Laura woke up early the next morning. Her bedroom was a deep blue as the sun had barely started banishing the darkness away. She was lying on her back with her legs splayed open, she immediately remembered everything that had happened the previous day and felt a deep wave of sadness wash over her. She could see the bars of her crib towering above her on all sides despite the darkness, it felt like a prison cell.

As Laura rolled on to her side she felt the padding between her thighs force her legs apart. It took her a few moments to realise that the diaper was wet, she had pissed in the bed again. At least there was a diaper there to stop the sheets getting wet.

The house and the world outside were silent which only served to emphasise the sounds of Laura’s crinkling. Laura pushed back and leant against the bars of the crib to stare into the room. It was hard for Laura to imagine that it was just two days ago that everything was normal, what she wouldn’t give to go back to that. It felt like a different lifetime.

Laura felt the onesie hugging her body tightly and looked down at herself. She could see her breasts pushing the material out and stretching it whilst further down the distinct bulge of a diaper was obvious. Laura reached down and slipped a hand underneath the onesie where she could prod the diaper, she had soaked it in her sleep. Even in the low light she knew she was blushing.

Laura looked up to the ceiling and let out a deep breath. It could be hours before she was released from the crib and all that would follow was a new set of humiliations. In some ways sitting alone in the dark was preferable to having Jessica there even if it meant being locked in the crib with a wet diaper.

The sun slowly rose and Laura watched the room gradually grow lighter. As the sunlight started peeking through the windows Laura felt her diaper grow cooler. The padding was always warmer than she expected it to be but it also cooled down eventually.

Laura picked up the bottle of milk that her sister had left her and put it up to her lips. The milk was room temperature but still taster nice and sweet against Laura’s parched mouth. She drank until the bottle was empty.

Eventually Laura heard movement outside of her bedroom. She smiled as she shifted forwards eagerly looking forward to being released from her little cell. Laura grew increasingly frustrated with the wait that Jessica was forcing her to endure, she heard her sister go to the bathroom and then downstairs. Still Laura was alone and trapped, she refused to cry out like Jessica wanted.

When Laura heard footsteps moving towards her bedroom she didn’t want to stay quiet and risk Jessica walking away again. With urgent crinkling Laura scooted to the front of the crib and loudly rattled the bars. She didn’t stop until the bedroom door finally opened.

“Alright, alright. I’m here. Geez, someone’s a cranky baby this morning. Do you need your diaper changed?” Jessica was already dressed and ready for the day as she walked across the room to step on the release for the crib.

“You know I-” Laura started.

Laura gasped and fell silent as she felt Jessica reach out and grab the padding between her legs. She squeezed and poked the padding whilst slowly nodding her head. Clearly she didn’t care for what Laura had to say and wanted to find out the state of her sister’s diaper for herself.

“Oh my, baby girl!” Jessica stepped back in mock shock, “You have soaked your diaper!”

Laura narrowed her eyes and despite blushing she maintained eye contact with her sister who was smiling back. Laura had quickly learned not to argue but it was so difficult when Jessica was making fun of her so much. The diapered sister dropped to the floor and waddled across to the changing table, she hopped up and laid down before Jessica could help her. It was the small things that seemed like victories to Laura at the moment.

Jessica followed Laura and hummed happily as she opened up the flap between the woman’s legs. Laura endured more prodding and poking before Jessica finally started pulling the tapes off the diaper. The front was lowered and Laura felt the cool air of the morning against her damp crotch. It felt quite pleasant after the urine soaked padding.

Laura found Jessica’s humming annoying but limited herself to mental chastising. She felt the cold wet wipes rubbing over her sensitive skin and she had to supress a shiver as they ran over her most sensitive parts. The diaper was pulled away and balled up before being dropped into the trash can at the end of the table. A new diaper was unfolded and Laura looked at it sadly, she couldn’t decide whether or not she should even bother asking for all this to end.

“I have a wonderful day planned today.” Jessica said as she slid the new diaper underneath her sister.

“What are we doing?” Laura asked anxiously.

“You’ll see.” Jessica grinned devilishly, “I think it will be a lot of fun.”

“For you or me?” Laura deadpanned.

“Both of us, silly!” Jessica replied as she pulled the front of the diaper up.

Laura endured the rest of the diaper change and then took Jessica’s hand so she could be helped off the table. Laura held her arms in the air to let Jessica pull the onesie off and then stood almost naked as Jessica went to the closet. She didn’t know what was about to be pulled out but she was certain she wouldn’t like it.

Laura was right. When Jessica turned around she saw clothes that made her heart stop, clothes she wouldn’t have dreamed of wearing before coming to stay with her sister.

The thing that really caught Laura’s eyes was the pastel pink t-shirt which in itself was unremarkable but the writing on the front of it turned it into a very embarrassing piece of clothing. The words “Baby Sister” adorned the shirt in big block capital letters of different colours. It was like a beacon that was designed to draw everyone’s eyes right on to Laura.

“Please… Not that…” Laura’s voice shook as she stared at the shirt.

“It’ll look great on you!” Jessica said happily, “When people see it they’ll know just who and what you are.”

“When people see it!?” Laura repeated as her eyes bulged.

“Oops!” Jessica covered her mouth and giggled, “Nearly spoiled the surprise.”

“But… But…” Laura was stunned and didn’t know how to respond. She shook her head but didn’t do anything more as Jessica walked over and lifted her arms into the air.

Laura stared straight ahead at her sister’s face as the pink shirt was pulled over her head. Her arms remained in the air even after the shirt was pulled all the way down. She was stunned and not really grasping what was going on. It took until Jessica pulled Laura’s arms down for the diapered woman to process what was happening.

“A perfect fit.” Jessica said happily, “Now the skirt.”

Laura looked down at Jessica’s hands as she picked up the skirt. It seemed inoffensive enough, black and pleated, it would clash with the shirt a little bit but that was a long way down Laura’s list of concerns. As Jessica bent over and held the skirt open for Laura the diapered woman was able to see herself in the mirror. She saw the shirt and the bright lettering on the front, it looked even worse now that she was wearing it.

The skirt was pulled up Laura’s legs and when it’s elasticated waistband hugged Laura’s waist she realised the skirt was a bigger problem than she had imagined. Watching her reflection in the mirror Laura could see how short the skirt was. Laura’s diaper was barely hidden by the clothing and even as she took a few steps she saw the bottom of the skirt lifting just enough to show the diaper underneath. She would have to be careful every time she moved.

“I can’t wear this outside!” Laura choked out as she turned to face her sister. Her eyes were tearing up already.

“You can.” Jessica replied, “You look sweet. Now come downstairs and we can get ready to go.”

Laura was left alone in her bedroom when Jessica walked out and closed the door behind her. She looked at the mirror again and felt like she was almost naked. The shirt was very form-fitting and it emphasised her chest whilst nearly all of her legs were on display. It was a far cry from the pantsuits she used to wear to work.

Laura reached down with a shaking hand. She put her hand level with the bottom of the skirt and found she only had to push her hand up very slightly to feel the plastic padding. She quickly pulled her hand away and stifled a sob that wanted to escape. The reflection in the mirror didn’t look like an adult, it looked like an overgrown baby.

“Laura, come on!” Jessica called from the bottom of the stairs.

Every fibre of Laura’s being was telling her not to leave the bedroom whilst looking like this but she forced herself to take faltering steps on to the landing. She could hear her diaper as plain as day and she realised the skirt would do very little to hide the crinkling sound coming from her waist.

“Isn’t that the most adorable sight?” Jessica gushed as she watched Laura coming down the stairs.

Laura belatedly realised she was flashing her diaper to Jessica and she tried to cover herself up. It was useless, she just didn’t have enough hands to cover all of the padding. It was humiliating to be treated like this but Laura knew the only other choice was homelessness, her years of bullying and teasing had caught up to her.

Laura was dragged by Jessica into the living room as soon as she reached the bottom of the stairs. She was sat on the centre of the couch before Jessica started fiddling with her hair. Laura tried again to pull her skirt down to hide her diaper but it was just as fruitless as before. She certainly hoped she wouldn’t have to sit on a chair, it was impossible for her to maintain her dignity like that.

“What are you doing?” Laura asked quietly, “Where are you taking me?”

“I’m fixing your hair up.” Jessica replied, “It’s a mess. I couldn’t take you out like that, all the mothers would think I don’t take care of you.”

“It’s not too late to stop.” Laura said quickly and desperately, “We… We can forget this ever happened. I’ll be good!”

“I thought you’d have noticed by now that this isn’t a short term thing.” Jessica smiled as she fiddled with Laura’s hair, “Besides, don’t think of this as a punishment. Think of it like… A chance to relax and have some fun!”

“Fun!?” Laura couldn’t stop herself from shouting, “This isn’t fun! This is humiliating! Look at what you have me wearing!”

“That’s the fun part!” Jessica giggled.

Laura opened her mouth to reply but when Jessica tugged a little harder on some of her hair she decided Jessica didn’t want to hear any more. Laura sat in a sulk as Jessica did whatever it was she was doing, Laura didn’t think it mattered because it would be impossible to look any more embarrassing than she already did.

When Jessica finally let go of the hair Laura was able to see what had been done. She reached up and grabbed the hair and gasped, she pulled it in front of her eyes and stared. Her usually long straight hair had been collected and braided into a long pigtail complete with a pink bow on the end. Jessica had moved to Laura’s other side and was repeating the process.

“I remember when you used to wear your hair like this a lot.” Jessica said with a wistful smile.

Laura was transported back in time as she remembered her time as a child again. She remembered the braided hair that she had been so proud and happy with, she used to make her poor mother braid it before school every single day. Laura couldn’t have been more than ten-years-old at the time.

Laura had been a sweet little girl at the time and her teachers always had glowing reports of her. She was happy and even looked forward to going into class. Things changed on one cold late Fall day, it was recess and Laura had just skipped out of her classroom when she was suddenly confronted by a group of three girls who were several years older than her. They were in a corner of the playground partially hidden from view from the overworked teachers supervising the children.

“Hello.” Naïve little Laura didn’t have much life experience and she smiled up at the girls who towered over her.

“Shut up!” The biggest girl had said, “Give me your lunch money. NOW!”

Laura looked around in confusion. Didn’t these girls know that if she gave them her lunch money she wouldn’t be able to get anything for herself? Laura’s sheltered little bubble had no ideas about concepts like bullying but it was about to be popped.

“Are you deaf!?” Another of the girls spat out angrily. She shoved Laura in the shoulder calling her to stumble backwards a bit.

“H-Hey!” Laura’s bottom lip was trembling as she regained her balance.

Clearly this gang of girls weren’t very patient as the largest one stepped forward and pulled on Laura’s precious pigtails. Laura started crying as she tried to free herself. Fortunately she was saved by the teacher monitoring the playground who saw what was happening and came over to break it up. No lasting damage was done but Laura’s whole worldview had been shifted irrevocably.

The next morning was the first one in years that Laura didn’t ask her mom to braid her hair. That weekend she begged her mom to take her to the hairdressers to get it cut short, she was determined not to be a victim again. Laura went from the cheerful little girl everyone had known to someone who was much more quiet and withdrawn. She started to learn how best to get ahead and it involved learning everything there was to know about the other people and using it to her advantage. By her teenage years she had become very good at buttering up teachers and getting her way.

Laura came out of her reverie as she twirled one of the pigtails. As she played with her hair she almost felt herself becoming the sweet little girl she had once been, it was the most bizarre feeling and it made her feel emotional in ways she couldn’t even begin to fathom. Her defences were lowered completely.

“Come on, let’s get ready and go.” Jessica said quietly.

Laura looked around from the space she had been staring into to see that her sister had gone out to the hallway and retrieved her shoes. She was still lost in a sea of emotion and she simply nodded her head as her sister slipped the shoes on to her feet and started tying the laces. Laura still felt like she should be arguing and trying to stop this and yet she was just sitting meekly like that ten-year-old girl would’ve done.

When the shoes were on Laura was left alone for a few moments while Jessica gathered some things. Laura heard the sounds of imminent departure and felt butterflies take flight in her tummy. It was still hard for Laura to believe that her sister planned to take her outside but it was a reality that was quickly becoming hard to ignore. She kept thinking Jessica would suddenly burst into laughter and declare everything as being a practical joke but there was no such luck. Laura looked at her hated playpen and, for the first time, wished she was in that rather than preparing for this trip.

Far sooner than Laura would’ve liked Jessica strode into the living room fully dressed and with two bags over her shoulder. Laura recognised one of the bags as being Jessica’s handbag but she didn’t recognise the other one, it was only as the front door opened a few seconds later that she realised it was a diaper bag for changing supplies. This would normally be mortifying for Laura but next to what was coming it seemed like a very small indignity.

Laura was hit in the face by a blast of fresh air as the door was opened. She instinctively pulled down on her short skirt as she tried to hide her embarrassment. She knew that with her pigtails and infantile shirt there was little she could do to hide her status even if her diaper remained unnoticed. She hung back as she hoped to delay the inevitable humiliation as much as possible but Jessica took hold of her hand and practically yanked her older sister out of the house.