-goodness diaper, like what babies wear, only bigger. Hell, before I became trapped here, I had no idea that diapers were even made this big. It was taped so snugly on my hips that even if I wanted to slip out of it, I couldn't. Not without making a bunch of noise. And noise drew unwanted attention.

What was worse was the expectation that came with them. They were, after all, diapers, and were intended to be used as such. In fact, they were expressly put on me so that I had no choice but to use them, further adding to my torture. I was forbidden from doing my business anywhere but in them, and even if I could take it off without being detected, there was no toilet to use. Sure, there was a tub, but the door was locked unless I was getting a bath. And I never took baths unsupervised. I never did anything unsupervised.

I crawled across the plush and well-padded carpet, crinkling as I went. Being in one place for too long would prompt investigation, both of my activities and of the state of my diaper. You have never felt



the level of embarrassment that I have, being a grown woman and having the back of your diaper, that you don't need to wear, mind you, pulled open to see if you pooped. I learned quickly that it was unavoidable. Worse than that, I had to do it with an audience. Everything I did came with an audience.

I sat my poofy butt in front of my toy bin and grimaced at the noise I made. Every movement made noise, a constant barrage of shifting plastic. Day in and day out, this is where I spent the majority of my time. There were various types of toys in the bin, an old wooden chest that looked like it belonged in a museum or some antique store. There were action figures for boys, dolls for girls, alphabet-themed wooden blocks, and kid-friendly plastic building blocks, among many others. The toys that were way too childish had since fallen to the bottom of the bin. Although I was made to look like a baby and play like one, even I couldn't bring myself to stack colored rings on a post all day.

I began to pull some of the dolls out and spread them across the floor. There was a doll house next to the toy box that was secured to the floor so I couldn't move it, but it had three layers that I could reach from a sitting position, a fourth if I kneeled. Themed as the ultimate beach house, it had tables, chairs, a bed, a bathroom, a music area, a surfboard area, an elevator, a spiral staircase, and even its own pool. If I sound overly excited about it, it's because it is all I really have to interact with. There wasn't a television to watch, my cell phone had been confiscated weeks ago, and I had no way of contacting the outside world. So this beach house was the only way I could keep from curling into a ball and sobbing all day.

My stomach growled, and right on cue, a warm bottle tapped my shoulder. I look up and take it, trying to muster the right face that will earn me some pity. I get none. A large bulbous nipple adorns the bottle, large enough to allow for adequate flow of liquids. I was watched as I took it, my bottom lip quivering, knowing what was expected of me. I tilted and slowly rolled onto my back. I held the

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bottle in my hand for a moment, my passive resistance, before a hand reached down and guided the bottle by the base to my lips. Another tear rolled down my cheek as the nipple pressed against my lips. My teeth parted, and I allowed the nipple into my mouth. The bottle was held there until I started drinking from it. The hand retreated, and I was watched until I had drunk half of it. It was milk, warmed to a pleasant temperature, mixed with a nutrient supplement powder. It didn't taste bad, but like everything else, its delivery was tormenting. I knew full well how to drink from a glass.

I emptied the bottle and handed it back before sitting back up. I burped softly and returned to pulling out my dolls. In an hour or so, I would be subjected to the highchair and spoon feeding, but for the moment, I was left alone. Nearly all of my waking moments were routinely structured. After breakfast would be another bottle, and likely a diaper change. The amount of fluids and fiber-enriched foods being pushed on me all but guaranteed that I would have to use my diapers, a concept I found revolting and humiliating. The practice was by far the worst thing that I've ever had to do, and I have no choice in the matter. It's constantly on my mind that I have to endure it over and over again, then be carried to the table where I'm put on full display as I'm cleaned, knowing that if I make any attempt to interfere, I'll lose use of my hands.

My life was currently a never-ending nightmare that I couldn't wake up from, no matter how hard I tried.



Breakfast was oatmeal. If I had to be grateful for anything that morning, it was that the oats were at least cooked the way I liked them. Some people boil the water, add the oats, and turn off the heat, expecting the boiling water to be enough to properly soften the grain. It isn't. I also don't add milk to mine. A tablespoon of brown sugar

and the congealing mass of soft oatmeal is all I need. It never made sense to me why people would add cold things to something that is meant to be hot. Like iced coffee. It's an oxymoron enjoyed by actual morons.

I was lifted from the floor to the highchair in another display of humiliation. I was perfectly capable of sitting at the table, but no, I had to be strapped in, and a serving table had to be locked in place across my lap so I couldn't get up. And that was before the rubber bib with a pocket in the front to catch anything that came off the spoon or my chin, because it's not like spoon feeding another human being is a neat and tidy affair, right?

Eating was something I struggled with since the incident. I can feed myself, just as I can use a bathroom, bathe, or dress. And I know what size portion fits in my mouth. Unfortunately, I don't have a say in the matter, so it's either small bites in rapid succession that make me gag, or large bites that I struggle to swallow and end up having half the spoonful run down my face, hence the bib. My hair was pulled back into a pony, and a bowl of gray mush sat on my tray. My hands were free, and the spoon was right there. I didn't reach for it. I knew better. Reaching for it meant I'd lose my hands, and nothing is more mind-numbing than lying on a floor with no way of entertaining myself.

The first spoonful wasn't bad, nor the ones that followed, but I knew by the size of the bowl that I was going to fill up quickly. I felt a sense of dread in my stomach. I knew from firsthand experience what was to come. I'd be stuffed full until I couldn't eat anymore, then be laid on my stomach for... tummy time. A term reserved for the foulest of deeds. If I couldn't eat all of my breakfast, it was only interpreted one way. That I had to go... number two. I shuddered at the thought. I couldn't fight the inevitable, but that didn't mean I was looking forward to it.

"How is my baby girl this morning?"

Breakfast was when the conversation usually started. But like all things, I had to navigate it very carefully.

"I'm good, Alyssa. How are you?"

"I am well. Thank you for asking."

I opened for another bite, waiting for the invitation to continue talking. I ended up taking several more bites before I could speak again.

"I detected unusual levels of neuropeptides during your morning ritual. And additional water-based optical lubricants."

"Tears," I said, "those were tears from crying."

"Why were you crying? I didn't apply sufficient pressure to cause you pain."

"Crying doesn't just come from physical pain."

Alyssa paused for a moment, serving me another spoonful. I was nearing my limit, but there was a decent amount left in the bowl.

"You are... sad." Her voice stated it as a fact, but it was her way of asking a question.

"Yes. I am sad. This wasn't what was supposed to happen. I'm not supposed to be like this. Wearing these... things... using them... It's not right!"

"All the data I have suggests otherwise. You are wearing the expected attire of a baby. I am caring for you as such."

"But I'm not a baby! I'm twenty-two years old!"

"That information is incorrect. My records state that you are two years old. With all available data given, I can only conclude that you are, in fact, a baby. My protocols are clear in this regard."

"Your data is incorrect! Look at me! I'm clearly not two years old."

"I have fed you, changed you, dressed you, and bathed you. These are protocols needed for the proper care of a baby. You have presented little conclusive evidence to the contrary, and therefore, all information dictates that you are a baby."

“You make me do these things! You make me sit here. You make me wear these! You bathe me!” I shout, “But what baby have you ever heard of that can talk? Has breasts? A menstrual cycle? Babies don’t have those things. They are weak and helpless and mphghh!” She shoved another spoonful into my mouth, and most of it ran down my face.

“These are variables that don’t factor into my protocols.” I started crying again. It was like arguing with a wall. “You are emotional. Is your stomach upset? I will get you down for some tummy time.”

She wiped my face as I sobbed. She removed the tray and unbuckled the straps before lifting me out of the chair and carrying me to the living room. She laid me on my stomach in front of my dolls and patted my butt before returning to the kitchen. I buried my head in the crook of my arm and bawled. It was hopeless. Totally hopeless. As I felt the increased pressure in my abdomen, I knew it was only a matter of time before I soiled myself.

Will this nightmare ever end?!

# Chapter 2

## **7 Days Before the Incident**

I sit across from the college admissions advisor, bouncing my black fishnet stocking-covered knee over my other leg. My black three-inch heeled boots that zipped up my calves shone in the office lights. My blood red vinyl skirt was short, too short to be sitting the way I do, but I don't care. I adjust the hemline of my stocking up, staring at the man behind his desk, doing my best to keep my face blank. I know he's looking at me. Guy has pervert written all over his face. He is maybe forty or so, but I could tell by the way his eyes dart over me that he likes them young. And me? I am young. Twenty-two years young. With a bitching body and big mouth, just screaming to be taught a lesson, I know I'm making him uncomfortable. If I uncross my legs, my skirt slides up, and beneath? Well, if I had put on panties this morning, he might have been talking to someone else at the moment.

I couldn't care less about any of it. Not the guy, as he blathers on about proper conduct and dress in classrooms, or whatever her name was, who has my panties. She was fine enough for a STEM student. A bit too talkative about the courses she was taking and how nervous she was, but once I straddled her face, she quieted down. She did a decent enough job, with my help. I'd seen it enough times to know when it's time to pounce, and she was no different. I left my panties as a trophy, seeing as it was the least I could do. She had been practically begging to come over to the dark side for weeks, and my attire wasn't just for show.

"Ms. Reynolds? Alexis?"

"Huh? What?"

"As I was saying, this institution maintains a certain level of decorum. A level that is clearly defined in the student handbook."

"Your point?" I say sardonically.

"Your level of dress has garnered some attention, and to be frank, it's not good."

"And I care why? If people don't like how I dress, then they can look elsewhere." I declared, putting the pressure on him.

I had backed him into a corner, and I knew it. The university didn't have the balls to tell me what to do or how to dress. Their public messaging of inclusivity would open them up to all sorts of activist outrage if they pressured people like me. I wasn't anyone's poster child or martyr, as they could shove their hypocrisy up their asses. Really, this whole institution could shove itself up its own ass.

"But I get it," I say, "Can't have someone like me walking around expressing themselves. Goes against the messaging, right?"

He begins to stammer as his feeble mind searches for a way to talk himself out of the corner he's in.

I lean forward and let him have it, months of frustration slowly boiling over. "Can't say this. Can't think about that. Don't empathize with them. Don't look at it this way. Be the victim. It's all the patriarchy!"

"Those are the talking points of this university. That is the gaslighting you're promoting. But heaven forbid that anyone bothers to think for themselves. Can't have that! So you know what? Thank you. Thank you for this little chat. Thank you for reminding me of why I don't want to be here anymore. I'm dropping all my classes, starting today. You don't want someone like me, and I don't want to be someone like you. So thanks, but no thanks, and go fuck yourself!"

I uncrossed my legs and let him get a quick look before standing to my feet. My outburst wouldn't win anyone over, but he would never forget me. I spun on my heel and stormed out of his