

“Oh my gawd!” Marci said after popping a piece of sushi in her mouth. “This is delicious!”

“Told ya,” June smirked, taking a dainty sip of soda while the woman across from her, Marci, gingerly picked up a second piece of her sushi roll; chopsticks fumbling like a baby deer’s legs. Was her name Marci, actually? Maybe it was Macy. Maisy? June was having trouble remembering, to be completely honest.

June had just met Maisy- or perhaps it was Maddie- last night at a bar. They hadn’t had too much to talk about over the crowded conditions and the just-too-loud music. But they had made small talk in between sipping martinis and undressing each other with their eyes. They’d made the basic introductions and flirted well enough so that they’d exchanged numbers and decided to meet up this afternoon. Unfortunately, June was completely blanking on her date’s name at the moment.

Now they were here, at June’s favorite sushi restaurant having “Linner”. Depending on how you thought of it, it was either a late lunch, or an early dinner. Either way, there’d be plenty of time left in the day to make plans for tonight if things didn’t go well, and plenty of time to throw those plans away if things did. So far, June was on the fence, but at least her date was cute.

“So, you’re an archaeologist?” Maddie – unless it was Mal or Malory- asked in between bites of sushi and fried rice. She ate with gusto. June adjusted her glasses and perversely wondered if she ate other things with such enthusiasm. A bit of rice spilled out of her date’s bottom lip before she gingerly wiped it away with her thumb. “Scuse me!” Mal said as she made eye contact with June. June got a glimpse of perfect white teeth, made all the more whiter by the slight blush on the other girl’s face.

“Yeah, I’m an archaeologist,” June confirmed. She took slower, more deliberate bites than her date, each bite a soothing pleasure to her tongue as the zither harp music soothed her ears. The lights were dimmed, but the sun hadn’t begun to set; so there was no trouble seeing. Yet, the little curtains between each booth so that you couldn’t just look over at the next table behind you gave a certain sense of intimacy and privacy.

“So, like Indiana Jones,” Mary brushed her dirty blonde hair back away from her face, smiling coyly. “That’s kind of cool.”

“Y’know,” June chuckled, “I’ve never actually seen an Indiana Jones movie.” Nervously, she shifted her own mousey brown hair behind her ears. She’d heard the Indiana Jones comparison too many times before. Far too often the date turned awkward afterwards. In real life, there was far less running from booby traps, and far more dusting and digging, and picking, and cataloging, and translating; and that was just the field work. It wouldn’t do to get June started on the tedious hours of research and artifact restoration in some sterile lab or another.

“Oh my gawd!” her date’s jaw dropped. “Seriously? You are missing out.” She leaned forward. “You’ve got to see Raiders, if nothing else! It’s a classic!”

“So I’ve been told,” June smiled politely, shaking her head. Why was it always Indiana Jones? If she had had a dollar for every time a stranger mentioned Harrison Ford as soon as she dropped that she worked digging up old stuff, she could fund her own research. Couldn’t she at least be compared to Lara Croft? “Harrison Ford just isn’t my type.”

“Mine either,” Melody winked. “I think you’re more like Lara Croft.” June’s heart skipped a beat.

“You just read my mind!” June said, brightening up considerably.

“Great minds think alike,” Mel giggled. “I don’t know,” she continued. “A friend of mine said I could pass for Samus if I made my hair a little more blonde. What do you think?”

June’s mouth opened and a startled, almost silent guffaw escaped her lips.

“You’re a gamer, too?” June gushed in surprise.

“Yeah,” the other girl, maybe her name was Megan, leaned back and grinned. “Don’t you remember me telling you that last night?”

“I...I...was kind of drunk,” June admitted. “And the music was loud.”

“Then why did you invite me out to lunch?” she asked June, coyly. She was flirting. She was definitely flirting.

“I liked the sound of your voice, even if I couldn’t understand what you were saying,” June smiled shyly, trying her best to flirt back. “And I thought you were cute.”

“And how about now?” her date asked. The food was definitely taking a backseat to the company all of a sudden.

“I’m liking it so far,” June answered.

“Me too,” Meg- or perhaps Monica- flirted. “Maybe if we really like each other I can show you some of my cosplay pictures from MegaCon. I’ve got a pretty good Princess Zelda one.”

AND SHE COSPLAYED?! June’s date had just gone from cute to completely and totally “hawt”! June had to know this woman’s name. But how to get it out of her without offending her?

Playfully, sneakily even, the beautiful stranger's finger tips brushed June's and she felt that tingling jolt of excitement and electricity. June liked being touched. She suddenly knew, very certainly, that she wanted to be touched more, and not just on the fingers.

June couldn't play poker for anything, and her excitement must've shown.

"If you want," the other woman suggested, coyly, "I can try some of my costumes on for you."

"I-I-I..." June stuttered. "Yeah. I'd like that."

"You are too cute," Marsha said. Then her eyes zeroed in on something besides June.

"Cute necklace," her date pointed to the thing dangling just above her breasts. "Where'd you get it?"

June looked down and saw the fetish dangling around her neck. Had it been there a moment ago? Of course it hadn't. June had made a point to throw it down the garbage disposal at her apartment before she left for "Linner". But just like every other time, it had somehow found a way back onto her person.

"Oh shit," she cursed under her breath in realization.

June had only been stateside for a little over a week. She had just spent the last six months in Mexico combing through old Aztec ruins. That's where her team had stumbled upon the hidden chamber. Based on the writings that could be deciphered, June had reason to believe that she had discovered evidence of a cult, or perhaps a lesser denomination of the Aztec religion. Regardless, it was something of interest in a temple that had otherwise been written off as old news and already picked clean from years of digs, searches, and outright robberies.

And, even though it would take a good many months afterwards to catalog everything she'd found and verify the artifacts' authenticity, June had jumped for joy at the idea of making the "30 under 30" list for Archaeological achievements in her field. Most in her profession waited decades to find something like this, and June had only just gotten her doctorate.

Of special note were the little gold trinkets that were supposedly used to act as mediums between this world and the spirit world. Fetishes weren't particularly common among the Aztec peoples as far as June knew. Of particular interest among the trinkets was what could only loosely be translated as "the chastity fetish".

The craftsmanship was exquisite, and even though the little hunk of gold wasn't much bigger than June's pinkie knuckle, it was hard to mistake the little figure as being anything other than a baby wrapped in swaddling clothes. Initially, June had thought this to be some kind emblem associated with fertility- plenty of cultures had rituals where people prayed to have offspring; but

if the inscriptions by the altar in which the fetish was placed were accurate, it was meant for what could best be termed as “Sexual Purity”.

“Let whatever marked man or woman who would couple out of sight of the gods, be forced to wear the skin of infants.” The shrine containing the little fetish had read.

That particular line had puzzled June. The “couple out of sight of the gods” seemed clear enough. Most unions were blessed by gods in primitive cultures. Don’t fuck if you’re not married. Simple enough; most religions had that rule.

“Wear the skin of infants” might have been a reference to being denied some kind of circumcision ritual that was common in some cultures to denote manhood. That made sense. “Don’t have sex outside of marriage or your ‘infant skin’ would remain intact as punishment and let broadcast your callow indiscretions.” She didn’t recall reading anything about Aztec circumcision rituals in her research, but as far as she knew, she was discovering a lost cult, so she couldn’t rule out the possibility.

The “man or woman” part is what puzzled her. It’s the only part that didn’t fit her hypothesis. If the punishment had been “death”, it would have made sense. Killing people who broke your religious laws was easy, relatively speaking. But “wearing the skin of infants” didn’t fit that bill, and not even the Aztecs were vicious enough to literally skin babies and make some kind of Silence of the Lambs Buffalo Bill baby suit. Were they?

June had puzzled over this and the possible meaning of the fetish’s proclamation all the way back through customs and into the labs at the university where the artifacts she’d managed to bring with her could be studied and cataloged. Then, she promptly promised to put it out of her mind while she took a much needed break. But the fetish, it seemed, had other ideas.

When she found the little trinket in her pants pocket a few days later, she didn’t think anything of it other than “Whoops,” but then put it with her satchel by her work things so it wouldn’t get lost until after she had rested up and returned to work.

When the fetish had ended up in her purse a few hours later, she wondered if she had been absent minded and placed it in the wrong bag. She corrected her mistake and went on with her day. When it was on the dashboard of her car on the way to the bar last night, she locked it in the glove box and went on without it. She drunkenly wrote it off as a case of mistaken identity when it was waiting for her when she got home. Clearly she was seeing things.

But when she had decided to end the night on a self-induced high note, things took a turn for the worse. As she logged onto one of her favorite porn sites and started to peruse the pictures and movies, idly playing with herself...well, let’s just say that’s when things had gotten weird.

“Skin of infants”, indeed. When she came to, the fetish had somehow been sitting right in front of her keyboard.

Still, June had gotten through that particularly bad trip, and had written it off as such. It was nothing more than a bad dream fueled by paranoia and rumors of curses; the kind of things that go through all Archaeologists’ heads after making a big discovery. Still, like looking for a monster under the bed, she had checked her underwear drawer to confirm that last night had all been a dream. Just in case, she had decided to throw the baby trinket down her garbage disposal for good measure. Better safe than sorry. History would just have to do without the “Aztec Baby Fetish.”

Now, the little golden idol was dangling from a string around her neck, when moments before, she had had no such jewelry.

“Are you okay, June?” her date asked. “You look like you just saw a ghost, or something.”

“Oh, sorry. It’s nothing,” June lied. Then she looked at her date’s heaving breasts and felt a tingle down below. The air became thick with a fog that June could feel more than she could see, and the fetish hanging around her neck suddenly felt heavier. She was being warned.

“Oh no,” June whispered to herself.

“Don’t think about sex don’t think about sex don’t think about sex.” June chanted the mantra in her head. Clumsily and panicked, she fumbled with the gold fetish around her neck, desperately trying to remove it from her person, but to no avail. The thing would not budge, one way or another.

Of course, as anyone will tell you; telling yourself NOT to think about something usually has the opposite effect. June did her best to think pure chaste thoughts, as she unsuccessfully tried to remove the fetish, but she found herself staring at her date’s ample bosom in a low cut top. She did her best to ignore the shimmering brown eyes and the smooth skin sitting across from her, or the way her mouth looked perfect for kissing right about now. She tried to not think about all of this...and failed.

“Is everything okay, (sweetie)?” her date asked. Sweetie? Sweetie?! Who the hell called their date “sweetie” when they barely even knew each other? There had to be some kind of etiquette that was being broken. And yet....

And yet a shiver of desire ran along June’s spine at being called such a familiar, diminutive name. She wanted this, she knew. But for her own sanity and survival, she pressed on denying the tide that was rising against her.

“Yeah,” June lied, trembling. Something was wrong. Something was very wrong. She looked closely at her date, the cute blonde’s face a mask of genuine concern and worry.

“What’s wrong, (baby girl)?” June’s date asked, again. There was something wrong with the words that June was hearing. Something was literally off with the words that were coming out of the woman’s mouth. It was like June was watching a badly dubbed foreign film. Her date had clearly mouthed the words, “What’s wrong, June?”, but where her lips mouthed “June”, the words “baby girl” came out instead.

A slender, feminine hand reached forward and brushed aside June’s hair before pressing against her cheek. “This could be flirty, things could still be under control. This could end up alright. This is all in my head”, June thought to herself before that same hand moved to feel her forehead like a mother checking for a fever. “Or not.”

“You don’t feel (icky),” the woman who up until moments ago had been flirting with her said. “(What’s wrong, cupcake?)”

Oh God, it was happening again! Please, make it stop! Please!

“I’m fine. Really,” June said, sliding out of the booth and standing up. “I think I might’ve caught some kind of bug and it’s getting to me. Can we take a rain check- Mmmmmmm.....” June was still blanking on the name. “Mommy?”

Something sparkled in the other woman’s eyes: Lust? No, not quite. Lust had been there before, as there is with any sexual attraction. But there was something more with this. It was lust mixed with a kind of hunger and...love? Maternal instinct? All of the above and more? June didn’t know, but wouldn’t have time to think it over.

“Awwww,” her date gushed and cooed as if June were a little girl, and not someone who’d she’d met at a bar just last night. Without getting up, she took June’s hand and pulled her closer. “You just want to cuddle, don’t you? Come sit in on Mommy’s lap, pumpkin.” June was very suddenly yanked off her feet towards her date.

June felt her hips twisting and her knees buckling. She found herself sitting sideways in “Mommy’s” lap. Her balance was so off she would have surely fallen back if not for the woman using her other arm to break June’s fall. Mommy, for her part had seemed to put only the slightest effort in yanking June off of her feet like a ragdoll.

“Better?” Mommy asked.

June’s breath had become ragged with fear and excitement. The bauble around her neck was bigger all of a sudden, closer to the size of her thumb than her pinkie nail. The fetish was becoming stronger. June shuddered and jumped when Mommy moved her free hand from

June's and began rubbing her thigh comfortingly. Oh God, being cradled like this did something for her on a physical and emotional level that she had never experienced. She wanted this woman in the worst and weirdest way. She knew she should get up. She should get up and run before it was too late. But she felt... She felt...

She felt....

She felt...

She felt little...

Little and wet.

Time slowed down for a moment and the idol glowed, sending blinding light cascading in every direction. As the light shone like a second sun, the world around June began to melt away like wax on a candle, revealing a second world underneath.

The cool and mellow blues and dim lighting of the sushi restaurant faded and changed to the garish red and yellows of a fast food joint. Tasteful wooden booths became gaudy, yet sturdy, plastic. The soothing zither harp music was drowned out and replaced by generic rock, and the decadent and handcrafted sushi bulged and mutated into burgers and chicken nuggets. Where June had been standing moments before she was yanked into Mommy's lap- and Mommy she was because right then, June could not think of any other name for her- a backless highchair had arisen and congealed from the floor.

No more quiet sushi restaurant. June had somehow been transported to a noisy fast food joint, now suddenly filled with patrons.

The change of locale was the least of June's problems. Her clothes were changing as well. The laces of her shoes melded together to become Velcro straps and refastened themselves just before her gray sneakers turned a bright pink. The socks around her ankles gained little frills at the edges. Meanwhile her glasses- which gave her an air of academic intelligence- dissolved into pink ribbons that took up her brown hair and tied it up into pigtails.

Her bra simply dissolved into the aether while her shirt gained matching frills similar to her socks and turned a pastel yellow. Her khaki pants knitted together at the legs and slithered up her body, turning, twisting and morphing into a pink jumper that did little to nothing to hide her underwear.

Speaking of her underwear: June grit her teeth together, trying to will the change not to happen, but to no avail. She was almost hyper aware of her silk panties becoming thicker and thicker, gaining layers that hadn't been there before and expanding to push her legs slightly apart as it

gradually peeked out past her jumper for anyone who cared to see. The pastel violet mesh pattern, dry crinkle, and sickly sweet perfume wafting up from between her legs signaled that she was wearing a Luvs diaper; only this one was sized to fit a grown woman. Damn, but this fetish was powerful.

The last thing to change, of course, was the trinket around her neck, which bulged and bent and warped itself into an appropriately proportioned pink pacifier.

As the last of the changes cemented themselves, time sped up again and June looked around in panic. She was utterly exposed and out in the open, dressed like a freak in this woman's lap. This was worse than last night when her porn, "Bella Donna's Fucking Girls Yet Again" had somehow turned into an episode of "Sesame Street". Last night, only her underwear had transmogrified into the disposable kind, and her bed had mysteriously developed some safety railing around the sides to prevent her from rolling out. This was on a whole other level.

"Oh no," June whispered to herself. She covered her face in a reflexive attempt to hide her shame. Surely all of these people would be staring at her.

"Where's June?" she heard Mommy say from behind her hands. It wasn't a question, however. Not a real one, anyways. It was stated in the same syrupy tone that a mother playing with her small child might use. As if to confirm this, June lowered her hands down to her lap and was rewarded with Mommy's bright chirping praise.

"Peek-a-boo!" Mommy cooed. "Who's my clever girl?!"

Something clicked in the back of June's mind, just then. This is what it meant when warning mentioned wearing the skin of infants. This fetish was dressing her as one and somehow getting others to treat her as one. That's how the little totem enforced chastity. Clearly, it reacted to sexual arousal and transformed the afflicted into a giant baby. That's why it worked equally on both sexes. Man or woman; rapist, slut, or anyone in between, who would want to have sex with someone who was at best a toddler?

"No..." was all that June could say, slowly and slightly shaking her head. It was the only word that occurred to her to say. This was wrong. This was not meant to be. She had to escape. She had to get home, or anywhere private, really, in order to get out of this terrible mess. It's how she had managed to turn things back to normal last time; maybe it could work again. But she wouldn't be afforded that luxury here, on Mommy's lap in an outfit that a two-year-old would adore.

She tried to lean forward and scoot back to her own two feet, but with no success. Mommy kept her tightly and safely in place.

“Someone’s a squirmy wormy” Mommy said, wrapping her arm around June’s waist. “You don’t have a fever,” Mommy replied. “Do you want any more French fries? June suddenly found a greasy fry being dangled in front of her lips.

“No!” June said, trying to sound defiant, but realizing too late that she sounded more like a whining toddler than a protesting adult.

“How about a chicken nugget,” Mommy offered.

“No,” came June’s response, still struggling in Mommy’s- “her Mommy’s”, part of her thought-lap.

“Do you wanna go play in the ball pit?” Mommy asked, directing June’s attention to an area just outside. June looked to the mesh lined cage filled with plastic balls and sucked in her breath. Damn it all, that did sound like fun now that she thought about it. She used to play in those all the time, even after she was above the “official” height and weight requirements posted outside. She might not have another chance to play like this again.

No! That wasn’t her speaking. That wasn’t the real June. That was the fetish influencing her. She had to be strong!

June felt a fresh surge of adrenaline kick in at that realization. The fetish wasn’t just affecting the way she dressed, but it was directing her thoughts, too.

“I know what my little cupcake wants,” Mommy smiled softly, despite June’s continued effort to escape her grasp.

June stopped struggling for a moment. Did Mommy know? Was she about to be freed?

“Huh?” was all June said. It was more of a grunt than a question.

As if in reply, Mommy gently scooted down on the booth, while guiding June off her lap. June thought she might yet escape, but then found her body being gently guided back down and being turned to the side. Her head was being guided down towards Mommy’s lap, but was abruptly stopped right in front of...

That’s when June realized what was happening. She watched, paralyzed as Mommy lifted up part of her top to reveal a nursing bra. Her mouth hung open in horror as Mommy opened the front of the bra, exposing a lactating nipple.

June wanted to look away. She wanted to sit up and make a break for the door, but she couldn’t. The pacifier around her neck weighed her down, providing a counter balance to her every struggle and attempt to sit up. The fetish was too powerful for her, and she knew it.

June tried to buck, tried to thrash, as her head was pulled towards the other woman's nipple, but it was of no use. It was like part of her wanted this, as impossible as it might have seemed. Against her will her mouth opened, her lips puckered, and she latched on.

Like a doomed woman, being forced to press the button that would electrify her, June felt a strange sense of anticipation and curiosity as her tongue probed and began to lick and coax the nipple into action. She inhaled sharply as she felt Mommy's nipple go erect and her lips began to suckle and slurp at the sweet, sweet contents inside Mommy's breasts.

On instinct, driven by a mind of their own, June's hands rose to Mommy's breasts and began to knead at them. She almost yelped in surprise when she felt the first burst of creamy hot milk squirt into her mouth. It was thick, sweet, a little nutty, and with a hint of vanilla in its aftertaste.

Mommy's breasts were hard at first, but with each little kneading and groping that June did, resulting in another little burst of milk going into June's eagerly awaiting mouth, they became softer and more pleasant to the touch. While part of her struggled with this, and teared up in frustration and humiliation, another part of her reveled in the simple act.

She was helping Mommy, really. She was making Mommy's milk go bye-bye, and in turn, Mommy's breasts were getting more and more fun to play with. Mommy's breasts were both food and a toy, and what could be better than food that you played with? As if on instinct, June began to mewl and moan into Mommy's breasts, her mouth greedily suckling and nursing as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

While her mouth filled itself again and again, June's bladder relaxed and emptied itself into her diaper. June could only close her eyes and whimper- a sound virtually indistinguishable from her hungry mewling- as she felt the warm dampness spread across her crotch and backside only to be wicked away by the thirsty padding around her hips. She was acutely, almost agonizingly aware of the swelling bulge of the Luvs as it absorbed more and more of her waste and expanded outward. She felt the wet squelch between her thighs as she futilely kicked her legs as weakly as a kitten.

All the while, between the quiet and greedy mewling and the muffled humiliated cries, Mommy stroked June's hair as she held her to nurse.

"That's a good girl," she whispered. "Such a good eater for Mommy." June felt Mommy reach back and give her Luvs a firm squeeze. "I bet that felt good to get out," she whispered to June, giving the now soggy diaper a firm pat. "Good baby."

June drew in a deep breath as Mommy pushed her away from her breast. What had happened? Was it over? Was she done? Had the fetish worn off? Part of June rejoiced while another part worried it might be so.

“Switch,” Mommy said by way of explanation as she moved June over to her other breast.

June didn't even have the strength of will to fight a second time as her head was guided back to the second nipple. She would have to finish this much, first, it seemed before she'd be given an opportunity to escape.

“Pardon me ma'am,” a deep, masculine voice came from behind June. Instinctively, June tried to look up and make eye contact at the person, but the combination of her own mouth stubbornly suckling at Mommy's teat, and Mommy's impossibly strong hand keeping her head in a vice seemed to put a stop to that notion.

“Yes?” she heard Mommy say, an edge of annoyance in her voice; as if this man interrupting her breast feeding a full grown woman in a diaper was at fault, instead of her and her blatant exhibitionism. That's when it occurred to June: They could see her diaper! A fresh wave of panic surged through June, giving her just enough willpower to reach back and cover her backside with one hand; which was only effective in obscuring the diapered cartoon monkey on her butt.

“Don't you think she's a little too old to be breastfeeding in public?” the man said. June didn't need to see the man to realize she was being pointed at.

“Oh?” June heard Mommy say. “When did you stop breastfeeding your baby in public?”

“Me? Well, I'm a guy. I don't-“ The man started to say.

“Well, when did you stop breastfeeding?” Mommy interrupted.

“I don't know.” The man replied, sounding defensive. “I was too little to remember.”

“So what you're saying is that you have no experience in this or right to criticize.”

“That's besides the...I mean...” the man stuttered and hemmed and hawed.

“If my baby girl somehow remembers this when she grows up,” Mommy growled, “is she going to remember breastfeeding with me as she has done more times than she can possibly count, or a stranger coming up and rudely talking something that is not his business?”

“I'm...” the man paused. “I'm sorry to have bothered you and you're little girl.” June heard his footsteps retreating into the background and the electric “bing-bong” of a door opening up to the parking lot outside.

“Don't worry about him, pumpkin,” Mommy whispered tenderly into June's ear. “Haters gonna hate. You just finish up.” Rhythmically, robotically, and almost completely against her wishes-

almost...- June's body obeyed and suckled and nursed at Mommy's teat until no milk would come forth.

"All done," Mommy announced, as she lifted June up into a sitting position. June didn't have time to get comfortable as Mommy swung her legs out the side, and re-positioned June back onto her lap so that June was straddling her. June shuddered as the bulky and warm padding pressed against her as she sat down firmly on her own bottom.

"Come on, baby," Mommy coaxed as she began to pat June's back and rub little circles. "Just give one good burp for Mommy. Don't want you getting' gassy, now, do we?" Instinctively, as if seeking shelter from an attacker, June wrapped herself around the other woman, clinging on for dear life with both arms and legs as Mommy patted her back rhythmically. She willed her eyes shut to brace against the indignities she was facing; but it wasn't the power of the fetish as much as simple biology and physics that overpowered June's effort. A single gas bubble burbled in her stomach and traveled up her esophagus until it came out as an echoing belch.

"Good Baby!" Mommy praised her, bouncing her up and down on her knees a bit. June looked around in an absolute panic, expecting to see the condescending and disgusted glares of the bored and middle aged.

June felt herself being lifted up as Mommy stood up, her hand supporting June's soggy bum. She was being carried! It didn't matter that she was just as big as the other woman, she was being toted around like a regular rugrat.

"No!" June demanded. "Down!" She pointed to the dull brown tiled floor to punctuate her command. It soon hit June that her vocabulary had been downgraded along with her culinary tastes and bladder control, and she slapped a hand across her mouth in surprise.

"Oh?" Mommy smiled, bemusedly. "You want down?" Her hand still plastered over her mouth, and the smell of breast milk still on her breath, June nodded. "Okay, big girl. You can walk for a little bit." June unhooked her legs from around Mommy's waist and stood on her own two feet.

Before thought of escape had occurred to her, Mommy had her by the wrist and was bending over to pick up her purse. The purse, which June had remembered to be a tiny black leather number- almost not worth calling a purse- had ballooned into a bright pink number with little bunnies along the side. It was the only thing about Mommy's attire that had changed, as far as June could tell, though she was willing to bet that she hadn't been wearing a nursing bra before the fetish had worked its magic.

"Before we go home, let's go to the bathroom," Mommy told her. June took her hand off of her mouth.

“Potty?!” June asked, excitedly. Finally, an adult thing to do. Maybe the fetish was about used up. Maybe she wouldn’t need to physically escape Mommy’s grasp in order to escape fetish’s clutches. Maybe, just maybe, a porcelain god would be an Aztec one.

Mommy laughed. “Yes, sweetie. We’re going to the potty.” Then she proceeded to lead June to the front of the restaurant where people were milling about like ants, refilling their soft drinks and waiting for their processed meat and grease. Immediately, June noticed how she had to alter her gait just to put one foot in front of the other. The already thick diaper that pushed her legs apart now bulged and swelled between her legs forcing her to waddle, rather than walk.

June felt as much as heard the slight crinkle and sickening wet squelch with every step she took. Not unlike how the fetish had magically gained weight to help drag June’s head closer and closer to Mommy’s breast, the diaper was beginning to weigh her down as well, slowing down her every move. The biggest difference, June knew, was that it wasn’t magic causing the diaper to sag and sway slightly between her thighs.

Possibly the most disturbing part was how she didn’t really feel all that wet. Granted, June knew that just a few minutes ago she had peed herself. Her entire face flushed just mentally reliving the experience. And, if she was on the outside looking in, she knew that anyone with even the most minute knowledge of diapers would recognize the sagging undergarment -if it could really be called an “undergarment” as it peeked out from underneath her jumper- for what it was. But, right now, in the confusing hustle and bustle of the people in the midst of the crowded burger joint- if June hadn’t known any better, she might think she hadn’t peed her pants at all.

Yes, the diaper sagged. It bulged. It rocked from side to side with the weight of its load after each footstep. But the urine had been absorbed and cooled. And the padding had wicked the wetness so far away from her skin that she no longer felt particularly wet. Indeed, only the memory of wetness lingered on her skin, as far as she could tell.

It still had that cushy feeling to it, too. It was still comfortable. If June wasn’t about to be taken to the potty like a big girl, she could see herself sitting comfortably for a while longer in this wet diaper. The diaper was wet. But she wasn’t. It had removed all feeling of responsibility for the incident that had happened from June herself. The diaper had done its job well, and in a perverse backwards logic kind of way, so had she.

Mommy stopped in the middle of the crowd, and looked around. “Now where is it?” she asked aloud, though her question was obviously not directed at June. June felt extremely self-conscious as people passed her by. Surely, they could see that she had wet herself. Obviously they knew of her shame, didn’t they? Even she could smell the faint odor of piss mixed with perfume wafting directly up from her crotch.

It would only take one comment from a stranger, one insult, to send June bawling into a deluge of tears and a cacophony of wails. She couldn't help it. She was under the thrall of the fetish. She was a freak. Nervously, as automatically as if out of habit, she reached down to the pink pacifier around her neck and popped it into her mouth, hoping that the suckling motion would at least make her body, if not her mind, feel more at ease.

"Excuse me," Mommy asked a random person on their way to the soda fountain while digging through her purse, "where's the ladies' room?" Without warning, and with the swiftness and fluidity of far too much practice, Mommy pulled out a large soft looking rectangular object out of her large pastel pink purse. It wasn't Mommy's purse any longer, June deduced too late; it was June's diaper bag. And the object, crinkling softly in Mommy's grasp with a sweet smelling perfume, was most definitely a very large diaper.

"I need to change my baby girl's diaper." The words from Mommy's mouth seemed to come out agonizingly slow.

She'd been outed! She was exposed! She was vulnerable! June sucked on her pacifier so hard that she worried the rubber bulb might tear off and lodge itself in her throat; and ducked her head down, lest this person be able to see her blushing face.

"Oh," the random person said, thumbing to a narrow hallway just past the counters where orders were taken. "Back there, I think." And with that they went to get their soda. June snapped her head up and looked around. The random person had walked away, and everyone else seemed to be ignoring her and her Mommy. Where were the jeers? Where were the taunts? Where were the signs of rejection and disgust? This wasn't normal. This didn't make sense. Did everyone here actually see her as a toddler, the same way that Mommy seemed to? That was the only logical explanation.

"Come on, sweetie. Let's get you changed," Mommy said, pulling June towards the restrooms. June did her best to drag her heels in and throw her weight back; but it was more symbolically effective than practically.

"Nuw!" June declared from behind her pacifier which she just couldn't bear to spit out. "Poppy!"

"Potty?" Mommy stopped and tilted her head at June. "Is that what you want?"

"Mmmhmmm!" June nodded her head, no longer caring who was looking right at the moment. "Poppy! Bip gur!" she pointed to herself.

"Oh honey," Mommy tucked the adult sized Luvs under one arm and took June's chin in her hand. "I don't think you're quite ready, yet."

No! No! No, no, no, no, no! June automatically shook her head in disbelief in Mommy's hand. She was a big girl. She could use the potty. She hadn't meant to pee-pee in her diaper. The fetish had made her do it. It was her fetish's fault, not hers. June was about to say as much, when Mommy seemed to interpret her thoughts.

"Tell you what," Mommy said. "Why don't you be my special helper?" Mommy took the adult sized Luvs from under her arm and offered it to June. "You hold your diaper until we get to the restroom and you be extra good and let Mommy change your diaper. Make things easy on Mommy. That'll show Mommy you're a big girl."

She had to what?! Mommy wanted her to prove she was a big girl by getting her diaper changed without a fuss? How did getting your ass wiped prove that you were independent and mature? It was positively Orwellian. Yet, feeling as if she had no other alternative, June mutely nodded and took the diaper she would soon be wearing into her free hand.

"Come along, Juney Mooney" Mommy said as she led a helpless and subdued June to the ladies' room. Even in her reduced capacity, June knew enough to at least hope for a shred of dignity to remain intact as the bathroom door swung open. Silently, she prayed to whatever gods would listen- be they modern, Aztec, or porcelain- that the bathroom's changing station would at least be walled off and concealed by a handicap stall. Her prayers were in vain.

On the wall across from the row of sinks, mounted for all to see, was an overly large changing station. It was as long as the entire counter top of sinks across from it, and at least as wide. Emblazoned on it's off white hard plastic frame was a picture of a smiling cartoon bumblebee on it; it's yellow and black thorax mostly covered by a puffy white diaper with the stinger poking out the backside. The words above the cartoon insect read "Bay-Bee Changing Station."

With her free hand, Mommy reached over the top of the changing station and pulled it down. Then, with almost no effort, she turned and scooped June off her feet.

"Up we go," Mommy said in a sing-song voice as she plopped June down onto the contraption. Surprisingly, there was no creak or groan of protest from the changing table; no signs that it might not be able to hold the grown woman's weight. With June now clutching the fresh diaper she was about to wear to her chest, Mommy reached down and hiked up the hem of June's jumper, fully exposing the wet diaper, tapes and all.

The oversized diaper, filled with the weight of June's accident, seemed to sag forward and away from June's crotch, even when lying down. It wanted to be away from her. Her diaper wanted to be changed.

As June pondered all of this: This new information, this new data, these new sensations, Mommy made short work of pulling a strap across her breasts, securing her and preventing

escape. Mommy took her gaze off of June just long enough to dig a small compact of wipes from the diaper bag before putting it down on the floor.

“Hold this for Mommy, too,” she passed the small package of wipes to June’s free hand. Not knowing what else to do, June accepted them. “Such a good helper,” Mommy praised her, and June, despite herself, felt good about that and continued to suck on her paci.

Next, Mommy directed her attention towards June’s diaper, and with no hesitation or ceremony, ripped Velcro tapes off of the swollen Luvs. June inhaled sharply as the diaper was pulled back, exposing her most private of parts to the open air of the ladies room.

Then, Mommy quickly took a handful of wipes from her baby girl, and began to cleanse and caress June’s intimates. June found herself moaning a bit with each cool swipe on her mound and between her legs, and closed her eyes at the soothing sensation, trying to soak it all in and take what joy she could from it. Earlier today, June had wanted Mommy to get in between her legs, but this isn’t at all what she had had in mind.

Mommy dropped the used wipes into the open diaper, and June felt more than saw Mommy take a few more wipes before putting her arm behind June’s knees and lifting her legs towards the ceiling. June felt her bum leave the used diaper and heard Mommy balling it up and throwing it into the garbage can next to the changing station. She found herself quietly moaning and was just beginning to enjoy the cool sensation of the wipes against her backside when she heard the noisy flush of a toilet.

They were not alone.

June opened her eyes and turned her head to the side just in time to see a young black woman exit a nearby stall and wash her hands in the sink across from the changing table. The woman looked up and saw June in the mirror as she finished washing her hands. She smiled and waved to her, right as Mommy finished wiping her ass. She was so casual about it, it was as if watching a grown woman get her diaper changed was the most normal thing in the world.

Blushing beyond belief, and not sure of what else to do, June waved back, hoping that the woman would leave. Once again, her prayers were in vain.

“She’s cute,” the stranger said, coming up from behind Mommy.

“Thank you, “ Mommy replied, smiling as she took the fresh diaper from June’s grasp and began to unfold it. June for her part, stared straight up at her pink sneakers and frilly socks as Mommy slid the new Luvs under her butt before lowering her back down onto the fresh padding.

“How old is she?” the woman asked Mommy, not even bothering to address June directly.

“Oh, it seems like I just had her yesterday, they grow up so fast,” Mommy replied drawing the diaper up between June’s legs, forcing them apart again. It seemed that as long as June had this fetish holding power over her, the only time her thighs would touch was when she was naked from the waist down.

“But she’s not quite one…” Mommy explained as she stretched one back side of the diaper up and taped it to the front, “and-a-half.” She did the same to the other side.

“Oh,” the stranger remarked, “so she has a ways to go before she goes to the potty like a big girl. You’ve got a lot of diapers to change.”

“You have no idea,” Mommy chuckled as she unbuckled June from the changing station and picked her up off the plastic surface. “But I’d change her diapers forever, if that’s what it took,” Mommy added as she lifted and folded the changing table back up to the wall. “Isn’t that right, ya little stinker?”

“Nuw,” June pouted from behind her pacifier. “Bip gur!”

“Oh really?” the stranger chuckled, looking at June riding on her Mommy’s hip and fresh diaper still clearly visible around her rump. “You’re a big girl?” Clearly she didn’t believe June, and with so much evidence to the contrary, who could blame her?

“She’s going through a phase,” Mommy explained. “She thinks she’s bigger than she really is. Girls can be so stubborn when they’re this age.”

“That’s why I want to have a little baby boy someday,” the other woman told Mommy. “Less drama.”

“Yeah,” Mommy sighed. “But I love my little cutie here, just fine. You really can’t choose who you love,” and she gave June a little nuzzle and a kiss that made the young woman’s eyes roll up into the back of her head in a mix of embarrassment and erotic longing. Gods, why was this turning her on?

“True story,” the stranger agreed, oblivious to the sudden ecstasy June was experiencing. She bent over and handed the diaper bag back to Mommy. “Here, don’t forget this,” she said to Mommy. “And let me get the door for ya’ll. You look like you’ve got your hands full.

“Thank you,” Mommy courteously replied as she slipped out of the bathroom. June could only hide her face in her hands as the strange woman waved and mouthed the words “bye-bye” to her upon exiting.

For the moment at least, June was emotionally spent, and merely rested her head on Mommy's shoulder as she was carried out of the bathroom. She only looked up when she heard the telltale "bing-bong" accompanied by a burst of fresh air as Mommy exited the restaurant.

"Let's get you home," Mommy said, giving June's padded bum a reassuring pat while she carried her out into the parking lot. June exhaled in relief, glad to be away from all of those strangers in that crowded place. All of this was happening far too fast for her liking. She'd be able to think more quickly- as she had last night- in the quiet of her own house and a modicum of privacy. She'd need privacy if she was going to escape and overcome this fetish.

June heard Mommy opening up a door and turned her head around to see the back passenger door of a large, black S.U.V. This wasn't her car! Before she could struggle, before she could kick, or scream, or even whine behind her Aztec idol turned pacifier, June found herself being manhandled and put into the back of the car.

The cushioned seats had been retracted and folded up- as many models do to allow for increased storage- and in their place was a large rear facing baby seat. With lightning fast reflexes, Mommy plopped June down in the seat and half-guided, half-forced her arms through the straps on either side of her body before buckling the harness that connected them in the middle across her chest.

June feebly fumbled with the harness, trying to unlock it, but either there was some hidden mechanism that June couldn't quite suss out, or her fingers refused to cooperate and move and press with the required combination of dexterity and strength. Mommy ignored this and grabbed the metal tabs on each strap and forced them down into a metal buckle straddling June's legs. So much importance and security was placed between June's legs, it seemed.

Mommy gave a third strap near the bottom of the baby seat a firm pull, and June found herself being forced back into the baby seat, her entire torso from shoulders to crotch all but immobile as her restraints tightened. June had been on roller coasters that allowed more movement from riders than this.

As Mommy closed the door on her little pumpkin and walked around to the driver's seat to start up the car, June stopped struggling. They weren't going to June's home. They were going to Mommy's. This fetish was too powerful, and she might never escape at this rate. But at least she had a clean diaper on.

Being stuck in a giant backwards facing car seat, it was difficult for June to figure out exactly where she was being taken to say the least. Based on the street signs and stop lights that June managed to glimpse from the rear window, she deduced that Mommy lived on the opposite side of town from where she lived. The fetish had affected her clothing, her potty training, her social status, her spoken vocabulary, and possibly even her emotional control, but it had yet to fully regress her adult intellect. She could still read. She could still count. And as much as an

increasingly large part of her didn't want to admit or accept it, she was physically a fully grown and mature woman.

Part of her- likely the part that the fetish was influencing- whispered to her to stop struggling, and just enjoy the ride. She was safe. She would be cared for. She would be loved. Why fight it? Why see this fetish as a curse and not a blessing in disguise? A more cynical, more rational voice- the voice of an archaeologist told her that this was how that Aztec cult must have died out. Their gods and their magics were indeed real, their fetishes powerful, but perhaps they were too powerful to be controlled or contained. Perhaps the fetish needed to be sealed away from the sight of mankind.

As June sulked, she managed to let the pacifier- formerly the physical embodiment of the fetish itself- drop from her mouth. At some point in time during her transformation, the pacifier had ceased to even be around her neck and was currently held by a ribbon clipped to her pastel yellow t-shirt. June didn't even bother to try and yank the damnable thing off, reasoning that Mommy would clip it back on the moment she became too "fussy". Instead, she examined it and turned it over in her hands.

The golden yellow bulb dripped with strands of her own saliva, while the bright pink shield- much larger than a true infant's pacifier- perfectly matched her jumper. June idly supposed that if Mommy had changed her into a teal onesie or a red sleeper, the pacifier would have somehow matched as well. The button on the paci had a picture of a bundled up and smiling infant staring back at her; nearly identical to what the totem had looked like it when she had discovered the fetish a few weeks ago.

It was taunting her, June decided. Mocking her inability to do anything about her current situation. She dared not open her mouth to swear; either she'd find the word completely removed from her spoken vocabulary or Mommy would be upset that she had said a naughty word. But June silently promised herself she'd find a way to get even with the spirit contained within the pacifier. Maybe she'd shove it down the front of her diaper when she got a chance and let things progress from there. This thing was causing her genitals to be on total lock down, so it might as well join them in their puffy padded prison. Take that chastity spirit! Then again, did she want something that could literally warp reality itself anywhere near her vagina? She might not like the end result.

"We're hooome," Mommy sang out in that same sweet sing-song of hers, shortly before the car came to a stop. June felt the hum of the motor cut off and heard the driver's side door open as Mommy got out of the car. Within moments, Mommy had circled around to the backseat and was unstrapping June.

"Did you enjoy the car ride, sweetie?" Mommy asked as she lifted June out of the baby seat and onto her hip.

“No!” June said for what felt like the umpteenth time today.

“Do you even know what that word means, Juney Mooney?” Mommy said clucking her tongue and smiling.

June had meant to say “yes”, but all that came out was “No!” June immediately clapped hand over her mouth in surprise. She was really turning into a toddler!

“Thought so,” Mommy shook her head and kept smiling. “The terrible twos are closer than I thought,” she laughed at her own joke, and then spotted the pacifier dangling from June’s shirt.

“Oh, that must be why you’re so grumpy,” Mommy picked up the pacifier and tried to bring to June’s mouth. “Here you go, cupcake.”

June shook her head and refused to move her hand away from her mouth. “Mmmm-mmmm” she told Mommy. “Nnnnnah!”

“I’ve got a picky little girl today,” Mommy said as she let the pacifier drop. “First she doesn’t want to eat her french fries, and then she doesn’t want her favorite paci.” Mommy said to no one in particular. “What next?”

Without any further conversation on the matter, June was carried up a flight of sturdy cement stairs. She looked around, and based on the rows and rows of virtually identical buildings and huge parking lot, she guessed that she was in an apartment complex of some kind. But which one? She hadn’t seen any distinguishing signs driving in, and it didn’t help that a single company owned most of the apartments in town, making their layout and design practically indistinguishable from each other. If it wasn’t for the dark green paint job on the roofs, it very well could have been her apartment complex.

Mommy turned the door to her apartment- or rather their apartment- and carried June inside. A few steps carried her past the small kitchen and into the main living room where June found herself placed rump first on a soft foam mat with letters of the alphabet stenciled on it. Partly from the infantile tendencies that were slipping into her very being, and partly because of the bulk between her legs, June’s legs locked and splayed into a “V” shape, putting her diaper on full display.

Mommy kicked out of her heels and knelt down in front of her little girl.

“Let’s get comfy and kick our shoes off, little girl,” Mommy winked at June before she undid the Velcro on June’s shoes and took the toddler style sneakers off of her. She smiled a not entirely maternal smile and took June’s socks off before playfully tickling her toes, causing June to giggle and fall backwards onto the mat.

“Oh no you don’t!” Mommy crowed, crawling up to June. “I’m gonna getcha! I’m gonna getcha!” June exploded with laughter as Mommy ran her fingers up and down her rib cage.

“No! hehehehehehe!” June protested between laughing fits. “No! Heeeeehehehehehehe!” She was absolutely helpless to resist. She looked up at Mommy, whose grin was still plastered on and was giggling and telling June that she was going to get her, and saw something in her expression that didn’t quite belong.

She still had the lovely blonde hair and the sparkling white teeth, and the oh-so-kissable lips that were at that very moment planting a barrage of pecks on the adult baby’s tender cheeks, but there was something more in her eyes: A certain lust. A longing. Something far more savage and manic, far more passionate than the simple love one has for their child. Somewhere behind Mommy’s maternal love, the sultry, nerdy, and undeniably cute cosplayer that June had met at the bar last night still lurked. The fetish might not be as all powerful as it seemed, after all.

Mommy slowed her tickling barrage on June and unbuckled the front of her pink jumper like a pair of overalls. “Let’s get my baby girl more comfy,” she cooed while she slid them down June’s body and off her legs.

June sighed with relief from the cease in tickling, but didn’t have time to enjoy it. Mommy wasn’t done undressing her, it seemed. June’s yellow t-shirt was quickly yanked up over her head and joined her other clothes on the floor. She was now completely naked, save for her diaper. The pacifier/fetish she noted, had somehow un-clipped itself from her shirt and dangled from her neck again. Blushing furiously and feeling extremely vulnerable, June did her best to cover her bare breasts and shot a hand over her crotch, trying desperately to cover her Luvs.

In a weird way, the scene reminded her of a few bad dates involving rushed foreplay and no patience from her partner. Sadly, the one thing Mommy likely wouldn’t be stripping off was June’s diaper, much as June might wish it otherwise.

“Oh?” Mommy tilted her head in curiosity, her eyes darting down to June’s crotch. “Are you going pee-pee? Let Mommy check. If you know when you’re going pee-pee maybe you’re turning into a big girl after all.” June found her hand swatted away as Mommy reached between her legs and giving her diaper a firm squeeze.

June writhed in pleasure at even the slightest sensual touch, and remembered what had happened last night. The fetish had worked its magic last night and perverted her very adult desires into a childish fantasy world, changing her entire underwear drawer into disposable diapers and her bed into something more appropriate for a three year old.

Now that she was having such intense feelings for another person, instead of images on a computer screen, the fetish had been amplified, and Marge or Marie or whatever her name had

been was now transformed into “Mommy.” But the magical chastity device had no spirit for a real fight, she recalled.

Just last night, confused and still a little drunk from the bar, June had seen no other recourse than to continue masturbating and finish her dirty business inside her diaper. It might have been that the contradiction of a grown woman climaxing inside a disposable diaper was too much for such an altered reality to explain away. Or maybe the fetish was both triggered by and overwhelmed with sexual energy. It could just be that the chastity spirit considered its mission a failure as June had pushed herself over the edge last night and stopped its mischief, however temporarily. Regardless, June had known what to do and the lust she saw in Mommy’s eyes was perhaps her best chance. She wasn’t going to get the privacy she was hoping for, but perhaps she didn’t need it. Maybe what she really needed...was company.

June hadn’t peed since her last diaper change as far as she could tell, but she was definitely wet. This was her chance! Her hair still in pigtails and wearing nothing but a diaper and a horny smile, June grabbed Mommy’s hand and thrust her hips into it; hoping and praying that there was something, anything of her potential lover inside of Mommy.

“Biggur!” June shrieked with delight as she gyrated up against Mommy’s palm, hoping for another squeeze against the relatively dry padding. Hopefully something in Mommy would trigger, and she’d get more than tickles and kisses from her.

“Oh no no no,” Mommy tutted, yanking her hand away from June’s crotch. “Good girls don’t do that,” she corrected June wagging a finger in the adult baby’s face.

“Naughty!” June smiled as if she either didn’t understand, or understood all too well. She popped one thumb in her mouth, and looked up at Mommy, batting her eye lashes mischievously; perhaps even seductively. It was hard to tell if it was having the desired effect, it being so difficult to feel seductive when dressed in nothing but a diaper.

Her other hand snaked down below her waist and she began to gently rub herself through the front of her diaper in full view of Mommy; hoping she’d get the idea. Just knowing that she was masturbating so openly in front of another person turned her on and made her ache inside in the worst and most insane ways. Damn this fetish. At least this wouldn’t take long at this rate.

“Uh, uh, uh,” Mommy smacked June’s hand away and continued wagging her finger. “Don’t touch yourself there, or Mommy will spank.”

“Pank?” June grinned, hoping to call Mommy’s bluff. She sucked on her thumb harder, and began to snake her free hand back down towards the padding that so imprisoned her loins. There was nothing wrong with a good spanking, after all.

“Yes,” Mommy glared down at June, “and not the good kind.” June stopped immediately. Whatever part of her current state was getting through to the real woman inside of Mommy’s transformation; whatever factor caused that twinkle of sexual desire from behind Mommy’s eyes; defiance was definitely not one of them.

“Mommy’s gotta go potty,” Mommy said. “Now don’t touch your diaper while I’m gone, or you’ll regret it.” She patted June on the head and then walked to a nearby bathroom.

June waited till the door was closed and she heard the lid on the toilet seat go up. She was amazingly horny now, but wasn’t sure if she had enough time to get off and possibly end this. She’d have to work fast, she knew, and prepared to wriggle both hands down the front of her diaper. She’d have to think some very erotic thoughts and block out literally every sensory message that her brain was giving her. She’d have to draw upon a lifetime of smut to override the crinkle of her diaper and the smell of stale urine barely masked by perfume and baby powder wafting out from what was most likely her nursery in this reality.

But just as her hands approached the waistband of her Luvs, they froze, unable to enter. Some part of her didn’t want to disobey Mommy, she realized. She felt a not-so-secret thrill at being controlled so and being spoken down to. Mommy wanted a good girl, not a naughty one. Damn this fetish.

How was she supposed to get off now? June propped herself up on the foam mat and looked around for the answer to her problem. There, propped up on the letter “Q” of her alphabet play mat was her answer. It was round, and with blunted spikes in places, with a little switch that caused it shake rapidly when activated. June had seen these in many a toy store and gift shop.

Supposedly, it was a “bumble-ball”, designed to propel itself around the room while the blunted spikes kept it from rolling too erratically so that an infant could keep up with it. Functionally, it was a spherical vibrator. Technically, that wasn’t touching her diaper. Mommy couldn’t be mad at that, could she? Goodness, no.

With no other quick options, and a sense of her time running out, June leaned back, switched the vibrating ball to “on”, and began to pleasure herself. The buzzing filled her ears, drowning out the crinkle of the diaper, and she quickly found that if she pressed hard enough through the padding she’d gasp and breathe through her mouth, thus circumventing the various infantile odors that clung to the air around her.

Still lying on her back, June planted her feet flat and began to gyrate and lift her hips off of the alphabet play mat while she rubbed the makeshift sex toy into herself. She began to moan, and bite her lip, luxuriating in the sensations that she was inflicting upon herself. For the first time since this fetish had kicked in and changed her life, June had managed to utter a few very choice, but very adult words.

“Ooooooh, oh fuck yeah...” she whispered to herself.

“Baby!” Mommy shrieked, her voice a mixture of surprise and anger. June’s eyes snapped open. Her fingers splayed, sending the ball jittering and bouncing along the floor. In the throes of her own pleasure, she had failed to hear the toilet flushing, or the door to the bathroom opening.

“Mommy?!” June sat up, doing her best to look confused and above all, innocent.

“Don’t you ‘Mommy’ me, little girl!” Mommy yelled. “ You’ve been a bad, bad baby!” She bent over and yanked June to her feet. June, feeling more helpless than before was dragged by her ear to a nearby couch and found herself in short order across Mommy’s lap.

“Bad, bad, bad, bad, baby!” Mommy yelled, punctuating each “bad” with a slap on the back June’s bare thighs. “BAD! BAD! BAD! BAD! BAD! ”

“WE!”

THWACK!

“DO!”

THWACK!

“NOT!”

THWACK!

“TOUCH!”

THWACK!

“OUR-!”

THWACK!

“SELVES!”

THWACK!

“LIKE!”

THWACK!

“THAT!”

THWACK!

Mommy had kept her promise. There was nothing sensual or fun about this. It was all stinging pain, and snarling rebukes from Mommy. The raw anger with each hit made fear and panic well up inside her. June’s shrieks of protests were ignored, as slap after slap upon her increasingly sore thighs rained down upon her, despite her kicking and protestations.

“Mommy!” June begged, unable to find other words through her pain and panic.

“Mah-meeeeeee!” She struggled and kicked. She tried to push herself off, but she couldn’t budge. The pacifier around her neck simply gained weight and pinned her down across Mommy’s lap as the onslaught continued.

“I said don’t you ‘Mommy’ me, little girl!” Mommy shouted over June’s pleas. “I told you not to be naughty, and you directly disobeyed me the first chance you got.”

A little bit of June broke in that moment, and, overwhelmed both physically and emotionally, she gave up her struggle. As Mommy began to finish spanking her, both ends of June became soaked. Tears dribbled from her eyes onto the couch cushions, while piss emptied out of her and into the one article of clothing she had left.

Mommy slowed her spanking as June shook with the force of her own bawling, the fetish becoming virtually weightless again.

“Mommy!” June cried out, with real sorrow racking her body with each syllable.

“Mah-ah-ah-ah-meeee!” The spanking slowed to a stop and June found herself drawn once more into Mommy’s comforting, warm embrace.

“Shhhhh,” Mommy hushed as she stroked June’s hair. “We’re done now. We’re done.” Soft, kissable lips favored the top of June’s head. “We’re done. Mommy still loves you, my little cupcake. Mommy still loves you.”

June leaned into Mommy and they wrapped their arms around each other as Mommy began rocking them back and forth. Slowly, very slowly, June’s sobbing subsided, and with it, the stinging pain on her thighs.

“Mommy didn’t want to do that, but she had to, baby girl,” Mommy told her. “You were very naughty and Mommy had to spank you because she has to teach you to be a good girl. Do you understand?”

“No,” June tearfully nodded her head in understanding, even if her mouth wouldn’t cooperate with her.

“Awwww,” Mommy gushed at the babyish contradiction. “You are just too cute for words,” she nuzzled June’s cheek. “I forgive you.”

“Mommy,” was all that June could make herself say, sniffing as she was.

“Okay, pumpkin,” Mommy nudged June off of the couch. “Mommy’s got some work to do and has to start cooking dinner after that. Why don’t you watch some cartoons and play with your toys while Mommy takes care of things?”

Mommy lightly patted June on the bum as she stood up, and June felt herself jerk a little bit in surprise; her punishment still fresh in her mind and stinging on her skin. June looked down at the diaper between her legs and felt her lip begin to quiver at the realization that she had had another accident. Only now, as she was standing up and feeling the diaper swell up did June realize that she had peed herself.

“Mommy?” June asked, her face transitioning from the red of pain and anger, to the pink of embarrassment.

“Yes, baby?” Mommy replied, still sitting comfortably on the couch.

“P-p-potty?” June motioned to her diaper.

Mommy came forward and gave the front of June’s Luvs a light squeeze. Then, she stuck two fingers into the leg gatherings and felt the inside. If not for the spanking she had just received, June might have been fantasizing and hoping that Mommy would stick those two fingers inside her, as well as her diaper. As things stood, June was just wanting to be put into another clean one.

“HmMMM,” Mommy seemed to consider as she withdrew her fingers. “Turn around,” she ordered. June complied and faced the opposite direction. June felt a quick breeze rush in and blow across her ass as Mommy pulled back the waistband and looked down inside.

“You’re a little wet,” Mommy decided, “but you’re just wet. And not too wet, either. I think we’ll wait a while before changing you.”

“Mah-meee!” June whined. “Potty!”

“June...” Mommy warned, her eyes flashing with anger once more. “Don’t test my patience.”

June bowed her head, sufficiently cowed, and sat back down on the alphabet play mat. She felt a distinct squish from inside her diaper as she sat down; causing her to wince at the knowledge of the added contents, but smile at the added comfort it provided. Maybe Mommy was right, she thought. Maybe she wasn't ready to be a big girl. Maybe she needed what the fetish had given her.

As Mommy began to flit around the apartment, switching laundry, and wiping counters; grown-up stuff; June contented herself to playing with blocks. They were light and plastic, so they wouldn't hurt if they fell on her, but they were big enough so that she couldn't choke on them if she put them in her mouth. They were all different shapes, and sizes, and colors, but all connected and interlocked on top of each other. Perfect.

With all the concentration of a Buddhist monk raking sand, June started to stack the blocks and build herself a castle to live in. At first she tried for perfect symmetry, but the blocks wouldn't quite allow that. Some blocks were distinctly thicker than others, and stacking them next to one another resulted in uneven and lopsided layers.

Soon, tired of the frustration of trying to make all the blocks fit "just right", June gave up on symmetry and took on a more organic approach. A few blocks up here. Build this other wall up there. If something started to weeble or wobble, it was time to stop putting blocks there, unless a counter-balance was needed. June smirked at herself. This whole "baby" thing wasn't so bad after all, once you got over the whole embarrassment thing. At least she still thought like an adult, even if her speaking vocabulary had become severely limited.

As June was attempting to prevent the third wall on her block castle from toppling over, a shadow fell over June. June looked up, and saw Mommy, smiling and holding a bottle of milk.

"Ba-ba?" June asked, looking up from her blocks into Mommy's smiling face.

"Yes honey," Mommy nodded. "Ba-ba. I thought you could use a little snack. June reached up and accepted the bottle. "I'm betting you're a little dehydrated," Mommy said.

Dehydrated? What could she mean by that? Then again, she was thirsty, so she accepted the bottle full of sweet milk offered without complaint.

"Do you need a change?" Mommy asked.

"Potty?" June asked, looking towards the bathroom, stubborn as ever.

"No, honey. You already went potty in your pants. Do you want me to change you? Your diaper looks like it's all squishy." Mommy explained.

June frowned in concentration. She looked down between her legs and gave her diaper a test squeeze. It was still warm, and definitely squished under her palm, but as near as she could tell, it was no more need of changing than it had been a few minutes ago. Logically she knew she was wet, but she didn't feel wet, and that was all that mattered, wasn't it?

"No," June shook her head matter-of-factly before tossing her head back and greedily gulping back her Mommy's milk. It didn't taste as good as it did when it was from Mommy directly, but it still hit the spot.

Then June's eyes caught sight of a nearby clock, and she nearly choked on her milk. Nearly an hour and a half had passed since June had started building her block castle. There was no possible way that her diaper would still feel as warm as it did when she first wet it. And yet, it did. June quickly came to the only reasonable conclusion: Her diaper wasn't still warm, she had warmed it up by peeing again and hadn't even realized it.

She concentrated more intently on what was taped to her hips. The diaper swelled. The diaper bulged. The diaper sagged. The cartoon monkey on her crotch was all but faded from wetness and was distorted from the fabric stretching, like a tattoo after freshman year.

"Mommeeee?!" June blubbered. Mommy, on her way to the kitchen, turned around.

"Yes, Juney Mooney?" Mommy asked, leaning in and a glint in her eye.

"Diaper?" June asked hopefully, her increasing sense of dependency on this woman permeating every part of her being.

"So you do want me to change you?" Mommy smirked. Some part of her, whether it had been the part that June had met at the bar last night or the part that breast fed her this afternoon was enjoying this. She had an almost know-it-all-I-told-you-so type of aura about her. June, being the baby, had needed a diaper change, and Mommy, being the grown-up, had known and had simply asked June's opinion as a matter of courtesy. June supposed the old adage was true: "They think they know everything about you just because they changed your diapers."

June looked away, feeling too timid to make eye contact. But in the end, she nodded her head and said "No..."

Mommy chuckled and carried her to the nursery.

Her second diaper change of the day wasn't that different from her first one; mechanically at least. June still laid prone on an elevated surface, this time in an overgrown toddler's nursery, complete with a crib and changing table big enough to accommodate her. She still shivered slightly as the diaper was opened and that first draft of outside air wafted across her sex. She

still shuddered and moaned unconsciously as her privates were wiped clean and stared up at her ankles while her old diaper was yanked out from under her.

The biggest difference between this and the experience in the burger joint's bathroom was June's anxiety; she didn't really feel any. The public changing had the fear- and perhaps blushing thrill- of being caught and exposed. There was none of that here. June literally didn't have anything that Mommy hadn't already seen before. What did you have left to hide from someone who wiped your privates? Perhaps that old adage did have a ring of truth to it.

With Mommy's gentle humming and tender caresses, along with the privacy offered by being on her own changing table in her own nursery, this was closer to a spa treatment than some hurried stripping of soiled underwear. This had an intimacy on a level that curtained booths at a sushi restaurant just couldn't compete with.

She had so little agency, she realized, sucking on the pacifier magically clinging to her person. She was in control of virtually nothing, it seemed. She didn't even decide when to go to the bathroom or when to clean herself. Could it even be considered "going to the bathroom" considering that she'd spent this afternoon peeing her pants and then basting in them?

At the same time, the lack of agency had a kind of intimacy to it. She had no real independence in this state, but the vulnerability made her feel closer to Mommy because of that. Mommy didn't flinch. Mommy didn't judge. Mommy protected her and loved her unconditionally. How many people could say that of their first dates? A moan escaped June's lips and her body glowed just thinking about it.

Finally, she may have had a lack of power, but she also had a lack of responsibility. No digging through ancient ruins, hoping to find some hidden room. No more restoring broken and damaged scrolls that weren't worth the papyrus they were written on thousands of years ago, but had increased in value due to their age. No more crawling through clubs and bars looking for someone to be with so that she wouldn't have to be alone. No more heartache or worrying that she'd have to break up with someone because she was about to spend six months on another continent, and long distance relationships never worked. No more fear of making a real connection that would just snap. All she had to do, was let the fetish do its work, lay back, and accept it.

She was fading, she knew. The rational part of her brain couldn't deny it. There was no point in denying it. Bit by bit, the big grown-up archaeologist was fading away, and being replaced with the little girl in diapers. And part of her was okay with that. She might not ever have sex again, but how much sex was she getting anyways?

June smiled to herself as a fresh diaper was slid under her, and her legs were lowered back down to the mat. She could get used to this, she supposed. It was a little like being drunk, without the hangover. All fun, and no consequences; only this time she had a permanent DD.

“Whoops!” Mommy exclaimed, breaking June’s reverie. June looked up to see Mommy taking a step back, her eyes wide with surprise.

A muted, dribbling hiss filled June’s ears and a warmth leaked between her thighs. What was going on?

“Heh, almost got my hand, little one,” Mommy said. June found her legs going back towards the ceiling. Cold wipes brushed back against her crotch as the fresh diaper was yanked out from under her. It took her longer than she was comfortable admitting to figure out why.

June buried her face in her hands. She had just had the one kind of “accident” a baby could have. She had peed right in the middle of her own diaper change.

“Let’s see if you can keep this one clean for just a while longer, sweetie.” Mommy cooed as she slid a replacement diaper under June. Perhaps sped on by the close call, Mommy wasted no time in pulling the fresh Luvs up between her baby girl’s legs and securing the tapes.

Clean again, June was picked up and promptly and placed down on the carpeted floor of her nursery. Her nursery. It was extremely odd calling the room hers in that she had never actually been in this room before just now, and yet already knew it as hers. Who else would it belong to?

“Play in here for a little bit, baby,” Mommy gave June a kiss on the head. “Mommy’s gonna go fix dinner.” June’s lip began to quiver and she began to mumble some form of protest. Mommy noticed, and pointed to a little box by the crib. “Don’t worry honey. I’ll be listening.” June felt her emotions subside. She was still safe. Mommy would be listening. She watched Mommy leave, and then began to examine her surroundings

June noticed a pile of stuffed animals, and crawled over to it. She could have walked, she supposed, but there was something about crawling on her hands and knees that just felt right. She was already on the floor, and crawling was just so in the moment; so appropriate.

The pile was filled with your standard variety of plushies: There were teddy bears, and teddy lions, and teddy squirrels, a teddy snake, and all sorts of fluffy and non-realistically colored animals up in front that you would see in any garden variety overpriced stuffed animal construction shop. But June wanted to see all the animals in her menagerie, and too often the real treasures were buried.

June stopped her rummaging a moment and considered a strange purple animal. It wasn’t normally purple; not in real life, she knew that much. Unless it was a bird- and it might have been a bird, actually. It had a bill, after all. It also had webbed feet like a duck, but the rest of the stuffed animal was decidedly un-duck like. It was rounded and pudgy, and had a flat paddle

tail at the end. Her adult mind knew what it was, but her baby-self simply thought of it as a “duck-beaver”.

She thought for a minute longer, and shook her head. “Nah,” and threw the duck-beaver to the side. It just wasn’t her thing. Let some other little girl find it and make it her special friend.

As she got deeper into the pile, she hit a section of stuffed animals that were slightly smaller than the first layer. They could sit in the palm of her hand easily, or be stuffed into a pocket at a moment’s notice- if she had pockets. And while they were cute, they didn’t have quite the cuddliness of the bigger, fluffier animals.

Experimentally, June took one in her hand, a purple bear, and poked and prodded it with her thumb. It wasn’t filled with cotton; that was for sure. Instead it had little grainy components in it, like beads, or rice...or beans. That was when she noticed that almost all of these smaller stuffed animals still had tags on them. These weren’t for playing, they were for collecting.

Beanie babies? Who still had beanie babies? It was like she was literally digging through stuffed animal history and the deeper into the pile she got, the farther back she went. Even as a rugrat, June was still an archaeologist of sorts.

June kept digging through the plush toys. Eventually, her digging transitioned to burrowing. It was easier, and more fun to just dive deeper into the pile than it was to pick them up and throw them behind her. Now she was exploring and hiding at the same time, she was so clever!

Just as June thought she was getting to the bottom of the pile, a flash of dark blue fur caught her attention. She wriggled towards her discovery, deeper into Plush Mountain. Plastic headed baby dolls were pushed aside; she had no use for cabbage patch kids. She was the baby, not them. The only purpose they served was to keep her from her discovery.

She made eye contact with a pair of almost neon-green pupils surrounded by a hideous yellow. On top of the head were two plush horns and a shock of hot pink hair. Rows of jagged looking teeth under a bulbous teal nose smiled back at her. The beasts’ arms were restrained by orange chain link cuffs. June gasped, but not in fright.

It was a My Pet Monster doll. She had always wanted one as a little girl, but her mommy- her first one- would never buy it for her. They were “too scary”, or “not ladylike” or “meant for boys.” That part had confounded her pre-school self the most. How could any stuffed animal be exclusively for boys? It just didn’t make sense!

She had grown out of that, of course; and later justified her not getting the toy as just a sign of the times she had grown up in. Gender stereotypes were fiercely adhered to back in the day. Girls wore dresses and played with dolls. Boys wore overalls and played with monsters and never the two shall meet. But now she could have both. She could be a girly-girl and have her

Pet Monster, too. She would accept this fetish and what it did to her if it meant that she could finally have the one toy she never got as a child.

“Mine!” she cried in victory. Toys went spilling, as she jumped up out of the pile of toys, her monster snug in her arms. She held it up to the ceiling, giggling and staring at it, almost afraid that if she looked away it might vanish, or worse, turn into a “Kid Sister” doll.

“There’s my little explorer,” Mommy said, walking back in. “Did you find a new friend?”

June proudly nodded.

“Mine,” she said.

“Yes dear, he’s all yours.” Mommy agreed. “But it’s time for dinner. Let’s go get some num-nums.”

June looked at her new friend and frowned. She had just gotten her Pet Monster after all of these years. Did she really have to leave him so soon?

As if reading her thoughts, Mommy said, “I’ll put him in your crib so you can snuggle with him at bedtime.” She gently took her new toy and deposited it in the waiting crib. “Besides,” she added, “you don’t want him to get all messy, do you?” June put her hand in her chin, as if giving it serious consideration.

“No,” she said, nodding her head in agreement with Mommy.

“Oooh, you are just too precious sometimes,” Mommy chuckled, taking her baby girl by the hand and leading her to the kitchen.

June was led into the apartment’s tiny kitchen. Two could potentially take up the space. Three could not. But the floor was tiled, and that was a plus when feeding sloppy eaters.

“I know you didn’t have much of an appetite at lunch,” Mommy began once June was properly secured in her high chair, tray clicked in place and everything.

“Linner,” June corrected Mommy.

“So silly,” Mommy rolled her eyes, but still kept her good humor. “Okay, linner. I know you didn’t have much of an appetite at linner, but I made your favorite.”

With a flourish normally reserved for a game show reveal, Mommy popped open the microwave and took out a steaming hot bowl of-

“MACKY CHEEEEEEESE!” June squealed in delight. She reached forward with both hands, fingers wiggling; every part of her being stretching and reaching for just a handful of that hot sloppy gooey goodness. June couldn’t remember if macaroni and cheese had been her favorite before her transformation into a giant toddler, but she didn’t care. SHE WANTED IT NOW!

“Just a second, Juney Mooney,” Mommy tutted, keeping the bowl painfully out of reach. “I almost forgot.” She set the bowl aside and tied a bib around June’s neck. It had the words “Mommy’s Messy Eater” stitched into it. Then Mommy considered June’s pacifier.

“Don’t need this getting covered in cheese either,” Mommy said. “The only thing I want going into your mouth right now is food.” Then, with one quick yank, the pacifier- this altered reality’s manifestation of the fetish- came off of June’s body.

Something in that single, simple act, snapped June back to her senses. Her little side retreated backwards and her adult-self came raging to the surface. Like a drunk coming down from a buzz, June reflected on her past actions and attitudes and recognized them as the thought processes of someone who was not in their right mind.

In the span of a few hours, this “Mommy”- or Mildred or Maggie, whatever her name really was- had force fed her breast milk, made her piss herself, publicly degraded her, exposed and touched her genitals without consent, kidnapped her, stripped her down to her underwear, beat her, held her prisoner, and now was attempting to force feed her again while she was entrapped. And something about all this had, by varying degrees, either given June comfort or turned her on?! The fuck had this fetish done to her?!

“Open wide,” Mommy said, offering up a heaping spoonful of artificially yellowed pasta. “Here comes the choo-choo-train.”

As the spoon chugged along an imaginary track to a now very much adult-thinking June, she looked around the apartment, considering what her best option was.

“Come on honey, open up,” Mommy coaxed. As much as June didn’t like to admit it, she didn’t have much opportunity or choice right now. If she refused she would very likely get another spanking. And, as much as she hated to admit it, she was hungry.

Seeing no other reasonable choice, June simply opened her mouth and let the woman who earlier this afternoon was her date, spoon the macaroni and cheese into her mouth. It wasn’t bad. It wasn’t sushi, but it wasn’t bad. Compliantly, June opened her mouth for another spoonful. Then another. And another.

June was about halfway done eating the microwaved meal when a rumbling in her tummy echoed off the linoleum floor. June felt a pain in her gut, but it wasn’t a hunger pang. She

grimaced and clutched at her bare belly as a pressure grew inside her that she did not want to release.

Mommy, either oblivious to this distress, or not caring, kept spooning in loads of macaroni and cheese into June's mouth. It wasn't long before June's grimace became an outright scowl and she began to twist and turn her head away from Mommy's offerings, her mind focusing too much on the pain inside her

"What's wrong, sweetie?" Mommy asked.

"Mah-mee," June whimpered, still unable to properly articulate. "P-p-potty,"

"Oh, honey," Mommy put down the spoon so she could stroke June's hair. "We've been over this before. You're too little."

Then Mommy said the four words that June had been dreading. "Just use your diaper."

June whimpered in pain, shaking her head. But everything about her from the waist down decided to follow Mommy's advice. Against every bit of willpower she had, June leaned forward, raised her cushioned rear end off of her seat, and obeyed.

She felt no relief as she relieved herself. It was quite the opposite, in fact. She felt a level of personal violation and disgust that she had never experienced in her adult life. The feeling only increased when her body tired and she sat back down.

"Someone's just making room," Mommy said, paying no mind to June's obvious distress.

"Diaper!" June whined, caught somewhere physically and emotionally between crying and throwing up.

"Yes sweetie, you did a good job," Mommy cooed. "Now finish your din-dins and I'll get you all cleaned up."

Left with a bad option and a worse one, June relented, and did her best to keep her composure as her captor force fed her while she was trapped in a positively vile Luvs.

The meal itself was a tiny eternity. The trip to the bathroom- not because she was going to be allowed to use the toilet, but because she had earned herself a bath- was painfully slow. Every bounce on Mommy's hip on the way there made a bit of bile rise up in June's throat.

June was allowed to stand up as Mommy ripped the tapes off and let the diaper fall to the ground with a sickening plop. Then, like a good girl, June bent over and allowed her captor to do her work. When she was clean, June allowed Mommy to take the ribbons out of her hair.

June glimpsed the pacifier, magically sitting on the counter by the tub. It seemed that even when it wasn't invading her thoughts, the fetish followed her around.

As she soaked in the bath, wrinkling her nose in disgust at herself and at what had become of her, she made a vow to herself: She would get out of this. One way or another she would undo this curse. Not even the rubber ducky that Mommy squeaked in front of her could change her foul mood, and Mommy seemed to notice.

"Awww, someone's grumpy." Mommy cooed while gently massaging June's scalp with baby shampoo. "It's almost time for bed, and your monster doll is waiting for you in your crib." Mind altering fetish or not, June was thankful for small mercies. She really did want that toy when she was little. And it might have been the fetish affecting her from afar, but she silently hoped that if and when she escaped this special hell that she'd be able to drag the toy out of it with her.

A warm rinsing later, and June was wrapped in a fluffy bath towel and being carried back into the nursery and being laid on the changing table. Mommy quickly diapered her, making sure to sprinkle on and rub in baby powder all over her body before slipping her into a footed sleeper.

"Oh," Mommy said dangling the pacifier in front of her, "almost forgot."

"Mommy! No!" June protested. "No pa-mmmmp!" June's pleas were cut off as the fetish was forced upon her. Just as quickly, June's little side bubbled up to the surface, struggling for dominance with her adult mind. While her mind fought, her body didn't struggle in Mommy's grasp, as much as wriggle and try to snuggle up to her. And her heart beat faster being cradled in Mommy's arms. She loved this as much as she hated it.

"Down we go," Mommy said as she lowered June into a crib big enough to hold a fully grown woman. June was torn. Emotionally, she was safe. Intellectually, she felt trapped. She sighed contentedly as Mommy handed her the My Pet Monster and kissed her on the forehead...and hated herself for feeling that way.

"Night night, Princess," Mommy cooed before turning out the lights. "Tomorrow's a new day. I hope to see you there."

June laid in her crib, in the darkness, with only the soft crinkling of her diaper making a sound. She was afraid to go to sleep, but was already starting to feel the relaxing fatigue of a hot bath and warm jammies. She wanted to spit out the pacifier and throw it out of the crib, that way she might be able to at least think straight; but her body wouldn't let her. Her lips kept mechanically suckling on the rubber teat.

Right now, she felt that she was on the very cusp of adult and baby. But going to sleep might actually push her over the edge. June, the young archaeologist, might close her eyes and go to

sleep, but what if in the morning, a drooling, babbling, diaper wearing idiot's eyes opened? She couldn't take that chance.

She escaped the fetish's clutches last night by reaching orgasm. But she was alone that night and had her apartment to herself. She was trapped here. Mommy likely wouldn't be too happy if she found her little girl acting too much like a big one.

But what other choice did she have? Also, it's not like this was the most erotic of conditions. It'd be an uphill battle anyways. June wearily eyed the baby monitor next to the crib. That was definitely going to be an obstacle. Her diaper crinkled with every shift she made. If she began trying to stimulate herself, there'd be more crackling and crinkling going over the monitor than an old CB radio. Great; her freedom relied on her ability to masturbate quietly. It was freshman year of college in the dorms all over again.

June rolled over on her side and noticed a different box on the inside of her crib. It was within easy reach in her crib. Her eyes hadn't yet adjusted completely to the dark, but she was able to make out a fairly large button to push, as well as a clear panel with some kind of decorative toys inside. It was a soother, she deduced; a music box and nightlight designed to put babies to sleep; and it was positioned so that she could entertain herself.

What luck!

June softly pushed the button in, hoping that Mommy had left it on for her. Her face was immediately awash in a soft blue light. A slowed down meandering "Off we go into the wild blue yonder" tinkled into her ears as the music box played. Inside the box, a scene of airplanes drawn flying in the sky scrolled on a rudimentary picture conveyor belt. It might be all she needed.

June started sucking rhythmically on her paci, using it to keep time. It wouldn't do to have Mommy burst in unannounced. After approximately ninety seconds had passed, June thought the coast was clear. It was time to try again.

Gently, she began teasing herself, rubbing her nipples through her thick jammies. She did her best to keep quiet, breathing in through her mouth and out through her nose, trying to muffle any sounds she might unconsciously emit into her pacifier.

When her nipples went erect and her breathing became shallow, she moved south to the more serious business.

She thought of her first kiss, and then her first real kiss. She thought of old girlfriends and one night stands and "Bella Donna's Fucking Girls Yet Again". Of dirty deeds and dirtier fantasies. But she knew she was going nowhere. She wasn't particularly sexually aroused. Her diaper was in no way shape or form anything resembling wet.

And that was the problem, wasn't it? No matter what dirty adult thoughts she conjured, she was still trying to rub herself through a giant disposable diaper while lying in a crib, sucking a pacifier, and cuddling with a My Pet Monster while a music box transitioned to "Bicycle Built for Two". Oh God! She was still cuddling the damn monster plushie and she hadn't even realized!

A tiny but persistent voice told her to give up and go to bed. Mommy would take care of her in the morning. Mmmm...Mommy could definitely take care of her. She smiled perversely at her own innuendo. Ewww...why did that turn her on? Damn this fetish!

Then the thought occurred to her: Don't fight the fetish. Use it. Like it or not, there were things that had happened in her infantile state that did turn her on. Why fight it? No one was around to judge her anyways, and it was her only chance at escape. Even if it didn't work, she'd at least get to cum one last time before losing her mind.

June closed her eyes and sucked harder on the paci, imagining that it was Mommy's erect nipple pulsating in her mouth. She pictured being close to Mommy and being held close and petted for reassurance. Oh yeah, that did something.

June took it a step further and relived Mommy checking her diaper, violating even the pretense of personal space and telling her what a good baby she was. That was super nice. She pictured Mommy taking her out in a stroller, her diaper on full display and blushing furiously while people told her how cute she was. She positively buzzed at the idea of being talked over and talked about as if she couldn't understand what was being said, all while being hugged and petted and cooed at.

She rubbed faster. Picturing her own weird blend of serene comfort and utter humiliation at being treated in such a way. She was both inferior and treasured. Submissive, but protected. All of the restraint of the wild stuff she'd read in her trashy novels; with the car seats, and the highchairs, and the cribs acting as straps and prisons; but with none of the pain. "Baby?!" Mommy burst in the door. "Baby?! What are you doing?!"

She had been caught! Oh what a naughty girl she had been! What a naughty, clever little girl! Now she'd get a spanking for sur-

If her reality morphing her into an infantilized state was like paint spilling out onto a portrait and covering the canvas of her world, turning back to normal was like glass shattering. One moment she was in her crib, the next second she wasn't. June's eyes opened to a quiet beige room, bathed in darkness.

She sat up, the adrenaline leaving her body already, and looked around. No cribs. No toys. She looked between her legs. No diapers! Yes! No diapers! No diapers! No diapers!

June looked over her shoulder, and dozing peacefully beside her was her date from this afternoon- Mindy- she thought. June slid out of the bed and picked her shirt up off the floor and slid it on. She tiptoed out of the room and took around.

Even with the lights off, the living room was recognizable. June recognized the couch, specifically. She'd been spanked on that couch. But there was no alphabet play mat or bumble ball waiting for her. June saw no large highchair in the tiny kitchen area.

With creeping dread, June tiptoed into what had been a nursery moments before. In the place of stuffed animals and giant baby furniture, she found a simple office with a computer. They were still where they had been, only now there were no amenities for an adult baby. Good. Very good.

June breathed a sigh of relief. The nightmare was over...for now. But before she could let herself sleep, June had to figure out how to overcome this goddamn fetish. She couldn't have her world devolving back into nursery school every time she became sufficiently aroused.

She tiptoed over to Missy's computer and moved the mouse, gambling that the computer wouldn't be password protected. It wasn't.

She perused all the peer reviewed academic journals that she knew about online and found what she had expected: Nothing. She really had discovered this Aztec Chastity Fetish. How was she supposed to counter its magics if there was nothing on the subject at all; no myths, no legends, no nothing.

But academia didn't have the market cornered on myths and legends. So, without any remaining options to turn to, June turned to Google. She felt lucky.

She looked for "Aztec Chastity Fetish". Nothing. "Then she tried "Aztec Fetish". Also nothing of use. Then, thinking of her experiences, there was nothing in them that was particularly Aztec about it; and its use might not be immediately connected to attempting to maintain chastity. A laymen wouldn't call it an Aztec Chastity Fetish. But what would they call it?

June plunked in the search terms "Adult Baby Fetish". The search results that came up horrified her.

Oh no! What had she done?! Had she done this? There was no other logical explanation. She had unleashed the fetish onto the world and already it was warping reality. Not just hers, but everyone's! Gods have mercy on her soul!

"Sorry about that, baby," her date's voice rang out groggily, her dirty blonde hair framing her perfectly kissable face. "I guess I conked out there. Ready for round two when you are."

“Mommy?!” June whirled around in a panic.

“Mommy?” the beautiful stranger cocked her head to the side. “That’s a new one.” Then she looked past June to the computer screen. “What’s this?”

June wasn’t fast enough to click out of the web browser.

“Heh,” June’s date said coming over to the computer screen and leaning over past June.

“Looks like I’m not the only one who likes to play dress up. No wonder you were so distracted the first time around. You had other things on your dirty little mind.” Then she looked at June and smirked. “I’m game if you are.”

“I...no...no...Mommy...no...diaper...” June stuttered, unable to come up with any more articulate words.

“It’s okay sweetie,” Melissa...perhaps Michelle winked at her as she caressed her face. “I don’t mind being your Mommy.” June felt her heartbeat begin to race. Not again! Not again! Why was this turning her on, now?! “Hey,” Mommy said, pointing just below June’s neck. “Is that a tattoo? How come I didn’t notice it before?”

June dashed past Mommy and ran to the bathroom. That’s when she saw it. Right under her neck, just above the line of her shirt, was a tiny drawing inked into her skin. It wasn’t much bigger than the top joint of her pinky, but if you looked closely, it appeared to be a baby, wrapped up in swaddling clothes.

The End....

Retrospective: A lot of my friends like Fetish. Truth be told, I don’t understand why. I LIKE Fetish, mind you. I like all of my work, but I find it funny that so many people like a random idea I had that pretty much started out as a joke.

If anything, it’s pretty by the numbers for me.

I started thinking of how abdl is a fetish. And then I thought about how fetish also means an inanimate object worshipped for its magical powers, and I built the story from there. Like most of my stories I had a pretty good idea of the ending by the time I typed in the first word, and the fun bit about “adult baby fetish” was the punch line.

The rest was pretty much just playing on the pun. June couldn’t call her date, or even think of her date as anything beyond Mommy...because of the fetish. She liked becoming a baby, because of the fetish. And of course, the urges and changes of mindset brought

on by the fetish always happened at the least convenient times. And naturally, the only way to temporarily stop the fetish was through..very adult means.

Ta-da!

Perhaps that's why people like Fetish. Because to many, these urges feel like they're a part of us but we've conditioned ourselves to dissociate to absolve ourselves of these feelings. There are people who refer to their little side as if it was someone else.

"It wasn't my fault, the fetish was making me do it." is just the darker side of the coin of, "My little likes to put spaghetti in their hair, don't ask me why."

Or maybe people just like a good pun with their smut.