

The Rehabilitation of Kylie

Written by Max Harper

Part Six: Exposure

Kylie Gillis awoke slowly, much like she did every other morning. She stretched as far as her body would allow, her toes splaying out and finding the vertical bars. It used to bother her everytime she felt her crib but it didn't anymore. She felt around the mattress for Quackers, grabbed him and pulled him close. Three weeks had passed since Mark, the guy that her mom had been talking to when she first put Kylie back into diapers, had stopped by and dropped off Quackers.

The time had gone by so quickly. Like Donna had said, it was all about the routine, and for Kylie, there was nothing but the routine. Every morning she would wake up with a big stretch, find her stuffed duck, and lay there. She was always sent to bed in just her diaper, no longer an embarrassment to her, but an extension of who she was. Diapers were an everyday part of her life, like Quackers, and the more time she spent with Donna, the less she thought about her life before diapers. She hadn't said it yet, but Donna had become the mother that Kylie had always wanted, caring and consistent. There. Perhaps the biggest indicator of her affection towards Donna was that Donna was always there. Day in and day out, Donna was always there. The notion seemed silly to Kylie at first. However, being there was more than just physical proximity. Where Kylie was in routine, so was Donna.

Every morning, Donna would come into the nursery, chipper and excited, ready to face the day with her baby, and Kylie, by that time, would be awake, ready for a diaper change, and ready to face the day. Kylie's language and mannerisms were slowly regressing back to a toddler state. She wasn't going to go back to an infantile state. She could walk and talk, feed herself mostly, and be the carefree little girl that she wanted to be. They would talk a little during the change before they went downstairs for breakfast. Kylie hadn't really minded the highchair from the start, so she sat in it every day, for every meal. She started breakfast with a bottle of milk, mildly warm, while Donna made her cereal, or oatmeal, or eggs. Donna's repertoire of culinary delights never seemed to get old.

After breakfast was TV and tummy time. Kylie was given another bottle and sent to the living room to watch cartoons. While Donna had insisted on Sesame Street or other children's programming aimed at Kylie's age, she soon relented when such programs wouldn't keep Kylie's interest. Reruns of classic Nickelodeon shows like Danny Phantom, Fairly Oddparents, and Spongebob Squarepants would have Kylie laying there for hours and there were times where Donna could hear her sing along to the theme songs.

Flexibility was Donna's strongest characteristic. While giving in on some things would raise red flags, the results, however, made any objections obsolete. A few hours of TV and tummy time, mixed with breakfast and the bottles ensured that there would be a dirty diaper for her to deal with. She hadn't had to enforce any messing since the first enema and although Kylie still had her shame and humiliation about the act, she wasn't resisting or holding anything back.

The messy change led to her morning bath where she was cleaned and made presentable to the world. Kylie wasn't allowed to wash herself but she was allowed to brush her teeth. It was the only time where she was allowed to be without a diaper, but, for Kylie, she never tried to take advantage of it. After her teeth were clean, she was marched across the hall and laid down for a fresh diaper. It was in her toddler room that she would be getting dressed. Donna allowed her to apply deodorant as Donna picked out her clothes.

The rest of the day would be whatever Donna wanted it to be, and with Quackers in her arms, Kylie went along with it all with no complaints. There wasn't anything to complain about, she hadn't left Donna's house since she got there. Groceries and everything else were delivered to Donna's doorstep by a service. Kylie never saw anyone else. All of the outside windows save for the one in her nursery were blocked with curtains or blinds and she wasn't allowed to go near them. Donna had told her that she wasn't ready to be seen by other people. Henrietta was the only one that

Donna had trusted. Although she had stopped by once or twice, Kylie hadn't seen another person besides Donna.

That quality time had allowed a deep bond to form. Kylie loved Donna, or rather, what Donna represented. A caring motherly figure, Donna was the closest thing to a mother that Kylie had ever known and Kylie looked forward to every time they could be close. Cuddle time was her favorite. She had been wary at first, but now, whenever Donna would say it was time, Kylie would practically jump into Donna's arms, wiggle in close, and love every second of it.

Sometimes she would sit next to Donna, sometimes sit on her lap, but others, she would lay in Donna's arms and let Donna feed her a bottle. Gone from her mind was any notion of breastfeeding. She had forgotten all about it, and she didn't mind drinking from the bottle, inches away from Donna's breasts. The bond was strong and Kylie was readily dependent on Donna for practically everything. Diaper changes notwithstanding, Kylie didn't do anything for herself to further her own existence. Donna cooked for her, cleaned her, cared for her, dressed her, and pretty much everything else. Kylie played with her toys, crammed food in her mouth, and used her diapers. That was it and that's all she needed.

As far as her progress went, Kylie had never been happier. There were so many little things that brightened her day, from being handed a bottle or a pacifier, to random diaper checks, to being told that she was a good little girl. Donna was always attentive to Kylie's mood. She was a good person and a great mother.

"Morning baby!" Donna said as she entered the nursery. Kylie quickly flopped over from her back to a sitting position, not caring about the damp squish of her diaper.

"Hi Mommy!" Kylie's calling of Donna as mommy had taken some getting used to, but as Kylie's affection for Donna had grown, so had Donna's for Kylie.

"Did you sleep well, princess?"

"Berry much!" Kylie said, bouncing a little. She had Quackers in one hand. The stuffed duck had been a godsend to the both of them, as Kylie had accepted her routine with earnest as soon as she had her stuffed friend.

"Someone is awfully happy today. Did you have a good dream?"

"The bestest! I was a fairy princess! Then a space walker! And the pwesident! And then I was the bestest mommy like you!"

"The bestest Mommy? You really think I'm the best Mommy?"

"Uh huh! There is no one better!"

"What about your mother?"

Kylie stopped bouncing. Her expression went from happy to stoic. The adult in her took pause, contemplating the question.

"Kylie? Are you okay?" Donna said, lowering the crib bars. Kylie stepped out of the crib and got up on the changing table, the routine kicking in. She crossed her arms across her chest, a clear sign that she was upset.

"Kylie? Answer me."

"No."

"No? No what?"

"No."

Donna sighed. She took Kylie by the arms and pulled her into a sitting position. Kylie averted her eyes but Donna took Kylie by the chin and forced Kylie's gaze to meet hers.

"Kylie? I want you to listen to me and hear my words. Over the past few weeks, I have seen you make great strides into your therapy and I have never been happier. Both with your progress and with you. You are an amazing person and a fantastic little girl and...I...I love you. I love you like a mother loves her baby and I want what's best for you. I didn't mean to upset you but your progress can continue if you plateau here. You have a lot of pent up emotions towards your mother and I understand that, but right here is where you can't bury those feelings. They have to be dealt with, one way or another. Do you understand?"

Kylie looked at Donna's face, full of worry and emotion. She couldn't believe the words that she had heard. They sounded so real!

"Y-you love me?"

"I do. I've tried to keep my feelings to myself, but these past few weeks with you have made things difficult for me. And I know that it is against protocol and I could be fired for it, but I can't help myself. I love you as if you were my own child and I would do anything to see a smile on your face. Even if I have to tickle you!"

Kylie's face cracked into half a smile. "I wuv you too, Mommy, more than I have ever loved someone before."

"So why the sour face?"

"Cause."

"Because, why, sweet pea?"

"Because my mother never loved me like you do!" Kylie shouted, bursting into tears.

"She's never cared for me like a mother should care for a daughter! Even when I needed her the most, all she wanted to do was punish me! I hate her! I hate everything about her! And then you come along and you are everything that I ever wanted in a mother and I never want to let this feeling go. I never want to go back to being ignored or ridiculed for never being good enough."

"You won't. I promise you. I will never make you feel that way. It's good that you got that out, but now you need to work on understanding. Most parents don't go out of their way to ignore their children and I'm sure that your mother wanted what she thought was best for you. Parents...have their ways of making more mistakes than they are willing to admit. No one is perfect. I hope that with understanding, can come forgiveness. She loves you, in her own way, and she wants what's best for you, just as I do. And what's best for you right now, is a diaper change. So lay back, sweet pea, and I will get you all cleaned up."

Kylie laid back, her posture relaxing. She knew that Donna was right, but she wasn't ready to understand or forgive. Her mother's actions had left scars, deep ones, and no single talk was going to be enough to heal them. She raised her hips as the routine took over, her adult mind fading away. She closed her eyes and let the sensations wash over her. The crinkle of a fresh diaper being fluffed, the feel of it slide under her bottom, the soothing feel of the baby wipes as they danced across her skin, the trickling tickle of the powder as it fell across her skin, the telltale smell as it hit her nose, the soft touch of Donna's hands as it was spread across her area, the tug of the diaper being pulled up between her legs, the pressure of Donna's hand as she held it in place as she secured the tapes, and the gentle pat on her thigh marking Donna's completion of the change. Each sensation marking another layer of the regression that buried adult Kylie back down where she belonged. Little Kylie was the shield that protected hurt Kylie from her memories and the outside world. Little Kylie was her hero.

"Now, how's my baby? All better now?"

Little Kylie couldn't help but smile. Donna's tone was full of the love and care that she normally had and it helped to ease Kylie's mood.

"All better...Donna..."

"Are you sure?"

"I...I don't know..."

"What don't you know?"

"Things feel weird now."

"Because I love you?"

"Yes."

"Do you want me to not love you?"

"No. I...I...I want to be worthy of your love."

"Worthy? Such a big feeling for such a cute little girl. I'll tell you what, I, Mommy, will always love you, my baby girl!"

"Pinky swear?"

“Pinky swear!” They crossed pinky fingers and Donna pulled Kylie back into sitting position.

“You don’t mind me calling you Mommy?”

Donna paused, her hidden hurt had lessened over the past few weeks. It was still there, but she wasn’t ready to face it. The hopeful look in Kylie’s eyes melted her resolve. “I wouldn’t have it any other way!”

“You mean it?”

“Of course I do. I would never lie to you.”

“Can you hold me, Mommy?”

“Of course!” Kylie slid off the changing table, her diaper crinkling loudly. Donna wrapped her arms around Kylie as Kylie buried her face between Donna’s breasts. Kylie was crying again, burning warm tears running down Donna’s chest. Kylie sobbed slowly, unsure why she was so emotional, but comforted by the arms of someone who loved her.

“There, there. Mommy has you and I will never let you go.” Kylie said nothing, just burrowed her face more into Donna’s chest. She wanted to stay in that moment for as long as possible, until her stomach growled. “Sounds like someone is hungry. Are you ready for some num nums?”

Kylie nodded and Donna let her go. “Let’s go get some breakfast.”

“Then some cuddle time. Pwease?”

“Anything for you, baby girl.”

“Fank you, Mommy.”

Donna made them breakfast. French toast sticks and warm milk for Baby, proper French toast and coffee for Mommy. Mommy wiped the syrup off Babies hands before taking her into the living room. She turned on the TV to one of Baby’s cartoon shows and sat on the couch. Kylie lay in her lap, her head in the crook of Donna’s arm, her hands down by her diaper, and she suckled from the bottle while she listened to the cartoons. When the bottle was empty, she made no indication that she was ready to end cuddle time so Donna set the bottle aside and turned Kylie’s head toward her breast. She pulled Kylie’s head close and just held her there. Kylie turned her body towards Donna’s, laying on her side to be more comfortable. Donna knew that Kylie was close to being able to breastfeed, but the day had been emotional enough. Fully giving in and being fed like a baby was a highly pivotal moment and Kylie could either go with it or lose all of the progress that she had gained. She rocked her baby slightly and patted her diapered bottom.

The show ended and a new one began. Donna closed her eyes and leaned back, the rocking motion was cathartic for her. In her dreams, she did this everyday, rocking her baby as they fed from her. While she didn’t have the whole kit and kaboodle, she was gracious for what she did have. She continued to pat the baby in her arms, reaffirming the dynamic. Kylie had pooped halfway through the first episode and the continued pats were reinforcing the behavior. The second show ended and Donna stopped rocking to look down at her baby. Kylie’s eyes were closed, her face in a state of hypnosis, and her mouth was making a suckling motion. The fabric near her mouth was wet and for a moment, Donna feared that she had leaked through her bra. She stopped patting long enough to reach into her shirt and check her breast. It was dry, so the dampness had come from Kylie. Puzzled, Donna watched Kylie’s face as she started rocking again, patting Kylie’s diaper as she went. Kylie had stirred a little bit when the comforting motions had stopped, but as they returned, she settled. As Donna rocked, she tightened her arms, pushing Kylie’s mouth into Donna’s breast. The rocking and the patting caused Kylie to suckle, even on the once dry fabric.

Donna assumed that Kylie was deep in a state of regression, that the suckling motion was involuntary, and that it wasn’t something that could be repeated. She kept rocking and patting, just enjoying the sight. She was in a state of bliss.

The cartoons ended and some teenage show came on. Kylie stirred from her trance and sat up. She grimaced as she spread the mess around in her diaper, rubbing her eyes as if she had been asleep.

“Mommy?”

“Yes, baby?”

“I made a messy!”

“I know. Are you ready for your bath?”

“Uh huh!”

“Well, then, let’s get you into the tub.”

Donna stood up and Kylie noticed the wet spot on her shirt. “Did I drool on you?”

“Yes, you did. You really needed some cuddle time, huh?”

“Uh huh!”

“Mommy will get you in the tub and then change her shirt. Would you like to go outside today?”

“I dunno.”

“I think it’s time. Mommy will dress you up super cute and we will go for a walk.”

“A walk?”

“Yeah, just down the road. Nowhere major. And I promise that no one will see your diaper.”

“Otay. Bath first.”

“Of course, bath first, stinky girl. We don’t want you going out like that now do we?”

“No! No stinky!”

Donna cleaned her up as best she could with Kylie in a standing position, and then got her in the tub. She added plenty of bubbles and Kylie’s bath toys. Kylie soaked in the warm water as Donna peeled off her blouse. Out of the corner of her eye, she watched as Donna undid her bra and tossed it into the hamper. Donna’s breasts were engorged and for a brief moment, Kylie wanted to nuzzle them. Donna put on another bra and left the bathroom. Kylie put her thoughts out of her mind and played with her toys. She was confused about what she was feeling but knew that laying in Mommy’s arms was where she wanted to be.

Mommy returned with a clean shirt on and rolled up her sleeves. She washed Kylie, laughing as the girl played with her toys. Kylie kept sneaking glances down Donna’s shirt unsure how to handle the emotions and desires that swirled in her head.

After her bath, Kylie brushed her teeth and followed Mommy across the hall to the toddler room. She laid down on the bed for her diaper and tried to sort her thoughts out. She paid little attention to how Mommy got her dressed. A white shirt, black skirt, and white contoured tights that went up and over her diaper. Mommy helped her slide into her flats, simple shoes that went well with her clothes and then she sat on the floor as Mommy brushed her hair into two pigtails. She used pink ribbons to keep her hair in place.

“There! Aren’t you the cutest thing ever!”

Kylie walked over to the mirror, looking herself over. The black skirt hung low enough that she couldn’t see her diaper unless she bent over. As she checked herself over, Mommy clipped something to her shirt. There was a little plastic cover on the clip of a duck and a ribbon that hung down. Mommy clipped a pacifier to it and gave it a tug. It didn’t pull off Kylie’s shirt and Mommy smiled. She removed the pacifier but left the ribbon.

“Just in case.” She said. “Are you ready to go?”

Kylie nodded and took Mommy by the hand. She followed Mommy to the entryway and waited as Mommy grabbed her cell phone and her purse. She could see the plastic cap of a bottle sticking out of the purse but didn’t say anything. She was so enthralled by Mommy that public exposure wasn’t a scary concept. Mommy put in her code and the front door opened.

Fresh air and blinding sunlight bathed Kylie’s face. As her eyes adjusted to the brightness, she took several deep breaths. She clenched her Mommy’s hand tightly as she gingerly took a step out of the door. The warmth of the sunlight flooded over her and warmed her soul. Emboldened, she let go of her Mommy’s hand and took a few more steps. Her apprehensions melted away. There was no one around to laugh at her, to point and mock, or to ridicule. She could be outside, in the wide world, and no one would know that she was secretly a baby. *Secretly?*

Mommy caught up with her and took her by the hand. They walked down the street, the quieted crinkle the only sound that could give her away. Mommy led her down the street, over a few

more, and down another street. Kylie was too busy looking at everything that she could to take any notice of where they were going. She was in Mommy's care and Mommy knew best.

They walked up the drive a house that looked fairly similar to Mommy's house. Kylie didn't know why they were there, but didn't really care. Mommy knocked on the door and after a moment, the door opened and a woman appeared. She was tall like Mommy but younger. She had a stern expression hidden behind her dark hair and black rimmed glasses. Mommy and the woman exchanged pleasantries and then they entered the woman's house.

Mommy let go of her hand and she gingerly stepped away to look around. She looked back at Mommy for approval and Mommy nodded. Kylie walked slowly around the living room, just off of the entryway. There were toys strewn about the floor. Baby toys. Puzzled by this, she looked at the pictures on the walls and saw no sign of a baby. Confused, she returned to Mommy and tugged on her hand.

"Yes, Kylie?"

"Mommy? I see toys but I don't see no baby."

"That's because the baby is upstairs." The woman said, pointing down the hall. "She's due to get up from her nap. Why don't you go and see her?" "Can I, Mommy? Pwease?" Kylie asked.

"Sure. If Ms. Carver says it's okay, then it's okay. Thank you for asking so nicely."

Kylie headed down the hall until she found the stairs. She carefully climbed them, one step at a time, like a child would, her hand on the banister. She had picked up a lot of toddle type mannerisms in her time with Mommy.

She found the baby's room thanks to the word logo B.A.B.Y. in large letters on the door. It wasn't shut all the way so Kylie slowly pushed it open. The room was a nursery, similar to hers, though organized differently. The play area was on the left of the room instead of on the right. The crib, to the right, was in a corner. In the crib, lay someone. They were facing away from Kylie so Kylie slowly stepped into the room to get a better look.

There was a girl in the crib, judging by the long hair that came down to the middle of her back. She was wearing white socks with pink frills and a diaper that clearly needed to be changed. She still wore the ankle restraints and collar that Kylie had since forgotten about. Her upper body was covered with something that had many straps and buckles on it and it took Kylie a minute to recognise what it was, a straightjacket. The girl also had something strapped around her head. Kylie had an idea of what it was and felt sorry for the girl. A pacifier gag was not comfortable to wear.

She crept closer to the crib. The girl didn't seem like she was asleep but didn't know that Kylie was there. She got all the way to the crib and reached her arm through the bars. She tapped the girl on the shoulder. The girl flinched and twisted her body around to face Kylie. Both of their eyes went wide from the shock of recognition. The girl in the crib's face paled as Kylie uttered one word.

"Lucy?!"

Lucile (Lucy) Hernandez had been in near constant torment for weeks. While she had given in to Penny Carver's demands, she had found little respite in her capitulation. Penny had been cruelly steadfast. For every liberty Lucy got, like eating, she had to submit to Penny's dictatorial rule. She was gagged on a near constant basis, always diapered, and always restrained in some form or another. Lately, it was ankle bracelets, the straightjacket, and the collar. Lucy hated Penny with every fiber of her being. When she was allowed out of the crib, she had to crawl on all fours, a leash secured to her collar, led around like some kind of dog. She ate pureed food off of a baby spoon that Penny fed her with, or drank out of a bottle. She was miserable and defeated, any act of rebellion met with unflinching, unapologetic discipline.

She was tortured by her captor with this infantile nonsense.

The third week, and everything that came with it, finally broke Lucy. She stopped fighting, stopped back talking, and stopped everything that could be construed as resistance. Penny had relented in some of her cruelty, but not by much. Lucy still wasn't allowed to walk or have any real freedoms, but the more she consented to the treatment, the less it seemed to bother her.

When Penny had changed her, gagged her, and put her down for a nap, Lucy had cried herself to sleep. She hadn't slept long, it was hard to sleep in the straightjacket and pacifier gag, but she had slept a little. She was giving up on her life, slowly coming to terms with the harsh reality that she was now living in, and the regrets that came with it. She regretted having treated Kylie how she did, and how that one bad choice had led her down this path. She didn't know what she would say if she ever saw Kylie again or how she would ask for forgiveness, but she also felt as if she didn't deserve she didn't deserve to be forgiven. Her life of bullying others to make herself feel better had put her in the hands of the baddest bully she had ever met. She, in some twisted way, felt as if she deserved her comeuppance. Resigned to her fate, she lay in her crib and waited. She had heard the door open and the soft footsteps. Penny always wore heels. She didn't know what fresh hell was about to befall her so she pretended to be asleep. Her shoulder was jabbed by something and when she turned over, she was astonished by the face that looked at her through the crib bars.

Kylie Gillis looked through the bars of Lucy's crib and Lucy never felt lower. If there was a more humiliating was to be exposed to her worst enemy, she didn't know it. Hell, she would take being stark naked as opposed to diapered and restrained in a crib.

"Lucy?!"

Kylie's voice was like glass cutting her mind. While the tone was of surprise and concern, all Lucy heard was exclamation and laughter.

Kylie stepped back from the crib for a moment, making sure that what she was seeing was real. She couldn't believe her eyes. Lucy, the girl that had exposed and embarrassed her at the debutante ball, was now seemingly in the same position as she was. Was this luck or was this providence? Kylie didn't know. Lucy looked terrible, like she had spent the entire time crying or miserable. It tugged at Kylie's heartstrings. She was not happy with what Lucy had done to her, but she didn't hate Lucy.

"I see that the little baby is awake. Did you have a good nap?" Penny and Donna had appeared behind Kylie and Lucy seemed to shrink away at the sight of Penny.

"Did you know?" Kylie asked, her toddler self cast aside.

"Know what?" Donna asked.

"Did you know that she was here?"

"No."

"No? Then what is this?"

"This is a reminder of how you should behave. I don't appreciate your tone, Kylie."

Penny walked around Kylie as the young girl stared down her caregiver. She unlocked the crib and helped Lucy to her feet. She led Lucy over to the diaper changing table and helped her onto it. Kylie watched the whole thing, feeling angry and betrayed.

"Why is she here?"

"She's here because her father wants her here." Penny interjected. "And it's not for you to ask who, where, or why someone is in the program."

"Kylie," Donna carefully said, "I know that you are upset, and it's understandable. How about we go home and talk about it."

"I don't want to talk about it! There's nothing to talk about. There's nothing to..." Kylie looked over at Lucy who was trying as hard as she could to appear invisible. "...say..."

"I am having a hard time believing you. It looks like you have a lot that you need to say, just not to me."

Kylie was distracted. She couldn't keep her eyes off of Lucy. Penny was undoing the straps around Lucy's thighs.

Donna walked over to her and took her by the hand. "I think the two of you have more in common than you know." To demonstrate her point, she turned Kylie around and lifted her skirt, showing Kylie's diaper to Lucy. "You don't need to be changed quite yet, but it never hurts to check."

Kylie whined and pulled away from Donna. She felt like she was being mocked, paraded around in front of the one person who had made her life miserable.

“Well, someone here needs a change. Such a messy baby!” Penny said in a mocking tone. Lucy whined as hard as she could behind her gag.

“Aww. Does someone not like being called a baby? Well, I’m not sure what you call someone who messes their diapers other than a baby. But don’t you worry, I will get you all cleaned up and then you can play with your little friend.”

Lucy’s eyes went wide as Penny pulled open the tapes on her well used diaper. She paled and then flushed red from embarrassment. Tears ran down her face as she shook her head slowly, trying to silently plead for mercy.

“Behave yourself, Lucy, and I will let you out of the jacket. You need to be changed and it’s going to happen right now. An audience is the least of your problems. I’m sure that Kylie has had to have her messy diaper changed.”

“This morning, in fact. She’s on a pretty good routine so far.” “Shhhh!” Kylie said.

“Don’t shush me, Kylie, it’s disrespectful. You wear diapers. You use your diapers. I change your diapers. End of story. There is nothing to be embarrassed about.”

“No one needs to know!”

“A hurdle we will start dealing with today. Penny, do you mind?” Donna gestured to a secondary changing table.

“Help yourself!”

Donna pulled the table over to the other one, tucking it up close. She grabbed Kylie by the hand and lifted her up onto the table, pushing her onto her back. She pulled Kylie’s pacifier out of her pocket and shoved it into Kylie’s mouth.

“You’re wet, and I was going to let you go a little bit longer, but you and Lucy here need to get over being so shy and embarrassed about being changed. So, little girl, you’re going to be changed, right here, right now.”

Kylie pouted but didn’t resist. She didn’t want to look at Lucy, but found that staring into Lucy’s eyes, the mutual shame and embarrassment bonding them in that one traumatic event. Kylie tried not to crinkle her nose as the smell of Lucy’s diaper hit her, but as the tears of shame rolled down Lucy’s cheeks, she reached over and put her hand on Lucy’s shoulder. Neither had anything to lord over the other anymore. Both were on the same level now.

“There,” Donna said, “The Pampered Princesses are all cleaned up!”

Penny helped Lucy sit up and started taking off the straightjacket. “Remember what I said, Lucy. Behave yourself. I don’t want to hear any screaming or fighting or anything like that.

You know what happens when you misbehave.”

Lucy nodded, slowly. Harsh lessons learned the hard way. Penny removed the straightjacket and unbuckled the pacifier. She covered Lucy’s hands with mittens and locked them to the wrist restraints.

“Now, we want you girls to get along. We are going to go downstairs and have some grown up talk. We will come get you when it’s lunch time.” Penny said.

“I want you to be on your best behavior, Kylie. I don’t want to have to give you a spanking when we get home.”

“At home? No, you would be best to blister her little bottom right here. Direct actions after deliberate insubordination.”

“I don’t think that will be necessary.” Donna said. “Will it?”

“No. I’ll be good.”

“You will be good, what?”

Kylie blushed, “I’ll be good, Mommy.”

“That’s my girl. You two have fun now.”

“Yes, Mommy.”

Donna followed Penny out the door and the two younger girls heard it click shut. They sat on the changing tables, the air full of awkward silence. Lucy stretched her jaw and her shoulders but when she twisted her back to ease her muscles, her diaper crinkled and she froze.

Kylie didn't know what to say about any of it. She hadn't expected Donna to change her in front of her nemesis. She sat in silent, running her hands down her skirt to get the wrinkles out. She slowly reached up and pulled the pacifier out of her mouth and clipped it to the ribbon hanging from her shirt.

The two girls looked at each other as if to size the other up. Their emotions and their memories washed over them like waterfalls. There was nothing but tension in the air. The door swung open unexpectedly and Donna walked back in.

"I warmed up your bottle of milk, baby girl. And I brought you a bottle of juice, Lucy. Lunch won't be for a little bit still, so you have plenty of time to play. My little baby is already having her first play date! I'm so proud of you! I wish you girls could see how cute you look together. Almost like sisters."

Donna smiled at them, handing them each their respective bottles before closing the door behind her, leaving them alone once more.