

*An AB Discovery Book*

# the baby pact

*diaper version*

CHRISTINE TEDDY

# The Baby Pact

by  
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## Chapter One: The Contract

Kyle stood at the kitchen counter, nervously wringing his hands as Brooke clicked open her laptop. Her long red nails clacked against the keys, calm and deliberate. The same nails he'd watched wrap around wine glasses, curl beneath his chin, or scratch down his spine when she whispered, *"Is this what you really want?"*

He had always said yes. And now, the price of that *yes* was being drafted line by line.

"You're serious?" he asked, trying not to sound as small as he felt.

Brooke didn't look up. "You begged for this," she replied flatly. "Now I'm putting it in writing."

The Word document was already titled: **The Pact: Total Control Agreement Between Brooke Matthews and Kyle 'Lulu' Wexler.**

He winced at the nickname. He had suggested it once, a half-joke in the bedroom months ago. Now it was in bold, 16-point font, immortalised.

"You'll do everything I say for one year," she continued, her voice calm, her smile cruelly sweet. "No whining, no hesitation, and definitely no safe word. This isn't a game, baby. You want to be my sissy? My little plaything? Then it starts with trust."

"I do trust you," Kyle said quickly.

She finally looked up at him. "Then prove it."

Brooke printed the contract. The hum of the printer sounded louder than it should have, like a courtroom verdict being typed out. When she placed the two-page document on the table, she handed him a pen shaped like a pink feather.

"Sign at the bottom. I'll take care of the rest."

Kyle hesitated only a moment before scribbling his name beneath hers. Kyle Wexler, hereafter known as "Lulu".

Brooke took the papers and kissed the signature. "Good girl."

That night, the changes began.

The next morning, Kyle awoke to the sound of his phone buzzing. It was a message from Brooke.

Get out of bed. Strip. Stand in the middle of the room. Hands on your head. Do not move. I'll be watching.

His heart thudded, but he obeyed. When Brooke arrived twenty minutes later, she wore a silk robe and a smile like a knife. She circled him slowly, assessing, savouring.

"You look so small like this. Vulnerable. I like it."

She opened a pink tote bag and removed the first of many humiliations. It was a pale-yellow onesie with a duck embroidered on the front with matching frilly plastic panties, plus a thick, crinkling white diaper, a pink satin bonnet and a pacifier on a ribbon.

Kyle's mouth fell open.

"Too much?" she teased, holding the diaper aloft. "You signed up for this. Remember: *The Pact*. You don't make decisions anymore. I do."

He felt dizzy as she laid him down and began napping him, humming softly. He squirmed as the cool wipes touched his bare skin, but she slapped his thigh and cooed, "Be still, Lulu. Good babies don't fuss."

Once the frilly panties were pulled up over the bulky diaper, Kyle could barely walk. Brooke laughed and patted his padded crotch. "Aw, you're waddling already."

She brought him to the full-length mirror. The person staring back at him wasn't Kyle. It was someone softer, smaller, and a little silly. The onesie hugged his chest like a toddler's jumper. The bonnet framed his wide, horrified eyes. His knees were trembling.

"Admit it," she whispered behind him. "You don't want to go back. You want to be Mommy's baby, don't you?"

He swallowed hard, his cheeks burning. Brooke reached around, pushed the pacifier into his mouth, and whispered, "Just nod."

He did. She smiled.

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Later that afternoon, Kyle sat on the living room carpet, his legs splayed helplessly apart by the bulk of the diaper. Brooke had brought down a box of toddler toys filled with stacking rings, plastic blocks, and a baby-safe mirror.

He wasn't allowed to talk, just suck his pacifier. When he tried to rise to his knees, she clapped her hands sharply.

"Uh-uh. Crawling only."

At 5 p.m., she placed a large pink highchair in the centre of the kitchen. He watched in dismay as she buckled him in, tied a bib around his neck, and spoon-fed him mashed carrots from a baby jar.

"Get used to this," she purred. "By the end of the week, you'll beg for your bottle like a good little girl."

When dinner was done, Brooke wiped his face with a baby wipe and inspected his diaper with a smirk.

"Still dry?" she cooed. "We'll fix that. Laxatives at bedtime."

He whimpered through the pacifier.

She leaned close, her eyes shining. "You don't get to choose anymore. Not your clothes, not your meals, not even when you use the potty. You're not a man now, Lulu. You're Mommy's baby girl."

And as she led him upstairs to his new nursery, Kyle realised something terrifying: The part of him that wanted to fight back was fading fast. And that was exactly how Brooke planned it.

## Chapter Two: Baby Steps

The guest room had always been dull, unused, undecorated, a storage space for old boxes and forgotten gym equipment. But that was before Brooke's transformation. Kyle, now firmly "Lulu", stood in the hallway, shivering in his bonnet and wetting slightly with fear as Brooke opened the door with a dramatic flourish.

"Ta-da," she whispered, as if unveiling a surprise birthday party.

It wasn't a room anymore. It was a nursery.

The beige carpet had been replaced with soft foam puzzle mats in pastel pink and lavender. Cartoon unicorns danced along the freshly painted walls. A changing table stood beside a white wooden crib, complete with a mobile of fluttering stars. A diaper pail stood ominously nearby. Shelves were stocked with baby wipes, powders, pacifiers in every colour, bibs, bottles, jars of mushy food, and stacks of neatly folded cloth diapers.

A white dresser, smaller, lower, and clearly meant for a child, sat in the corner. Its drawers were labelled in bubbly letters:

Onesies

Frillies

Night-Night Clothes

Daytime Dresses

"Welcome to your new room, baby," Brooke said. "You won't be sleeping with me anymore. Mommies need their space."

Lulu gawked.

Brooke took her by the hand, her grip firm, and guided her inside. "Shoes off," she ordered. "Crawl."

Kyle hesitated, but the tug on his wrist was enough. He sank to his knees and crawled. The carpet pads squeaked slightly beneath him.

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“That’s better,” Brooke said, following behind and admiring his diapered behind. “Look at those wittle frilly ruffles bouncing as you go. You’re already getting the hang of it.”

Once in the centre of the nursery, she circled around and knelt beside him. “Now, Lulu... here’s what’s going to happen.”

She pulled out a laminated chart from a drawer and hung it on the wall. In neat rows, it listed each part of the day, with stickers beside certain “milestones”:

7:00 a.m. — Wake-up and diaper check

7:30 a.m. — Bottle feeding in highchair

8:00 a.m. — Cartoons and tummy time

10:00 a.m. — First change (if wet)

12:00 p.m. — Lunchtime (baby food)

1:00 p.m. — Naptime in crib

3:00 p.m. — Playpen/stroller time

5:00 p.m. — Second bottle

6:00 p.m. — Bath and fresh diaper

6:30 p.m. — Storytime

7:00 p.m. — Bedtime. Crib locked.

Kyle stared at it, horrified. “Seven o’clock?” he squeaked. “But—”

“Ah ah!” Brooke slipped a pacifier between his lips. “No more adult words during baby time. Only babble. Goo-goo, ga-ga. You remember.”

He flushed. “Guh... goo goo,” he mumbled behind the silicone nipple.

Brooke smiled and rubbed his cheek with the back of her finger. “Good baby.”

The rest of the afternoon was a whirlwind of transformation. Brooke opened the dresser and picked out a short-sleeved onesie in pale pink with lace trim and tiny sewn-on bows. The snaps at the crotch were chrome and shone in the overhead light.

She stripped Lulu down, powdered her, and renapped her with practised ease. She held the onesie up like a proud mother dressing her toddler and snapped it shut between his legs. He winced