

# One Simple Trick To Deal With Your Fussy Roommate

*by Cowkites*

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Rachel stood perfectly still in front of Amanda. The short brunette had stopped speaking, mid-sentence, at the snap of Amanda's fingers. Words of ridicule and disbelief were cut short as her mind was rendered blank and her body stiff. Rachel's eyelids grew heavy. Drool formed at the corners of her lips. She stood on weak knees, helpless before Amanda.

"Much better," said Amanda. She circled Rachel with a grin on her face. While Amanda considered Rachel a friend, she could do without Rachel's attitude. Despite being a year older, and a college senior, Rachel was incredibly immature and had a bad habit of getting on people's nerves; Amanda's most of all. Nonetheless, Amanda enjoyed Rachel's presence. All she wanted was for her friend to be more manageable. Hypnosis was the perfect solution. "Now...what to do with you..."

Rachel was dressed as she always was: casually, in a loose graphic top with a pair of colorful shorts. Her shoulder-length brown hair was kept up in a messy ponytail with a rainbow scrunchie. She had a habit of dressing cute. At least, that's how Amanda saw her. She couldn't get enough of Rachel. Twenty-two years old and she didn't care about the maturity of her outfits or how she looked. Amanda found it refreshing. "If only you acted as sweet as you look, you little brat..." said Amanda. "Oh....now that's a wonderful idea. Let's try it."

*SNAP*

To Rachel, it was as if she had blinked slightly longer than normal. When she came to everything seemed to be exactly the same, except for the grin on Amanda's face. Which was odd, given how clearly annoyed she had been only just moments prior. "What are you grinning at, Amanda?"

Amanda stood with her arms crossed, a knowing look on her face. "Just you, kiddo."

Rachel scoffed. "And what's so funny about me, huh? You're the one who's about to fail humanities."

Amanda's expression would've normally soured at such a remark; instead, she grinned even bigger. Amanda reached into her back pocket and pulled out a large, pink pacifier. She held it up to Rachel. "What was that, little Rachel?"

"Why the fuck do you have a...a paci...pacifier?"

Amanda gently swayed the pacifier back and forth and Rachel followed it like a puppy might follow a treat. Drool collected on her chin as she stared. "Language, Rachel. Wouldn't want me to hide your paci from you, now would you?"

Rachel laughed half-heartedly. "My paci?" She wiped the drool from her chin in a weak attempt to appear in control. "I-I'll say what I want! I'm not a baby and I don't want a paci! So th--mmph!"

Amanda stuffed the pacifier in Rachel's mouth. "That's right...you don't want it. You need it, don't you?"

The college senior grabbed at the pacifier but her fingers felt numb the moment they latched on. She could not muster the strength to remove the offending item from her mouth. Meanwhile, her tongue acted against her. Rachel openly sucked on the pacifier in front of Amanda. She blushed profusely as she could do little more than *nuk nuk nuk* on it like a baby while her friend watched. "Nuh! Duh nee id!" Rachel managed to babble.

"So cute..." Amanda replied. She pinched Rachel's cheek and cooed over the older girl. "Maybe now you'll start behaving yourself better. You were just acting out cause you wanted your paci, isn't that right?"

Rachel had to fight the urge to nod and agree with Amanda. The hypnosis compelled her to become more obedient but she was stubborn. She shook her head profusely. "Nuh uh!"

Amanda smirked. "Oh I know what you need. You want your stuffie, don't you? Your bunny, Mabel?"

"Mabew?" Rachel asked. She had never heard of a stuffed animal named Mabel before, but the moment it was mentioned she felt a deep longing. Without a second thought her arms shot forward. She grabbed at the air and whined.

"Don't worry, little girl. I brought her. She's right...here." Amanda reached behind the couch and pulled a stuffed rabbit out that she planned to give Rachel as a birthday gift in a few weeks.

Rachel immediately pulled the bunny into an intense hug. "Mabew!" It felt so good to hold the bunny close, even more so when she noisily sucked on her pacifier as she did so. Unknown to Rachel, drool dribbled down her chin and onto her chest. Between the pacifier and the bunny, she looked less and less like a college student by the second. "Wha...wa a minude...nah right!"

Rachel struggled against her new desires. Her brain wanted nothing more than to be quiet; to sit on the floor, suck on her paci, and play with her stuffie. The intense desire to obey Amanda threatened to overpower her, but Rachel wouldn't have it.

"You're right, Rachel. Something isn't right." Amanda knelt down next to Rachel and yanked the brunette's shorts down to her ankles. Rachel's pastel pink, cartoon pony panties were put on full display. "Oh wow, Rachel. I had no idea you were into this kind of stuff. No wonder you love your paci and stuffie."

"Nuh!" Rachel whimpered. She desperately wanted to stop Amanda, to pull up her shorts and hide her shame, but she couldn't stop hugging Mabel. The mere thought of dropping the stuffie threatened to upset her, so she held it closer and continued to suck on her pacifier while Amanda teased her.

Amanda had seen Rachel's panties before. They were roommates after all. "Don't worry, baby. I made sure to find you the perfect replacement for when you inevitably soak your panties."

Rachel looked down to see Amanda unfolding a thick, crinkly pink diaper decorated with cartoon ponies. Something about them sent a shiver down her spine. Suddenly, Rachel's bladder felt incredibly full. She panicked, and made her way down the hall to the bathroom. Unable to pull up her shorts for fear of dropping Mabel, Rachel was forced to waddle slowly. All the while the pressure in her bladder built. By the time she got to the door it felt as if she might burst. Unfortunately for her, the door was closed and she'd need a hand to open it. "Mmmmph! 'Manda! Dooooow."

Amanda relished the sight of her annoying roommate reduced to doing a potty dance in front of the bathroom door with a pacifier in her mouth. She looked so adorable. It was exactly what Amanda wanted. "I'm coming, little girl. Try and hold it as best you can." Amanda unfolded the diaper as she approached. It crinkled loudly with each motion. Thanks to the hypnosis, this crinkling exacerbated Rachel's desperation with each second.

The crinkling overwhelmed Rachel. Before long, she couldn't even remember why she stood at the bathroom door. An intense relief washed over her. Warmth spread out from her crotch and quickly made its way down her thighs. A happy sigh escaped her lips and soon she stood in a puddle of her own urine. "Mmmmph...bah bah..."

Amanda chuckled. "Aww. Couldn't hold it? Or didn't want to? Either way, come on. Take mommy's hand. We've gotta get you in a diaper before you have another accident."

Rachel stumbled forward at Amanda's direction. As the warmth dissipated, some of her senses returned. She couldn't believe what she had just done. Rachel wanted to leave; to rip the pacifier out of her mouth and be a big girl. In time she might have gained enough strength to do so, but Amanda was in charge and much stronger. Before Rachel knew it, she laid in her bed on

her back with her wet panties dangling from Amanda's pointer finger. The massive, bulky diaper sat unfolded beneath her bottom. The smell of baby powder hung in the air. It was a smell that threatened to overwhelm Rachel. She couldn't help but breathe it in. A smile crossed her face as she did so. It lasted only a second but it was just enough to keep Rachel distracted while Amanda taped her into a diaper.

"No more big girl Rachel," Amanda teased. "Just a little baby that can't keep her pretty pony panties dry. A silly girl that loves her paci. Isn't that right?"

Rachel couldn't help but giggle. It took all her strength not to nod and agree.

"No use fighting it, Rachel. I won't tolerate anymore bratty behavior. Mommy 'Manda is in charge now. Baby Rachel needs to learn her place and behave. Okay?"

Rachel grimaced. She wouldn't have it. With what willpower she had left, Rachel pushed herself from the bed and waddled toward the hallway. Amanda caught her easily. With one swat to Rachel's padded behind, baby powder was sent from the seat and crotch of her diaper up into the air. The crinkling combined with the scent overpowered Rachel and brought the woman to her knees. She could hardly think straight. All that was on her mind was her own infantile behavior and appearance. "Bah gah...buh...ma ma..."

Amanda chuckled. "Much better! And while we're at it, let's have you learn to keep yourself in check so mommy doesn't have to constantly keep an eye on you, hmm?"

*SNAP*

Amanda leaned down to Rachel and whispered softly in her ear, "Every time you think about being a big girl again, you're going to get down on all fours and hump your stuffie till you can't form a single coherent thought, okay?"

Rachel nodded profusely. She then pushed Mabel between her thighs and began to vigorously hump the stuffie. With each thrust her diaper crinkled loudly. Baby powder filled the air and soon Rachel drooled and giggled all over herself in absolute bliss.

"That's it, Rachel. Say bye bye to all those naughty big girl thoughts. Mommy 'Manda is in charge now. And she'll make sure you behave yourself from now on..."