

## Sample Pack- By Personalias

Rachel woke up late that Saturday feeling bloated and cramping. Great. Her period started early this month. She was supposed to have a few more days according to her calendar. Still, it was better than NOT getting her period, she supposed. Granted, the way her sex life had been lately she would have been truly surprised to be pregnant.

Rachel was at that "special age" of potential child bearing. Not so young as to be jail bait or in a "babies having babies" situation, but not so old where people were asking her "Why haven't you yet?". For now, that was the way she liked it. She was young, independent, and (if she said so herself) pretty good looking. She was totally not ready to be anybody's mommy, and purses were so much better than diaper bags.

She stumbled into her bathroom and turned the shower on. There was going to be blood today anyways so she might as well do a little landscaping and shave. Society had it all backwards: Men were expected and allowed to be the gross ones; all hairy and sweaty.

Guys? Gross? Really? All they had was a piece of meat dangling between their legs. She bled out of a hole in her body. Hell, her privates needed to come with an owner's manual and a specialist doctor. Which was grosser, really?

Still, Rachel was a hypocrite and she admitted it to herself. She bought into and promoted the idea of a woman being smooth, clean, and pretty. At the same time, she was just as committed to being strong, free-willed and independent. She was a beautiful flower made of gleaming steel that could transform into a sword...or something like that. The contrast was difficult to pull off. Guys really did have it easy.

When she was done bathing and woman-scaping, she toweled off and looked under the sink. Crap. No pads. She had just broken girl-scout rule #1. She poked her head out of her room and called out. "Hey Steph, do you have any pads?"

"You know I don't," her roommate called back. "I have some tampons if you want."

"No thanks," Rachel called back, "I'll just run to the store." Rachel hated tampons. She had tried them a few times, and never felt comfortable with them. She just didn't feel comfortable having something inside her for that long. Combined with what she had learned about toxic shock syndrome in middle school health class and a few disturbing "news" stories she'd read online, her distaste for tampons bordered on irrational phobia. She sighed as she closed the door to her bedroom and quickly got dressed. Rachel would have to go shopping.

She quickly slipped on some red silk bikini panties- the red to hide any unfortunate events; the silk to give her motivation to get to the store in time lest she ruin it- and matching bra. She buttoned up a matching cotton blouse, and pulled up some skinny jeans over her hips. Rachel added a black leather belt, more as an accessory than a need and slipped her feet into her trusty black flats. All she needed was a headband to keep her raven locks out of her face and she was out the door.

When she walked out of her room, Stephanie was already sitting on the couch. Stephanie was Rachel's best friend since college and roommate. Though, just by looking at them you might not think so. Stephanie was the poster girl for tomboys. She kept her blonde hair trimmed relatively short, never touching her shoulders, and looked as if she would be more comfortable at Wrestlemania than at the ballet. She was currently wearing a baggy T-shirt and some boy shorts.

"Going to buy diapers?" Stephanie asked as Rachel grabbed her keys and went to the door. Stephanie had taken to teasing Rachel about her phobia for tampons, and those tampon commercials that said: "Why wear a pad that feels like a diaper?" had made it Stephanie's nickname for pads. Rachel was a good sport though, so it became more of an in-joke than an insult.

Rachel rolled her eyes and then turned to face her roommate. "Yup," she said, "I'm a little early, how about you?"

"Nope," Stephanie said disinterestedly. "Let the countdown continue." She made a "whoop-de-doo" motion with her index finger.

"That's odd, we're normally so in sync," Rachel said. "Hope you're not pregnant," she teased. This may have been more of a concern for Stephanie. She had been on a bit of a hot streak lately when it came to one night stands. Something about getting drunk with a girl in a bar on poker night made it a lot easier for her to beat you and then take you to bed.

"Stop the presses," Stephanie droned, not breaking her monotone, "girls that live together not bleeding at the exact same time. Economists predict new recession." Rachel had to giggle at that. "Now get to the store before you start spotting all over those red panties you always wear when your period hits." Yeah, Stephanie knew her, alright.

Rachel opened the door out into the hallway of her apartment complex. Before she could step out, she noticed a small cardboard box in front of the door. She looked down at it. The box was labeled "Bay-Bee Beauty and Hygiene Products". It had a picture of a smiling cartoon bee on it. It looked as though a child had drawn it with crayons. A quick glance down the hallway showed that identical boxes were at every doorstep. Must be some type of promotion or something.

Rachel picked up the box and brought it inside. Stephanie looked up from the couch to see Rachel open the box. Inside was a letter. It read:

Dear Future Customer,

The Bay-Bee Beauty and Hygiene Company is dedicated to providing the most high quality products available to women like yourself so that they can get out into the world and live their life while looking beautiful and feeling confident. We know you'll love our products

so much that we are giving away free samples to show you that we are the best in the business. Enclosed within this box you will find:

- One (1) stick of ruby red lipstick from Bay-Bee Beauty and Hygiene® so all you have to do is pucker up and we'll take care of the rest.
- One (1) stick of deodorant with baby powder from Bay-Bee Beauty and Hygiene® so that you don't break a sweat and smell your best.
- One (1) sample bottle of Bay-Bee® skin moisturizer so that your skin can be soft and smooth.
- Five (5) Bay-Bee® Sanitary Pads and Wipes so that you'll be sure you'll never leak and always feel clean and fresh.

Stephanie peered over Rachel's shoulder. "What is it?" she asked Rachel.

"Looks like some kind of giveaway sample pack." Rachel told her friend. Stephanie poked around the box and examined its contents.

"Huh...looks like you don't have to go shopping," Stephanie snickered, "you got doorstep diaper delivery. Very convenient."

"Look, I get it," Rachel began, starting to get a little annoyed. The in-joke was only funny after a certain point. "But they're not diapers."

"Oh really?" her roommate smirked, holding up a pad with cute little bee stenciled in. "Then why do they have little decorations on them?"

"Oh....shut up!" was all that Rachel could muster as she snatched the pad from Stephanie. She took the box and hustled back to her bathroom for a few minutes of privacy. She unwrapped and inserted one of the pads into her panties, and redressed herself, examining herself in the mirror. These were really thin, she barely noticed she had this one on. Rachel hoped it wouldn't leak, but at least she didn't have to worry today; though she should still probably go shopping for more by the end of the day. She put the rest of the pads in her little leather purse along with the deodorant, lip stick, and moisturizer. Might as well.

She walked back out into the main room of the apartment and went for her keys. "Still going somewhere?" Stephanie asked, not having moved from the couch. "I thought you'd be good for the day with the free pads and all."

"I still think I'm going to go out and have a day on the town," Rachel said, glad that Stephanie had let up a little and called them pads instead of the d-word. "Wanna come? If we left now we could catch an early matinee at the movies."

"Why not?" Stephanie shrugged and got up from the couch and moved towards the door.

"Uh, Steph." Rachel interjected. "Maybe you might want to at least put pants on first before going outside the apartment." Stephanie looked down at herself. No bra, a baggy t-shirt and her underwear. She smirked and shrugged.

"Fascist!" she joked as she turned around to quickly go get some pants. She came back with some gray sweats on, and a pair of sneakers. "Okay, now I'm ready." Rachel just smiled and rolled her eyes. Her friend was so immature sometimes.

They got in Rachel's car and drove off for the movie theater. "So what are we going to see?" Stephanie asked as they sped down the street.

"Oh I was thinking something like a romantic comedy." Rachel answered. Stephanie rolled her eyes.

"Please, girl, we can do better than that. Let's watch the action flick that just came out!" a mischievous grin came across her face. "With a romantic comedy, you get to watch some way too pretty chick whine about why she can't get a boyfriend, and then...surprise! She does! You're lucky if the guy takes off his shirt twice in the whole damn flick. We go to an action movie and we get to look at a bunch of ripped hunks shooting guns and kicking butt while their shirts get ripped and burned off their glistening bodies! Win-win!"

"Oh come on, Steph!" Rachel whined to her friend. "Can't we do what I want to do this time?"

"I put on pants for you." Stephanie rebutted. There was silence. Stephanie wearing pants on a Saturday was a big step.

"Pfft...fine." Rachel relented. "We'll go to the stupid action movie."

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At the concession stand, Rachel purposefully bought the largest drink she could so she'd have an excuse to go the bathroom and miss even a little bit of the testosterone fest she was about to suffer through without looking rude. As soon as she and Stephanie took their seats, Rachel started sipping on her extra-large coke with no ice.

For whatever reason, she liked the feeling of the straw in her mouth and felt rewarded every time she took a sip and soda passed through her lips. She started to try to make a game out of drinking the soda. See if she could drink fast enough to keep a steady stream of liquid in her mouth, but slow enough so that she wouldn't have to break her sipping stride when she swallowed. That way it would feel like she had a constant and steady stream. Like a hummingbird.

She was almost all the way done by the time the previews aimed at men who hadn't evolved yet ended and the feature presentation began. It wasn't anything special, if you had seen one action movie on TV, you'd have seen it all. From off camera, some British guy

with a raspy voice narrated, "My name is Bob...and this is how all of my films start." And so it went...

Blah blah blah...pretentious tough guy dialogue...blah, blah. Stare down, BOOM! Walk away from the explosion without looking back. Rachel kept chewing on her straw absent mindedly, just hoping for this to be over. Next time, definitely romantic comedy.

About halfway through the second reel, nature finally called to release Rachel from her torment. She got up hurriedly, taking her purse with her as she scooted out of the theater and into the brightly lit hallway. Her eyes soon adjusted and she ducked into the bathroom, quickstepped into the nearest stall, locked it, pulled her pants and underwear down and sat.

She relaxed and exhaled as the tinkling sound of liquid hitting liquid greeted her ears. Now, she'd just take her sweet time, maybe take another trip to the concession stand, and the movie should be hitting its 30 minute continuous fight scene sequence by then. She absent mindedly stuck a finger in her mouth and began sucking on it like it was a straw.

Rachel looked down at the maxi-pad between her legs. Whoah! Gross! She had done a number on it. Her flows had never been this heavy. There wasn't a clean spot in there. She carefully removed the pad, and inspected her white cotton granny panties. Not a spot on them. At least these free samples were pulling their weight. With absorbency this good, Rachel wondered whether or not the full packs would be expensive.

She reached into her big leather purse and pulled out another pad and a wipe that came with it. She cleaned herself up- admiring the job she did shaving this morning in the processes...not a single hair- inserted a new pad into her underwear, and pulled her pants up before flushing.

Rachel walked over to the restroom mirror and examined herself to make sure she was straightened out. Something about her outfit caught her eye. She was still wearing her red headband and matching t-shirt. Her white Velcro shoes were on correctly and her socks were straight.

Something didn't seem right about that. Hadn't she worn a belt today? Didn't she come to the movies in a red blouse and her trusty flats with no socks? Hadn't her purse been smaller and less baggy? And hadn't she been wearing red satin panties today? Her head suddenly felt fuzzy, and she didn't want to think about it anymore. Time to get back to the movie.

On her way back to where the action movie was playing, Rachel passed by what looked like a children's movie. The poster for it had brightly colored cartoons and puppets. Cartoons AND puppets; now that was a deal! It looked a heck of a lot more fun than some stupid action movie.

She looked at the running times for it. There was a show going on right now! If she timed it just right, she could theater hop, catch the rest of this movie, and the action movie would be letting out at the same time. But she'd be leaving Stephanie by herself in the

action movie...that Stephanie had wanted to see in the first place. Yeah, Stephanie didn't even know she was gone. What harm could it do?

Rachel checked the hallway to make sure she wasn't being watched by a theater employee, and snuck into the kids' movie. It was great! She laughed, she cried, she caught onto important plot points and became emotionally invested in the characters' development, and in the end the Pixie People got back their glitter dust so the people of Feltville could live happily ever after. She didn't even notice that she was the only adult there not accompanying a small child. Neither did anyone else, for that matter.

When the lights finally came up, and Rachel was done applauding enthusiastically for the blockbuster entertainment she had just witnessed, she shuffled out of the theater and into the hallway. She stared expectantly at the entrance to the action movie.

People started trickling out, but there was no Stephanie in sight.

"Heya Rachel!" Stephanie said from behind. "Did you like your movie?" Rachel jumped about a foot in the air. "Easy there girl, easy!" Stephanie patted Rachel on the back. "I didn't mean to scare you. Okay, maybe I meant to scare you a little, but not that much."

Rachel caught her breath. "I thought you were at the action movie!"

"No, why would I want to see that? Remember? You wanted to see the kids' movie, and I wanted to see the romance one. They let out at about the same time, so we decided to watch our own movies and meet up after. Remember?" Rachel didn't remember that actually, but something about that made sense.

"So," Rachel said, "where to now?"

Stephanie seemed to think it over for a second. "How about the mall?" she suggested. That seemed good enough to pass some more of the day away. Rachel agreed and off to the car they went. When they were outside in the parking lot, Rachel couldn't help but notice that something seemed different about Stephanie. Her clothes looked tighter on her, that is to say they looked like they were made for someone in her size instead of super baggy. She hadn't miraculously gained a hundred pounds, though. It was more like her clothes had hemmed themselves in to actually fit her. And...and....was her friend wearing a bra?! This didn't make any sense, but she couldn't say why.

Rachel pondered this as she got into the passenger seat of the car and buckled herself up. Stephanie got in the driver's seat. Rachel absent mindedly began to suck on her thumb as the car made its way to the mall. She allowed herself to close her eyes as she pondered what was wrong and dozed off.

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All too soon, the car stopped and Rachel heard the driver's side door opening and closing. She kept her eyes closed, feeling awfully lazy as she heard her door open up. "Awww, how cute," Stephanie teased, "today you're wearing diapers AND sucking your thumb. New record."

Rachel shot an evil look at Stephanie. "They're not di--"

"I know. I know. I'm sorry...kinda." Stephanie half-heartedly apologized. "You're my best bud, so it's fun when I get the rare opportunity to mess with ya."

"You mean rare as in monthly?" Rachel asked, getting back into the swing of things.

"Oh come off it!" Stephanie nagged, "I already said I was just ribbing you!"

"Leave the ribbing to your boy toys' condoms." Rachel lobbed a joke back at her.

"Zing! Oh that hurts SO bad!" Stephanie mocked hurt as she clutched her yellow tank top. "Now are we gonna go window shopping, or have you forgotten how to unbuckle your seatbelt?"

"Oh," Rachel blushed realizing she'd been sitting in the back seat looking up at her friend this entire time. "Yeah, I forgot about that." She got out of the car, and the two of them started walking to the mall. Rachel's mouth felt empty without something in it, but she resisted the urge to suck on anything.

Just as Rachel was beginning to wonder how she ended up in the back seat, a new feeling overcame her. Fear. She was out in a big open space with no one to protect her. She was vulnerable; alone! "Um...Steph?" Rachel called out, "would it be okay if we...um...you know...held hands?"

Stephanie frowned. "Weird." she said, as if she wasn't quite wrapping her head around the necessity of the situation. Then she looked at Rachel and saw the panic in her eyes. Her features softened. "But, okay. It'll make picking up guys harder..." she paused for a second .... "or easier." She grinned. She offered out her hand to Rachel in the parking lot. Rachel gratefully accepted.

They walked into the mall together, hand-in-hand. It was Saturday, so as usual, the mall was crowded. Rachel knew she shouldn't be frightened, but all the people there, and the white noise of voices echoing off walls all around her just overwhelmed her. It was like she was in a cave of people and sound. She was almost mesmerized as she walked along.

Then something caught her eye. CANDY! There were big glass candy dispensers directly in front of them. "Oooh Steph! Steph!" Rachel bounced in place while she pointed with her free hand. "Can we get some candy?"

"Sure thing, Raych." Stephanie grinned, as she dug around her jeans for some quarters. "Whaddya want?" Rachel knew instantly.

"Jawbreaker!" Rachel practically squealed. If she got a jawbreaker, she could suck on it and no one would think it was strange. It probably tasted better than her thumb anyways. She was so clever. Stephanie led Rachel by the hand and inserted the quarters. She turned the silver knob, and out came a jawbreaker. Rachel greedily snatched it up and popped it into her mouth.

Her eyes rolled back into her head. THIS was heaven. She had never had anything this good, this satisfying before. This was better than sex, it was so good. She had never had crack before, but this must be what it was like. Awesome. Just awesome.

Stephanie wordlessly led Rachel around the mall through crowds of people and in out of stores. They were mostly boring clothes stores, but Stephanie let them walk around a neat toy store too. Rachel found that she loved looking at the dolls. Finally they came to the food court. "Let's get a little late lunch," Stephanie said. There was a McDonald's in the food court, so as usual, Stephanie ordered a salad shaker and water, while Rachel got the Happy Meal.

A cute guy came and sat down across from them at the food court. "Hey," he introduced himself as if that's all that needed to be said. Oddly (or sadly) enough, that was all that he needed to say.

"Hey," Stephanie responded, getting lost in the man's eyes. Rachel just rolled hers.

"Sorry to interrupt you and your little friend here," he indicated Rachel, "but I was hoping I could give you this," he slid a folded piece of paper across the table, "and you could give me a call when you were done babysitting for the day." The guy then got up and walked away, winking at Stephanie.

Little friend? Babysitting?! Was that some kind of joke? "Asshole!" Rachel called out after the jerk.

"Rachel!" Stephanie gasped, "the man was just being nice to me. You don't have to call him names like that!" Rachel couldn't believe it. Her own best friend was against her in this. She snatched her big canvas purse and stood up.

"I gotta go to the bathroom anyway," she huffed, "you go get your game on with that jerk if you want to." She started walking to the ladies room (which is never far from the food court in any given mall). In her anger, she completely forgot about her need to hold hands.

She walked into the restroom. Little friend? Babysitting? She might have been eating a Happy Meal, but that didn't mean she was a baby. She examined herself in the mirror. Her hair was still tied up in a bow, her t-shirt still had its frilly sleeves that she liked. She wasn't



a baby. She was just cute as a button. She took her purse into the nearest stall and closed the door.

Rachel didn't really need to use the toilet right now, but she might as well check her pad. She undid the snap button on her elastic waistband and slid her jeans down to her pink Velcro shoes and frilly socks. Next came down her undies.

Upon inspection, there wasn't much of a mess at all; just a little spotting. Still, she didn't want to sit in her own menstrual excrement if she knew about it. She took the pad out of her panties and rolled it up so she could throw it away. Oddly enough, the pad seemed to have lost its decorations. She took out another pad, inserted it and pulled her panties up before inspecting the front of them.

The front of her white panties now had decorations of smiling cartoon bees on them. Holy crap! Product defect! Product defect! The decorations had bled through to her white underwear! That was definitely a strike against them, she thought, as she pulled her pants back up and buttoned the snap.

Rachel walked out of the ladies room and looked around the busy food court. Where was Stephanie? She couldn't find Stephanie! It was like playing the world's hardest game of "Where's Waldo" because all the other people in the picture were constantly moving, too. Rachel stuck her thumb in her mouth as she began to feel scared. Maybe something horrible happened to Stephanie, or maybe she didn't want to be friends anymore. The thought was almost too much to bear.

A soft hand took Rachel's and held it. Rachel looked to see who it was. "Ready to go, kiddo?" Stephanie asked. Rachel nodded and they walked out of the mall and to the car. Her legs on a kind of autopilot, Rachel was led out to the car and stopped by the backseat door. Some kind of new piece of furniture was in it.

It kind of looked like a roller-coaster seat without the big heavy harness to keep you falling out. When Stephanie opened the door for Rachel to get a close look at it, she saw that it had an upholstered and padded interior, and that there were seat belt like straps to keep someone about her size in place. It was a giant baby seat.

Rachel felt her legs sweep out from underneath her, as Stephanie picked her up and placed her in the car seat in one swift motion. "Whoah, Steph, what the fuck?!" Rachel protested.

"What?" Stephanie asked. "I'm just getting you in your car seat like always." Stephanie started pulling the straps across Rachel's body, trapping her in. "You're my best friend, I just want to make sure you're safe." Rachel found she could do nothing as her friend finished securing her into the device. This was wrong. This was so totally wrong. "We have just one more stop, and then we can go back home." Stephanie told Rachel.

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Rachel sat in the giant car seat, afraid of what was happening. Worse yet, she was afraid because she couldn't quite put her finger on exactly what was happening. It's just that people were treating her differently, and she was acting differently, too, she knew. But she couldn't put her finger on how or what was different.

The car came to a stop outside a local grocery store. "Here we are," Stephanie announced as she turned the car off. Rachel waited as Stephanie came around the back and opened the door. Stephanie unbuckled Rachel from her car seat and moved to pick her up.

"I can do it myself," Rachel said as she slapped Stephanie's hands away. Rachel got up out of the seat, and got out of the car all by herself. Stephanie just shook her head as Rachel had to duck and twist to get out of the car without bumping her head.

"Someone's awfully independent, all of a sudden." Stephanie proclaimed. She grabbed Rachel's hand. Rachel tried to resist, but Stephanie suddenly seemed really strong. Her grip was a vice. Furthermore, Rachel's legs wouldn't cooperate; they just kept walking towards the store as Stephanie led the way. As the two approached the door, Rachel was squirming a little as they walked, squeezing her legs together while trying to keep going further.

"Everything okay, Rachel?" Stephanie asked as the doors to the grocery store whooshed open.

"Yeah..." Rachel lied, still doing what mothers of young children called the potty dance. She looked at the ladies room. "But...I gotta go...checkmymakeup!" She managed to break free and sprint for the women's room. She felt a trickle leave her bladder and soak into the waiting padding.

"Ooookay!" Stephanie called out after her. "I'm going to start shopping and get some of the stuff I need. Come find me as soon as you're out of the potty, okay?"

Rachel didn't bother to answer as she ran into the bathroom for the open stall. Rachel sat on the toilet and immediately relaxed her bladder. To her horror, her ears were greeted with a hissing sound instead of the familiar tinkle. Her crotch became warm and wet. She had forgotten to pull her pants down!

Rachel stood up and frantically pulled her pants down. She was so fast and frantic, in fact, that she accidentally pulled them off over her shoes and off of her. Her jeans went sliding out from under the stall door. Great, just another thing going wrong.

She inspected the rest of herself. There was no urine running down her legs, no leaks. Apparently the pad worked just as well on pee as it did on blood. Rachel made a note to herself to never ever let Stephanie know this information.

Gingerly, Rachel pulled her panties down to inspect the damage. The padding was soaked, through and through, and the smell of ammonia wafted up to her nostrils. Gross.

She carefully searched for the adhesive strips that kept the pad in place, so she could take it off, but couldn't find them. Furthermore, the padding seemed to have expanded so much, that it now occupied the majority of her panties instead of just the main strategic area down below.

She searched through her pink satchel bag for another pad. Maybe she could figure out how to get it off. Instead of a pad, her hand drew out an entirely new pair of panties. They were white, and had the same smiling cartoon bees stenciled into them. Rachel looked inside of them and noticed that there was thin padding on the inside.

Feeling like she didn't have much choice, and finding it hard to remember how that the padded undergarment could have gotten there, Rachel resigned herself to changing her underwear as well as her pad. She kicked off the sodden pair of panties that she had put on this morning, wiped herself gingerly, and pulled the new pair of thinly padded panties up her waist, all while not taking off her shoes. Now, came the hard part.

She picked up her wet panties and balled them up, a light crinkle echoing through the restroom as she did so. She hadn't heard anyone come into the restroom, so presumably, she was alone. The problem was Rachel couldn't be sure how long that would last, and it wouldn't do to be caught in this situation; her jeans lying somewhere on the floor being a dead giveaway of her current predicament.

Rachel counted to three, then opened the stall door. Immediately she went to the nearest trashcan and tossed her panties in. Then she whirled around and looked for her pants. They were nowhere to be found. Where the hell could they have gone? Then, Rachel caught sight of herself in the mirror.

Her hair was now done up in pigtails. Her red shirt with frilly sleeves had somehow elongated into a dress that stopped just above her knees. Right before her eyes, it changed color, too- from hot red to baby blue. What in the world was going on?

Then it became obvious. Her clothes were transforming, and so was her mind. But not her body. She was turning into a giant baby. She was turning into some kind of freak. Either that or she was going insane! And it all had something to do with that package that had shown up on her doorstep. She had to find Stephanie. She'd know what to do; Stephanie always knew what to do.

Rachel gathered up her pink satchel and sprinted out of the restroom door and into the grocery store.

"Stephanie!" She called. "Help! Stephanie!" Then another impulse forced its way into her brain. "Mommy!" she screamed. "Mooooommmmy!"

A sign caught her eye right then. It read: "Aisle 9, Feminine Hygiene, Baby Products." Feminine Hygiene! If she could get another brand of maxi pad, or even a tampon, maybe it would stop all the craziness that was going on. She rushed to aisle nine and sprinted. She wasn't halfway down the aisle when she stopped dead in her tracks.

Right in front of her on the Baby Products Shelf were packages upon packages of diapers. The pictures on each package were of different young women wearing nothing but the diapers, all doing infantile things. One was crawling, one was on her back, and another appeared to be walking unsteadily. All had a look of pure bliss on their face. The packages all read "Bay-Bee® Diapers"

Rachel's panties felt much thicker all of a sudden. She felt pressure build up in her bowels. She heard a distinct crinkling sound as she bowed her legs out and squatted. She knew what she was about to do, but she couldn't help herself. She pushed and felt the warm poop ooze out between her cheeks. She pushed again and felt more come out and push against the seat her panties. Soon she was empty, and was standing there in a dress, pigtails, frilly socks, pink Velcro shoes, and what she knew, too late, to be a poopy diaper.

"There you are!" Stephanie called out pushing a shopping cart. Her wardrobe had changed to a concealing yellow dress with a floral pattern. "Mommy was so worried about you sweetie! Don't ever run away from her again, okay?" Rachel was speechless. Was this really happening? "Looks like you were trying to be Mommy's helper by carrying around your diaper bag and finding your favorite diapers." Sarah cooed. Then she sniffed the air. "And I think I can guess why. Come on, you little stinker."

Stephanie took Rachel's hand, and picked up a package of "Bay-Bee" diapers, depositing them in the shopping cart. With one hand she pushed the cart towards the checkout line, and with the other she dragged Rachel along behind her. Rachel could only be led. Her feet had stopped listening to her.

"Steph, snap out of this!" Rachel pleaded. "Please, something weird is going on here and neither of us are acting like we normally do." Stephanie just ignored her. "Stephanie! Please! Listen to me. I'm your best friend, not your baby!"

Stephanie made them approach the checkout line. She reached into her purse which had suddenly materialized with this latest wardrobe change and slapped a fifty dollar bill and a twenty on the counter. "This should cover everything," she said. "Would you mind ringing me up while I go change my daughter's diaper?"

"No problem." the cashier said. A new round of begging and screaming began as Rachel was picked up and carried again towards the women's restroom, the mush in her backside shifting around as Stephanie supported her rump. But it was to no avail. It was as if Stephanie couldn't understand her anymore. Rachel was carried into the restroom, where she noticed a much larger than average changing table mounted on the wall. It was labeled "Bay-Bee Changing Station".

Stephanie pulled the tray down and hefted Rachel onto it. Rachel was pushed down on her back before she could struggle, and a strap was pulled across her body. "Just a minute, baby girl," Stephanie cooed to her roommate. "Let's get this over with and you'll feel so much better, so much more confident."

She reached into the diaper bag that had once been Rachel's purse and pulled out a pacifier. Its nipple was ruby red. Stephanie placed the pacifier on Rachel's lips, and Rachel instantly began to suck on it. All Rachel could do now was grumble around the pacifier, not being able to make any coherent sounds. Her lips were practically stuck together. It was like her lips just puckered up and the binky did the rest.

Rachel's dress was lifted up and her poopy panties-now a full blown diaper- was in plain view. A tearing noise echoed through the bathroom as Stephanie undid the tapes of the diaper and unfolded it, airing Rachel's mess out. Rachel's legs were lifted into the air, and she found herself staring at her pink shoes and frilly socks while she sucked on her paci. She blushed a deep crimson as Stephanie took out a tub of baby-wipes from the diaper bag and started wiping her bottom.

Stephanie balled up the used diaper and threw it away. She reached into the diaper bag and pulled out a fresh one. "Whoops, last one," Stephanie commented. "Good thing we just bought some more, huh, sweetie?" She unfolded it and slid it under Rachel's butt. Rachel winced as she felt the thick and soft padding beneath her.

Stephanie took out some baby oil, and squirted some into her hand before rubbing it all over Rachel. "To keep your cute little tushie soft and smooth," she said.

Next, she took out some baby powder and sprinkled it all over Rachel's backside and crotch. "To make you smell your best." she explained. With that, she pulled the diaper up tight between Rachel's legs and taped the sides shut. "All better!" She proclaimed. She then unbuckled and picked up the helpless Rachel, before sliding the changing tray back into place. She gave Rachel a peck on the cheek and exited the restroom. All Rachel could do was suck on the pacifier.

Upon exiting the restroom, Rachel noticed that the shopping cart was right by the door, all the groceries bagged up, and some change was left in the baby seat. As they moved toward the exit, Rachel then saw a middle aged woman pushing a large pink stroller into the grocery store. Inside the stroller was a young girl who looked to be about 11 or 12- 13 tops. About the age when young women get their first period. The girl was bawling her eyes out and was wearing nothing but a pink t-shirt and a diaper. It didn't take Rachel any time at all to realize what had happened.

"Mommy!" the young girl wailed from her stroller. "You promised these weren't diapers! You promised!"

"Looks like someone is a little fussy." Stephanie commented to the older woman. The older woman sighed in exasperation.

"I can't figure out what's gotten into her, today," the woman said. "She is normally such a sweet baby."

"Maybe she's wet or messy," Stephanie suggested. "My Ray-Ray here is always fussy when she needs to be changed. Isn't that right, honey?"

Rachel tried to shout "Noooooooo!" but her lips were absolutely stuck to the pacifier and wouldn't open for any reason.

"Good idea," the woman said as she looked into a diaper bag. "Hmm...only one left. Well good thing we're at the grocery store." She pushed the stroller into the bathroom, and Rachel could make out the girl's screams as she heard the tapes to the girl's diaper were ripped off.

Stephanie pushed the cart and carried Rachel out into the parking lot. Strange things were happening out there too. More cars pulled in, and women dressed as oversized babies were being taken out of overgrown car seats. Some were crying, some looked confused, a few didn't even seem to notice anything was wrong.

She saw a van with the hatchback open. A woman was laying in the back while what must have been her husband was unbuttoning the crotch snaps of her onesie. A crying teenage girl was being dragged into the store by her balding father while her five-year-old sister was proclaiming that she was the big sister now. She saw a middle aged woman, breastfeeding a young lady in her mid-twenties.

All of this was happening, and more. There didn't seem to be any way to stop it. Rachel looked at all of this and she did the one thing she could do. She cried.

The End

Retrospective:

After the giant and ongoing series that was Dante's Infanzia the first time around, it was nice to do a one and done. I love novels. Sometimes it's just good to get a short little story out, too.

This is also the first time where I really experimented with altered reality, unreliable narrators, and mental regression. As far as I'm aware, I'm really well known for all of those these days. But really, Dante didn't count in my brain.

Dante was a coming of age story and closer to modern or urban fantasy with abdl elements than a proper abdl mental regression story. Granted the coming of age involved diapers and happened after the main character died, but that's a neat thing about that particular story.

Sample Pack? Unreliable narrator. Forced Babying. Forced Mommying. Real mental regression. in some regards this one hasn't aged as well, but overall I think it holds up.

I also remember that one of the first comments I saw posted on this particular story was

someone “not getting it”. They didn’t remember clothes changing, or the rules of the magic being explained. Or they criticized how I added in the grocery store at the last minute, not citing it as being part of their original plan.

I now think that person was an outlier and I trust my audience more. The whole point was that reality was altering along with memories and perceptions. But I’m betting you know that. This person didn’t.

If I rewrote this, one of the things I’d change (besides double checking with my wife to make sure that women really talk this way) is limiting the number of times that Rachel realizes something is wrong with her clothes. You’re smart enough to get where I’m being inconsistent and know that I’m doing it on purpose.

Oh, and yes: This story was my deliberate attempt to mimic the stories of one, Long-Rifle. <https://www.deviantart.com/long-rifle>

It’s not a secret that I’m a fan of his and his stories are what really got me into reading and writing ABDL to begin with. His story, Dana, led me to finding all of his works present on Foxtales Times. FTT led me to message boards and more diaper stories which led me to Daily Diapers, which yada yada yada, paved the way for where I am now.

I still think I pulled a few more visceral punches than the grand master of ABDL horror porn and unfair endings would have, but that’s okay. Sample Pack was written as a tribute to Long-Rifle’s scary yet crinkly brand, and thus has some of the undertones while still being its own thing.

Back in the USSR is a tribute to the Beach Boys, but it’s still very much a Beatles song, even though you can see the stylistic nods throughout if you listen and have that context. No don’t draw any further parallels with the metaphor, here. I’m not on the same level as the Beatles. Long-Rifle is not as underrated as the Beach Boys. It’s just that sometimes artists pay friendly nods to each other. This was one such nod.

(Fun fact if you don’t already know. The “Terrible Twosome” quasi villain narrators are named after C.S. Fox and Long-Rifle.)

Also, for people who obsessively read my little ins and outs: The Bay-Bee company has become a recurring, perhaps multiversal thing for me. Whenever I need an insidious but slightly hamfisted and not quite explained entity that diapers grown adults and regresses them, in comes Bay-Bee. This was technically the first Bay-Bee story.

Thanks for walking down memory lane for me.

-Personalias