

The Rehabilitation of Kylie

Written by Max Harper

Part Two: The Nursery

Donna and Kylie returned to Kylie's room. It hadn't gotten any more comforting to be in, but with Donna to care for her, it was less intimidating. Donna helped Kylie onto the bed and prepared everything required to change her. Donna knew what she needed to do, but also didn't want to damage the rapport that she had been able to gain. However, she knew that her interactions with Kylie were being scrutinized. Kylie couldn't know but there were cameras covering every angle of the room and because of them, Donna had to follow the rules.

"Raise your hands to the circles, Kylie." "Huh? Why?"

"Because I told you to."

"Don't you trust me? I won't get in the way, I promise."

"Now, Kylie. I won't tell you again." Donna's voice went cold and the joy was sucked out of the room. Kylie trembled and raised her wrists to metal discs. Donna pressed the corresponding button and Kylie's wrists were locked in place. Donna pulled open the tapes on Kylie's diaper, peeling the wet mush trapped in plastic away from the young girl's skin. Kylie tried her best to not feel upset. She didn't like being forced to be helpless.

"Honesty and trust. That is the first pillar of our time together. Honesty comes from truth and obedience. Trust comes from obedience and understanding. That is why both honesty and trust are in the same pillar. I need you to understand that you are entrusting me to know and do what's best for you. In doing that, you need to do what I say. The more I believe that you are understanding, then the more that I will trust you." Donna said, pulling the sopping wet diaper from under Kylie. "Lift up." She grasped Kylie's panties and as the girl propped her hips up, Donna peeled them off her body. "And the more I trust you and believe that you are following the process and the program, the more freedom I will allow you to have. These aren't rules that I have just made up, these are guidelines that we all have to follow. I want to trust you, I really do, but trust takes time and commitment."

She pulled a few wipes out of the package and set about cleaning Kylie's body. She was coldly efficient, nearly completely insensitive. Kylie wasn't sure how a proper diaper change should have gone. Her mother always seemed to be holding back, unsure of where and what to clean. Donna, on the other hand, treated her body like a job, thoroughly cleaning each crack and crevice with callous efficiency. She unfolded and rustled a clean diaper before sliding it under Kylie's bottom. She grabbed a bottle of baby oil and squirted a dollop into her hand before rubbing her hands all over Kylie's diaper area. She wiped her hands clean with some wipes before she sprinkled baby powder into the seat of Kylie's diaper and onto Kylie's private parts. She pulled the diaper up between Kylie's legs and with expert precision, taped it closed around Kylie's waist. She slid Kylie's legs into the center of the bed before lowering the crib bars into place and releasing Kylie's hands.

"I have a few other things to do and then we will go. It won't take me long so why don't you stay here and take a little nap. I'm sure you are tuckered out."

"Okay, Donna..." Kylie said, a pouty tone in her voice.

She was crestfallen at the detached, irreverent approach to diaper changes. She missed her mom, who, despite having her own reservations of what she was doing, seemed to at least care about Kylie's care. Donna was restrained and it left Kylie feeling like a burden instead of someone in the care of someone else.

"I'll be back in a little while and then we will go home. I know that this wasn't what you were expecting but I can assure you that things will get better. I promise." She rolled the cart to the door. "Sweet dreams, sweetheart. I'll be back before you know it." She said over her shoulder before she disappeared into the hallway and was gone.

Kylie sighed and sat up in her crib. She absentmindedly played with the bars to see if they were as solid as they appeared. They were, and any hope she had of escaping were quickly dashed away. Her clean diaper crinkled audibly to her every movement and even though it had been fluffed,

it still felt stiff. Donna, to her credit, was a master at the tapes though. As stiff as it felt, it was comfortably secured around her waist. She poked it out of whimsy and it reminded her of the first diaper her mom had put on her. She wondered how her mom was doing, if she was happy now that she didn't have to take care of her daughter, and if she liked her new job at the Institute. Kylie had doubts that she had made the right decision. Donna was a hard person to read. In one moment, she seemed to be everything that Kylie was looking for, and in another, she was almost robotic. Kylie was concerned that she would be unable to form any sort of lasting bond with her. At least, any bond that would help her heal. Trapped and unable to really do anything in the crib, Kylie fell back onto the pillow and stared at the bars surrounding her. She tried everything she could to hold back how she felt. Despair crept into her mind and her eyes burned with tears. She turned to her side, away from the door and curled into a ball. She hugged her knees as the tears rolled down her cheeks. Alone. Abandoned. Forgotten. A prisoner. She closed her eyes and tried to wake up from the terrible dream she was living in.

Donna left Kylie's room feeling apprehensive. She had only behaved the way she did because she knew that she was being watched. She wanted nothing more than to be more caring and nurturing to Kylie but that was one of the first warning signs with any new client. Showing too much care and emotion was a sign that the caregiver was too emotionally involved and would jeopardize the program as the caregiver would be less inclined to follow the program as it had been laid out. She had only felt such a sudden connection once before and it was weird feeling it again. She wasn't sure why she felt such a pull towards Kylie but she knew she had to be careful.

She left the cart of changing supplies outside the room and headed deeper into the facility through several keycard locked doors. She was behind the scenes of the Institute, places that few on the outside would ever see. No client was allowed in these areas. What she found funny though was that the introductory tour walked right by the main hall to the restricted areas. It was lined on one side with a one way glass. As she walked down the hall, she watched a tour group being led by Anna, Dr. Vale's personal assistant.

Donna found the hall she was looking for. Each client and caregiver are given a package of various items in order to help in the transition between life at the Institute and life in the caregiver's care. Donna had most of the items at home already, but there were a few things that she had to take, no matter what. As part of the transition, each client had to be taken to the caregiver's home in locking mittens, a harness, a pacifier gag, and a collar. The collar was the main ticket and a point of contention between management and the caregivers.

Designed by Frank and Darla Summers, the collar was part fashion accessory, part restraint, and part shock collar. Its purpose was to record and memorize the wearer's voice patterns and pick out selected words, usually curse words, that was inappropriate. Once a database was built, it would pick up on the patterns of the forbidden words and deliver a deterrent shock each time they were said. The contention was that the collar could be programmed to cut out all normal speech altogether, leaving the client to babble nonsensically. While it helped with the regression, it was deemed to be too cruel and unfit for any real use within the program. Such a feature was limited by the Institute but the rumors were that the collar had found great success in other programs the Institute offered. The potential was there but for the Fresh Start/ First Step, it was going too far. Donna ran into a colleague of hers, and not the one she was looking to see. Mark had mentioned that he would be by to check out the group. He was a part of the second half of the program and he got to select who he allowed into his part of the program. Donna was sure that her Kylie was a shoe in to her program but as he often took in up to four clients, she was sure to see him. Instead, she ran into Penny Carver, a voracious woman in her mid thirties. Penny and Donna had attended a lot of the same classes, funded by the Institute, to get their certifications to be caregivers. Where they differed was in care. Donna, while strict in her own right, was more nurturing and caring in her care, where Penny was known as a hard ass. She had garnered a reputation of taking on the worst of the worst and getting them through the program. Her success was mired by her methods and some referred to her as the Dommy Mommy, a nickname created out of Penny's reputation for being more dominatrix than a caregiver. She had never gotten any complaints, not had anyone in her care

claimed Clause 13, but she was ostracised by the greater collective of caregivers. Donna was neutral in the discussion. She was friends with Penny and they often had play dates with their clients. Donna wasn't one to care much about another caregiver's methods, as long as the client was safe and whenever Donna was around one of Penny's clients, she hadn't seen any reason to be concerned.

"Donna? Hi! I didn't recognize you for a moment! I love what you did with your hair!"

"Penny! It's great to see you!" They embraced in the awkward way women do, leaning forward so that their breasts didn't touch. Donna knew that Penny was bisexual but had never that Penny would ever cross the friendship line.

"This old mop only has a few good styles to it. I was glad to find one that stuck."

"It looks good on you. Real good. How's your new little?" Little was the term caregivers used for their clients.

"She seems good. I'm excited to get started with her."

"I heard that she was fast-tracked through the system. Orders from upstairs. That true?"

"Can't say. She was quick to accept her room if that is any indication. What about you?"

"Oh, I've got myself a little firecracker. Very uptight, very vocal. It may be a few days before I get to take them home. If it's true, it's someone you've run into before."

"I've run into a lot of people in my day."

"Ever put one over your knee at the boss' ball?"

"Ahh." Donna said, remembering the week before. "I wondered what was to become of her. Moira was most displeased."

"Turns out her father was sick of her shit and forced her into the program. He's one of our benefactors and word is he has a lot of pull and asked for me directly."

"Really? How come?"

"His words: She needs to learn respect for authority."

Donna chuckled. "Well, if anyone can teach respect, it would be you. Well, respect, or fear, depends on who you ask."

"Both work. Sometimes you need one to get to the other." Penny said with a laugh,

"But no matter how much they fight, they all give in. They always give in. Sure, I could have the softer touch that most others have, but I prefer the direct approach. The hands on, in your face approach. Nothing makes my job worth it more than seeing their eyes as they finally give in."

"There is more to this job than the submission."

"Very true. And a lot is the journey to get to that point. Each one is different and the thrill of finding the right tactics to get them to the tipping point."

"Do you have a plan for this one?"

"Not yet. But I have my ideas. The first few weeks are always the most uneasy. Gotta find the right angle to push and getting them to accept the start of the program is always a hurdle. How about you?"

"Mine's diapered and ready to come home with me but she's had some time already to get used to the idea."

"Lucky you. Mine has no idea about what the program is so I'm going to have a fight on my hands the entire time."

"Isn't that what you live for?"

"Ha! You know me too well!" They had reached the end of the hall and headed down towards Requisitions, where any and all supplies were held.

Kyle, the soft spoken boy at the desk asked for their credentials. Penny sneered at him, making the boy squeamish. He was an owned entity, as they were referred to. Collared, caged, and diapered, he was the property of Eric Miller, chief requisitions officer. There was a story there, perhaps for another time, but in short, Kyle was courteous as he could be to people labeled his superiors. Eric's office was simple and he sat behind his desk, typing away at his computer. He barely acknowledged Donna and Penny as they entered the room. As one of the fastest typists that Donna had seen, his fingers moved in a flurry across the keyboard.

“A little early for you, isn’t it Dr. Duncan?”

“I have already talked to Mike. The paperwork has been signed and filed.”

“That’s not what I asked.”

“Yes. It’s early, but we all know how great jump starts can lead to a long term of attrition.”

“Indeed. Ms. Carver, I see you are up to your old tricks.” He must have been looking at Penny’s requisition order. “Get yourself another difficult one?”

“Do I get any other kind?” Penny retorted jokingly.

“It seems not. It will take me a minute or two to get these things together.” He pressed a button on his desk. “Boy! Bring me a Care Package.”

Kyle appeared behind them and headed through the side door of Eric’s office.

Everything had to go through Eric and he had taken his job almost literally. Penny and Donna could see that Kyle was messy as he walked by, his dirty diaper on full display. If the sight wasn’t enough, the smell was.

“I see that I need to send the boy to be taken care of.” He looked through his calendar while they waited. “Perhaps not. I have no other engagements for an hour. He’s due for another public display.”

Kyle returned and carefully handed Donna a box. Inside were all the things Donna would need to take Kylie home. Donna was feeling as if she had wasted more than enough time with her colleagues and was eager to get back to Kylie. She hadn’t been gone for more than thirty minutes but she didn’t want Kylie to feel as if she had been abandoned. She bade farewell to Penny and Eric before quickly walking back to Kylie’s room. Donna had almost made it when she was stopped in her tracks by the last person she had expected to see. “Professor Vale! I didn’t expect to run into you!”

“Dr. Duncan. It is a pleasure as always. May I ask where you are headed off to in such a hurry?”

“I’ve just picked up my Care Package and was headed back to my client.”

“Ahh, yes, the Gillis girl. How is everything progressing with her?”

“So far, so good. I have diapered her and changed her so far today. I took her to see Mike and she has agreed to have me as her caregiver.”

“That’s excellent news. Have you been in contact with her mother?”

“No. I wasn’t aware that I should be.”

“You aren’t. At least, not yet. I’m taking a personal interest in this one and want to see weekly progress reports.”

“Very well. Is something the matter with my level of care?”

“Goodness, no! The debacle at the debutante ball is what landed her in your care.

With her mother joining us in the Prospectives division, I want to make sure that her daughter is getting the best care we can offer. Your abilities and track record are not in question, Donna. I just hope that you both can gain from this arrangement.”

“Both, Ma’am?”

“Yes. Both. I am not blind to the struggles of my people, or the heartache. You have done well to not let it affect your work but we are a company that is invested in more than our clients. We care for our staff as well and I think this young girl is just what you need.”

“With all due respect, Ma’am, I am fine.”

“I’m sure you are. You remind me of me when I was a younger gal. Strong and resilient but guarded. Now, I won’t tell you how to do your job. I just want you to be aware that everyone of our clients that you help, is one more that helps you.”

Moira spun on her heel and walked away. She had said her piece and wasn’t one to let the conversation drag on into discomfort. Donna continued on her way back to Kylie’s room, mulling over what Moira had said. She wasn’t ready to face what had been alluded to. A young girl was in need of her care and Donna focused all her energies on making that her only reality.

Kylie was, as expected, still in her crib. She was still dry from appearances and was softly snoring, her thumb hanging from her lips. She looked almost angelic. Donna raised the bars on the crib and set about organizing the contents of the Care Package.

The rustling woke Kylie and she turned over to see Donna and the various items she was spreading around. Her apprehension and anxiety shot through the roof almost immediately. She recognized most of the items as things she saw on other clients in the cafe and she knew that they were meant for her.

“Mo- I mean, Donna, what are those for?” She asked trepidatiously.

“These are for you. For when we leave. I know these all look scary but they are a necessity.”

“Why?” She sat up, tucking her knees under her chin.

Why was it always the dreaded question? There was no real answer that seemed to placate anyone when they heard the answer.

“Well, it’s to make sure that you are ready to accept your place in this dynamic.”

“But I already said that I did. We signed the papers.”

“I know. Saying something is different than following through, though. Trust and honesty.

That’s what these things represent. Trust that I know what’s best for you and honesty in the belief that I wouldn’t do anything to bring you harm.”

“For how long?”

“I beg your pardon.”

“How long do I have to wear this stuff?”

“That depends on you. Your compliance dictates your length of time with these items. But you have been cleared to go home with me, so, if you are ready, we can begin.”

“I...I’m scared...I don’t want to feel like some sort of prisoner. This room, the crib, all of these things, they make me feel like I don’t have any choice in my care.”

“You can walk away. That option is always there.”

“To what end? I’m stuck here and you know it. If I walk away, I don’t get the care I need, but if I want the care, I have to give up all of my freedoms.”

“Not all of your freedoms.”

“Really? What freedoms do I have? You have mittens for my hands, anklets for my legs, a harness, and a pacifier gag! That takes movement and speaking out of the picture, and I’m already in a diaper so I can’t even use the bathroom when I want!” Kylie was trembling worse than she ever had before and within moments, Donna could see the front of her diaper darken. She knew that Kylie was prone to wetting herself when she got upset.

“This is only temporary, I promise.”

“How temporary?!” Kylie protested. “And don’t tell me that it depends on me. I won’t be able to take any of those things off and you know it!”

“And would you if you could?” Donna challenged. “You know well enough what this program involves. How did you think things were going to work?”

“I thought you were going to be compassionate!”

“I am being compassionate! I’m trying to be as caring as I can!”

“This doesn’t look like compassion! It looks like control! You want to control me!”

“That’s what you signed on for.”

“No I didn’t! I signed on to be helped! This isn’t you helping me! This is you taking over my life!”

“Enough! I’m not going to go back and forth with you on this. I’m not arguing with a child. This is the way things will be and the longer you protest, the longer you can expect your freedoms to be taken away!”

“I am not a child! I’m a grown woman!”

Donna’s voice leveled and calmed. She had expected resistance and she was getting it. “You are a grown woman. A grown woman who needs help. I am here to offer you that help. This is the way my help starts. Now, we can either do this the easy way, or we can do this the hard way. Your choice. So what will it be?”

Kylie stared at her defiantly. She clenched her teeth and tightened her stance.

“Hard way it is then.” Donna grabbed Kylie’s wrist and pulled her off the bed. Kylie’s grip on her knees slipped and she stumbled to her feet to prevent from falling on her face. Donna was quick to twist Kylie’s wrist behind her back. She grabbed Kylie’s other arm and did the same. She bent Kylie over the bed and held the device in front of her face. She pressed a button and Kylie felt her wrists snap together as the electromagnets polarized. Donna held Kylie down with one hand, barely exerting any effort. She pulled at the tapes of Kylie’s diaper until it dropped down to Kylie’s feet.

“This will be the first of many spankings you could receive. Or the last. That will be up to you. Doesn’t affect me either way.”

Her hand came down with lashing force. She wasn’t anything like Kylie’s mother. Each swat was as ferocious as the one before and Donna’s hand was like steel. Donna had a blistering pace to her punishments and Kylie was hopping up and down, squirming from side to side, and wailing profusely. When Donna’s arm got tired, she switched stances and was just as vicious with her off hand. Kylie had never been spanked as hard or as long as Donna spanked her and when the beating finally stopped, Kylie could barely stand. Donna pulled her to her feet and pointed to the nearest corner with a snap of her fingers. Kylie sobbed as she gingerly walked where she had been instructed. Her bottom was afire with burning agony and each step made it worse. Donna followed behind her and when Kylie stopped, Donna made sure to push her closer.

“Nose touching the wall until I say otherwise or you will be across my knee. I will not tolerate insubordination and you will learn your place, little girl, one way or the other.”

Donna returned to the bed and unpacked the rest of the items she would need. She took the anklets and mittens over to Kylie and put them on her as Kylie sniffled and sobbed. She let Kylie stand with her nose pressed into the corner for ten minutes before she figured that they better get a move on.

“Come here Kylie.” She said, her tone cold. There was no compassion to be had at the moment and Kylie trembled at the sound of her voice. Kylie hung her head as she returned to the bed where a diaper lay, fluffed and ready to go, along with the harness, the gag, and a collar.

“I am very disappointed in you, little girl. I thought we were going to start off better than this. But I understand that this is a strenuous time for you so I’m willing to let this be the last time I have to punish you. Crawl up on the bed so I put a fresh diaper on you.”

Kylie obliged when Donna freed her hands and she lay there with no complaint. Donna got a fresh diaper taped on her and sat her up, threading her arms through the harness that she snapped closed behind Kylie’s back. The collar fastened shut with barely a noise and Donna reached for the pacifier gag. Kylie’s eyes watered and her bottom lip quivered as Donna brought it to her mouth.

“I’m s-sorry for being a bad girl.”

“Shh. It’s okay, Kylie. I’m not mad at you. I only did what I did because I care.” Donna pressed the rubber nipple to Kylie’s lips and it slid between them with ease. “When I get you home, I will run you a bubble bath before you go down for a nap. Won’t that be nice?”

Kylie nodded as Donna fastened the gag around Kylie’s head.

“There. That’s all I have for you right now. Let me get everything together and we can go home.” She hastily packed everything into the Care Package box and tucked it under her arm. With her free hand, she held the leash attached to Kylie’s harness and walked her to the door. A few swipes of the key card and some quiet, twisting hallways later and Donna led Kylie out into the afternoon sun. It was near blinding from being trapped in that dark room all morning. Donna didn’t hesitate to lead Kylie over to her van.

It was an older style American van, built for soccer moms with massive families. It could seat seven comfortably, got substandard gas mileage, and was showing its age. It was a far cry from the sports car that Donna normally drove, but for her needs, and specifically, for her clients, it was a good “family” vehicle. Donna unlocked it and opened the side door to reveal a car seat, made for adults, secured in one of the passenger seats. Donna helped Kylie into it, even as she looked mortified by the sight of it, and was quickly fastening the five point harness together. She checked Kylie’s diaper before pulling the belt between Kylie’s legs and fastening it to the rest of the safety belt. She slid the

box she had down father into the van before pulling the side door closed. She got in the driver's seat and adjusted the mirror to be able to see Kylie.

She was pouting, noticeably distressed but there wasn't anything Donna could do about it yet. She had her hand forced while in the Institute and had to play her role. At home, in a more controlled environment, she would be able to better accommodate Kylie's need for compassion. She kept her eye on Kylie while she drove, glancing at her through the mirror as she rove out of town. Kylie looked out of the passenger window, erratically sucking on the pacifier. Donna would make sure that the gag was packed away unless it was truly needed. She didn't want Kylie to associate a pacifier with being gagged. Gagging was a punishment, and not one that Donna cared for. Treating a pacifier like a mute button was fine, but using it as a punishment when it is meant to be a soothing device was something else.

The same would be said for the harness. It was unnecessary and in public, caused too much attention to the client than was needed. Little, Donna told herself, Kylie is a little. Stop referring to her as a client, it's impersonal! Harnesses drew immediate attention and ridicule which was too disruptive to the program's purpose. Donna's goal was to regress Kylie to a baby-like state in order to help her deal with the trauma that manifested in her overactive bladder. This process didn't need to be put on full display for everyone to see. There would be times when Kylie would be taken out into public settings, staged at first, but with gradual integration into normal, everyday gatherings of people. Kylie needed to know that she could be around people as a baby and that her being a baby wasn't a bad thing.

She was far from that goal, as that was late in the program, near the final step, Acceptance. For now, Kylie was entering step three, Routine, where she would learn her place, her expectations as a little, and how her life would be managed from here on out. The first hurdle and one of the hardest was the full use of her diapers. For many littles, wetting themselves was not too terrible of an event and would even become second nature the longer they wore diapers. Messing was a whole mountain in and of itself. Messing was a psychological as well as a physical hurdle. From the time they were potty trained as toddlers, messing was the biggest challenge to overcome. A vast majority of people had an aversion to the idea of soiling themselves, understandably so, but for the program and the routine to work, that control, that hurdle, had to be overcome. Donna would monitor how Kylie behaved when she had to mess and if she fought it for too long, Donna would intervene with an enema. Most littles hated the thought of enemas but their efficacy could not be challenged. Sure, there were suppositories or castor oil, but the psychological aspect of being subjected to an enema and still having to mess oneself had a longer lasting effect. Plus, it was more healthy. Kylie had a laundry list of struggles to go through, some more daunting than others, but primarily, she needed to learn her place. Most importantly, she needed to want to be in her place.

Donna drove on, returning her focus to the road. She lived in a gated community on the outskirts of town, at the far edge of the suburbs. It was a growing place, but a quiet and secluded one. She never mingled much with her neighbors and everyone kept to themselves. Her community housed a few other employees of the Institute, namely Penny Carver, so arranging playdates or public outings was a breeze.

The gatekeeper, Lloyd, was a friendly, elderly black chap. He and his wife lived in the community, supported by the other residents. He watched the gate and did some yard work, his wife, Henrietta, offered her cleaning services to whoever was interested. They got by thanks to their more wealthy neighbors and were a cherished part of the community. Moreover, they were able to stay because of their tight lips, saying absolutely nothing about the comings and goings of the community.

"Well hello there, Ms. Duncan. It's nice to see you home early on such a fine day!" Lloyd said, tipping his cap. He greeted everyone the same, respectful and polite.

"It's wonderful to see you today, Lloyd! How's the missus doing?"

"Oh, you know her, feisty as ever. I've been meaning to give your shrubs a trimming, thought I might swing by this weekend."

"That would be fantastic. They are getting out of hand it seems. I've been so busy that I haven't even had time to weed my flower beds."

"I reckon I could get them weeded for you if the weather holds out."

"I would appreciate that. I'm afraid I'm going to be busy this weekend."

Lloyd glanced into the backseat at Kylie who was trying to shrink into oblivion. He smiled and waved at her but didn't say anything. Other people's business was none of his.

"I'll be by for those shrubs and flower beds tomorrow morning. You have yourself a wonderful night Ms. Donna."

"I will do that, and tell Henrietta that I may have some laundry and we need to settle our monthly tab."

"I will. She was talking about making some pies for the neighborhood. Pumpkin is your favorite, am I right?"

"You know me too well. Take care of yourself, Lloyd, and I will see you tomorrow."

"Goodnight, Ma'am."

Donna continued into the community, taking a left turn down Strawberry Lane. All of the roads were named after fruit. Fitting, as the complex was named Peachtree Gated Community. Donna pulled into the drive of her house, a two story, Colonial. The single car garage had her sports car in it so she would be parking the van outside. Kylie looked around frantically, trying to make sure that no one would see her as she was dressed. There was no one around and after a quick scan of the nearby windows, there was no one watching Donna's driveway.

"Here we are. Home sweet home." Donna said, undoing Kylie's safety harness. "I'm sure that you are eager to get inside so that no one sees you but I can assure you, you aren't the first person I've brought home looking like this. They don't even pay attention anymore."

She helped Kylie out of the car seat, noted how sweaty Kylie's back was, and led her to the front door. Once open, Kylie dashed into the entryway, out of sight of any potentially nosey neighbors. Donna went back to the van to get the box and when she returned, she shut the door. Next to the doorknob was a keypad and after a few button presses, it beeped, and the door locked.

"What a day, huh? Let's get some of that stuff off you." Donna undid the harness and the pacifier gag, allowing Kylie to breathe better. She looked around anxiously, trying to take it all in. The floor was tile from the entryway and down the hall. The living room was hardwood, the dining room linoleum. There was hardly any carpet to be seen, save for the staircase leading to the second level.

"What would you like to see first? Your room?" Donna asked, rhetorically. She led Kylie down the hall and to the right was a door with a keypad on it. "That's the bathroom. It will only open for me. Your room is across the hall."

Kylie's room was modest. A full sized bed. A dresser. A trunk that said toys on the side, and a rocking chair. It was simple, unisex decorated, and cozy.

"When it's time, this is where you will stay."

"When it's time?" Kylie asked, almost afraid of the answer.

"Yes. For the first little bit, you will be staying in the nursery and when I feel like you have earned it, you will be moved into your room. At that point, you can decorate it however you want."

"Nursery? I have to stay in a nursery?"

"Yes. That's where the crib and changing table are. As well as the playpen, bouncer, and swing"

Kylie paled. Bouncer and swing? Playpen and changing table? A crib?!

"Do I hafta?"

"Yes, you do and I don't want to hear any whining about it. Remember what I said."

"Trust and honesty?"

"Good girl. Now, let's go see where you will be staying tonight."

The nursery was everything Kylie expected it to be. The crib had high rails that locked and the mattress was near the floor. It looked like she could stand up in it and not be able to climb out. The changing table nearby was just as imposing, sitting about waist high with straps and fasteners

to connect to her anklets and mittens. To one side, by the window, suspended from the ceiling was the bouncer. Anchored to the reinforced rafters, it was far enough into the room that no one could see it from outside and yet, hung high enough that the occupant would be suspended off the floor. Perhaps the most intimidating part of the decor was the playpen, or rather, the mesh collapsible wall that cut a third of the room off from everything else. From corner to corner, it was the size of a small bedroom in and of itself. Within, was a myriad of stuffed animals, children's toys, pillows, bean bag chairs, and blankets. The wall went from floor to ceiling and had a rigid metal pole that followed the tracks in both floor and ceiling. Kylie recognized the setup, it was secured by the same electromagnets as the institute broadly displayed.

"What do you think?" Donna asked as Kylie looked around. She could tell that Kylie was nervous about spending too much time in the room, but it couldn't be helped. "It's a lot to take in."

"Is that all? And I need you to be as honest as you can be." "I...I'm scared..."

"Okay. About what?"

Kylie looked at everything in the room again. She couldn't find anyone thing that frightened her but she did have a knot in her stomach. And then she saw them, two items that, put together, set her on edge. One was nothing really that awful. It was just a high chair made for adults. Nevermind the wrist and leg restraints, that wasn't really that off putting. What was, was what hung behind it on the wall. A list titled, Mommy's Rules. It was a checklist and it hammered home just how far into the rabbit hole Kylie had fallen.

Mommy's Rules (Seven rules of Heaven)

1. Mommy knows best.
2. Baby wears whatever Mommy decides.
3. Baby eats what Mommy decides.
4. Babies are not allowed to touch or remove their diapers.
5. Naptime, bedtime, and playtime are all decided by Mommy.
6. No back talk, bad words, or rude gestures.
7. Misbehavior will be dealt with accordingly, time, duration, extent, etc.

All in all, the rules weren't that bad. A pretty standard affair, but they were a stark reminder of just how much freedom she had given up to feel better. It was a hard concept to come to grips with and it showed on her face.

"Oh, you mean the rules? They are just a reminder of what is to be expected from you."

"Go along with everything, it seems like."

"For the first little bit, yes. That's as honest as I can be about it. There is a routine here that you have to learn before you can have a say in how things operate."

"Wait. I can have a say in all of this?"

"Of course. This is your care, after all. When I feel that we have established our roles, then you and I can talk about changing things to make your time with me easier."

Knowing that she had some semblance of control left in her life made Kylie feel more at ease. "So, what is expected of me to get to that point?"

"Well, there are a few things. Some I won't tell you because I want you to reach those milestones naturally."

"So, what can you tell me?"

"For starters, there are a few things that you have to get used to, no matter what. Your day to day schedule, like naps, feeding times, changes, baths, bedtimes, and all that type of stuff plays a part in it. There are important things like understanding that you are to use your diapers for their intended purpose and in no way are you allowed to use a toilet. That one is always a hurdle."

"You mean that I have to poop in my diapers? All the time?"

"Yes. And if you don't, I will have to help you to do so. Messing is one of the hardest milestones for babies like yourself to hit, but it's all a part of the program. But don't worry, I'm quick to deal with messy diapers for your sake and mine."

"What about my period?"

“What about it? You are wearing the best maxi pad money can buy. It’s just like anything else. I will change you more and you will get more baths during that time, but nothing changes.”

“Do I have to eat baby food?”

“You will eat whatever I put in front of you. And yes, I will be feeding you, by spoon and by bottle and eventually, by breast.”

“Huh?!”

“I didn’t stutter. It’s one of the milestones.”

“But-”

“Rule number one and two. I know best and you will eat what I give you.”

“I-”

“That’s enough talking for now.” Donna pulled a pacifier out from the closet next to her. It was new in the package and she tore it open before popping it into Kylie’s mouth. Kylie wanted to protest, her head was reeling from being told that she was going to be breastfed, but she didn’t want to risk another spanking. Donna led her over to the highchair and strapped her into it.

“I will be back shortly with your lunch, and then it will be time for a change and a nap. Chicken nuggets sound good to you? With ranch or ketchup?”

Kylie turned her nose up at the thought of ranch and Donna laughed before disappearing downstairs. Kylie hated ranch dressing and everything associated with it. Chicken nuggets, however, sounded great and she eagerly sucked on her pacifier while she waited, her tummy growling at the thought of lunch. She did everything she could to get the notion of Donna’s breasts out of her mind. She didn’t mind dressing like a baby, but in no way, shape, or form was she going to be fed like one. The irony wasn’t lost on her, but she had a room full of other things to occupy her mind.

Downstairs, Donna slid the plate of frozen chicken nuggets into the microwave. She pressed a few buttons and the machine whirred to life. She preferred to bake the chicken, but she needed to get Kylie fed and down for a nap. She didn’t want anyone to know, but she really needed to go pump. She had worked for a long time to be able to produce milk and she wasn’t willing to let it all go to waste. She would mix it into Kylie’s drinks slowly, but at some point, there would be a time when she would be latching on and drinking from the source. Every little had their apprehensions when they were first told about being breastfed. A lot fought their first few times, but after a while, it became second nature to them. It didn’t help that Donna started mixing it in immediately and by the time it got to the point where they were ready to be breastfed, they had already been drinking her milk with very little mixture. She was one of the few caregivers that went to such an extreme and she found that she was able to get deeper, more complete regression this way.

When the microwave beeped that it was done, Donna pulled the plate out and shook the nuggets onto a separate plate, with its own compartments. She poured some applesauce into a partition and squeezed some ketchup into the other. She had already filled a sippy cup with juice and grabbed it as she headed back upstairs. Kylie was excited to see her and practically spit her pacifier out at the sight of food. She saw the sippy cup and hesitated, the thought of breastmilk still fresh in her mind.

“Let’s see, we have some chicken nuggets, some applesauce, and some mixed berry juice. What would you like first?”

“Can I feed myself? Just this once?”

“Well. I don’t know. I shouldn’t let you because you need to get into the routine but I’ll make you a deal. I’ll let you feed yourself if you go straight down for a nap, no fussing or backtalk.”

“Deal.”

Donna smiled and undid Kylie’s wrist restraints. She handed her a spoon for the applesauce and stepped back. Kylie dug in, clearly more hungry than she let on while Donna pulled out a fresh diaper and the rest of the changing supplies.

“All done!” Kylie chirped. Her mood had drastically changed with food. Typical for littles.

“Okay. Let me get you out of there. Goodness me, you didn’t get any of it on you! What kind of baby are you?”

“A good one?” Kylie asked sheepishly.

“The best one. Though, you could stand to be a bit more babyish. In time. It will all come in time.” She checked the front of Kylie’s diaper and found it to be wet, but not wet enough. She lowered the bars on the crib and helped Kylie into it. She pushed the pacifier into Kylie’s mouth and gave her a kiss on the forehead. “Have a nice nap, baby girl. I’ll come to wake you up in a few hours.”

“Nighty night.” Kylie said, yawning. She was tired, more sleepy from food than from exertion, and she had a lot on her mind. She curled up into a ball as Donna raised the bars on the crib. Donna took one last look at her before retreating downstairs.

Kylie laid in her crib for a while, looking at everything in her new room and working over everything in her mind. I’m a baby. I wear diapers and sleep in a crib. This is my life now. Changes and bathtime and a playpen. What have I gotten myself into? Breastfeeding? Is she really serious? What would it even taste like? And why do I want to find out? It’s gross and wrong. No adult woman should be breastfeeding from another woman. But I’m not an adult woman. Look at yourself, Kylie. You are a baby in a wet diaper being put down for a nap. It’s the most logical final step?

Kylie didn’t have any answers. What she did know, was that the food she ate would become a problem in a few hours. She wasn’t anywhere near comfortable messing herself on purpose but Donna had made it clear that she was going to have to. As her eyes drooped and sleep overtook her, Kylie had a panging need to hold Quackers. She wished so much to have him near. He made everything better and she could use his support. She sucked slowly on her pacifier as she drifted off to sleep.