



KIDNAPPED

Chapter II – All Dressed Up



BecomingBabyAgain

Michael looked down at his little sissy baby. After dreaming about owning her for all his adult life, he could scarcely believe it had finally come true. He reached down into the crib and picked *Lilly* up cradling her in his arms. He could tell from the deep penetrating look she gave him that in her mind, her adult mind was screaming at him, but her little baby mouth would never let such things come out of it. Her mouth opened a little bit as if she was about to say something, but no words came. Just a pool of dribble running down her chin and onto that plain white dress.

“I think we should put you into something a bit more exciting” he teased as he used his finger to wipe the drool off her chin. Michael took her and carefully placed her down onto a stool. The drugs inside her system had worn off just enough for her to sit upright but it took almost all of her mental concentration to do so, the stool was ever so slightly oversized so her legs dangled in the air. He walked over to a wardrobe and pulled out the most hideous thing Lilly had ever seen.

It was a bright pink silky dress, but it didn't look like an ordinary dress. It had great big round ruffles at the top of the sleeves around the shoulders that puffed out like a Disney princesses dress. There were little white frills that ran up and down the skirt.

“Don't worry!” he laughed, “there's more!”. He reached out and pulled out a great white mass of material. She had no idea what it was but as he reached over her to pull it down her body she realised. It was a great big petticoat! Not a long silky or lace one like he had seen on ordinary women, but it stuck out much further and it's ruffles were thick almost like lots of ballerina's tutus sewn together. Michael pulled the dress over her too, and as she knew it would, the petticoat forced the dress to stick out! It was barely a dress at all as it showed off the thick diaper to anyone who looked without even having to bend down!

“You don't look very happy missy!” he said in a disappointing tone, “Daddy bought you this wittle dress specially! Oh I know what it is, you don't want everyone to see your diapers do you?”

“No Daddee” She squeaked

“Noo Dawdee” he teased imitated her lispy voice, “Then Daddy will make it better”. Kissing her on the forehead he went back to the wardrobe and pulled out a pair of pink panties. But again there were nothing ordinary. Thomas (back when he wasn't Lilly) had often spent hours staring at websites on his phone of women dressed in the laciest and sexiest panties, coupled with nightdresses and lingerie. His fantasies were wild with women's underwear and he would never have admitted it but when home alone he always liked to take a good sniff at each of his wife's well worn pairs. Lilly knew exactly what ordinary panties looked like and these were not ordinary.

Firstly, she saw from the reflections of the lights that they were a kind of shiny plastic. She also saw that they were really thick! They could have almost have been inflatable! The bright pink pair didn't fold up like normal clothes but just stayed completely

opened. Without warning, Michael picked Lilly up from the stool and one by one placed her legs into the leg-holes and pulled the PVC panties up to her diapers. When they were up, he pulled the little toggle and suddenly the panties tightened a little down her waist. In shock and as an impulse she moved her hands down and tried to feel what had happened. They were so thick that she could barely move her legs together, then she felt that she couldn't move them! She tried pulling a little with her hands around her side, and then tried lifting up her thick petticoat and dress to pull from the bottom all while Daddy stood and laughed.

"You really are a proper sissy baby! Can't keep your hands away from your diaper for a second, anyway let's put these on to stop you playing around!"

He produced a pair of mittens, and shoved them over Lilly's hands. They were specially made so that the thumb went into one part and the other four fingers into another, then they had a little fasten down at the wrists so that Daddy could make sure she couldn't take them off alone. There was even a little loop to fit a lock if you really wanted to be sure. The mittens weren't flat but rather they were rounded at the end almost like an animals hoof simply to ensure that she couldn't use her hands at all to pick anything up! Most humiliating of all, the ends of the mittens were covered in little silver bells like tiny sleigh bells that jingled every time she moved her arms even slightly.

"Now Daddy will always here where you are! And you'll always need daddy to help you with things won't you princess. You're a lucky girl!"

Thomas tried to shout something rude and spit in his face, but Lilly's mouth didn't let those words escape and all that came out was "wucky giwrl!!" followed by an embarrassing girlish baby laugh which caused spit to fly all around her mouth.

Suddenly, Lilly felt something shift inside her. Back in regular life, everyone knows that they need the toilet but obviously Michael with all his billions knows that babies don't get that realisation. Lilly knew this feeling, she recognised it but she searched her brain trying to remember what it was. For some reason she just couldn't connect the pieces together! She recognised the feeling but the part of her mind that knew what to do just vanished. Then with no control at all, Lilly let out a loud fart, which she heard clearly despite the thick padding and panties, and felt her muscles loosen as a warm mass of brown mess pushed its way into the seat of her diapers. Her mouth dropped open in shame as she felt it squish it's way into every crevice and part of the diaper. For some unknown reason, just as she felt that there was not much left to come out, she felt her muscles involuntarily tightening slightly and a little high pitched grunt came from her lips.

Only after the whole thing was over did the thoughts flash through her brain "I needed to shit! But why didn't I realise it? Why did it just happen? What the fuck has happened to me!" Momentarily forgetting that his mouth didn't pay any attention to what his brain wanted to say, he tried to ask but all that came out was "Poopies!". Just as he

spoke, he cursed himself for forgetting about this girly prison that his mind was trapped in.

“Already?!” asked Michael, “but I just got you changed Honeybun!”

Again louder, although he didn’t actually think anything, as if his body prison was acting on its own, she repeated “**POOPIES!**”. Thomas had reached breakdown point, this was all too crazy, the dress, the full diapers and the fact that he couldn’t get his own words out of his mouth! Tears welled up in his eyes and he started to cry. They were just muffled little sobs at first but they soon grew into great girly screaming wails!!

“Shush shush,” calmed Michael as he picked her up into his arms again. This time he placed his hand directly under Lilly’s cute padded bottom and patted it gently as he rocked her up and down. “All little girls fill their diapers, don’t they?”

“**Yes Daddy**” she meekly responded in between deep breathes and little crying snuffles. With every pat she could feel him squashing her own mess around in her diaper, and the warm mushy feeling of it rubbing around her. “I can’t change you just yet, I just got you all dressed up! And you know babies can’t change themselves...”

“*Sniff* **Yes Daddy**”

“So let’s dry those eyes, We’re not finished dressing yet!”

He placed Lilly down on another stool, but this time facing a mirror. Lilly saw herself staring back at herself in the mirror all dressed in pink silk which matched perfectly with her blonde pigtailed that hung over her shoulders. Michael pulled open one of the drawers and saw it was filled with different brands and types of makeup. Obviously as Lilly used to be Thomas, she had no knowledge at all about makeup, but then baby girls always have Daddy to look after them! She had to purse her lips a little as *Daddy* applied a bright red lipstick, and had to still very still as he rushed a brush of blusher across her cheeks giving them a red hint (although that could have also been from how deep she was blushing).

“You know” he chuckled, “if you weren’t such a baby, you’d easily pass as a little slut! Maybe we’ll work on that in the future! Now let’s go and get something to eat”

He carried her out of the nurse room into the next in the large suite of baby-proof rooms. Lilly saw as they left the nurse how the door was painted on the outside in light purple with the word “Lilly’s Nursery” written in bright colours surrounded by toys and teddy bear causing her to blush. He took her into a little kitchenette, which was fully stocked. There stood in the very middle of the room stood a chair. Painted in bright white (perfect to see any mess leftover) and had special attachments for easy feeding. Just like a high chair, it stood tall so that little legs couldn’t struggle away, and was fitted with a locking table. Then at the place where the arms and legs would be placed, where little padded cuffs if you wanted to lock baby inside if they were being “too fussy”. Then little extras had been special added as a custom finish (costing extra, but that was no

worry). There were clear plastic tubes that were coiled up and hung on the back of the chair with a nozzle at one end, and a gag at the other. If you were too busy to feed, they you would simply place the gag in baby's mouth, and hook the nozzle up to a special feeding tank that would push the bland half-liquid half-solid mass of baby food down the tube and force it into her mouth. It was a little cruel as unlike being fed like a caregiver, the tube and tank would never stop, it would continue to force food into the mouth of anyone it was hooked up to until the tank was empty or someone came to turn it all off. Usually this would end with baby food leaking out of the gag and all around babies mouth and clothes if she couldn't swallow it all fast enough (there's no need to chew baby food!).

One last unusual attachment, were two little TV screen that were attached like a cars mirrors on either side, but that folded down out of the way if they weren't needed. Michael insisted on having these as he would always like Lilly to remember "what grown ups do". He was looking forward to putting Lilly in those locking cuffs, turning the highchair to face the big TV that almost filled one side of the kitchen wall and turning all three screens on with loud blasting porn. Deep hard pornography with real men and their giant cocks pounding away at fat-ass girls. The little screens would ensure that even if she tried looking away to the left or to the right, she would always be watching at it. Even if she shut her eyes, she would still hear the unbearably loud animalistic grunting and real men and moans of satisfied women. The possibilities were endless! He could even reinforce some deep regression with some visual-based hypnosis videos, making her respond to visual things, or he could force her to watch hours and hours of mindless children's TV and cartoons. Only freeing her from the chair when she could prove she knew everything about it.

Michael placed Lilly in the chair. She watched him open cupboards looking for something. Every single cupboard had a little label on it such as "Treats" and "Punishment". He opened each cupboard slightly just checking the contents of each, Lilly only caught a glimpse of the inside of the punishment cupboard and winced slightly as she recognised the items. The largest was a bag of Dry Dog Food, with a label clearly marking it as a cheap brand, then there was a large bottle of castor oil, along with some similar looking bottles but she couldn't see exactly what the labels said. At last he ran his fingers across to a cupboard simply labelled "everyday foods". That title made Lilly assume that this would be wear most things would be stored, all manner of meats, fruits and vegetables but she was soon disillusioned.

The cupboard was opened and the whole thing was filled with round shallow jars. There were three shelves and Lilly saw that the jars each selves all the way back, each shelf held a different flavour, she could tell as each flavour had different colours. Michael took great pleasure in telling Lilly the flavours.

“The purple, this one, is strained prune! Then this little orange one, these are carrot, and then this yellow one is apparently mashed banana flavour! Look’s awful doesn’t it Which one do you want to eat?”

“Ewww! None of them daddy!”

“Hahaha, well I need to feed my wittle baby girl until she’s a little fatter like a real baby” he teased as he rubbed his hands around the front of her dress! “No more cared for manly abs for you! We’ll feed you up a little, and then hopefully once your little tummy is all filled up, those cute little boobies of yours will start to grow too!”

And with that, he pulled out three jars (one from shelf) and placed them down on the locked table in front of her...