Sam woke up the next morning feeling incredibly sad that she was still in the crib. She didn’t expect anything else but waking up was just a fresh reminder that she couldn’t escape her time here. Sam sighed and sat up causing her to feel a most curious sensation.

“No freaking way…” Sam muttered to herself.

After getting diapered the night before Sam had been placed into a pink onesie and put to bed. She had laid awake for quite a while after being laid on her mattress thanks to the early hours. She was certain that when she had fallen asleep she had been completely dry and yet her diaper now felt damp!

Sam reached down and threaded her hand between the pink onesie and the plastic outer shell of her diaper. She pressed the padding up against her body and could definitely feel wetness. She was confused, had she woken up in the night to wet her diaper? She didn’t remember waking up at all. If she didn’t wake up it meant she wet the bed and that was much, much worse.

The house sounded silent which probably meant Elizabeth was still asleep. Sam had been put to bed early which meant that she would likely be alone in her crib for at least a little while. Sam was soon learning to hate this part of the day more than any other because she had even less freedom than she would’ve done had she been in jail. Not to mention the continuing humiliation of being so easily held in by bars meant for babies.

The situation was threatening to get even worse as well. Sam could feel her tummy rumbling and she realised her need for the bathroom had been the thing to wake her up. She remembered yesterday in the highchair when she had messed herself and the thought of repeating the performance was abhorrent.

Sam stood up on the mattress and peered through the bars. She wanted to try and climb out but the bars were too slippery and she couldn’t get a grip, she could feel the wet padding between her legs drooping slightly despite the onesie holding it up. She shook the bars angrily but couldn’t do anything to get out of the baby bed.

Sam sighed in resignation as she felt a sharp cramp in her belly as if she needed reminding about what her body needed. She was already blushing and she knew what was coming, she was equally sure she couldn’t hold it until Elizabeth arrived. Sam wondered why she even wanted to hold on until her guardian came in, nothing would change and she would just end up messing her diaper in front of someone else which would be worse than on her own. It would also be better to mess this diaper that would be changed rather than dirtying her next diaper soon after putting it on.

“I can’t believe I’m rationalising this…” Sam whispered to herself as she backed away from the bars.

Sam couldn’t deny her body much longer even if she wanted to. She separated her legs a little and squatted down, it was all her bowels needed to open up and empty into her underwear.

Sam closed her eyes and held her breath as she pushed down with her tummy muscles. It didn’t take long for Sam to feel things moving and a long soft turd pushed out until it hit the rear of the diaper. The log curled around and continued pushing out until it was pinched off and dropped into the seat of the padding. Sam didn’t let up though and soon a second log emerged from her body, it was similar to the first piece and was soon resting snugly in the padding.

With a shudder Sam’s bladder released and she felt some hot urine cascading down into the padding causing it to swell. Sam pushed a couple of small pieces of poop into her diaper to finish the messing and as her bladder stopped emptying she opened her eyes and stood back up again. She felt ashamed of what she had just done and had never felt more disgusting in her life.

“Ugh.” Sam winced as she felt her stinky deposit rubbing against her skin. She took back what she thought about being trapped in the crib being the worst thing happening, this was definitely worse.

It was a long and interminable wait for Elizabeth to come back. Sam couldn’t sit down without spreading the unwanted mess in her diaper so she stayed upright and against the bars until she finally heard Elizabeth coming her way.

“Good morning.” Elizabeth said as she walked into the room, “Ooh, smells like someone has left me a little present.”

Sam blushed and turned away from Elizabeth’s knowing smile. She had no idea the smell of her messy diaper had already spread throughout the room, worryingly she didn’t notice much of a smell herself. She certainly hoped she wasn’t becoming desensitised to the smell so soon, it made her question whether everyone was right, maybe she was a baby.

Elizabeth hummed a tune as she got supplies ready for a diaper change. Sam watched from her cage and absentmindedly reached around to the back of her diaper, she was starting to get itchy but couldn’t scratch the area. The only thing Sam could do was rub the plastic under her onesie and remind herself how big these baby diapers were on her.

The side of the crib was lowered and Sam was grateful to be lifted out and carried to the changing table. Elizabeth placed one of her hands under each of Sam’s armpits as she carried her and Sam felt her legs kicking out in the air uselessly as she was carried across the room. Sam was laid down carefully and she realised that Elizabeth was looking to avoid making more work for herself, she didn’t want Sam any messier than she had to be.

Sam felt the onesie loosen and get pushed up over her tummy. She looked up at the ceiling as Elizabeth pulled the tapes off the diaper and lowered the front. These diaper changes couldn’t happen fast enough for Sam, she was sure that Elizabeth could do this faster if she wanted to. Sam wished she could just do it herself, it would be so much less embarrassing.

It took several humiliating minutes for Elizabeth to wipe Sam clean and the small woman was close to losing her patience when she finally felt the diaper get pulled away. The diaper was balled up and taped closed before a new one was slipped underneath Sam’s butt. The front was lifted up and taped closed with ease.

“Finally…” Sam muttered under her breath as Elizabeth headed towards the closet.

“What was that?” Elizabeth asked pointedly as she turned around with arched eyebrows.

“I… Well, uh…” Sam stuttered as she was suddenly put in the spotlight.

“I’m glad you were brought to me.” Elizabeth said through pursed lips, “I can see you need some lessons in manners.”

“What do you mean?” Sam asked with a frown as she peered over the edge of the changing table.

“You’ll see.” Elizabeth replied as she picked out an outfit for Sam, “This’ll do nicely…”

A few minutes later Sam was carried down the stairs having been dressed in a pink t-shirt with images of a popular children’s show and white shorts that didn’t leave much to the imagination. It was probably about as good an outfit as Sam could expect whilst she was with Elizabeth.

Breakfast went the same way as the previous day and Sam was fed cereal by Elizabeth along with a bottle of milk. Sam had lost a lot of her inhibitions since she had arrived here, she was no longer hesitant as she drank from the bottle or spoon fed by her guardian. Sam didn’t know if it was good or bad but she was quickly getting used to this treatment.

Once breakfast was complete and Elizabeth took away the cutlery Sam was lifted up and taken to the living room where she saw there had been some significant changes. The television and couch had been moved back and the small playpen expanded slightly. Alongside the toys was some paper and pens as well as other school equipment. Set up in front of the crib was a small blackboard with a seat next to it and a small desk.

“I set these up after putting you to bed last night.” Elizabeth said with a smile as she lowered Sam into the playpen.

“What’s it for? What’s happening?” Sam asked in confusion. She had assumed that each day would be the same as the previous with her being left to play with toys.

“Since you are stuck here anyway I thought we should use your time productively.” Elizabeth said, “I’m going to teach you how to act like a good little girl.”

“What!?” Sam’s eyes opened as wide as they could go.

“You heard me.” Elizabeth replied, “Now, if you could just sit down a-”

“I’m not a little girl!” Sam countered, “I’m twenty-one-years-old!”

“Then it’s about time you learnt how to be good. The first lesson will be about speaking when you are spoken to.” Elizabeth replied, “Which reminds me.”

Sam watched in shock as Elizabeth reached into her pocket and pulled out something she instantly recognised as a pacifier. The woman reached forward and handed it to Sam, the pacifier was pink with a clear silicon teat and Sam looked up from it to Elizabeth who pointed to her mouth. Sam hesitated but with cheeks matching her pacifier she popped the soother into her mouth and looked down at the floor.

“Good girl!” Elizabeth praised effusively, “If I ask a question you are to raise your hand. When I want you to answer you will take the pacifier out of your mouth and speak. When you are done you will put it back in.”

“But wha-” Sam started lisping around the bulb in her mouth.

“Ah, ah, ah.” Elizabeth put her hands up for Sam to stop.

Sam balled her fists in frustration before reminding herself why she was here in the first place. She took a moment to clear her mind, took a deep breath and then slowly raised her hand into the air like a schoolgirl trying to answer the teacher’s question.

“You may speak.” Elizabeth said with a small nod.

“Look, I’m a good girl… A good woman.” Sam quickly corrected herself but not fast enough to avoid Elizabeth giving a knowing smile, “I was caught in the wrong place at the wrong time but I’ve never been in trouble before. I really don’t need lessons on manners or anything like that.”

“Then you shouldn’t have any problems with my lessons.” Elizabeth said with a smile, “Though from what I’ve seen you could definitely use some assistance.”

Sam placed the pacifier back in her mouth as she sat down on the floor sulkily. This was beyond demeaning for someone hoping to be a future business leader. She reached for the bottle of juice that she had carried into the room with her and quickly pulled the pacifier out to take a drink. She replaced the pacifier in her mouth as soon as possible and chewed on the silicon.

“We’ll start with some easy things.” Elizabeth said happily as she picked up the chalk. She started writing some large numbers on the board, “What is two plus two?”

Sam had to stop herself from blurting out the answer as she rolled her eyes. She raised her hand in the air whilst glaring at Elizabeth.

“Yes?” Elizabeth said encouragingly.

“Four.” Sam answered flatly as she pulled her pacifier out and then replaced it.

“Good girl!” Elizabeth enthused.

The next hour felt like an interminable period of time that would never end as Sam had to repeat the same process and answer question after question, they were all as easy as the first and she found the whole thing very dull. She wondered what was happening outside of the house. She usually loved keeping up with politics and financial news but here she was stuck in a playpen in a diaper, she couldn’t let herself think about it for too long because it hurt not knowing anything happening outside the walls of the house. Sam wished more than anything she could go outside, even a break from this for an hour before coming back would feel like such a relief.