

A Machine Like No Other

by Cowkites

Obey. Obey. Obey. Obey. Obey. Obey. Obey.

The word repeated in Sara's mind over and over again. No amount of thought could override it. In an instant, any original thought of Sara's was gone; replaced by the overwhelming desire to obey.

"You see?" said Abigail, Sara's friend and mentor. "You can't fight it. So don't try it."

Sara's lip trembled as she tried to reply. Her mind was too distracted to form even one coherent thought let alone speak. All that she could think about or do was whatever the machine allowed her. It controlled her completely and there was next to nothing Sara could do.

"Once they turn this on, you'll turn to putty in their hands. Trust me. No amount of willpower will stop this machine from turning you into a hypnotized plaything," Abigail explained. The machine before her, a prototype of the very device that was stolen just weeks prior, worked by using dazzling lights and noise to mentally weaken and confuse the victim until they could no longer think for themselves.

Head empty. Head empty. Head empty.

Drool started to form at the corners of Sara's mouth. With her mind so distracted, the functions of her body that were normally automatic became hard to manage. Sara squirmed in her seat as she desperately tried to remember how to control her bladder. Was it always so hard?

"Any longer and you'll be a drooling, pants-wetting, babbling hypno-pet with no will of your own."

"Yeeeeees..." came Sara's reply, a dumb grin on her face. A small trickle of urine had started in her panties. The crotch of which was already warm and wet.

"Thankfully..." continued Abigail, "...the prototype has a limiter."

Give in. Give in. Gi--Gi--

The machine stopped. Sara blinked. Her mind was once again her own. Suddenly, the warmth she felt on her crotch no longer felt good, but gross and off-putting. A blush crept up on her cheeks as she realized what she so willingly did. "A-A little help, Abby?"

Abigail entered the small room and checked the machine. She examined it closely as she wrote notes down in her journal. For the time, Sara was the least of her concerns.

"Hello! I just peed myself. I'd like to get up now!" said Sara.

Abigail sighed. "I offered you a diaper, didn't I? But noooo...I'm Sara and I'm a big girl. I'd rather just wet my expensive panties and not the diapers designed to hold accidents." Abigail crossed the room to Sara. She then took a corner of her shirt and used it to wipe the drool from Sara's chin. "God forbid you be crinkly for five seconds. You'd much rather make a mess."

Sara scoffed. "Listen...I'm helping you, okay? If I wanna piss my panties, then I'll piss my panties. Besides...that part wasn't guaranteed, right?"

Abigail wrote some more notes down, then freed Sara's wrists from the restraints. "I guess. It depends on who has the machine. If they're twisted enough, they could have you doing all kinds of things. I doubt they'd care to modify the output to prevent accidents."

"So you're saying...if I find them...but can't get to the machine in time..."

"...diapers would be the least of your concerns, yes," said Abigail. "They could have you give yourself a wedgie, make you beg like a dog, hell they could even make you addicted to the smell of someone's armpits if they wanted to. This machine is a miracle."

"Says the woman who invented it," said Sara. "Speaking of...why even make this thing, you psychopath? Like really? Who on earth could be trusted with this?"

Abigail sighed. "You know my research into the psyche means a lot to me. I've got to try at least. How was I supposed to know I'd be robbed?"

"Yeah...well...it's too late for this conversation. I'll just retrieve it and we'll forget any of this happened. Oh...uh...got any spare panties?"

"Yeah but you won't like 'em..."

Sara huffed in annoyance. She had managed to locate the machine with its tracking feature, but the place it resided within was more heavily guarded than she cared for. They clearly hadn't raided the lab for money. Whoever had taken the machine clearly wanted it for more than to sell. *So then why offer the ransom?* Sara wondered. She held the envelope tight. It was more money than Sara had seen in her entire life. She had no idea where Abigail had gotten it, but clearly the machine was worth it. Sara could only hope that it would be enough for the thief to part with it kindly. She had no interest in becoming a hypno-pet.

With a sigh, Sara got out of her car and approached the unmarked building. A shady looking guard stood outside the main entrance, their hands in their pockets.

"You the scientist?" they asked.

"I'm the scientist's lovely assistant. The one with the money," Sara replied.

The guard smiled, then placed a hand on the door beside them and opened it. "Boss is in a meeting right now. Please take a seat in the waiting room."

"I really can't just see them now? I'm kind of busy."

The guard laughed. "Little girl, what do you think the boss is? Busy. So please just do as you're told and sit."

"Whatever..." replied Sara. She walked past the guard and into the building. There, she was surprised to find herself already in the waiting room. The cramped room had two doors, one being the exit and one leading further inside; a single CRT television mounted on the wall; and one uncomfortable plastic chair in the center of the room. "Great. I really love how much effort you put into all this." Sara said to no one. She parked herself in the chair and placed the envelope on her lap. Out of boredom, she looked at the television.

Obey. Obey. Obey. Obey.

The words repeated in Sara's mind. Stronger than before with the prototype, yet different. Sara shook her head and the sensation went away. The television screen was pink. It flickered occasionally but gave no impression that it had somehow been modified by the machine. Still, Abigail had mentioned nothing to Sara of flashbacks caused by the prototype. Sara looked away from the screen out of fear, then attempted to stand from her chair.

She couldn't. No matter how hard she tried, Sara couldn't stand. She looked down at herself. There were no restraints that kept her still. Her body just refused to move. "No..."

"Yes..." said a feminine voice. An older woman stood in the doorway. Her hair was slicked back and she wore a tailored suit made of the finest material. "You can't move, can you?"

Sara shook her head. "N-No..."

"Look at the TV. Enjoy some of my programming, why don't you?" said the mystery woman.

"No!" said Sara. She knew better.

"Is that all you can say? Well...whatever. You have my money. That's all that matters."

"Who are you?" Sara asked. The words were difficult to speak. Anything bigger or more complex would've been downright impossible for her. Sara's body already betrayed her. Her eyes desperately wanted to return to the screen. Whatever happened, Sara had fallen for a trap. "What...is...this?"

"You can call me Mistress, if you like. Mistress, if you don't. You have no choice and neither will any of my viewers when the programming your scientist's machine helped me make goes live. The mere presence of it warps the mind. Well...for those who are unprepared." Mistress approached Sara and snatched the envelope from her lap. "Thanks for paying to be the first of my new test subjects. Today, you'll be indulging in one of our test shows. It was originally intended for naughty children, but we've found it works best on controlling unruly adults. We've found it's so much easier to control the masses when they all need diaper changes and a mommy to comfort them."

Sara's eyes had started to drift mid-conversation. She stared completely at the television, unable to break eye contact for longer than a second. "T-Turn it off!" she begged.

Mistress laughed. "And miss the best part?"

Give in. Give in. Give in.

The words were the same as before, but the voice was kinder; more maternal. Sara couldn't help but listen and fall in love with whoever spoke to her. She knew it was just a machine. She knew that it was all just a trick played on her mind. And yet, when the voice became stronger and the commands more pointed, Sara couldn't apply that knowledge to her situation. It went out the window along with the rest of her commonsense. No matter how angry and determined she was, the voice in her head told her to calm down. Sara was to behave herself and listen.

You aren't ready for big girl panties.

You aren't ready for big girl worries.

You're just a little baby. Too small to have any say.

Sara squirmed in her seat, desperate to free herself from the trap she slowly slid into. Mistress watched with delight as her plan came to fruition. She walked behind Sara and gently grabbed the waistband of her panties. With a mighty tug she yanked the panties upward and revealed the lacy band and juvenile cartoon kitty print. "Did your scientist put you in these? I bet she tried to train you with the prototype. Build up your tolerance. I bet you tinkled your big girl panties. Didn't you? Didn't want to wear the diapers and be mistaken for a big baby. How embarrassing that would be..."

"S-Stop...no...diapers...nah...baby..."

Mistress chuckled. "You're definitely holding out better than my first batch of playthings. They're all busy in their cribs now, enjoying some of my new programming. Would you like to join them? It's such a blissful life...helplessly filling your diapers."

Babies can't control themselves.

Babies need someone to tell them what to do.

You are a baby. You have a desperate need...

An overwhelming desire to hug Mistress overcame Sara. The thought of acting so docile to the very woman that trapped her angered Sara, but she was not in the right mind. Her body betrayed her. With little resistance left, Sara's arms slowly raised and her hands grabbed at the air. Drool coated her chin and the word "Mama..." escaped her lips.

"There we go...that wasn't so bad, was it? Obeying is so much fun. Just think about how cute you'll look when I've got you and your little scientist friend in the same crib together. Do you have a crush on her? You will when I'm done. I'll reduce your friend's intelligence to nothing and she'll spend the rest of her days beneath you and your soggy diapered crotch."

You're a silly baby.

You don't know better.

Sara was aroused. Worse, she was wet. She had already started to piss herself midway through Mistress's talking. Her thumb was in her mouth. Her eyes were locked on the television screen. Sara was losing. She liked that. Her brain was being re-wired to love being a helpless loser. The fact that she got captured so easily made perfect sense. A dumb, panty wetting loser like her could never hope to outwit someone so smart and grown-up like Mistress. "Y-You win!" Sara said breathlessly. "You in charge!"

Mistress grinned from ear to ear. "Really? I would've never guessed from the puddle of urine currently collecting in your seat. If that's the case, then why don't you go ahead and make those panties nice and sticky too. They'll make a nice gift for your friend when we tell her what happened to you..."

"Yeth mama! I wuv you. I wuv my wet panties!" Sara giggled as she reached her free hand underneath her skirt and down her panties. Sara came on herself not a few seconds later. Thoughts of being subservient to her mommy, Mistress, flooded her mind and sent her over the edge in a way she had never felt before. The limp, little dick between her legs just barely twitched as it spurted her warm load into the crotch of her panties. Still, it was one of the most intense orgasms of her life. Sara would always remember it as the best start to her new life as one of Mistress's little babies. She was almost sad when her sticky, wet panties were stripped from her. Almost only because she knew that a thick, poofy diaper would replace it and solidify her place as a helpless, diaper loving loser.

Abigail was brought into the facility a day later. The scientist, like her friend before her, had fallen victim to Mistress's programming. They gave her a special version that turned her into a dumb, panty loving fetishist. Mistress was beside herself with delight with Abigail waddled into the waiting room in a heavily used, fully exposed diaper with Sara's used panties stuffed in her mouth. The once proud scientist happily pissed herself as she profusely apologized to Mistress for being so naughty. Her speech was heavily slurred around the panties and she sounded every bit as ridiculous as she looked.

Sara giggled when her friend was brought before her crib. The intelligent and dignified Abigail was gone, replaced by a diaper loving loser just as depraved as Sara. The two started to hump and kiss the moment Abigail was hoisted up into Sara's crib. They did whatever their mistress asked of them, no matter how degrading. The two fell asleep with their soiled diapered crotches pressed into one another's faces, completely unaware of the world around them.

In a matter of weeks, Mistress would bring most of the world under her hypnosis. Every day she'd visit her two favorite pets and praise them for their stupidity. Baby Sara and depraved Abby would giggle and thank their mommy for the opportunity. All the while, their favorite TV show would play on the screen above their crib; ensuring they'd never again think they were capable of anything beyond using their diapers and humping away at one another.

Good babies do as they're told.

Good babies don't think.

You're a good baby.

Now make it known...