

The Rehabilitation of Kylie

Written by Max Harper

Part One: The Process

The room was bland and bleak, empty save for the singular twin sized bed. The bed was back against the far wall and was bolted to the floor. It had a wooden frame, similar to a four post bed, and the posts were simple in design, wooden poles essentially. There were conical holes drilled into each post that went six inches deep. They didn't seem to have any purpose but it appeared that they were made intentionally. There was a line that separated the room, two inches wide, that split the room cleanly in two. The line, an indented depression into the floor and walls, looked as if something was meant to slot into the space that had been cut out. The back wall, above the bed, had two metal looking circles, 6 inches in diameter, that were flush with the wall. They were three feet above the mattress and were roughly two and a half feet apart. Smooth to the touch, they stood out as the only truly significant shapes in the room. It was a sterile, depressing place, designed to put the occupant on edge.

Kylie Gillis stood on the threshold of the room. It was intimidating and she was having second thoughts about going through with her plan. Kylie had spent the past few weeks slowly falling into a regressive state in order to cope with several traumatic events that had manifested themselves through an uncontrollable bladder. Her mother, Lorianne, had taken it upon herself to help her daughter by first forcing Kylie to wear pull ups and eventually, diapers. Her regression had accelerated in the past week, with Lori no longer trying to punish her for her wetting issues, but instead, attempting to help her. There was still a tension between them and it came to a head at a formal ball. Kylie's shame was exposed by a cruel girl she had gone to cheerleading camp with, who had recorded Kylie getting her diaper changed in a public bathroom. While the humiliation had been terrible, it had been a stark reminder that Kylie needed a better, more structured means of dealing with her trauma.

The answer, tossed in her lap as an offer, was the Institute. The Institute was a covert society that operated within the confines of high society. Operated by the mysterious Professor Moira Vale, the Institute took in all sorts of trouble individuals that were troubled and reformed them into responsible, respectable adults. They did so through various means, but the offer to Kylie was a place in the First Step program. Her mother had gotten a job offer from Moira as well and Kylie truly believed that she was making the best choice for both of them. Kylie could get the help that she needed and Lori could get a jumpstart on a much better and more lucrative career.

Orientation, as they called it, was the first sign to Kylie that she was in over her head. She had been in a group of perhaps a dozen people, from all walks of life. Some were there because, like her, they chose to be, others were there by court order, and there were whispers among them that there were others in the program that were being forced to be there. Kylie had signed some forms, a nondisclosure agreement, power of attorney, and a few others, essentially saying that the Institute had her permission to treat her as they saw fit, with little Kylie could do as recompense.

Once all the documents were signed, each of them was given two wristbands, one colored red, the other blue. Once fastened on, there seemed to be no way they could be taken off. They were led to a large room where they were instructed to sit. Here was the first time that Kylie had a chance to look around and see the diverse group she was tossed in with. She sat at a table with two guys, both looking just as scared as she felt even shyer. They were looking around as well and would quickly dart their eyes away or hang their heads down to avoid any eye contact with anyone. Kylie wasn't sure what she had gotten into. Everyone seemed to be on edge and paranoid. A few people looked pale, as if they had just realized that they had made the wrong choice. Kylie had expected things to be more one on one, and not to be thrown into a mix with a bunch of people. It was unnerving and made her seriously think about trying to find a way to back out of all of this. An older man, in his fifties at least, walked into the room. He had an intimidating presence and walked with rehearsed grace. This group wasn't his first rodeo and certainly wouldn't be his last. He stood in the middle of the room until everyone had turned their attention to him.

“Welcome, boys and girls! Today begins the first day of the rest of your life. All of you here have made a commitment to better yourself through behavior adjustment. While many, if not all of you, are here for different reasons, you are all here for the same purpose, to become the best you that you can be. I’d like you all to take a moment and, if you haven’t, secure your wrist bands to your wrists. Red to right, blue to left. These are for your safety and as an identifier to any of the staff to which program you belong to.

“We understand that this is a very strange and scary time. There are many things that you don’t know, and many things that may come as a shock to you, but rest assured, we have your best interests at heart. This program, and the staff involved, is one of the best programs from behavior rehabilitation that has ever been created and as I’m sure that you have been told, this program is one hundred percent effective. We don’t fail to help anyone who comes through these doors and puts their care in our hands.

“From here, you will be divided into small groups of three for personal interviews and a medical examination. We implore you to be as honest as you can with these processes. The more we know, the more we can cater our program to your care. Afterwards, you will be directed to your rooms until the selection process, in which you will be assigned a staff member who will facilitate you into the program.

“I am sure that you have many questions, but there is a time and a place for them. That time is not now. For now, breathe, relax, and prepare yourself. You have taken your first step to the new you. There are many steps ahead, and we will be here for you every step of the way.

“So, in a few moments, you will be taken by the table to the personal interviews and on behalf of Dr. Moira Vale, myself, and our staff, we welcome you to the Institute!”

He quickly walked out of the room and within moments, there were several staff members in white coats, looking a lot like doctors, walking around the room. One of them, a quiet, but large woman, came over to Kylie’s table. She asked the three of them their names and looked down the list on the clipboard. She looked at the two boys that sat with Kylie, raised an eyebrow, but said nothing. She motioned for them to follow her and led them to a hallway of offices. In front of each door were two chairs. Kylie had noticed as they walked down the hall, strange metal looking circles on the walls, sitting just high enough to be in line with the seats of the chairs that were bolted to the floor. It all looked suspicious but when she and one of the boys sat down by one of the office doors, nothing happened. She had no idea of what to expect but knew enough that the metal circles were meant for something.

They sat quietly while the first boy went into the office. There were a few other people in the hall but they were too far away to talk to and the general tone was solemn. Kylie was starting to feel the trembles of anxiety and fear. The same trembles that, if left unchecked, would lead her to wetting her pants where she sat. She looked up and down the hall but didn’t see any signs labeling a bathroom. She was sure that she wouldn’t be allowed to use one anyway, but as she had arrived that morning with her regular adult clothes on, she wasn’t as protected as she would have liked. The boy who sat next to her noticed her fidgeting and tried to engage her in conversation.

“Hi. My name is Callum. What’s yours?”

She looked at him, trying to get a read on the type of person he was before divulging any personal information. His face seemed just as anxious as hers and it was slightly soothing to know that she wasn’t alone in her feelings.

“Kylie. My name is Kylie.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Kylie.”

“Likewise.”

“Are you getting cold feet, too? Like, the more we get into this the more I’m thinking that I shouldn’t be here.”

“Yeah. This all feels off, somehow. Like, I don’t know. Like-”

“Like we are walking into a trap or something. With all the paperwork that we signed, I’m sure that there isn’t a way for us to walk away from this anyway.”

“They can’t legally keep us here. That’s kidnapping.”

“Perhaps. We did sign our rights away of our own volition though.”

“True, but for proper, ethical care.”

“Ethical care? Did they tell you what they do here?”

“I have an idea, yeah.”

“Total regression to an infantile state. It’s phase three on their list. Total regression.” Callum shook his head in disbelief. “It means that they are going to turn us into babies.”

“I suppose so.”

“And you want that?”

Kylie paused, unsure of how to answer the question. “Don’t you?”

“I...I suppose that I do. In some way, I think I have always wanted it.”

“Why? If you don’t mind me asking.”

“Because...well...because of a lot of things.”

“If you’re not comfortable talking to me about this, it’s okay.”

“No. No. It’s fine. I guess that I’ve never really had to explain myself to a girl before. My therapist was a guy and there was no way that I could ever tell my mother about it.”

“Oh. I...”

“The short part of it is that I’m looking to only get partway through the program. They say that the care can be altered to fit each client’s needs and I don’t need to go all the way through with it.”

“How come?”

“Because I don’t want to come back out of diapers. I want to be in them forever, free from the stress of maintaining an adult persona.”

“You want to stay in diapers? Forever?”

“Yeah. There is just something so liberating about them. But, more importantly, there is something liberating about not having a choice anymore. When I wear one on my own, there is always a choice. When to put them on. How long to wear them. When to change them. When to take them off. There is always a decision to be made. I don’t want that decision anymore. And I don’t want to feel so ashamed about wanting to wear one. So I’m looking for that choice to be taken away from me.”

“So why don’t you just put them on and never take them off?”

“Because there is always that social stigma that comes with wearing diapers. You never want to be the one caught wearing them and everyone, no matter what, turns their noses up at you for being some kind of freak.”

“I don’t think you are a freak.”

“I appreciate that. I do. I just don’t think you realize how hard it is for someone like me.”

“I haven’t exactly had it easy myself, but what do you mean?”

“I mean that it’s hard enough trying to fit in normally without people judging you but to add something like this on top of it, makes it almost impossible to function in normal society without looking over your shoulder every five minutes.”

“So what would being regressed do? And it’s not like I don’t worry about being judged too.”

“But you’re a girl. The standard is different for you.” “What standard?”

“The double standard. I hate it. For girls, it doesn’t seem to matter what the kink or fetish is, it’s always accepted. If a girl wears a diaper or a pull up, she’s seen as expressing herself and being cute. If a guy does it, he’s a pervert or a pedophile. It’s sickening. But I get it. Sex sells. It always has, always will, which is why girls can get away with practically anything, and because most of the true audience, or, at least, most of the real people in the kink are guys. They want to see girls with the same interests so that they don’t feel so alone and don’t want to come off as gay or whatever if they meet another guy in the scene. It’s terrible how one sided it all is. We make post after post on social media about how we claim to accept everyone, no matter what, but the like to ignore ratio on girl’s content versus boy’s content says otherwise.”

“So you think that everyone accepts girls no matter what they do? Then you should talk to my mother. She had no concept of accepting what’s happening to me until she tried to punish me with diapers. And even then, I’m not sure that she fully understood what she had done.”

“At least you had someone that cared. I have never had that. And that’s what I want. I want someone to take the choice away from me. Permanently. Not just here, in a therapeutic sense, but to control my life in such a way that I would never think about using a toilet again.”

“You want someone to keep you in diapers?”

“Exactly...”

“I guess I’m having a hard time understanding why.”

“Because I want someone to love me enough to know that diapers are what’s best for me. No matter how much I may whine or protest, that I need to be in them to be myself. To be the real me.”

Kylie sat in silence for a moment, contemplating what Callum had said.

“And you are sure that diapers are a part of the real you?”

“Yes. Wearing diapers is the only way that I feel truly happy. I wish I could explain it. If I could, maybe my therapist would have been able to help me instead of sending me here, but I can’t. All I know is that I want to be able to give myself fully, truthfully to someone and I can’t do that unless they and I can accept who I truly am.”

“Someone who wears diapers?” “Among other things.”

“Other things?”

“Things I’d rather not talk to a girl about. Sorry. So what’s your story?”

“It’s fine. Me? I have an overactive bladder brought on by stress and direct conflict aversion. In short, I wet my pants if someone gets in my face or I get too worked up. I’m not sure where it started or why it keeps happening, but my mom tried to help me sort it out by making me wear pull ups but after sneaking a pair of underwear to a party, she put me in diapers as a punishment. Turns out, wearing them helps me deal with all the confusion in my head, makes me feel a lot better about myself, causes my mother to actually care about me for a while, but it’s too much for her to take on and so I’m here. I’m hoping that this program will help me get rid of my confusion and help me get to the bottom of what’s causing me to want to regress to being a baby.”

“Huh. Isn’t that something?”

“Is something wrong?”

“Oh, no! Not at all. It’s just that most bedwetters don’t admit it, much less openly talk about being put back in diapers, or needing to. I frequent a lot of forums and chat rooms looking for like minded people and it’s one of the trends I’ve seen.”

“You do know that there is a whole world outside of the internet, right?”

“Yeah, I do. I’m an IT specialist in a corporate office building. I make 80K a year and have my own house and everything. But what I don’t seem to have is a lot of honesty. With the anonymity of the internet, most people are able to truly say what they feel, even if it’s contrary to popular opinion.”

“You can’t believe everything that you read on the internet.”

“No. This is true. But who would bother to make up some of the stories that I’ve heard? Like yours for instance. Most normal people would never say that they have openly wet themselves unless they were drunk and even then, it would be a punchline. But you have an actual problem that you are seeking help for. That’s not something that you should be ashamed of.”

“Who said I was ashamed?”

“We are all ashamed. Do you think I would ever spill my guts about my desire to wear diapers to anyone who’d never worn diapers outside of infancy? I’m definitely ashamed. I’m ashamed that I have these urges but at the same time, I’m ashamed that my urges are looked down upon so harshly. It’s not like I’m harming anyone. But the shame is still there. It’s there for you two. You remember the worst day you had in diapers? I do. It was one of the worst days of my life. And one of the best. When I look back on it and take the emotions out of it, I always get the feeling like it was meant to be.”

“Meant to be?” Kylie thought back to her worst day in diapers. It was in the pharmacy when she had messed herself because she was locked in her diapers because of the plastic pants. She tried to look back on it without the emotion like Callum said. It was strange. Beyond the disgust and revulsion, she felt...strange. It had been the first time that her mother had shown her any real care or concern for her situation. Also, the whole ordeal, being confined in diapers and forced to use them like a real baby would be...liberating. Sure, she had done her best to avoid the same situation, but the second time she messed her diapers, she felt none of the same emotions she had before. It was like the first time was the shock of actually messing had altered how she handled the event. She had given in to being a baby and she found that messing herself was one of the most babyish things that she could do. The more babyish she acted, the better she felt.

“I can see that you did what I did. You looked back and took the emotion out of the memory, didn’t you?”

“Yeah. That was really strange.”

“Because you viewed it all differently, didn’t you?”

“Yeah, I did. It was amazing. And when something similar happened, I dealt with it entirely differently.”

“So did I, which means to me that what happened to me was meant to be. It was meant to show me what my path really is. For all the shame I felt, I also felt the closest to real acceptance of who I am and I only hope that I can find a Daddy who can help me reach my goals.”

“A..?” The realization hit her that Callum was not what she thought he was. She chastised herself for assuming that people all fit into easily identifiable boxes. It made sense why he was so opinionated about the stereotypes of genders.

“I hope we all find what we are looking for.”

The office door opened and the first boy came out. He looked much the same as he did when he entered, perhaps a little more sullen. He stood off to the side, wringing his hands and looking like someone had stared into his soul. The doctor stood in front of him, looking at the list he had.

“You’re next young lady. Let’s go.”

That was all he said before he returned to the office.

“Good luck.” Callum said as Kylie stood up, the trembles that had passed during their conversation had returned. She still had the urge to pee but was trying her best to hold it. The office was simple, there were several certificates on the wall, plaques and pictures on shelves, and a modest desk in the middle with a high backed chair behind it. There was a chair, simple, made of plastic, very similar to ones out in the hallway. The doctor sat in the high backed chair and motioned for Kylie to sit in the less luxurious chair.

“Welcome, Ms. Gillis. I can assure you that this is just a formality. I’ve received word from upstairs that you are exempt from the typical policies and procedures that would normally exclude you from this program. You have made friends in high places, young lady and someone has taken an interest in your case.”

“Uhhh, okay. What does that mean?”

“That means that for the next thirty minutes or so, you are free to sit there as you are. You may ask me any question that you may have and I will do my best to answer them. As we are on a schedule, I can’t just skip ahead to the next person, so we wait.”

“Oh. I see.”

“You seem intimidated. Are you okay?”

“Yeah. I mean, I guess so. I was just wondering what is going to happen now?”

“Well, after the selection process, which, by your file here, has already been decided, I will take you to your room and you will wait there until they come to get you.”

“Come to get me?”

“Yes. While this building is well suited, we have found that a more personal approach brings the benefit of a more lasting resolution. Therefore, we have developed our program to work in a more real world setting.”

“What does that mean?”

“That means that our clients tend to stay at approved locations outside of this building. Therapy and healing are not practices to be taken lightly and when the patient feels the most comfortable, they can heal properly.”

“Like, a safe house?”

“Correct. A house deemed safe. This program requires around the clock care, and we can’t expect our staff to spend all of their time here.”

“That makes sense.” Kylie said, her voice uneasy. “You don’t sound convinced.”

“This all seems like it’s too much. I don’t even know what’s going to happen to me.”

The doctor sat Kylie’s file down on the desk and looked at her. His job was to keep as much information away from the clients as he could. It wasn’t an easy task. Most of the people that sat across from his desk were like Kylie. They were all scared and uneasy. He understood why there needed to be such secrecy. If they really knew what would or could be involved in their treatment, then they would reject the care. Any sort of rejection made it harder on the client and the staff. That meant that every new step was introduced slowly, based solely on the client and not on a rigid schedule. The client had to be open to the next stage well before it was introduced to ensure a smooth transition. It was crucial to keep the client in the dark, at least, those that didn’t know what they had signed up for. This young girl was different, however, as she seemed to know a lot of what was in store for her.

“This program goes in steps, hence the First Step moniker. A lot of the steps are small half steps to the major steps that the program is outlined to be. Typically, a client goes through several of these steps without any knowledge or intervention by the Institute. Your case is rather unique in that you have made it through several of the steps prior to coming here. Steps that would be milestones for a client in our care.”

“Like?”

“Well, step one is what we call the Introduction. In this step, the client is introduced to the main tools of their treatment, diapers and caregivers, with the goal of total regression. You have bypassed that step with the aid of your mother. You know what to expect from this step and a few others.

“Step two is Routine. This step, which can take a great deal of time, is where the client needs to come to terms with the program, in that what would seem like a fad or a craze or fun for a while, becomes the norm. A lot of the resistance comes from this stage when something that seems fun or interesting every now and then becomes an everyday affair. The desire and urges are no longer there and the need for consistency comes into play. Step three is Exposure. Which is where you are at, roughly. Exposure is where the shame or stigma is exposed and dealt with. This stage is very tumultuous. A client can either push through this step and move on, which generally leads to an understanding of where their issues are coming from or they could revert back to step two or even step one, where all the previous progress is tossed out the window. Starting over adds time and adds steps, designed to slow down the process in order to make the transitions between steps more bearable.”

The doctor fell silent and stared off into space for a moment. He knew that he was toeing the line and that any more divulging could cause damage to her care and cost him his job.

“And? Is that all?”

“No. There is more to it than that, but I’m not allowed to say what they are. Our program and the level of care that we offer hinge a lot on our ability to gauge when and where a client gets to know the next stage.”

“Doesn’t my want to get better seem like a commitment enough to know what I’m getting into?”

“No. And I only say that because you can be resolute now but falter later. If you know what’s coming, you can push or demand to move on to the next step without getting the true care that each step is designed to give. That mentality can be dangerous and lead to irreparable damage to the client and the caregiver. And I can see the confusion on your face, but yes, our caregivers are also at risk if a program goes sideways. They put a lot of effort and care, true care, into their clients

that when problems do arise, it's harmful for both of them. This is why our caregivers only take on two or three clients a year. This type of care takes time. A lot of time. And that level of commitment to the wellbeing of another person leads to emotional connections. With our staff in mind, we do our best to prevent any disruptions in the program, so the secrecy of the steps is best kept from the client."

"I see. I mean, it makes sense. Can you at least tell me the end?"

"The end of the first phase is Acceptance. Acceptance of what is causing the behavior, what can be done to prevent any further problems down the line, and of the client's new state of being."

"A baby?"

"Correct, in every sense of the word, save for their mental wellbeing. You will still be an adult in your mind, capable of adult thought and discussion, but emotionally and physically reliant as a baby would be.

"While that may sound easy, let me assure you that it isn't. To truly and fully let go of everything that you carry with you, mentally, emotionally, and physically is a lot harder to accomplish than it sounds. We want you to be free. Free from doubt, free from fear, free from judgment, free from anything and everything that keeps the adult you from being happy. Many who get to that step have a tendency to stall their progress because the adult mind, the one part we will not regress, has to be willing to accept the program as it's been put before them. It's not just the physical regression, but the emotional rehabilitation that makes this program so successful. When you are able to accomplish that, you will truly be free."

"Have...have you done it?"

"The program? No. I haven't. I don't...qualify." "Wha-"

"It's time to go. I may have already said too much but if you want some advice, be honest with your caregiver. They may start off as acting like they don't care or something like that, but they know just as much about you as you know about them. It's a rough transition but once you get over being shy and scared, you find that they want to care about you as much as you want to care for them.

"Now, if you will follow me."

He led her out of the office and down the hall, leaving Callum and the other boy to sit where they were. He led her down many halls and eventually to one labeled Transitional Hall 7. Kylie wanted to ask what the sign meant but the doctor was no longer in a chatting mood. He arrived at room number 4 and opened it with his keycard.

"Good luck, Ms. Gillis." A last formal goodbye before the door clicked shut and Kylie was left alone.

She had walked around the room before returning to the door. Everything seemed to be far too strange for her to relax and the bed had an air of mistrust about it. She couldn't quite figure out why the bed made her feel so uneasy but it did and to quell the twisting knots in her stomach, she huddled in the corner of the room by the door.

Kylie didn't know how long she waited. She knew that she was facing the problem that had ultimately led her to this point. She had to pee. And badly. She didn't see any other rooms or means of relieving herself. She had tried the door several times but it had no handle and was sealed firmly shut. She had slowly been resigning herself to squatting in a different corner to ease the pain in her bladder. Convinced that she could hold it no longer, she walked to the opposite corner of the room, on a diagonal path, to do her business. She had just pulled her panties down and was crouching when she heard a clicking noise and a solid pane of clear plastic slid down from the ceiling. It followed the track on the walls that cleanly cut the room in two. It stopped moving with barely a sound and the clicking noise faded away. Startled, Kylie pulled her clothes back up, her heart racing and the need to pee fading into the thudding of the heartbeat in her ears.

The door on the other side of the room opened and the lights dimmed, all but the ones that shone on Kylie's side of the room. A person entered, pushing a cart. Kylie heard the click of high heels and knew that the doctor that had seen her before was not returning. The woman stepped into the light and looked at Kylie. There was a tense silence between them as they sized each other up.

“Hello, Kylie. My name is Dr. Duncan and I will be your caregiver. I’m sure that you have a lot of questions and a lot of concerns but let me assure you that I mean you no harm and if you are ready, I would like to begin the Introductory process. I know that you may feel uneasy and trepidatious. Those feelings are completely normal so, before we go any further, I want to give you the chance to ask or say anything that is on your mind. Anything at all. Don’t hold back. I will be honest with you if you are honest with me.”

Kylie didn’t know it, but it was a test. The first of many. Everyone brought into the program was placed in a similar situation, locked in a room with no way to find or use a bathroom. It was a simple test, but a crucial one. Many, who were not accepting of the program, would resist the urge to say anything about their discomfort, but those that knew what was coming and what was to be expected of them, would behave otherwise.

Kylie did know that Dr. Duncan’s voice and words were calming. She was trying to be as soothing as possible to the girl behind the glass. This was their first chance to build a little trust.

“I really need to pee!” Kylie said, crossing her legs and starting to bounce.

“Like, really, really bad! I don’t know how much longer I can hold it!”

“Would you like me to take care of you?”

Kylie nodded with urgency. She wasn’t truly ready to be exposed to a stranger, but she didn’t want to wet her pants.

“Lie down on the bed with your arms above your head.”

The instruction sounded strange but Kylie did what she was told. Dr. Duncan waited for a moment and then pressed a button on a device she pulled from her pocket. Kylie heard a faint buzzing noise and her wrists were pulled by the armbands into the metal discs above her head.

Magnets! Those are magnets!

Kylie tried to pull her arms away from the wall but couldn’t. They wouldn’t budge and she was now helpless. Another press of a button and the plastic partition raised back into the ceiling. Dr. Duncan pushed the cart over to the bed and Kylie. Kylie could see the woman more clearly now, but her urgency to pee was overwhelming her memory retrieval.

Dr. Duncan was professional and efficient. She undid Kylie’s pants and with Kylie helping by lifting her hips into the air, Dr. Duncan was able to slide the tight jeans down the young girl’s legs. Kylie was anxious about what would happen next. She wasn’t ready to have her private area exposed or touched by this woman. She wanted to protest and complain, but she needed relief. Dr. Duncan pulled a plain medical style diaper from the cart and quickly unfolded it, fluffing it for a second before sliding it under Kylie’s raised bottom. Kylie looked at her confused as Dr. Duncan pulled the diaper up between Kylie’s legs and began taping it to Kylie’s waist.

“Normally, I would take my time to remove all of your adult clothes, but I can see the urgency on your face and I want to spare you the embarrassment of wetting your panties. Since we have plenty of time, we can take a few moments to get to know each other.”

She finished securing the tapes and stood back. “Would you like me to pull your pants back up?”

They both knew that Kylie’s pants wouldn’t fit over the bulk of the diaper but the gesture was endearing. Kylie nodded just to see what would happen. Dr. Duncan did what she could, but couldn’t get Kylie’s pants to even cover half of the diaper. She understood that Kylie was nervous and would prefer a little privacy. She shuffled through some articles on the cart before pulling out a small nursing blanket and laying it over Kylie’s diaper.

“Best I can do on short notice. We will have to see what we can do about getting you some better fitting clothes. I’ll be back shortly.” She moved the cart off to one side and stepped back from the bed. She pulled the device from her pocket and pressed another button. From the ceiling, a panel slid to one side. A four walled structure slowly descended from the ceiling. The more the light hit it the more Kylie could see. Running vertically up the structure were thin bars, like slats and each corner had 4 conical points. A quick glance told Kylie where they were going and what they were meant to do.

As the structure descended into place, Kylie had to be amazed at how nefariously efficient the Institute was. The crib slats, spaced far enough apart to not endanger Kylie’s arms, were made

of polished metal, most likely aluminum. They stretched from the four posts that were just above the mattress to the low ceiling. She could see that one side of the crib walls was designed to slide down farther and allow the occupant to be retrieved or cared for. All in all, it was the first time that Kylie truly felt trapped. Her anxiety skyrocketed and within moments, she was wetting herself. It felt strange to wet her panties, inside of a diaper, in a gushing torrent. She was grateful for the blanket, more than she was willing to let on.

Dr. Duncan pressed a different button and Kylie felt her hands drop. They were starting to go numb and it was a pleasant reprieve. She pulled her hands through the crib walls and rubbed them to increase the blood flow.

“I’ll be back in a little while. I urge you to just relax and when you are ready, I will change you. If you want.”

“If...I want?”

“Some prefer to stay in them longer while wet. Mostly to get the maximum use of them, others, for different reasons.”

“Will you be gone long?” Kylie asked, sitting up and feeling the squish of the expanding diaper between her legs.

“Would you rather I stay?”

“I...yes...I don’t want to be locked up in here.” “Is there someplace you would rather be?”

“Yes. And no. I just don’t want to be alone.” She didn’t know why she was feeling sad and she didn’t know why she was trying to cling to this woman. With her mind free and her diaper soaked, she could remember where she saw this woman and her familiarity was solace in this bleak room.

Dr. Donna Duncan was the woman who had spanked her tormentor, Lucy, last week at the debutante ball. Kylie wasn’t sure if the woman knew who Kylie was as she made no effort to show it. Kylie could vividly recall how Donna had pulled Lucy over her knee and could remember the screams of her tormentor as she was being spanked. Donna didn’t look that imposing, standing perhaps five foot and ten inches without her heels. She had a modest build, not unlike a mother in her early forties, with dark hair that came down to breasts. She commanded respect with her presence normally, but in that dark, foreboding room, Kylie could feel a softer side to the woman.

“I see. Well, if you are to come with me, then there are a few things that we need to discuss. One, we are still early in the selection process and part of that is a positive response from you. I am willing to be your caregiver, but you have to choose me to take care of you.

These decisions are not to be made lightly, as they are irreversible. Once chosen, it cannot be changed. But if you are ready to make that choice, then we can go down to the Transfer department and fill out the forms.

“Two, I am a fair but strict caregiver. I do not appreciate or will not allow any sort of misbehavior. When under my care, you will follow my rules as I set them, without question, no exceptions. For example, if I say that you are forbidden from touching your diapers, you are expressly forbidden from doing so and if need be, I will ensure that you can’t.

“I have read your file and I have talked with your mother. It is my belief that I can help you in all the ways that you need to be helped but I will not tolerate games. Many people come here thinking that they can get their way or get out of their treatment when things get tough and they always find that the hard way is not the best way.

“So, I ask you, unofficially, do you want me to be your caregiver?”

Kylie sat there, looking at Donna through the bars of her crib. If she were just to take her predicament into account, the answer would have been an obvious and resounding yes. Trapped in the crib with a wet diaper, the answer was easy, but when she took everything into account, she was less sure. She knew that Donna was an imposing figure who didn’t hesitate to take matters into her own hands. Kylie also knew that she needed help, she needed someone to care for her and Donna was offering to do just that. She knew when she signed the release forms that she was going to end up back in diapers no matter what. She also knew that she didn’t want to press her luck with these

people. So far, they had all been accommodating and rather pleasant. If she were to deny Donna, what kind of person would she get next?

The great unknown stretched out before her. With so much riding on such a simple decision, she felt lost. Her emotions surged and her eyes watered. She felt so helpless and alone and wanted nothing more than her mommy. A mommy. Any mommy. She looked at Donna through the bars and saw someone who was offering to care for her, to wipe her tears, and hold her close. She didn't know if Donna would really do any of those things, but she was willing to try.

Kylie nodded yes as the tears began to fall. She didn't know why she was crying, her emotions were just that out of whack. Donna walked over to her as the crib walls raised. She wrapped Kylie up in a hug, pressing the young girl's face into her bosom. Kylie was crying openly now, an emotional catharsis.

"Let's get you changed and we can go finish the rest of the paperwork." Kylie nodded, her face smothered by Donna's soft flesh. "Yes, Mommy." Donna pulled back from Kylie, startling her. She took Kylie by the chin, tilting her head upwards so their eyes could meet.

"I am not your mommy, nor will I ever be. You may call me Aunt Donna or Aunty, but not Mommy. Am I understood?"

Kylie could barely move her head but she nodded as best as she could. Donna's voice had run cold in a second and it was unexpected.

"Good. Now let's get these pants off of you. We don't want you tripping on them."

Donna said, reaching for Kylie's pants. Kylie pried her shoes off and her socks went with her jeans. She tried to pull her shirt down to hide her wet diaper but Donna slapped her hand. Not hard, but enough to let her know. "Don't be modest, babies don't hide their diapers."

"But everyone will see them!"

"And?"

"I'm wet!"

"And?"

"Aren't you going to change me first?"

"Ahh, and now we are on to rule number two, you do not get to ask when or where your diaper gets changed. Now stop fussing and let's go."

Kylie pouted. Exposure, especially when she needed to be changed, was something that she had a hard time with. Beneath Donna's stern tone was a hint of sincerity. She knew that her latest charge was going to struggle in that area. Donna couldn't blame her, many of the clients she took on had the same anxiety, but Donna felt it best to ignore their pleas and carry on. She would have to mark a note in her files at home to find as many ways as she could to have

Kylie's diapered state exposed. It was part of the therapy, part of Acceptance. She needed to no longer be shy or afraid of anyone seeing her diapers, and, eventually, of anyone changing her diapers. She had a long way to go, but as she took Donna's hand and they walked towards the door, Donna felt confident that Kylie's hang ups wouldn't take too long to go away.

Donna fished a name badge from her blouse and it to a piece of glass near the door and the lock clicked open. Kylie hadn't recalled feeling anything like that when she was pressed against Donna's chest but she quickly waved the thought aside. She pushed it open and felt Kylie's hand tighten around hers. Kylie's apprehension was palatable. She eased up slightly when she stuck her head out the door to see that the hallway was empty. She stayed tense all the way down the hallway but practically locked up the second they came across anyone else. She hid behind Donna the best she could as people passed them, trying in vain to hide her diaper. Nothing was said to her or at all, the unknown people just walked by without so much of a pause.

Kylie paled when they left the series of hallways that spilled into a large cafeteria. Along one wall were various fast food stands. The whole thing looked like the entrance to the local mall. There were round tables organized in lines across the open floor and there were people everywhere. Kylie pulled her hand from Donna's grip and froze in place. There was no way she was going to

pass by or through such a large number of people. She shrank towards the closest wall, trying her best to be invisible.

“Kylie?” A boy’s voice startled her. He was behind her and Kylie did her best to not turn around and expose herself. Callum came up next to her. He was in a tee shirt, a pink diaper, and a harness. Behind him, a burly man held the end of what looked like a leash. Kylie tried to speak but only squeaked, utterly embarrassed. She waved him away but he didn’t move.

“It’s okay. Look, I’m in a diaper just like you! You have nothing to be ashamed about!” “Go away!” She muttered, a pitiful attempt to get his attention off of her.

“I can’t. I can only go where I’m told to go. But you should do what we talked about. Look at all of those people without your emotions and the picture will be clearer.”

The burly man gruffed something and pulled on the leash, tugging Callum away from Kylie. Kylie tried to find some courage but was too self-conscious to do anything. Donna picked up on this and kneeled next to Kylie.

“Are we having some trouble, Kylie?” The question was rhetorical and they both knew it. “Are you afraid that everyone will see your wet diaper?” Kylie nodded, her body shaking from fear and the trembles. She shook more as she wet herself again, clenching her legs together as much as she could and trying to cover herself with her hands.

“Do you want to know a secret? If you look close enough, almost everyone you can see is wearing diapers. The only big people here are the ones with a badge like mine.” Donna produced the badge again, hidden somewhere in Donna’s bra. Kylie looked at it, noticing the distinctive symbol that marked nearly everything she could see around her. She looked back at the crowd of people, analyzing them with her adult mind instead of her babyish tears. She wiped her eyes and focused. Donna was right. Of the thirty or so people spread around the room, there was maybe a third of them with badges similar to Donna’s. She ignored them and looked at the rest. She had spent so much time of her adult life looking at a person’s face, as all respectable people made eye contact, that she didn’t notice their attire. Everyone without a rectangular badge wore a different badge. A padded badge.

Twenty plus people, grown adults every one of them, stood or sat around these tables in diapers as if it was the most normal thing in the world. The closer Kylie looked, the easier it was to see. Those that sat were sitting in high chairs. Those that were standing wore harnesses similar to Callum’s. She recognized a few of the people that were in her group earlier in the day. Her apprehensions and her fears were all based on first sight, clouded by emotion.

“Are you ready to continue, or would you like me to take you back to your crib?” Donna asked, standing up and tucking her badge into her blouse.

Kylie was still awestruck by the sight of so many adult babies that she didn’t answer so Donna took her hand and led her through the crowd. Donna had expected Kylie to be resistant, but the girl just stumbled behind her, following along but consumed by her fascination with the group before them. She straightened up on the other side of the cafeteria and walked normally. There was nothing of interest for her to look at so she waddled along, the second wetting having caused her diaper to swell, pushing her legs apart. She could feel the mushy mass between her legs and how it shifted back and forth with each step. It made her feel small and childish but not enough for her to start regressing. She was too on edge to relax or unwind and the tension she held was giving her a headache.

They stopped at an office with a list of names on a plaque to one side and a sign that hung above the door. The sign simply said Transfers. Donna knocked on the door tentatively and waited. Kylie could tell that Donna was on edge, which was strange to witness. The door beeped and they heard a lock click. Donna pulled open the door and led Kylie inside. The office was made up of smaller offices. There was a row of chairs on the right side and a potted plant on the other. They sat down in silence and Donna bounced her leg across her other.

They didn’t wait long. After all, they were the only ones there. A man in a suit, a man whose presence made Donna stiffen at the mere sight of him, stepped out of his office and addressed them.

“Dr. Duncan, are you ready to join me?”

“Yes, sir. Right away, sir.” She stood up sharply and practically dragged Kylie behind her to the man’s office. They sat down opposite the man and Kylie quickly looked around the room. The only thing that struck her of interest was how the walls seemed to be made of something different than every other room she had been in. If she could have touched them, she would have been shocked at how they felt, but Kylie had never seen anything like it.

The nameplate on the desk read Dr. Micheal Theroux and the man ruled the conversation like he ruled the room. He asked Donna several questions and only accepted short, precise answers. He was quick to cut off Donna when she prattled on. The interview, if that’s what it could be called, was over far quicker than it seemed. Within a few minutes, they were sitting there, looking at Kylie. She had spaced out with all of the adult talk, mainly, the exaggerated way that doctors or lawyers talked. Huge words, convoluted statements, and general attempts to sound more important than they needed to be.

“Dr. Duncan, if you would wait in the lobby, I wish to speak to Ms. Gillis alone.”

Donna didn’t say a word, but promptly left the room, leaving a very frightened girl sitting in her soaking wet diaper, in front of a man that seemed to intimidate anyone near him.

“Ms. Gillis, do you know why you are here?”

“No?” Her voice projected a question, a reflection of her confusion at what was going on.

“You are here because Dr. Duncan believes that you are ready to choose your caregiver and begin your integration into the Fresh Start/ First Step program. Would you say that you are ready to make that choice?”

“I-”

“I want you to think very carefully about this choice. It can not be undone and any problems or concerns would have you both brought back in here to clear the air. You, and your care, are my priority and no matter what, I will be on whatever side is best for you.”

“Umm-”

“I warn you against making any rash decisions. This is an important step and to make it in a day, without any other time spent with staff is, in my opinion, problematic. That doesn’t mean that I don’t value your opinion or want to hear it.”

“Do you?”

Dr. Theroux paused and his brow furrowed. He was not a man that was used to being challenged. “I beg your pardon.”

“Do you? Do you really want to hear what I have to say or are you going to keep rudely interrupting me? I can’t answer a question if you won’t let me speak.”

He sat there for a moment, sizing up the small girl. He jotted something down in the file on his desk and leaned back in his chair. He motioned to her and said, “The floor is yours.”

“I don’t know. That’s my answer. I don’t know because I haven’t been told enough about what’s going on and what is going to happen to me. What I can guess is that I would be going somewhere with Donna to start in the program but even that can’t be confirmed. What I do know is that this is all very overwhelming for me, I’m hungry, and I want to be changed. If Donna is the person that is willing to do that for me, then she is the one that I will pick.

“You say that my care is your top priority and I want to believe you, but all of this is too much for me and probably many others like me. I’ve signed all the papers. I want to go through with this treatment and I just want to say that everything would go a lot easier if you all stopped trying to talk over me and just talk to me!”

“Very well.” He said, making another note in the file. “You are here to choose Dr. Donna

Duncan to be your caregiver. She has already expressed interest in taking you on as a client. If you are ready to choose, you would need only to sign this form and you will be released into her care. If you choose not to sign this form, you will be returned to your room and another staff member will be assigned to you to start the process over again. We tell everyone that this choice can’t be undone. That’s a lie and we tell you that lie to make you more compliant in your care. Should a serious enough problem arise that you feel Dr. Duncan’s care is no longer in your best interest, you need only to invoke Clause 13.”

“Clause 13?”

“Put simply, you need to tell Dr. Duncan or anyone at the Institute, *I want Clause 13*, and you will be brought here to see me.”

“Okay...”

“I urge you to only use this clause in the direst of circumstances. Clause 13 is a serious matter and will not be taken lightly. That said, do you wish to make your choice?”

Kylie sat there and pondered for a moment. Donna had been sincere, at least as far as Kylie could tell and she didn’t want someone who wasn’t.

“Yes. I’m ready to choose.”

“Excellent!” He shuffled some papers around and slid three of them towards her.

“This is the last step before the program begins and we like to have it in triplicate. Go ahead and sign where I’ve put an X while I retrieve Dr. Duncan.”

Kylie scribbled her name on all three sheets as he brought Dr. Duncan back into the room.

“Dr. Duncan, it is my duty to inform you that Ms. Gillis has been made aware of Clause 13. She has also opted to be in your care for her treatment. Should you wish to continue, please sign your name on these forms.”

Donna looked at Kylie, a sweet girl, and clearly smarter than she appeared. She was in dire need of a fresh diaper and even though they hadn’t gotten off on the right foot, Kylie had chosen her. Donna was touched, wary, but touched. Clause 13 was something she didn’t want to think about but if Kylie was willing to give her a chance, then she had to reciprocate the gesture.

She signed her name with flair as she always did. Dr. Theroux stamped all three forms, wished them luck and sent them on their way. Kylie was exhausted from too much excitement and wanted a nap but she was too curious to settle down, there were things she still needed to know.

“Aunt Donna?” “Yes?”

“Can we talk? Like, grown up talk?”

“Of course. Anytime you want, we can talk like grown-ups.”

“Good. Cause I just wanted to know if you are having second thoughts.” “No. Why would you think I would be having second thoughts?”

“Cause that guy was scary.”

Donna smiled. “Yes he was. And he can be much scarier than that.” “I bet. So what happens now?”

“Well, I’m going to take you back to your room, get you changed, and then we will go to my house.”

“Your house? Like, your actual house?”

“Yes. My actual house. You can’t expect me to properly care for my baby here, now can you?”

“Your baby?”

“Yes, Kylie. You are now my baby and I’m going to take the best care of you!”

“Pwomise?”

Donna stopped and knelt in front of Kylie. “I promise, cross my heart and hope to die, stick a needle in my eye, our pinky swear is our bond, and even in the great beyond, you will always be my baby!”

Kylie leaped into Donna’s arms and clung to her tight. She needed someone to care and to mean it. The rapid thudding in Donna’s chest and the swell of emotions that they both felt was a sign. This was meant to be, Donna the Aunty, and Kylie the Baby.