

Prologue: What's in a name?

Jamie Vasquez leaned back on the couch in her office, nursing her boy toy. This past year's model, Jackson, mewled as he suckled from her teat; using one hand to knead and squeeze at her right breast, while the other one clumsily groped and stroked her left.

Jackson hadn't been much to look at before Jamie "promoted" him to product tester, but he was quite the sight now. Both of them were, in fact. She, with her light pink business suit with blazer, skirt, and matching heels, with her crisp white blouse unbuttoned to reveal a nursing bra. Him, wearing nothing more than a disposable diaper with and a baby blue bonnet, a matching terry bib with the words "Mommy's Messy Eater" catching the little drops of milk dribbling from his lips.

Jamie hummed tunelessly as Jackson nursed, patting the back of his Pampers. Elmo and Cookie Monster smiled outward from Jackson's bum towards the wall of monitors in front of Jamie; an odd mix of CNN, Fox News, Stock Market Feeds, TV Land, Turner Classic Movies, PBS, and good old fashioned porn broadcasting from the myriad of screens. Jamie never spent more than a minute focusing on any given feed, but this was easier than changing the channels. Jackson, as trained, really only paid attention to the latter two.

She looked down at the diaper and smiled back at the cartoon characters. It had been tricky brokering that private deal with Procter & Gamble to give her her own private stock of scaled up diapers, Jamie reflected, but it had been worth it. She wanted anyone who might walk in on her and her baby boyfriends to instantly realize who and what they were looking at.

Even a millisecond of a potential associate wondering if that bulging white and pastel around the grown man's hips were anything other than a diaper was a waste in her opinion. She was the one in charge; he was nothing more than the baby. It also stopped her men from attempting to lie to themselves or rationalize their situation. Not that Jackson had had any illusions about what a big baby he had been for the longest time. He had held out longer than most, but those days were long since passed.

Jamie's nose wrinkled involuntarily as she inhaled. She pulled back the waistband of the giant infant's diaper and took a peek inside. Satisfied, she reached around and gave the front end a tender squeeze with equally satisfying results. Even through the layers of soaked padding, she felt Jackson's member go stiff and rigid, his entire body shuddering in complete anticipation. A few precious seconds later, Jackson began dry humping the palm of her hand, whimpering and moaning into her breasts while he rubbed up against her. Though, to be precise, calling it "dry" humping wouldn't have been the best descriptor considering the state of his Pampers.

It was kind of pitiful, really. The act was more akin to what a horny lapdog might do as opposed to a real man. Truth was though, Jamie had long since had her fill of "real" men. Considering what he had likely wanted to do to her when they first met, Jamie infinitely preferred this. Jamie sighed and pushed her thick black rimmed glasses back up her nose with her free hand. She was bored, frankly, and feeling a little claustrophobic. The man-baby who was trying to suck out creamy thick white stuff from her while trying to eject his own brand into his diaper wasn't helping the situation.

Jamie might have been the "Mommy" in this scenario, but she felt trapped at the moment. Jamie hated feeling trapped. Best to end it quickly, and get it over with.

She bent her head to Jackson's ear, and with practiced phrasing and intonation, she whispered, "Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby makes cummies in his diapers." A tired and muffled moan escaped Jackson's lips as he was brought to the point of orgasm by those simple and perverse words. He went slack in her lap, panting heavily.

A quiet "Thank you, Mommy" escaped his lips as he closed his eyes and adjusted himself. So that he laid with his head in her lap.

"Good baby," Jamie cooed as she stroked Jackson's forehead. It was more out of habit, this phrase, than any actual tenderness.

Jamie pursed her lips, looking down at him. She took a deep breath and wrinkled her nose again. Better. But not good.

“Nanny,” Jamie called, “change the baby, please.”

“YeS, MiSs VaSqUeZ,” the thing in the black maid’s outfit replied with a mechanical and stilted intonation of each syllable. Then again, why shouldn’t Nanny sound mechanical? It was, after all, a machine. The automaton was top of the line and cutting edge in its design and capabilities, but there was still something not quite right about it. Maybe it was the slightly jerky way that it moved, or how its facial expressions never seemed sincere- it was something to do with the eyes, Jamie suspected. Its speech patterns also had that undeniable clunk to them, like when dealing with the automated operator on the telephone. If you didn’t suspect that Nanny wasn’t human before you talked to her, you were certain of it after but a few words.

So even though Nanny had curly brown hair that a cancer patient would kill for, or amazingly realistic skin and body proportions, it still somehow managed to fall and get stuck somewhere in the uncanny valley. Fortunately, Jamie didn’t need another human, she just needed something to deal with Jackson’s diaper.

Nanny picked Jackson up as easily as if he were a cat and carried him to the changing table at the back of Jamie’s office. Jamie hadn’t changed Jackson’s diaper herself in weeks now, and if Jackson knew anything, that fact may have caused him worry. Fortunately, worrying, or most any kind of forethought was beyond Jackson’s capabilities these days. Jamie’s particular brand of training and conditioning her little toys had that affect after a while.

Still, she mused to herself, Jackson had managed to thoroughly use his diaper without Jamie noticing; and that was something new. No grunts of discomfort, no squirming or re-positioning so he could wet himself. No silent “Ahhhs” as he relieved himself in his pants. No moaning, or anything that might indicate that he might even be aware of the condition of his innards or the state of his diaper. As far as Jamie could tell, he was in a clean diaper one minute, and then he wasn’t. Perhaps he had finally crossed the line from Dominance induced dependence, and was now well and truly incontinent.

Or perhaps, Jamie thought as she got up from the couch and picked up her breast pump from the little table beside her couch, maybe she just wasn't as attentive to him anymore.

While Jackson was having his intimates wiped down and the heavily used diaper slipped out from underneath him, Jamie was expressing breast milk into a bottle and walking to the monitors that adorned her wall. She had won the game, again, and she loved winning. But as any player might tell you, the thrill is in the journey more than the victory. But before she could start anew, it was time to end the game.

As Jackson's privates were being powdered and a fresh Pampers slid under him, Jamie reached into her pocket and pulled out the little case that she always kept with her. Fifty years ago, it might have been a cigarette case, with its black leather coating and silver lining around the edges. But when she popped it open, only a single blue tablet remained.

She crushed the tablet in the palm of her hand before slipping it into the bottle with her expressed milk. Disturbingly, the milk made little fizzing sounds as the chunks of blue powder mixed with it. Should she give Jackson the talk before giving him the bottle, or not? She thought it over only briefly before deciding against it. Jackson wasn't strong enough for the talk. Not anymore.

"Bottle time," Jamie practically sang as Nanny finished taping Jackson's new diaper shut. "Here you go, sweetie," she offered the bottle to the man baby still lying on the changing table.

Jackson snatched it up, enthusiastically and popped it into his mouth. Jamie smiled. He took a few greedy pulls from the nipple before stopping abruptly. The bottle fell from Jackson's mouth and tumbled to the floor.

“Mommy?!” Jackson whimpered, looking both hurt and betrayed.

“Nanny,” Jamie ordered. “Hold the baby down while I give him his bottle.” Two impossibly strong hands grabbed the man by the shoulders, pinning him down to the mat.

Jackson didn’t scream or kick or cry, but his breath was becoming more and more ragged with each passing second while Jamie bent over and picked up the bottle. He wasn’t fighting though, not really. He was fidgeting just enough so that what was left of his dignity could be maintained at the very end.

They knew in the end. Somehow they always knew. Maybe it was the pill. All the other pills were tasteless, so why shouldn’t this final be just as bland? But why would it need to be? More likely, maybe it was something in Jamie’s own eyes that gave it away.

“Don’t you want your ba-ba?” Jamie asked, still partly in character, while she offered the bottle to Jackson. Jackson, for his part, kept his mouth shut. Jamie’s nostrils flared, but she repressed her frustration. Then she sighed. Fine. Time to do it the easy way.

“Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby drinks his ba-ba.”

Jackson’s lips reached out and accepted the nipple. His sucking wasn’t greedy or mewling or infantile this time though. It was more controlled; more mechanized; like how Nanny might drink a bottle if she were capable. The man baby’s breath, meanwhile was becoming labored and heavy. He was having a panic attack.

“Shhhhh,” Jamie stroked her old toy’s cheeks. “It’s alright, baby. It’s alright. Everything’s gonna be fine.” As far as Jamie was concerned, it was true, too. In a little under a minute, Jackson would never experience anything akin to real worry or fear or anger or sadness ever again. She

brushed aside the tears that were starting to pour out from Jackson's eyes as the bottle emptied and hollow slurping sounds rang around the plastic cylinder.

Then she uttered the words: "Bye bye big boy."

Jackson's body convulsed as his eyes, the one thing left to him looked around the room in a panic. Jamie took his face in her hands.

"Look at me, baby." She ordered. "Just look at me. It's almost done. Just let it happen. It's okay. It's okay. Good baby." Tonally, she might have been a nurse instructing a patient to stay conscious despite the pain, but really, the opposite was what was happening. Jamie never could pinpoint the exact moment when it happened, when the last vestiges of intelligence and rational thought left the subject. But by the time the body stopped shaking, only a blank and non-understanding gaze looked back at her. Jackson had literally been born again.

"Good baby," she said, before giving him one final kiss on the forehead.

"Nanny," she turned to the brown haired automaton. "Bundle that up and call Beatrice. See if she's still interested."

"YeS, MiSs VaSqUeZ." The robot responded, releasing Jackson just long enough to fetch a rather large swaddling blanket from under the changing table and begin the task of properly wrapping the tremendous bundle of joy. Jamie had made a few obscenely rich friends who wanted their own big babies to play with and do whatever they wanted to them. They didn't have the knowledge, or the means that Jamie possessed, so they had to settle for her leftovers and paid her for the privilege. Of course, her old dolls couldn't be trusted to keep certain secrets, could they? So the final bottle was a necessary precaution.

No one minded though. Her friends felt it made their big babies more “authentic”. The babies, for they couldn’t even be called “man babies” by this point, didn’t notice the difference. Everyone was cared for, everyone was happy in their own limited way, and Jamie got a fresh start.

Speaking of which, who was next?

Jamie sashayed over to the wall of monitors and pressed a button on the upper left screen. All of the monitors blinked and switched from their respective channels to a series of high angled overhead shots. Gone was the music. Gone were the various talking heads in the media or the commercials. Instead, a rather dull ticking of numbers at the bottom indicating the date and time rolled by endlessly on each screen.

The views on the monitors were decidedly mundane: Some showed the little corporate lemmings in accounting plucking away at their computers. Others showed salesmen and advertisers making calls. A few showed the brutes in the shipping department loading and unloading boxes and crates. A few went to the bathroom. The whole affair was decidedly boring and free of narrative, but, you could only get so much from security cameras.

“Nanny, get over here once you’ve put that baby to bed,” Jamie ordered.

“YeS, MiSs VaSqUeZ,” the mechanical assistant responded back. Jamie was only slightly distracted by Jackson’s whimpering as he was loaded into an oversized cot.

“Nanny,” Jamie pointed to the screen? “Who’s this?” Jamie pointed to a little boy of man, with long blonde hair that almost matched her own. The pretty boy looked like puberty had barely touched him as he wandered from monitor to monitor passing out coffee to his superiors.

“ChEcKiNg EmPIOyEe ReGiStRy,” Nanny whirred. Then it spit out, “KaYdEn ThOmPsOn.”

Jamie pursed her lips and twisted them to one side of her face. Obviously, she didn't like that answer. Still, better to be safe than sorry. She reached into the other side of her coat pocket and pulled out the only other material possession besides the case that she kept on her at all times.

It was small enough to fit into her hand. Smaller than a smartphone, and slightly bigger than a compact mirror; though to be sure it had more in common with the former than it did with the latter. Gingerly, she touched the screen and entered a few figures into the tiny machine. Then she gazed with the same rapt expectation that a gambling addict throws to the slot machines.

The little square device let out a tiny buzzing noise, and Jamie frowned.

"He's adorable," Jamie sighed. "But no." Jamie stared up at the screen. She pointed out a fat, middle aged balding man. Not exactly her type, but it wasn't like she was planning to have sex with him. His bodily proportions were more in line to what she wanted to treat him as, anyways.

"What about that one?" Jamie asked.

"JaSoN SpArKmAn," the droid responded.

"Hmmm....Jason," Jamie said as she typed a few more figures into her little gadget. Once again, she was met with a sharp buzz from her mini-computer.

"Close, but no cigar," Jamie remarked, before going down the monitors. Then she spied on the breakroom. There were three of them, propping their heels up, and laughing about something the other had said. One had a terrible case of adult acne. No thank

you. Another had a beard that was very close to being against company grooming codes. Jamie didn't particularly like beards. Hard to guess what was underneath them. Jamie wasn't about to have a bearded baby, but she didn't want to have to guess at what her future toy might look like underneath. Most likely a pass. And then there was the third.

He was skinny, but not scrawny. It was always hard to tell from the camera, but he was decently tall, without being lanky. Lithe was more like it. Definite runner's body. She imagined him having a few inches on her, but not quite towering over her.

He appeared to be older than Jamie, but not too much older. That was nothing new. At twenty-six and running one of the world's largest corporations, there were still plenty of men who had a few years on her. This one appeared to be in that sweet spot in the transition to a "young professional" to just a "professional". He was in his late twenties to early thirties, tops.

His dark black hair was kept short enough that a comb wouldn't have affected very much it at all. Whether that was intentional or an attempt to hide any thinning spots, Jamie didn't know. It wasn't quite military short; just toddler short. Jamie shivered at that thought and smiled.

"Nanny," she pointed at the ring leader leaning back in his chair with his hands folded behind his head. "That one?"

"JaCk GrAiNgEr," the automaton recited.

Again, Jamie shuddered. She pressed the tiny screen in the palm of her hand and licked her lips with anticipation. A pleasant ding greeted her ears, and Jamie felt herself getting moist with anticipation.

Jamie had had Jacksons, and Johns, and Jims and even a Jaqueline when she wanted to experiment with a baby girl. But never a Jack. It was too simple. Too easy. And yet, here it was. A perfect opportunity to test her theories. She might never get another, better chance.

“He’ll do,” she grinned. “Start the procedures and send him word of his new promotion.”

Jack: The Boy Who Cried Wolf

“So no shit, there I was,” Jack leaned forward in his chair over the breakroom table. “I just got done running on the treadmill for a good solid hour, and I’m sweating balls, so I hit the showers. And it’s a slow day, in the middle of summer in a college town, so there’s not a lot of people there that day.”

“Yeah?” Rick tentatively stroked his beard, waiting for Jack to continue another one of his stories from his misbegotten youth.

“Yeah,” Jack nods. “So I’m bored, so I start singing.”

“Oh,” Marty half blanched, half belched, “You sing in the shower? You’re not one of those people, are you?”

“In public no less,” Rick shook his head, mirroring Marty’s judgement. “You combine the awkwardness of singing in public with showering outside of your own bathroom?”

“What?” Jack shrugged. “Singing in the shower’s actually really good for your tone. The acoustics make it so that you can hear yourself if you’re off pitch. It’s science.”

“But in public?” Rick asked. “And show tunes?”

“Are you gonna let me finish my story, or what?” Jack asked, eager to get on with his tale. He took their continued silence for acquiescence. “So I’m just singing greased lightning,” Jack continued. “Doing my thing.” He started to pantomime washing his hair.

“When all of a sudden,” Jack paused for effect. “I hear singing. And it sounds just like from the movie. And my first thought is, ‘Hey, I’m pretty good’. Like, maybe the echo or something is giving my voice that little extra oomph.”

Jack’s coworkers cocked their heads, starting to be drawn into the story.

“But the voice isn’t quite right. And I don’t sound that much like a singer. Like it’s not quite keeping my tempo, or something. I think maybe by coincidence the music was playing somewhere else, but the tempo is a little off and I know I’ve got the right tempo. I can hear the song perfectly in my head. And that’s when I realize that I hear this other, really familiar, voice singing with me, but there’s no music. And then I stop, and the voice keeps singing.”

“So somebody’s joined you singing in the shower,” Marty chuckled, his pock marked face breaking out into a grin. “That’s gotta be awkward.”

“Hold up, it gets better,” Jack said. “So I stop, and then the guy singing with me quits singing and says ‘Don’t stop, you’re pretty good’.”

“Heh...phrasing” Rick muttered.

“But there’s something reeeeeally familiar about this voice. “ Jack went on, ignoring his work buddies. “So I turn off the water, wrap a towel around me, and get out, and right there in the locker room with me, is John Travolta.

“Bullshit,” both of Jack’s friends remarked.

“What?!” Jack asked, incredulous that he would be disbelieved so easily. “It’s true. John Travolta went to the same gym that I did on a slow day and heard me singing in the shower, so he just joins in.”

“You were singing in the shower with John Travolta?” Marty asked.

“I mean, not like that,” Jack held his hands up in front of him as if it were some form of physical defense against Marty’s incredulity. “I was in the shower, getting ready to leave. He’d just come in and was putting stuff away in a locker. He heard me singing, and when you’re John Travolta, apparently you’re gonna sing back.”

“There’s no way,” Marty shook his head.

“Absolutely no way,” Rick echoed.

“Oh really?” Jack dug into his pocket and pulled out his phone. “Then how’d I get this?”

Jack pulled up a picture and showed it to them. The picture had a much younger Jack in it, back when he was still in college or just out of it; back when acting like a teenager might still be expected of him, when he was just young and not so much immature. And as for Travolta, he had that kind of well preserved timelessness to him, likely from botox or whatever those celebrities used to stay looking so young, but he was there in the picture nonetheless.

“Holy shit!” Marty exclaimed. “I can’t believe it!”

“Believe it,” Jack laughed.

“Dude,” Rick shook his head, still seemingly disbelieving. “Awesome story and all, but that’s a new phone.”

“I keep that picture on me at all times,” Jack grinned. “just so I can tell that story and shut the haters up. That picture has had a home in five phones by now.”

“And I thought all your stories were complete bull,” Rick said.

“Yeah, me too,” Marty agreed.

“What?” Jack frowned. “What do you mean?”

“You gotta admit your stories do get a bit far-fetched,” Rick said bluntly.

“And you’re kind of a know-it-all,” Marty added.

“Know it all?” Jack sat up, feeling hurt. “Like how.”

“How many times have you told us how to improve our sales pitches?” Marty asked.

“A....couple,” Jack admitted reluctantly.

“And yet there’s the little matter of you’re behind both me and Marty this month.” Rick said.
“And this is probably the first of your stories that you have proof.”

“What other so-called stories have I told?” Jack sat up straight, frowning.

“Your perfect SAT score.” Rick said.

“I did have a perfect score,” Jack said defensively.

“Or how you could have gone to law school but you settled for a B.A. in English?” Marty added.

“I didn’t feel like law was the right thing for me,” Jack countered.

“Or how you influenced the development of the latest edition of Dungeons & Dragons?” Rick continued.

“No,” Jack corrected, “it was how one of my campaigns became the basis for the playtest.”

“Or how you briefly trained as a wrestler with a WWE Hall of Famer?” Marty said.

“He wasn’t in the Hall of Fame at the time,” Jack explained, “And, I’ll add, his wife was a total bitch.”

“What about that theatre troupe, you started?” Rick asked. “The one that was going to be a full-time job and support itself doing off-broadway plays?”

“What about it?” Jack asked.

“You’ve been working sales here for almost two years,” Rick pointed out, “and not once have you gotten salesperson of the month. You’re good talk, and your stories are fun, but when push comes to shove; that’s all you are; talk and stories.”

“Best case scenario, you’re a cocky know-it-all.” Marty said.

“Worst case scenario?” Jack asked, his blood pressure skyrocketing.

“You ever hear of the boy who cried wolf?” Rick said.

“But...but... I’ve got Travolta!” Jack pointed to the ten year old picture he kept on his phone.

“Okay, that’s one.” Marty said, but in no way sounded like he was conceding. “Everything else, you say you either got bored with or it didn’t pan out.”

“Well,” Jack said, “it didn’t. But it all happened.”

“Prove it,” both of his co-workers said in unison.

“If I wanted to, I could be running this place in no time.” Jack pounded his fist on the breakroom table. “I could be the department manager.”

“All you’d have to do is apply yourself,” Rick rolled his eyes, “and you’d be vice president in charge of sales at Infinitech.”

“I...” Jack stuttered, feeling flustered, “I could be your boss. I’m just one lucky break and a bit of hard work away from getting a promotion.”

“Uh huh...” both friends said, but their tones showed that they didn’t believe a word of it.

That’s when the door to the breakroom flung open. Enter Miss Penelope Martin: Head of the Sale’s Department and supervisor to all three men. To say that she was an intimidating woman, would be an understatement. She had a way of staring at you with her beady, lifeless, perpetually squinting eyes that were never quite in focus. Her upper lip, covered in a fine gray fuzz, was constantly curled, as if she was disgusted just to exist. Either that, or she always had something stuck in her teeth and she was trying to lick and trying to suck at the offending article of food.

Her fashion of dress, while technically business appropriate, did nothing to flatter her bulbous figure or her multiple chins, or how her gut perpetually arrived a few inches before the rest of her.

Despite this her decidedly flabby physique, anyone brave enough to analyze her walk might notice that none of her fat seemed to move or jiggle as she moved. It was as if she were made of plastic. She didn’t walk, so much as slide across the floor. Had she been an animal, she would have been a slug, complete with a trail of slime marking her passage. Yet, based on the way she interacted with her subordinates, they were the slugs to her, and she was the salt shaker.

An employee knew when Penelope Martin was around because everyone she had passed was busy nervously clacking away at their computers or calling up companies on the phone, desperate to avoid her attention. All three got up from the chairs, hesitating only because Miss Martin's frame still filled the doorway.

"Grainger," she said in her signature, phlegmy monotone. "H.R. wants to see you."

"Meeee?" Jack squeaked out.

"You," she said.

Jack looked at his friends, and then back to Miss Martin.

"Wh-Why?" Jack asked.

"I don't know," Miss Martin said. She practically spat the word "don't." Penelope Martin was a terrible sales person, with almost no interpersonal skills besides the subtle art of the dead eyed stare down. This same quality made her an excellent supervisor, however.

Miss Martin let out something that might have been a deflated sigh, or some sort of groan before adding, "Something about a promotion...I think." She said. "Go."

A promotion?! Jack looked to his friends, his mouth agape. And while Marty and Rick's jaws weren't exactly hitting the floor, they too looked a bit like fish who had been thrown out of the lake.

"Excuse me, ma'am," Jack said, as he slid by Miss Martin's, feeling happier with each step. Finally, he was being noticed for his talents. His coworkers were still statues, frozen by either Miss Martin's icy glare, or by the shock and awe that yet another one of Jack's "wild stories" was about to be true; at least a little. He didn't honestly expect to be "running the place," but a step up on the corporate ladder was a good start.

Jack peeked back over Miss Martin's shoulder and flashed Marty and Rick a double thumbs up coupled with the biggest shit eating grin he could muster.

"Grainger," Miss Martin had suddenly done a one hundred and eighty degree turn and was now staring up at Jack. "Go."

Jack turned around and all-but ran to the stairwell so he could go the H.R. department.

The Odd Interview

"Excuse me?" Jack asked, leaning forward in the uncomfortable wooden chair.

"At what age were you potty trained?" Shelly from the H.R. department repeated with a calm and smooth delivery as if she had asked such an oddly personal and specific question routinely. What Jack didn't know was that she probably did.

Shelly was in her mid-sixties, with long black hair that went down to the middle of her back. Hippy hair. Cher hair. Her lipstick was a little too red in Jack's opinion and her eye shadow a tad too dark. Her nails a little too long. She was at that magical age where she was well past her mid-life crisis, and probably only a few years from a proper retirement, yet she hadn't quite settled in to aging gracefully. The fact that she was old enough to be Jack's mother, and was asking when he had learned to wipe himself was also off putting. Statistically speaking, she was closer to diapers than he was. Realistically speaking, Jack's assessment was completely wrong.

What Jack didn't know was that Shelly really only interviewed for one particular position. The rest of her time was spent serving a very particular clientele. She wasn't just kept on retainer for Infinitch because she had a certain amount of experience in reading individual tendencies; but also because she had a special place in Jaime's heart as a mentor of sorts.

The interview had started off normally enough. With Shelly asking the typical questions: "What College did you attend?" "What is your greatest strength?" "Where do you have room to improve?" Then things starting getting weird. Jack had already told this woman his full name, (Jack Ronald Grainger), his height (six feet even), and his weight, (a hundred and seventy five pounds), along with his hobbies, (Jack mentioned his brief stint on the track team in high school, but left out his time as a professional wrestler) and then she had swerved into "When were you potty trained?".

"I'm not sure what that has to do with me and the job," Jack shifted nervously.

"Do you remember being potty trained?" Shelly pressed, one eye brow raising slightly above the other and a thin smile of pleasure spreading across her lips.

"Uh, no, I guess." Jack scratched the back of his head.

“Well, that either means you matured early or you have a poor memory.” Shelly asked, while she typed notes on her computer.

“Oh, I’ve got a great memory,” Jack insisted. “I remember almost everything. Even stuff that you wouldn’t think a person should.”

“So, when were you potty trained?” Shelly repeated, sounding more annoyed this time. She had been sincerely hoping for him to make note on how ‘mature’ he was or wasn’t. The little boys in big bodies so often did.

Jack shrugged. “Two and a half, I guess.”

“I see,” Shelly clicked her tongue. “Average.” And then she typed some more notes on her computer.

“But I learned really fast,” Jack countered. “I’m told that it took me only two weeks before I was dry during the day, and a week after that to stop wetting the bed.

“So you’re telling me you went from diapers to Pull Ups to potty trained in less than a month?” Shelly cocked an eyebrow. Clearly she found this claim of potty proficiency dubious.

“I didn’t wear Pull Ups,” Jack interjected.

“Of course you did,” Shelly insisted.

“No Ma’am. Pull Ups weren’t released until 1989,” Jack said, “I would have been four.”

Jack watched as Shelly typed into her computer and began scrolling, likely googling that information. Jack sat back and crossed his arms, waiting to be proved right. Shelly squinted and leaned in the computer.

“How did...?” Shelly started to ask, before letting the question drop off into the air. It was odd. She suddenly seemed disturbed or thrown off by Jack’s answer. She had no problem asking him about diapers, but now that he suddenly demonstrated a bit of knowledge on the subject she seemed borderline disgusted with him. “Do you have a fe....?” she stuttered and cut herself off. “Are you an adu...?”

“Genius?” Jack shook his head. “No. I just have a really good memory. I go to Trivia Night every Tuesday,” Jack said confidently. “I remember the answer to every question they ask, even the ones I don’t get right at first. Then if it ever comes up again, I know it. Needless to say, I win a lot more than I lose.” Then he winked. “Told you I have a great memory.”

“Shelly,” a voice from over Jack’s shoulder called out. “Are you done interviewing all of the candidates for that position yet?” Jack turned around, instinctively looking for the source of the voice.

She wore blue jeans and a pink t-shirt that while not too tight, nicely displayed her breasts. Jack thought so anyways. She wore her blonde hair down and it stopped just at her shoulders. She was definitely younger than Jack, but didn’t look so young as to be a “kid”. She had a relaxed casualness about her as she walked right past Jack as if he weren’t even in the room.

“I’m just about to head out for the day,” the young woman leaned over the desk, “and I wanted to know how things were progressing.”

“We’re on our last candidate for the day,” Shelly from H.R. said, giving the blonde a sly wink. Jack didn’t notice the wink, as he was too busy admiring the curve of the girls hips and sneaking a peak at her matching pink panties as she bent over a bit. And he could hardly be blamed for not noticing the catlike smile the ladies shared, fully aware of where Jack’s attention was.

“Oh, this is one of them?” the young woman said, sounding a bit surprised as she turned around. “Hello,” she extended her hand to Jack.

“Oh..um..err” Jack stuttered before taking her hand and shaking it. “Hellllooooo...”

“Jamie Vasquez,” she introduced herself. Alarm bells went off in Jack’s head. He knew that name! It was printed on each of his paychecks.

“The second...?” he ventured a guess.

“The only,” she corrected him.

“You’re...” Jack let that news sink in. How could the President and founder of such a large and successful corporation such as Infinitech be so...so... “You’re...You’re...”

“Your boss?” Jamie smirked, self-satisfactorily.

“Pretty as all hell,” Jack blurted out. Both of them blushed, and to Jamie’s surprise, it wasn’t entirely an act for her.

“Thank you,” Jamie said, brushing her hair back. “So, you’re Jack,” she said, regaining her composure. “Sorry to interrupt.”

“It’s fine,” Jack gushed. “It’s fine. Totally fine. After all, you’re the boss, right?” Jamie kept staring at him, and Jack suddenly felt incredibly nervous. “Right,” Jack said, mostly to fill up the empty space. “Heh. Right.”

“Do me a favor, and stand up,” Jamie said. Jack was on his feet in less than a second. Jamie walked up to him and looked up at him in the eyes. He was taller than her, but not by much. Two or three inches give or take. He certainly didn’t feel particularly big as she stared up and down at him.

“You’re not so bad yourself,” Jack heard her say. Jack breathed deeply and caught a whiff of her perfume. Jack felt his face flush, and a palpable heat came off of him as blood rushed to an area away from his face.

“What’s your favorite food, Jack?” Jamie asked.

“Um...” Jack thought for a second. “I don’t know. A little bit of everything, I guess.” Then he thought to ask, “Why?”

“I try to stay out of these in-house promotion interviews, generally, let Shelly do her job. But I think I’ll make an exception for you,” she said. “Would you like to finish this interview tonight?”

“You mean...” Jack paused, “...like a date?”

Jamie stood up and smiled at him. Her lids half closed like a cats and with a condescending smirk, she said "Is that what you want it to be?"

"Um..." Jack stopped himself. "You're the boss?"

Jamie's smirk deepened. "Clever boy," she said. "Tell you what, meet me tonight at Chili's. We'll keep it relaxed." Jack's eyes brightened. He gulped, hard. Was he really being asked out by his boss? She wasn't even his boss; more like the boss of his boss's boss. She was his great grand-boss. She was someone who was more successful and more powerful than he could rightly dream of being.

And despite how intimidated he was right then, he couldn't help but fantasize about making out with her. Maybe he was reading too much into this. Maybe it was a test. Maybe it was a joke. But what was the worst that could happen?

"Sure," he finally said.

"Okay, then." Jamie smiled. "I'll meet you there. How's seven o'clock sound?"

"Seven sounds fine," Jack nodded, feeling the slightest bit of relief that this wasn't a joke. Or if it was a joke, it hadn't sprung on him yet.

"Okay," Jamie agreed. "Tell you what, why don't you go take the rest of the day off to get ready."

"Seriously?" Jack asked. It wasn't even lunch yet.

“If you get the promotion,” Jamie started twirling a strand of her hair around her index finger, “you can make it up to me.”

“Oh,” Jack said, still nervous and confused. Was she flirting with him? Was this innuendo? Was he reading too much into this? He stood there, dumbly.

“Bye bye, big boy” Jamie waved him off, “I’ve got things to take care of in the meantime.” She turned back around and leaned over Shelly’s desk, ignoring him. Jack took the hint and left, but not before sneaking one last peek at her pink panties.

Jamie waited till Jack left the room, his footsteps fading into echoes, and then into nothingness.

“I think he likes me,” Jamie said to Shelly.

“They always like you,” Shelly replied. “Why the causal girl next door look? Last year, you went with the super short skirt and your hair in pigtails. You normally reel them in with something a little...”

“Sluttier?” Jamie offered. Shelly shrugged and offered a nod.

“Just establishing a baseline,” Jamie explained to perhaps her one confidant. “How is he?”

“I can’t quite get a bead on him,” Shelly admitted. “At first I thought he was completely milquetoast. Then he threw up some trivia about training pants. Who else but one of us would know about that kind of thing?”

“You don’t think he’s a fetishist, do you?” Jamie asked. “It’s no fun if they already want it at first. If there’s no struggle, there’s no fun. Ooooh,” Jamie mused to herself, “maybe he’s a Daddy. I’ve never diapered a Daddy before.”

“It’s like I’ve already told you,” Shelly looked up at her employer from her desk. “Everyone’s a fetishist. It’s just a matter of finding out what your fetish is. But if you’re asking if he’s active on the scene, no, I’ve never seen him.”

“You think he’s consciously aware of it himself? Maybe he’s repressing?” Jamie asked.

“Hard to say,” Shelly replied. “Normally if this kind of stuff pushes their buttons and they’re repressing it, they blush a little more. If he was trying to hide or deny something I doubt he’d have offered up the diaper trivia.”

“So how much of a challenge do you think it’ll be?” Jamie asked.

“Is it really a challenge for you?” Shelly countered. “You and that box of pills you always carry around.”

“Physically?” Jamie said, “No. But it’s not about the physicality. Not for me.”

“What is it about?” Shelly asked.

“It’s...” Jamie stopped and shook her head. “Complicated. You wouldn’t understand.”

“What I do understand,” Shelly offered, “is that there are easier ways to treat a grown man like a baby. I know plenty who you wouldn’t have to drug in order to do it. A few of the dumber ones might even welcome the little mickey you give to them at the end.”

“Any of them named Jack?” Jamie asked. “Jim maybe?”

“Not that I’m aware of...” Shelly shook her head.

“Then I’ll take my chances of breaking this one in,” Jamie said.

Date Night

“Welcome to Chili’s,” the hostess said as Jack walked through the double doors. “Would you happen to be Jack Grainger?” She smiled politely, vacantly, and expectantly.

Jack looked around. Other than the hostess, a waiter, a guy at the bar and hopefully some cooks in the back, the place was completely deserted. Who ever heard of an empty Chili’s, at seven o’clock no less?

“Um...” Jack craned his neck, looking around. “Yeah,” he said. “Yeah.”

“Can I see some I.D., please?” the hostess asked. Jack dug into his pocket and flipped his wallet open, showing her the driver’s license picture from when he had had that terrible haircut.

“Follow me,” she said, before grabbing a menu and leading Jack toward the back of the place. Jack looked around on his way to the table. Even though it was pleasant enough inside the Chili’s, there was something unnerving about the sheer lack of people. The bric-a-brac on the wall, designed to give patrons a quick chuckle and then be ultimately forgotten, seemed to be staring at him.

“Robert will be your server tonight,” the hostess said as if nothing was the slightest bit out of the ordinary. “He’ll be with you shortly.”

“Excuse me,” Jack tried to say. But the woman was already leaving and couldn’t be bothered to look back around as Jack raised his right index finger in question. What the hell was going on here?

The click-click-click of high heels caught Jack's attention. Walking in from the back was the woman he had run into this morning, or at least he thought it was her. Earlier this morning, Jamie Vasquez, founder and President of Infinitech, had seemed beautiful but socially unremarkable. She had dressed in casual t-shirts, and jeans while walking about the H.R. department of her own company as if she had been going shopping for groceries.

It wasn't that unusual, Jack supposed. Plenty of young and wealthy people dressed casually. Besides, it was her building; she could wear what she wanted.

But the contrast of then compared to now- with her face and hair all dolled up, and in a tight strapless dress that left little to the imagination- was just astonishing. It made Jack's polo shirt and slacks, clean pressed though they were, seem absolutely pedestrian by comparison.

She slid into the seat opposite of him and smiled. "Glad you could make it," she said.

"I'm sorry, Miss Vasquez," Jack blushed, looking embarrassed. "I thought this was supposed to be casual."

"I believe I said 'relaxed'," Jamie corrected him. "And please, call me Jamie." This was relaxed? She looked like Jessica Rabbit, the restaurant was almost completely deserted, and she was looking at him as if he was a piece of meat. Jack was more nervous than he could ever remember being in his life. His brain was reminding him that this was still a job interview, his penis was telling him this was a completely different kind of interview, and his eyes were playing ping pong between her face and her cleavage.

"So..." Jamie smiled a thin smile and leaned in, "...relaxed?"

"Curious, actually," Jack rasped out, his throat unexpectedly dry. "Why-?"

“Just a second,” Jamie held up an index finger as the waiter approached.

“Good evening folks, can I get you anything to drink before we get started?”

“I’ll have a glass of Shiraz, he’ll have a…” Jamie paused to look at Jack and pursed her lips.
“he’ll have a Long Island Iced Tea.”

Jack didn’t dare interrupt her. Apparently, he was having a Long Island Iced Tea.

“So, slow night, huh?” Jack looked around the vacant restaurant, craning his neck to see if he could even estimate the people present at over half-a-dozen.

“Not really,” Jamie said, “I just reserved the whole building for a special, private function.”

“You can do that?” Jack asked, his eyes getting wide.

“I should be able too,” Jamie smirked. “I’m the owner.”

“Oooh,” Jack nodded, finally getting the picture. “That’s why you wanted to come here, you already owned it.”

“Pffft,” Jamie scoffed, “Nah, I just bought it after we made the plans this afternoon.”

“You have that kind of money?” Jack’s jaw almost went to the counter top.

“I have that kind of money,” Jamie repeated, seeming somehow both nonchalant and proud of it.

“You bought out the entire Chili’s franchise?” Jack asked, awestruck.

“No you idiot,” Jamie stifled a laugh. “I just bought this Chili’s. Buying the entire franchise would be costly, time consuming and too much hassle for me to waste my time.” Jack blushed, feeling stupid. How was he supposed to know what she was spending ungodly amounts of money on? Normal people certainly didn’t buy restaurants to guarantee private dinner interviews; who was to say that buying an entire company was out of the realm of possibility for her?

Still, the way she called him an “idiot” wasn’t entirely insulting, in tone at least. She kind of giggled as she said it, in fact. Almost like it was a pet name.

“So,” Jack said after a few uncomfortable seconds of silence, “about the interview-”

“Not yet,” Jamie cut him off as the drinks arrived. “Drinks first. Then dinner. Then the interview. I find that people tend to be more honest and more themselves when they’ve got a full stomach and a few drinks in them.” She sipped her wine, and then gestured to the two Long Island Iced Teas that were now sitting in front of him. “Looks like it’s happy hour,” she said.

“Let’s get down to brass tacks,” Jamie said about a half hour into dinner. Jack looked up from his enormous half eaten burger to across the table where his boss sat. She had finished picking at her chicken Caesar salad and was now sipping her glass of wine while Jack shamelessly bit into the ground beef, melted cheese and two slices of bacon between a pretzel bun. Ketchup, mayonnaise and hot grease dribbled from Jack’s lips as he chewed.

Apparently, two long islands didn't do much for table manners but was great for self-esteem. Jack was bullet proof right now. He felt as if he could answer any question completely candidly and without hesitation, which- the tiny part of his brain that was sober enough to realize he was drunk supposed- was exactly what his eccentric billionaire boss wanted from him.

"Sure," Jack shamelessly wiped his mouth on his sleeve.

"You realize that there's a napkin right in front of you?" Jamie asked, pointing to the thin white paper lying delicately besides the mammoth plate the bacon cheeseburger had arrived on.

"Yeah," Jack let out a belch. "But this is closer," he pointed to his sleeve.

"Heh," she tittered. "Looks like we might need to get you a bib." They both laughed at that, though Jack wasn't entirely sure why. Was she... was she flirting with him? Holy shit, maybe it was the booze goggles, but she really looked like she was flirting with him. Jack felt blood rushing to his face, and to one other very sensitive area.

"So," Jamie took a sip of wine. "What's your favorite color?"

"Blue," Jack answered. "Though I like green too. Sometimes red."

"Good," Jamie smiled. "And what about your mother?"

"My mom?" Jack asked, shaking the cobwebs from his brain to make sure he had heard her right.

"Yes," Jamie confirmed calmly enough. "Tell me about your mother."

"I mean, she's nice," Jack said. "I love her."

"Are you particularly close?" Jamie asked.

"Ohyah," Jack slurred. "Total momma's boy."

"Did she have any pet names for you?" Jamie asked.

Then, finally, a thought poked its way through all the drunken horniness that was holding Jack hostage.

"Is this part of the interview?" Jack asked.

"Of course it is," Jamie nodded.

"Uhhh..." Jack stared hard at the beautiful woman. "What exactly is the position I'm interviewing for?"

"Oh?" Jamie looked curious, but not surprised, "You mean Shelly didn't tell you?" Jack just shook his head.

"Product tester," she said.

“Product tester?” Jack repeated. “You mean you want me to be some kind of guinea pig?” Jack’s face couldn’t be any longer than it suddenly was. Was that all he was good for in the eyes of the company? Some lab rat to stick with drugs or put in crash tests, or whatever Infinittech wanted human test subjects for? If Jack had been a crier, he might’ve done so right then.

Jamie must have seen the look on Jack’s face.

“Oh sweetie,” Jamie clicked her tongue. “It’s not like that.”

“It isn’t?” Jack reached for the burger on his plate. Better to be chewing and swallowing than to be on the verge of sobbing.

“No, honey,” Jamie said. “Not at all.” Jack felt the pity radiating off the young woman. She looked like she felt sorry for him. A dinner interview that might have turned into a date was quickly becoming a massive pity party with Jack as the guest of honor.

“All the tests on whether or not the products work will have already been done by the time they get to you.” Jamie explained. “We have mice, monkeys, and death row murderers for all that stuff.”

Jack tore into another bite of burger and swallowed hard.

“Then what do you want me for?” he asked.

“Advertising.” Jamie said. “Sales.”

“But I’m already…” Jack tilted his head to the side in drunken confusion.

“Right now you try to convince retailers to pick up our products,” Jamie told him. “You read from a little card that tells you the benefits of the product and why consumers would want them.” Jack had never actually bothered to use those little cards in his sales pitches, but he decided not to correct his boss on that.

“Uh-huh,” was all he said.

“I want to hire you to write those little cards. I want you to use our newest products” Jamie said, “and from your own experiences use them to help us write the advertising and sales pitches. You’d be like a one-man focus group.”

“Why me?” Jack wondered aloud.

“Because according to all our data, you’d be perfect for the job.” Jamie said. “You’re smart but you don’t put on airs.” That was true. “You’ve got a good vocabulary and knowledge base but can still speak in terms that everyone can understand and appreciate.” That was true too, he supposed. “Your feedback on any number of things would help us shape marketing and company policy. You would be invaluable to the company.” Jack’s long face turned back into a big, drunk, confident grin.

“That,” Jamie paused. “And I think you’re cute.” Jack nearly fainted. She. Thought. He. Was. Cute. He could work with that. He could definitely work with that.

“So,” Jamie smiled. “How about we finish our dinner, I’ll have my driver take you home, and we can sign the paperwork tomorrow?”

“Okay,” Jack nodded enthusiastically.

“Any questions?”

“Just one,” Jack said. “Are you Spanish? I thought Vasquez was a Spanish name. But you don’t look that Spanish.”

Jamie busted out laughing at that one, clearly caught off guard. “Not where I’m from,” she said. “Not where I’m from.”

Jack was about to ask her to elaborate when he felt the rush of a near to bursting bladder as the alcohol crashed through his system.

“Scuse me,” he said as he slid out of the booth, rushing for the bathroom. “Be right back.”

“Take your time,” Jamie waved him off while she reached for the little pill filled case she kept hidden on her person at all times.

Jamie smiled with satisfaction as she watched the little pill fizzle in Jack’s water. Briefly, she wondered if Jack was taking some form of enjoyment out of relieving himself outside of his pants. If she got her way, it’d be the last time he’d be able to, ever again.

Jack stumbled out of the bathroom, the sound of a flushing toilet thundering behind him. He likely didn’t even take the time to wash his hands. Not that he’d need to worry about that sort of

thing very shortly. If anything it just confirmed Jamie's suspicions that he was another man-child that needed caring for; a service she'd gladly provide...at least until she got bored.

"Here," Jamie slid the glass of water to him. "Drink up."

"Huh?" he stared at the water. "How about another drink, instead? I got the job, didn't I?"

"And you still have work tomorrow, sweetie," she told him. "I don't want you showing up hung over. So drink some water and I'll order you a mudslide for dessert."

Jack looked down stupidly at the water. "Yes ma'am," he said before chugging it back. Jamie couldn't help but grin at that. Step one completed.

And so the night meandered on. She got her new "Product tester" a dessert drink, got his home address from his personnel file, sent him home with her driver while arranging for his car to be moved back home with him. Fairly standard pre-gaming as far as she was concern.

Then, on her way home, she took out the little compact device and punched some more symbols and figures into it, while cross referencing Jack's Facebook feed and email that her hackers had managed to delve into during the dinner and what the personnel file already told her. The calculations came back.

A pleasant little ding sounded, and Jamie frowned. Really? That high? Granted, Jamie hadn't been lying when she said he was cute, and he fit a lot of the statistical and probability data...but really?

Jamie pursed her lips and put some more symbols into the device that fit neatly into the palm of her hand. Maybe some of her peers could help.

Jamie looked at the displays, calculations, and updates in the little circle and frowned.

Most like her were still looking, but there were far fewer than this time last year when she had last checked. There were fewer all the time. They were either succeeding...or not. And the rate of success was not in their favor, statistically speaking.

A few were reporting success and that they now had their own diapered man-babies just the way they wanted them and that they were completely safe and satisfied. Good for them. Hopefully she would join their number soon enough.

An alarming number had dropped off the grid entirely, likely indicating failure. One of them had decided to get married and they had just found a perfect house for them and their spouse. That was likely a mistake.

Another one's last update was that they were attending a baby shower for a friend. That broke a cardinal rule, Jamie thought.

Never involve yourself with baby stuff unless you are the one in control.

If that other girl had gone to be a guest at a baby shower, she very likely had turned guest of honor and was now peeing in her pants every day, assuming she was allowed to wear pants. Being a guest at a baby shower never ended well for people like her. Neither was touring some "Nursery of the Future". Read the signs people, sheesh.

There were a lot of variables, to be sure. Being able to calculate those variables had led Jamie to rise to the top like she had. She made sure that she was the one doing the diapering, instead of being diapered. But from the comments and calculations though, Jamie knew deep in the pit of her stomach one thing was for sure:

She was running out of time...

Sweet Dreams Are Made of These

“And he hit the Jack Attack!” Jim Ross shouted into the headset. “Jack Attack! Jack Attack! Jack Attack! Cena is down, staring up at the lights. Will he kick out? One....two...three! And we have a new world champion!”

The crowd at Madison Square Garden leapt to their feet while the referee raised his hand in the air and handed him the Championship Belt. His entrance music blared over the speakers in celebration! Jack had finally done it. He had climbed to the top and won the Championship; at Wrestlemania, no less!

He panted, tired with exhaustion after a full hour of wrestling. The real champ had arrived, and it was Jack. While the streamers and the balloons came down from the ceiling, Jack climbed up to the middle turnbuckle, and lifted his prize high to the adoration of the thousands in attendance and the millions watching at home.

His body, feeling like it could finally rest, ached and dripped with his manly, musky, foul smelling sweat. It poured down his face, streaming down his back. It even pooled in the inside of his tights and ran down his legs.

And it wasn't until he felt the trickling stream meander along the inside of his thighs and drip down his boots that he looked down at the yellow puddle developing on the mat beneath him and realized that it wasn't entirely sweat dripping from him.

His hands shot down to his crotch, his fumbling, clumsy fingers dropping the World Heavyweight Title down onto the floor. Jack lost his balance, falling off the turnbuckle and bouncing into the ring. His ears rang out with the sound of his crash back onto the mat, and then tuned into something worse:

Laughter. The laughter of thousands of people in the audience watching him wallow around in his own piss. Vince would fire him for sure. His own high energy, hard rock, guitar music had been replaced, or was it transformed into the steady slow, soothing, tinkling chimes of a baby's mobile. Tinkling, a poor choice of adjectives if there ever was one.

Jack scrambled, unsuccessfully, to do something- anything- about his wet tights. Yank them off, cover himself up, clamp down on his offending organ. All of it were in vain. He opened his mouth to call out for help, but only a garbled "Maaaaaah!" came out. Embarrassing coos and "awws" mingled in with the sounds of laughter and "The Wheels On the Bus". Yup, he was fired. No way was he going to recover from this.

"Oh, poor sweetie," a strange voice said. "Did Mommy's widdle baby have an accident?"

Jack, stuck on his back like a turtle craned his neck and looked around for the source of the saccharine sweet voice. A woman, or rather the silhouette of one filled his vision as he stared up at the lights. Where the fuck was Cena? The ref? Shouldn't EMTs or something be coming? Why were the lights still on? The least they could do is cut the camera feed. Jack prayed that the cameras weren't still rolling.

While Jack was thinking all of this, a slender feminine hand reached down and grabbed at his drenched crotch and squeezed him through his wrestling trunks.

“Oh no wonder you had an accident,” the oddly familiar voice chided, “you’re not wearing your diaper. Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby wears his diaper.”

Jack lay there, helplessly, unable to even scream out while the woman shaped shadow-still blurred by the lights and Jack’s own unstable vision- started to unlace his boots and slip them off his feet.

“First your widdle booties,” the voice cut through the laughter, jeering, and mocking cooing of the fans. “Then your widdle panties.”

“No!” Jack managed to will himself to scream out as two hands began to tug at the waistband of his tights. He reached down with his powerful arms, resisting with all his might.

“Now, now, now, don’t be a bad widdle baby,” the woman’s voice tisked. “Not when we’re recording.”

Jack’s gaze drifted behind him and he saw that the Titan-Tron, the jumbo screen that played the entrance videos and broadcast the match to the fans in the cheap seats. He saw a close up of himself, on his back his snow white tights stained yellow, lying on the mat as two strange hands tugged to pull his pants off him. And for the first time since he could remember, he saw himself, he really saw himself.

He wasn’t a wrestler. Gone were the slick, oiled, muscular physique that he had imagined on himself. All that was left was himself; skinny, slender, unremarkable Jack. Jack, in his shock, loosened his grip and saw the hands give a final jerk on his pants and saw his own dick projected on the big screen.

Now the laughter as the woman in the ring-“Mommy” he wanted to call her-shimmied Jack’s pants down past his ankles doubled in volume and was only pierced by a chorus of “Awwwwwws” akin to when sorority girls see baby pictures. Within two seconds he was completely naked.

“Oh my,” the strange “Mommy” said. “You weren’t even wearing big boy pants. No wonder you leaked so much.” Jack saw the shadowy figure reach behind her back and produce a purse of some kind. She reached into the purse and took out a packet of what looked like tissues or wet wipes.

“Let’s get my widdle baby cweaned up,” she said as she took a wet wipe from the packet and started reaching down towards Jack. It didn’t take Jack more than a second to realize that those wipes weren’t traveling to his face. And it only took a second after that to figure out that while they were wipes, and they were likely wet, they weren’t properly called “wet wipes.”

Jack tried to sit up; he tried to run away, or roll, or something. But it was as if the mat was a magnet and his flesh metal. He couldn’t have moved if he had wanted to, and as the wet wipes began to rub against his cock and balls in the middle of Madison Square Garden, he really wanted to.

Whatever mechanism or injury that was holding him in place was doing nothing to limit his captor. Jack found his legs being lifted up and bunched up to his stomach while this shadowy figure reached for more wipes and began bathing down his thighs, then his buttocks, then his asshole. Jack’s only option was to grin and bear it, but he couldn’t even bring himself to grin.

“Diaper time,” Jack heard as the woman reached into the bag yet again and took out the biggest diaper Jack had ever seen. And it wasn’t an adult diaper either. Cookie Monster, Oscar, and Big Bird all stared out at Jack, smiling at him as though they were happy to see him, bare ass naked and wiped clean.

Jack could only watch and listen as the diaper was unfolded and slid underneath him, somehow the crinkling of the diaper cutting through the white noise of the crowd and the blaring nursery rhyme music.

“Almost done, ‘tinky boy” the woman assured him as she reached into the purse-the diaper bag actually- and took out a bottle of baby powder. A cloud of the sweet smelling stuff soon coated Jack from his ass crack to his belly button, and a soft yet firm hand started rubbing it in. Jack couldn’t help but get hard. “Dawww,” the woman cooed, “him likes, doesn’t he? Yes he does! Yes he does!” The women in the audience seemed to echo the sentiment. The men just kept laughing.

Jack was close to tears as the diaper was drawn up between his legs, the thickness of the padding bowing his legs out a bit. The little yellow tabs on the diaper were quickly pulled across the Sesame Street characters’ faces, with only Oscar still visible, still smiling up at him from his own waist.

Jack almost heard Oscar’s gruff voice whispering into him: “Get used to this, bub...this is life now. At least you’re not the one getting peed on.” Jack silently prayed that he wouldn’t have to actually use this diaper, but a tiny part of him was at least glad his crotch was covered.

“Now let’s get Mommy’s widdle baby home.” With Herculean strength, Jack felt himself deadlifted into the woman’s arms. His legs wrapped around her waist while one of her hands supported his padded rump and the other one rubbed his back. “It’s okay,” she whispered in his ear. “It’s okay. Mommy’s got you. Mommy’s got you.”

“Say bye-bye, to everyone, baby Jack.” Mommy whispered and then turned around waved to the faceless masses. “Wave bye-bye.” Jack caught another glimpse of himself in the Titan-Tron. And even though he couldn’t make out the woman’s face, he clearly saw himself, sitting in her arms, wearing nothing but a diaper. He wasn’t a wrestler now. This wasn’t his dream come true. He was just a baby. With no other choice, Jack did the only thing he could: He waved bye-bye.

Mommy navigated the ropes relatively easily. Clinging to her torso, Jack only briefly saw the underside of the top rope, before they were going down the steel steps and off the ring apron. Somehow dwarfed in her shadow, Jack found himself being deposited into an umbrella stroller.

“Such a good baby,” Jack heard as his arms were guided through the straps and buckled in. The woman disappeared behind him and the stroller began being pushed up the ramp and to the backstage area. Jack did not want to be in the backstage area where all of his childhood,

tough guy heroes would surely be, ready to mock and laugh at him. Or worse yet, maybe they wouldn't? Mocking only applied if you were some tough guy alpha who needed to be taken down. You mocked equals and superiors and little shits that didn't know their place. Maybe they'd see him as just a baby; a little tyke in Pampers. Maybe he wasn't worth the effort it would take to make fun of his current predicament. Maybe they'd just feel sorry for him.

As the stroller continued to roll up the ramp, Jack looked up and saw himself again on the giant projection screen. How the hell did his thumb end up in his mouth?! Jack couldn't even remember when he had popped it in. Then, with perfect visual clarity, Jack gawked in horror as he saw his diapered crotch on the big screen and felt a warmth spread through him again. The yellow line going down the middle of his diaper was changing color, turning a cool light blue. It started near the middle-front of his diaper and spread up wards and downwards along with the warmth.

He was peeing! Why was he still peeing? Hadn't he peed everything out already into his tights? Now he was wetting his diaper already? Two year olds had more bladder control that he was displaying! Jack moaned and whined as his diaper absorbed the wetness and he was wheeled backstage.

The roar of the crowd behind him became muted behind thick walls of concrete in the stadium. Before he could be wheeled into the locker room proper, however, the stroller came to a stop. The strange, somehow still little more than a silhouette woman- "Mommy" – walked around into Jack's view and took a knee.

Her head jerked down towards his padded crotch and a slender finger traced the blue line running up and down the middle.

"Awwww," Mommy cooed at Jack while squeezing- massaging really- the front of his diaper. She took a knee so that she could be closer to eye level with him.

“Did baby already pee-pee? You must be all empty, now,” she said, opening her shirt to reveal a nursing bra. “Time to fill you up.”

Even though the rest of her was encased in shadow, there was no mistaking the inviting, brown nipple, dripping with milk as the woman Jack could only think of as “Mommy” leaned into the stroller. Like an animal going in for the kill, or a drug addict taking that first hit, Jack’s mouth opened and his lips puckered, eager despite himself to get a taste...

Jack woke up feeling very disturbed. He had been having his favorite dream, when all of a sudden it had taken a decidedly weird and uninvited twist. Where the hell had that come from? He rolled out of bed, his bladder aching yet again, and stepped to the bathroom.

“Shit,” he muttered to himself groggily realizing that he had a major erection right now. He really hoped it wasn’t from the dream. Ew...if that shit turned him on...really? Nah, he forced the idea out of his head. He just really had to pee, was all.

Jack dropped his pajama bottoms down to his ankles, pushed his dick downward as much as he could, and jutted his hips out to get that last few crucial degrees so he was aiming mostly at the toilet bowl in front of him.

The stream of urine that came out was messy and forked, leaving sprinkles on the rim that Jack would inevitably have to clean up in the morning when he actually woke up. Dicks did weird things when they were confused between peeing and cumming, and Jack’s was no different. As the stream died down to those final few trickles and Jack’s member began to deflate to a more malleable state, he breathed a huge sigh of relief. But as he pulled his pajama bottoms up, even through his blurry not-quite-awake field of vision he could tell something was different.

There was the slightest, off color stain right around the crotch of his pants as if some kind of fluid had leaked out. It had been a long while since Jack had had to deal with this sort of thing,

but memories of early puberty had never left him. That wasn't just a regular dream he'd had, it had been a wet one.

Disgusting.

There must have been a different, sexier dream that Jack had been having before the one that forced him awake. That was the only logical explanation. There had been nothing in the previous dream that could possibly arouse him in such a manner.

Not the embarrassment of pissing his pants in public.

Not the beautiful woman whom he'd called "Mommy" stripping him down till he was completely naked.

Not the moist wipes being gently dragged across his crotch, or the sweet smelling baby powder.

Certainly not the big thick diaper as it was slid under his bum and pulled up between his legs, robbing him of any illusion of his autonomy, his agency, and his manhood.

Nor the nipple that was being shoved in his face, begging to be sucked on.

Jack felt himself becoming rigid again at the memory and gasped in disgust at himself.

Oh god...what the fuck was happening to him? Jack quickly retreated back into his bed, begging for sleep.

First day on the job.

“Morning!” Jack smiled as he strutted into work the next day.

“Jack,” Rick said, waving to his co-worker. “Welcome back. Was worried about you when you left for that interview. Thought you’d been fired, bro.”

“Exact opposite,” Jack replied with a heaping helping of swagger in his step, still on his way to the elevators.

“Hey where you goin’?” Rick called after him.

“Got some papers to sign!” Jack rang out, not even looking back. “First day of my new job!”

Jack did a victory jog into the elevator and pushed the button, ascending. He hummed tunelessly to himself, his pulse pounding with excitement. Of course, had he been listening to himself hum, he might realize that what he was humming sounded suspiciously like “Wheels on the Bus”.

The elevator dinged and the doors slid open into the HR department.

“Shelly?” Jack called out as he took a quick right into the little room, barely a cubicle where he had interviewed not twenty-four hours ago. To Jack’s confusion, the lights were off and the room was empty. Stranger yet, the entire floor was covered in plastic.

“Oh, she’s not here,” a much younger woman’s voice caught Jack’s attention. Jack turned around. He knew that voice!

“Mo-?” Jack gasped and then stopped himself. “Miss Vasquez?”

“It’s like I told you, Jack,” Jamie smiled. “You don’t have to call me that.”

“What are you doing here?” Jack asked.

“I’m here to finish the paperwork with you to get you started in your new role today,” she held the folder to her chest the same way a little girl might cuddle a teddy bear.

“But...Shelly...I thought...” Jack stammered.

“Shelly’s more of a temp. She’s a specialist and an old friend,” Jamie replied. “You passed her test, which is why we had dinner. And then you passed mine. Which brings us to...” she laid down the papers on Shelly’s empty desk.

“Just sign these, and everything about your new position will be in order,” she said.

Whether it was a matter of sleep deprivation from the nightmare, arrogance, or just good old-fashioned thinking with his cock, Jack signed the papers where Jamie pointed in the highlighted areas of the contract without reading a single word beyond “Signature” and “Date.”

“So,” Jack asked. “Is that it?”

“Not quite,” Jamie said, carefully taking the stack of papers and putting them out of Jack’s immediate reach on a nearby shelf away from the empty desk. “There’s still the matter of your uniform.”

“Uniform?” Jack asked. “We didn’t talk about a uniform last night.”

“You’ll love it, I promise,” his boss, eyes glinting mischievously replied. “I’ve got it right here under Shelly’s desk.”

Jamie walked around Jack, giving him a slight tickle under his chin with her index finger before bending over so that Jack could admire her ass. Holy shit, was he about to be some kind of pool boy or sex toy or something? He sincerely hoped so.

“Um...” Jack looked down at the floor, “what’s with all the plastic.” He had his hands over his now massively bulging boner and was trying to do his best not to embarrass himself in front of this insanely hot, insanely powerful, and insanely rich woman.

“Helps keep the mess contained,” Jamie said as she stood back up with a large bulky purse. Jack shifted his hands away from the tent in his pants.

“Whuh...whuh...what mess?” Jack asked, licking his lips.

Jamie leaned in and said in the sultry, seductive tone that Jack had been fantasizing about the exact words that he had been dreading in his nightmares.

“Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby wears his diaper.”

Like a trained dog, Jack's bladder practically erupted, sending out urine flooding into his khakis, soon making a puddle beneath him on the plastic coated carpet. It was the dream! It was just like the dream! Jack's lip quivered and his legs, now soaking wet, started to tremble. Jamie guided him down as he started to mumble and mewl and cry.

"Awwww," Jamie grinned almost maliciously. "Did Mommy's widdle baby have an accident?" She began pushing Jack down, and like a doll, his body obeyed. Just like in his dream, his shoes and pants were stripped in rapid fashion. Life was imitating misshapen fantasy.

"Let's get my widdle baby cweaned up," Jamie said as she reached into the purse- no, the diaper bag,- and produced a packet of baby wipes. Déjà vu.

Jack wasn't surprised when he found the beautiful woman, wiping his crotch and buttocks. He wasn't surprised that he couldn't make himself move or resist beyond some minor squirming and whimpering. For some reason, he wasn't even surprised when she withdrew a giant diaper, complete with Cookie Monster, Oscar, and Big Bird on the front. He wasn't surprised when he was powdered from butt crack to belly button and his legs forced apart by the bulk of the infantile underwear. Horrified? Stupefied? Humiliated? More than slightly aroused? Yes to all of those. But surprised? No.

Finished diapering him, Jamie ripped off the nice white button up shirt that Jack had worn, stripping him down to just the gigantic diaper.

Jack was only able to find one word. "Why?"

Jamie replied, but she didn't exactly answer Jack's question:

"It's your new job, sweetie. We're going to have a good time, baby boy," she smiled. "A real good time."

Beginning Orientation

Jack was near the point of tears when he was strapped into the giant umbrella stroller. Whether Jack was unable to resist Jamie pulling him into the standing position, leading him by the hand out of the piss-covered room and then guiding him down into the stroller parked just outside the HR office, or whether he was just too emotionally and mentally overwhelmed to think about resisting, who can say? The point was this: Jack didn't resist as he was maneuvered into the stroller and rolled back into the elevator.

Jamie, gently rocking Jack's stroller, quietly hummed to herself. It didn't take Jack long to realize that she was humming "The Wheels on the Bus." Why was she humming that song? Jack was trembling as the elevator dinged and the doors slid back open.

The doors slid open to a new terror, a new humiliation: Women. Dozens of them, all in proper business attire, most of them under fifty, all of them pretty. They seemed vaguely familiar to him, like he had seen them around the building, but none of them had ever made a particularly meaningful connection with him. Then he caught sight of Shelly.

So that's where all the women from the HR department had gone. They knew what Jack had been walking into. They had likely laid the plastic tarps over the carpet themselves.

They stood clustered in front of the large oak double doors, shouting "Congratulations!" and clapping. Jack heard the high pitched buzzing of noisemakers and kazoos. Jack's eyes traveled towards the ceiling, where there was a banner hanging right above the doors.

"WELCOME, BABY JACK", it read in block pastel baby blue letters.

"Oh ladies!" Jamie fake-gushed from behind the stroller. "Oh, you shouldn't have! What a surprise!" Every word out of Jamie's mouth was tinged with insincerity and false modesty. The only person this was meant to surprise was Jack.

When the clapping had died down, the women parted, making way for the queen of Infnitech. Jack felt the stroller lurch into motion down the aisle as rows and rows of beautiful women gawked and gaped at him in his humiliating and infantile state. All eyes were on him.

They cooed. They giggled. Some pinched his cheeks and told him how cute he was. A few were bold enough to reach in tickle his stomach in an attempt to get him to laugh. The stroller inched towards the door at a deliberate and agonizingly slow pace. This was all on purpose. This was all for Jack's "benefit". And for some reason, it was all painfully familiar.

Maybe that meant, Jack hoped, that this was just another dream. Maybe any minute now he'd wake up in bed, his alarm clock blaring so that he could go to work and start his real job as a product tester.

"D'aww, he's such a shy boy," he heard one woman comment as he looked down and away into his lap. It was the only way he could bear to involve himself. It was while he was staring that the little yellow line running from Oscar the Grouch on his waistline down the middle to the crack of his ass started turning a cool blue right before his eyes.

Oh God, why was he still peeing?! Hadn't he completely emptied his bladder the first time? The fact that there was a first time was bad enough. Utterly baffled at the warm wet sensation that was beginning to swell around his waist, Jack forgot his surroundings and gingerly poked at the blue line, feeling the heat coming off of it and the crisp crinkle of the diaper rapidly transforming into a wet squish.

"Oh, looks like someone noticed they had an accident," one of the ladies said. "Maybe he'll be ready for Pull-Ups soon." The laughter that followed that comment was downright hysterical, as if the ultimate inside joke had been told.

"I don't think so," he heard Jamie chuckle. "I put them in the Swaddlers at first to help them learn that they're widdle pants piddling babies. Seeing is believing. Once they accept that, I switch them to Cruisers or Baby-Dry, something more absorbent." Jack looked up at all the women nodding as if Jamie had given some sage advice.

Them? So he wasn't the only person? Were there others behind those doors, also in diapers like him? Was he being kidnapped into some bizarre male harem crèche? The fuck had just happened to his life?

"Now, if you excuse us," Jamie said, interrupting Jack's racing train of thought. "My widdle baby and I need to get better acquainted." There were more giggles from the women surrounding them. They started shuffling out of view and Jack heard the sound of elevator doors opening behind him. Shelly stayed behind long enough to open one of the big solid oak doors. She smiled and gave Jack a little wink as he rolled by.

Jack could only grit his teeth, bite his tongue, and try not to cry as he was wheeled into Jamie's private office.

"Nanny," Jamie called out as she wheeled her new plaything into her office, stopping only to close the heavy oak doors behind her.

"YeS, MiSs VaSqUeZ?" the automaton buzzed out as it approached.

"Put the baby in his highchair," she instructed it. "Get him a bib, too," she added.

"YeS, MiSs VaSqUeZ," Nanny replied.

"The hell is this?!" Jack yelped as the walking mannequin unbuckled him from the stroller and picked him up as easily as if he were a real infant.

Jamie always loved the initial reaction her new babies had to her robot helper. Nanny was more than an assistant that didn't have to eat, sleep, or be paid. She was a status symbol; both of her wealth and resources, and of her very real power over the diapered boys she kept. If the ease in which she had just transitioned him from working man to literal adult baby didn't get the

message home that they were helpless in her power, the literal physical power of Nanny hammered the point home. A spanking or enema from Nanny was all that it usually took for most men to decide that maybe being a big boy wasn't all it was cracked up to be. Right now, Jack was squirming awkwardly as Nanny walked him over and strapped him into the adult sized highchair. He was stuck somewhere between wanting to get free and fearing being dropped on his padded rump. So like a fussy toddler, Jamie thought to herself. Soon enough, he wouldn't even be flinching as Nanny wiped his ass for him. Nanny was terribly easy to get used to, once you let yourself.

"Why are you doing this?!" Jack blurted out as the tray clicked into place. Oh, the need to know; always the need to know. Jamie ignored the comment for the moment. First things first.

Jamie walked to a mini fridge against the wall behind the highchair. Her "office" with its high ceiling, spacious floor plan, couches, televisions, and of course the specially sized baby furniture, was more akin to a New York luxury apartment with a giant oak desk in the middle than a proper business office; Jamie preferred it that way.

However, it was still a little too corporate for Jamie's liking. It was a bit too professional. Within her own building, Jamie was a queen, a goddess. Why should her throne room conform to anyone else's expectations but hers? Being able to not conform to others' expectations and get away with it: That was a true sign of power.

Maybe she should get a kitchenette area installed. She could hire lots of big, strong, manly alpha male types to install it for her. She could have Jack, clad in nothing but a bonnet and diaper, watch them while they worked with nothing to do but sit on the floor and play with the toys she'd provide. Of course whatever company she hired would have to sign a strict non-disclosure agreement, but her man baby didn't have to know that.

She felt a tingle down below at that thought of Jack playing with stuffed animals on a play mat – his diaper swollen and bunched up and the wetness indicator bright blue while a bunch of craftsmen laid out tile and gave him scant glances of curiosity and disgust out of the corner of their eyes.

She dragged herself out of her little fantasy and took out a jar of baby food; at least that's what the chubby cheeked face on the label said. In actuality, it was more of a special blend meant to meet an adult's dietary needs and held fifteen ounces of the green mush instead of the usual four.

Jamie unscrewed the lid and set the jar down on top of the tiny fridge while she went and took out the tiny black case where she kept her special pills. She took the next one out, crushed it in her hand and then sprinkled it into the jar of green not-quite solid food.

"The why of it is complicated," Jamie spoke to Jack as she stirred the pill in, hearing it quietly fizzle and dissolve into the mush. "That's a grown-up matter. All you need to know, baby boy, is that your old life as a grown-up is officially over."

"You can't do this!" Jack yelled, as Nanny fastened a bib around him.

"Actually, I can," Jamie corrected him. She walked around, big jar of baby food in a hand. Wordlessly, Nanny handed her a rubber tipped spoon.

"Open wide for num-nums." she said, dipping the spoon into the jar. Anger flashed hot in Jack's eyes. His arms and shoulders twitched as if he was restraining himself from slapping the spoon right out of her hands. And the stare he gave! It was probably meant to be defiant or intimidating, but considering the state he was in, it was just so adorable! God, how she loved this next part.

"Awwww," Jamie cooed. "Do I have a fussy widdle man?" Jack almost snarled at that.

Jamie smiled back at him and said "I know you don't want to eat right now, but Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby eats his num-nums." As expected, Jack's mouth pried itself open, Jack whimpering and chirping like a baby bird.

Jamie inched the spoon to Jack's mouth, and his lips closed over the tip of the spoon. Mechanically, as if a completely different mind had taken over Jack's mouth, Jack accepted spoonful after spoonful of the green gooey stuff that vaguely resembled guacamole but probably tasted more like strained peas with a hint of carrots, if the label was to be believed.

Jamie marveled at how Jack's head rigidly twitched between spoonful after spoonful of the stuff, as if his head were caught in vice. His arms, once ready to strike out, hung limply by his side as if they had fallen asleep.

Tears started to roll down his cheeks and Jamie had to remind herself that he was going through a phase and he would get used to this in time. They all went through this phase the first few times, but eventually they got over it.

"All done," she Jamie said in a sing song manner after the last of the vile looking stuff had been swallowed.

"You...you hypnotized me..." Jack said. He was either gasping, fighting back sobs, or both.

"Not quite," Jamie corrected him.

"But...my dreams." Jack said, as Jamie reached for a packet of wipes nearby.

"Your dreams?" Jamie cocked her head to the side, pretending not to understand what he was referencing; as if what was going on inside his head was an afterthought of hers. "Hmmm...let me think." She took a baby wipe and leaned over to his mouth. He hadn't spilled very much, but the constant fidgeting as he fought his own body to turn his head away still made it so there was a little bit of a mess on his lips.

"Oooh," she said as she needlessly dragged the rag over his entire face. "Those dreams."

"Let me guess," Jamie began, "it was normal, probably even great. Like a fantasy dream or something. You're a rock star or you just won the super bowl, or whatever average people

dream about when they think of their wildest dreams come true.” Jack didn’t nod or shake his head, but the look in his eyes told Jamie that she was close enough.

“And then,” she went on, “you went pee pee in your pants and a Mommy came and put you in a diaper while everybody looked on and laughed and cooed and talked like you were a baby.” The blood rushing to Jack’s face confirmed it.

“Then you were put in a stroller and wheeled off.” Jamie kept going in a sing song voice. The color drained almost instantly from Jack’s face. The level of detail was starting to scare him. Good. Time to hammer the point home.

“While ‘Wheels on the Bus’ played,” she added. “That about right?” This time she got a solid nod.

“That’s a common side effect,” she sighed. “The first bit of programming always manifests in your dreams. You’re getting déjà vu because activating the programming always goes about the same way. It’ll go away in due time, trust me.”

“You hypnotized me,” Jack said again.

“No, no, no,” Jamie shook her head. “Hypnotism is too easy. And reversible. I just made sure to give you a little dose of something to help you learn. Do you know how people learn, Jack?”

Jack sat in his highchair, dumbly. “Study?” he said. “Hard work?”

“Oh honey, not what I mean.” Jamie patted Jack condescendingly on the head. “I meant from a bio-mechanical perspective. Y’know,” she added, “real science.”

“Umm...” Jack scrunched his eyes closed as if wracking his brain for the final answer on Jeopardy. “Neurons?”

“Ooooh,” Jamie smirked, actually somewhat impressed. “Shelly was right. You do have a bit of a brain. Did you take a basic psychology class and store that away for now?”

Jack gave no response to that. The way his lip curled ever so slightly broadcast to Jamie that he was offended and was holding back. At least he was smart enough to know who was in control. That wouldn’t save him from a spanking from Nanny, later, of course. Every grown baby should experience what would happen if they disobeyed her, at least once. But that was for later. Now was time for orientation and laying down the rules.

“Yes, baby boy,” Jamie ignored Jack’s near petulance. “When you do something, or practice something, or read something, or experience something, you’re forming connections in your brain. You practice that A is A and B is B enough times, your neurons get good at passing that information so that you don’t even have to think about it.”

“You practice throwing a ball enough times a certain way,” she went on, “and your neurons form the connection so that soon you throw the ball the same way every time without thinking about it. And sometimes,” she added for emphasis, “your neurons make connections so that your body acts on its own given certain stimuli without you being consciously aware.

“Classical conditioning,” Jack interrupted, seeming every bit the ridiculous pseudo intellectual, sitting in his high chair and diaper. He was really in no position to contribute to this conversation. But he’d figure that out soon enough.

“Last night,” Jamie ignored the interruption, “I slipped a special something into your drink to help with that. Right now, there are little nanites-tiny microscopic robots-that are breaking down neural pathways in your brain so that you no longer have access to certain skills and building brand new ones so that being my obedient baby boy comes as naturally to you as breathing.” “You...you reprogrammed my brain,” Jack said, his voice tinged with fear and even a bit of wonder.

“Clever boy,” Jamie said. She looked at Jack, and the wispy little hairs on his arms and chest, and the bits of stubble already starting to grow on his chin. “Nanny, take the baby over to the changing table,” she instructed. “Completely secure him.”

“YeS, mlsS vAsQuEz” Nanny accepted the command.

“This can’t be legal,” Jack shook his head as the brown haired machine scooped him up and walked him over to the giant changing table. “You can’t do this to me!”

“If I had a nickel for every time I’ve heard that one,” Jamie said to herself. “Actually, baby boy,” she called back to Jack, “I can. Those papers you signed were an iron clad contract that have already been notarized, scanned and sent to the proper channels. You’ve given me complete legal guardianship of you.”

“That’s, that’s not fair!” Jack protested and began to struggle as Nanny was slipping his arms and legs into the cuffs on the padded table.

“I’m not the one that didn’t read what I signed.” Jamie countered. Jack didn’t seem to have a comeback to that.

“It might not be fair,” Jamie said while Nanny did the hard work. “But it is legal. If it makes you feel any better,” she added, “you will be doing a job for me.” Her high heels clicked on the hardwood floor beneath her as she went over to the changing table. Nanny was just finishing pulling a strap over Jack’s chest.

“I’m planning on selling my little brain programmers in pill form,” she told him. “I’m thinking of calling the finished product ‘Dominance’.” Jack had stopped struggling and now seemed to be listening intently to what she had to say.

“But,” Jamie said, “the brain is a tricky thing, and my investors are going to want to know the limits of the technology. So I encourage you to put up as much of a fight as you’d like. I need to know the limits of willpower.”

She reached over and gave Jack’s diapered crotch a firm squeeze, and smiled at the squish and sag beneath her fingers. So good. So good.

“Oh,” Jamie added cheerfully as an afterthought, “and of course your feedback on the different baby products- the formula, the furniture, the diapers- that would be appreciated as well. Procter and Gamble appreciate the feedback from someone who can actually talk. So you’ll be testing those products as well as my own.”

“Product tester...” Jack all but spat the word out. “So you want to market the ability turn the world into big babies.”

“What?” Jamie stifled a laugh. “No, of course not. My ‘Dominance’ nanites can do more than that. I’m just having the ones that I feed you, help you be the best baby boy you can possibly be for me.” Jamie caught a glimpse of dread in Jack’s face at the word “feed”. Good.

“It’s part of my particular...” Jamie paused, suddenly looking for the right word. “...condition.”

Speaking of condition, before Jack could speak again, Jamie said “Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby lies still and quiet on the changing table.” Jack went limp. Good. The more advanced commands were working. So much for that fight. She turned to address Nanny.

“Nanny,” Jamie ordered, “the baby has too much hair. Fix that.”

“YeS, MiSs VaSqUeZ.”

The android extended its left index finger. There was the slightest click as the tip of the finger folded backwards on the hinge of the first joint and a small metal rod unfolded out of the opening. A red light shot out of the rod and onto Jack’s upper lip.

Jamie heard the smallest sound of an electrical jolt as hair was burned down to the root. The beam began to smoothly transition, pore by pore, as Nanny’s sensors pinpointed each and every protruding and unwelcome hair on Jack’s face and removed that faster and more

efficiently than electrolysis ever good. Within two minutes, Jack's already undoubtedly limited ability to grow a beard had been reduced to absolutely zero. All hair below the ears was gone.

Jamie continued watch with satisfaction as the rest of Jack's body hair was surgically zapped away, never to grow again. Jamie patiently waited while Nanny loosened the straps enough to sit Jack's prone body and get the back side. Jack let out a little moan while the back of his legs sizzled.

The robot laid Jack back down and its hand made a move for Jack's diaper.

"Stop," Jamie ordered. The android helper froze. The first full-fledged diaper change was her privilege. Jamie stepped in and reached for the tapes. The sound of Velcro ripping off in two short bursts was music to her ears, a familiar little ditty that she just could never quite get out of her head.

Jamie pulled back the front of the diaper and smiled to herself. Here, he was at her mercy, at his most vulnerable, his most pure state. Speaking of pure, it was pure chaos down below. Jack clearly didn't take much time to "man-scape" as it were. That could be taken care of easily enough.

"Nanny," Jamie commanded, "This part too, please."

"YeS, MiSs VaSqUeZ"

Jack was likely putting in all the effort of a full-fledged wail as the laser beam removed the hair around his pubic area and scrotum, but the programming of the Dominance nanites was strong enough to reduce it to a whimper. His mind was likely rebelling and swearing revenge, but his body belonged to her.

Jamie caught a glimpse as his eyes widened in discomfort while Nanny spread his cheeks to make sure that there was no spot left untouched. Now that everything besides the hair on top of his head was now completely smooth; baby smooth- it was time to clean the parts that needed the most babying.

Jamie reached for the tub of wipes she kept by the changing table and gently wiped the inside of his thighs and scrotum. Next, she made sure to rub the now bald and glistening pubic area.

After that, she grabbed a fresh wipe, still cold, and grabbed his limp cock; wrapping her hand around his member. Gently she stroked him through the baby wipe; up and down, up and down, up and down. Jack let out a low moan, this time one of pleasure and not pain. Jamie felt his cock begin to swell and stiffen, becoming erect.

“Good baby,” she praised him. Then she stopped.

Jamie removed his legs from the restraints, so she could lift his legs up and push them up to his stomach. She gave his backside a decent wipe down before sliding the wet diaper out from under him. Nanny, helpful as always, was ready to receive the soiled diaper and already had a clean one unfolded and ready.

Jamie lowered her new toy's rump down onto the fresh padding, and she shook out her arm a little bit from the relief of having the weight taken off. She quickly reached for a jar of cream underneath the changing table, and dipped two fingers in, pulling out a thick and sweet smelling white cream.

She then proceeded to rub the cream all over Jack's privates, to soothe the likely irritation that would ensue from having all of his hair down there removed. Likewise, she lifted his legs back up and his ass was soon coated with the cream. After she sat his legs back down. Jamie took a moment to admire her handiwork and clean her hands with yet another wipe.

The job finally done, and Jack's penis still erect, desperate for attention, Jamie spread Jack's legs and pulled the front of the diaper back up over his crotch. Then she reached over the side and pulled one Velcro tape up the side, and finally the other, securing him firmly in his new diaper.

"Good baby," she patted the front of Jack's diaper, now soft and crinkly. Even through all the fluff and padding, she could feel the adult baby's hard on for her. He resented her, perhaps was in the middle of hating her, but some base animal instinct of his wanted to love her. He wanted to be with her. He wanted to fuck her brains out and have his own brains fucked out by her.

Time to let the animal out of his cage. "All done," she said stepping back. The boy- for that's what he had been reduced to- kicked the air like a mule the second the words had come out of her mouth. His body thrashed and his legs swung wildly at the ceiling above him while. His hips gyrated as if on autopilot, and he humped the air desperate to have something, anything put pressure against his manhood and give him some form of sexual release.

He screamed incoherently, as if all the muted discomfort and rage from having his hair removed and his personal space and privacy completely violated had just violated and erupted all at once into a blind terror.

Jamie calmly walked around the perimeter of the table and approached his upper body which was fortunately still restrained. She chided herself on not re-securing his ankles before releasing him. She'd have to make a note of that for the next time she did this to a new baby boy.

"Shhhhh," she patted his head and gently stroked his face. "It's okay, baby. It's okay. Mommy's sorry she had your body in time out for that long. I know it must be frustrating. But calm down, now. Shhhhh." Jamie briefly thought of giving the command phrase that would cause him to orgasm uncontrollably into his diaper, but decided against it. She had just changed him, after all.

She would have had him cum before, but a similar mistake two man babies ago, before the hair had been removed had been unpleasant. Jamie believed that one had been a Jim. Jamie hadn't known then that she hated the smell of electrified semen, but she knew now. Jamie hadn't gotten this far without learning from mistakes, both her own and those made by others.

Instead she just looked him in the eye and with practiced sweetness and sincerity said, "It's okay. It's okay. Mommy's sorry. She won't do that again... unless you make her." Jack's thrashing slowed to a halt. That got the point across. Smart boy.

"Nanny," Jamie cued the android. "Bring the baby over to the feeding couch."

"YeS, MiSs VaSqUeZ"

Jack was mercifully quiet while the robot untethered him from the straps. Jamie unbuttoned her blouse as she walked over, her heels clicked on the floor as she walked over to the old familiar couch and sat down.

Maybe it was the anticipation- the thrill of the game begun anew- sharpening her senses, but the room was seemed so deathly quiet that Jamie could hear the nearly silent whirring of Nanny's servos as the not-quite-human looking machine carried Jack over to her and laid him on his side so that his head was in Jamie's lap.

"You've been such a good baby," she stroked her toy's soft and short hair. "Ready for a little treat?" She opened up the nursing bra and felt the gasp of anticipation rock through Jack. "I'll take that as a yes."

Jack, for his part, was choosing to be quiet. The old axiom was true: If you wanted a man to shut up, you just had to shove something he liked in his face. By that measure, Jack definitely liked Jamie's tit. She gave her breast a tiny squeeze, letting a small droplet of milk drip out. Jack's eyes went wide.

“Now don’t bite,” Jamie warned, “or Nanny will spank. You will not like it when Nanny spansk.” Jack just nodded, opened mouthed, lips vaguely puckering at the air like fish gasping for breath. Jamie smiled, it wasn’t even the Dominance doing this part.

Slowly, sensually, Jamie guided Jack’s head to her breast. She jumped a little bit as he latched and began suckling her teat, his tongue licking and tickling and probing. His hands were shaking, wanting to move and grope and squeeze, but too afraid to do anything without her permission.

Jamie liked this part, where they experimented and tried to figure out how to get the most milk out of her. It was clumsy. It was awkward. It was natural. Just like a newborn baby learning how to eat. She allowed herself a moment of relaxation and closed her eyes, rewarding herself and her new pet with a low, satisfied moan.

While Jack was too afraid to touch her, Jamie had no such limitations. She leaned and snaked her free hand, the one not holding up the man babies head, out towards Jack’s penis, giving it a slight little caress through the thick diaper. It was still bulging and rigid like a soldier at attention; just waiting to be relieved.

Jack grunted at her touch, but did not attempt to thrust against her hand or hump the cushions of the couch. Perhaps he was afraid she would punish him. Perhaps he still had a measure of shame left in him. No matter. She could tease him in the meantime.

Jack’s hand slowly rose up to her shoulder and she felt him stop suckling, his lips going slack and his tongue withdrawing completely away from her nipple. Suddenly, like a man coming up for air, Jack pushed off Jamie’s body and rolled off the couch

“No.” Jack panted. “Not this. Not like this...”

“Hmmm....” Jamie clicked her tongue in amusement while her toy scrambled down onto floor.

“Look,” Jack spoke through gritted teeth, his brain a whirl of fear, anger, conditioned responses, and animal lust. “you might technically have the legal authority to do this, and oh my God are you hot, but this wrong. You can’t do this. I’m not a baby. I’m a grown-ass man.”

“Oh?” his captor tilted her head to the side, bemused. “So someone thinks he’s still a big boy?”

“You’re darn right, lady,” Jack nodded, brow furrowed. Despite what he hoped was an appearance of strong resolve, Jack was already beginning to falter. It was hard to think. He was angry, and scared and horny all at once, and none of those were particularly good for his willpower.

His penis and his brains were at competing agendas. His libido was telling him to just go along with whatever she wanted. Clearly this was some kind of sexual thing, some kind of bizarre fetish for her. Powerful people had weird secrets, and this definitely qualified. But that might mean he could get laid. What was wrong with being a sex slave? He’d at least get sex.

Get laid first, his penis begged, then worry about escape.

But he couldn’t do that, or it might mean he might never get out of this. He had to fight through the erection; move past the boner.

The headstrong, confident, cocky part of him was rapidly deflating too. He knew that a few words from this woman could turn him into a vegetable. He didn’t know how to fight that. And as confident as he was trying to seem, it was hard to feel that way. He was at her mercy. He was, like a...well...a baby.

Speaking of babies, it was hard to feel like you could be taken seriously when you couldn’t properly close your thighs together due to the and massive absorbent bulk between your legs and even the slightest movement resulted in a loud crinkle. Jack didn’t feel much like man knowing that the characters from Sesame Street adorned his crotch. He had to make a note to breathe through his mouth, too. The smells of the perfume in the Pampers and the diaper rash cream coating his balls and bum were awakening long lost memories and sensations inside of

him. Jack said a little prayer that the urge to stick his thumb in his mouth was a result of whatever this psycho bitch had spiked into his food.

“Jack, baby boy,” Jamie hummed. “You can’t take care of yourself anymore. You’re just a baby.”

“No,” Jack said. “I’m not.” He crossed his arms briefly, then felt awkward realizing how pouty he looked, and then he uncrossed them. Then he realized that he hadn’t gotten up off of the floor yet, and so he stood on his two feet.

“Do you think you stand any chance of getting out and telling people?” Jamie closed her nursing bra. “After what I’ve already shown you, do you think you have any hope of being a big boy again?”

Jack thought for a second. “Statistically,” Jack paused. “Yeah. You’ve done this before, I know. But you’re gonna get sloppy. You’ve got way too many people that you have to trust. Even if it’s not me, somebody is going to tell on you.”

“Ooooooh ho ho ho,” Jamie chuckled. “Somebody’s gonna tell on me?” She buttoned her blouse back up and stood up to look Jack in the eye.

“Listen to yourself,” she tickled Jack underneath his chin before he recoiled. “You’re already talking like a baby. You can’t survive out there without me, now. You need me.”

“That’s not true,” Jack objected. “As long as nobody says...” Jack stopped and gestured to Jamie, “those words you say, then I’m fine.”

“Oh really?” Jamie grinned, the Cheshire cat smiling at the mouse door mouse. “How about we put that to the test?”

“How?” Jack asked.

“First, some questions,” Jamie said. “Answer them correctly, and I’ll think about letting you go.”

Jack thought about this and considered her challenge. Even if she was lying, there was no harm in it. The lady was clearly insane, but had enough money to where she’d just be considered “eccentric”. Still, even crazy people operated by rules. Take advantage of their crazy and they just might let you go. As long as she didn’t say anything resembling “Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby..”, he’d be alright.

“Okay,” Jack nodded wearily. “Go on.”

“Trivia challenge,” Jamie smiled. “What is your name?”

“Jack Grainger,” Jack answered. Easy answer

“What’s my name?” she asked.

“Jamie Vasquez,” he replied. Another obvious answer.

“Where do you work?” Jamie was smiling now.

“The Infinitech building.” Jack said. Why the hell was she smiling?

“What’s the address?” she quizzed.

“Three fifty, fifth avenue,” he answered. Where was this going?

“Wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong,” Jamie clicked her tongue and shook her head, a throaty laughter rising up out of her.

“What do you mean wrong?” Jack was incredulous. He most certainly wasn’t wrong.

“Nanny,” Jamie looked over at the thing that could carry Jack around like a doll, “play back the tape.”

“YeS, MiSs VaSqUeZ” the Barbie-Maid said.

The wall of television monitors blinked to life, showing a security camera view of multiple angles. Jack looked and saw himself, standing in his giant Pampers, while Jamie paced around him casually, rattling off simple questions.

But even though it wasn’t even thirty seconds ago, the scene on the monitors played out far differently than Jack remembered it:

“What is your name?” Jamie had asked.

“Jack-Jack,” Jack saw himself respond confidently.

“What’s my name?” the Jamie on the monitor asked.

“Mommy,” the Jack from a minute ago replied. There was no hesitation or uncertainty in his voice. The Jack in the here and now felt his throat grow dry.

“Where do you work?” the Jamie on the television had that cat-that-ate-the-canary grin.

“Mommy’s work” Jack answered. Jack couldn’t believe how stupid he looked, standing in a diaper calling her Mommy and giving answers a three year old might give.

“What’s the address?” the Jamie from a minute ago asked his past self.

“One-two-three-four-five,” Jack from a minute ago rattled off with disturbing confidence.

Jack watched the whole thing, feeling his heart sink into his stomach. How the hell had that happened? Why didn’t he remember answering like that? Was the film doctored?

“I know what you’re thinking,” Jamie purred into his ear.

“How is this happening?” Jack whispered in disbelief.

“Language centerrrrrs,” Jamie sang out. “You think you’re saying what you want to say on certain things, baby boy, but you’re really just saying what I want you to say.”

“No,” Jack shook his head, not addressing her, but whatever god allowed him to get himself into this mess.

“Oh yes,” Jamie countered. “You could run out of this office right now, run straight to the police and tell them everything that I’ve already done to you, and you won’t actually tell them a thing.

“You can run away all you like, and all I have to do is monitor the psych wards and the prisons till you’re committed or thrown in jail and then I can come pick you up.”

Jack felt his chances for escape; his fantasies of rebellion slipping away. There was only one thing left he could do. Beg.

"I won't go to the police," Jack turned to her. "I swear. Just let me go and you'll never hear from me again. I won't make trouble for you, I just want to go and be left alone."

"Hmmm," Jamie seemed to consider his plea for a moment, licking her lips. Then she reached into her jacket and took out a small little square, no bigger than an old-fashioned compact mirror. She tapped on it and swiped at it, like some kind of tablet or phone and stared at it intently for a few minutes.

Jack didn't dare move during those few minutes while his employer and tormentor seemed to consider his request for leniency. Then a cheerful little "ding" came, and Jamie smiled at him.

"You seem a little tense, baby boy," she purred. "This job is not quite what you thought it would be." That was the understatement of eternity. Jack just nodded, dumbly. Waiting for what had to be a trap, spring.

"Nanny," Jamie ordered. "Get the baby some grown up pants."

"YeS, MiSs VaSqUeZ"

Jack couldn't believe his ears. What was the play here? What was the catch?

"You seem to have a little trouble adjusting, honey," Jamie circled around Jack and playfully poked him on the nose. "Why don't you take the rest of the day off? Come back to work tomorrow?"

"And what if I don't?" Jack couldn't help but ask.

"Oh, trust me," Jamie said. "You will."

Side Effects Include...

“So you’re serious about this?” Jack asked as he pulled the baggy sweat pants over his diaper. The robot nanny had brought out a baggy t-shirt, sweat pants, socks, and tennis shoes, all on Jamie’s command. They were a little dumpy looking, but they were probably the only thing that could fit over the bulk of Jack’s diaper while managing to somewhat conceal it. Jack shuddered at the idea that he had just mentally labeled it his diaper. That had to be more of the nanites that had rewired his brain. Had to be.

“Well,” Jamie snorted a bit, blushing her blonde hair to the side, “I wouldn’t say serious. Serious implies that I have something to lose in this. But if my new baby boy wants to play big kid for a day, I’ll let him.” She leaned in and tickled Jack under the chin. Jack felt himself “hmm” a little bit from her caress, but then made himself recoil from her touch. He wasn’t supposed to be enjoying this!

“Look, Miss Vasquez,” Jack said, taking a plain blue t-shirt- baby blue, he realized- and pulling it over his head, “I can’t go to the police or tell people what you’ve done to me; you’ve made that much clear. But I am leaving, and I’m not coming back.”

“D’awwww,” Jamie grinned, “He called me ‘Mommy’.”

“I’m serious,” Jack said, feeling indignant. Why wasn’t she taking him seriously?

“I know,” Jamie chuckled, “and that’s what’s so cute about it. You’re like a two year old telling me you’re running away from home and going out to live in the backyard forever.”

“That’s...that’s” Jack stuttered, “that’s not what it’s like at all!” This mad woman was gaslighting him. Worse yet, she was trying to trick him into staying, she had to be.

“Of course not,” Jamie cooed insincerely. “You’re a big boy. But just so you know, Mommy will be here, ready to take care of you while you go camping under the slide.”

Jack said nothing, but instead sat down on the ground so he could pull on the socks and shoes that had been presented to him. He gave a final indignant sigh when he noticed that the shoes were Velcro instead of laced.

“Don’t want my little baby tripping over his shoe laces,” Jamie said when she noticed Jack’s annoyance.

Jack stood up, choosing instead to say nothing, afraid of how his mouth might betray him now that the language centers of his brain had been tampered with.

“Just remember,” Jamie said slowly, almost seductively, “it can be really bad out there. But in here, with me, with your Mommy, it can be really, really good.”

Disgusted with the insane woman in front of him, Jack turned around in a pivot and did his best to storm out of the posh office. However, the waddling from the bulk between his legs and the soft crinkling coming from his rear end greatly diminished the effect.

“Oh Jack-Jack!” Jamie called after him. Jack stopped, his lip curling in disgust and the hairs on his neck standing on edge. “Don’t you want your wallet, baby boy?”

Jack looked back over his shoulder and saw Jamie dangling the wallet between her thumb and forefinger like it was a treat for a lapdog who’d done a fairly amusing trick. Now all he had to do was beg.

“I managed to save it from your little accident, earlier,” Jamie smirked. “Good thing you didn’t have a more serious accident, baby boy, or else this would be ruined.” Jack half-snarled as he made himself turn around and waddle back to Jamie.

“Don’t worry though,” she added as he re-closed the distance between them, “you’ve got your diaper back on, so you should be fine.” That part, in particular, struck a nerve with Jack. ‘You’ve got your diaper back on...’ The way she phrased that was so insidious, so venomous, so condescending. The statement’s purpose, Jack knew immediately, was to imply that Jack had worn the giant diapers his employer had foisted on him before today. It was as if he wasn’t

a grown man, but some naughty toddler who had decided he'd been ready for potty training, even though he clearly wasn't. She was gaslighting him, all right, and he was done putting up with it.

Jack's stomped up to his tormentor and looked her dead in the eye. Jamie didn't blink. Jamie didn't look away. Jamie was in no way intimidated by him. And why should she be? He was the one who a short time ago had just pissed himself and watched helplessly as he was stripped, diapered, paraded through a gaggle of women, pissed himself again, force fed mush in a wet diaper, and then have his body hair removed and his diaper changed; all because of a woman who had taken a perverse interest in him yesterday.

Jack imagined what she might do to him tomorrow.

He swiped through the air and snatched the wallet from Jamie's fingertips before shoving it angrily into the pocket of his baggy pants.

"We're going to have to do something about that," Jamie said seriously. "Otherwise Mommy isn't going to be able to take you shopping without worrying about you snatching things off the shelves." Jack did the smart thing and chose not to engage her. She was trying to make him mad; she was trying to justify to herself and to him that he should be treated this way.

Jack turned around, again, and moved to leave, but as he did, he felt the back of his waistband being pulled back. He stopped and looked around to find Jamie peaking down the back of his diaper.

"Just checking." Jamie said. "You're good. Go play, baby." She let the waist band snap back into place, before giving Jack a pat on the butt. Something inside Jack snapped right then.

Without saying a word, Jack reached down the front of his pants and grabbed hold of the tapes holding the scaled-up Pampers around his waist. The tapes ripped open with a flick of his wrists, and then with the slightest repositioning of his hands he grabbed the front of the diaper and yanked up, pulling it out of his pants and sending it wafting into the air above his head. Jack knew this was a bad idea. He'd just experienced first hand that Jamie could make him pee his pants whenever she wanted. He was likely incontinent. But right now it was the principle of the matter.

Jamie didn't gasp as the diaper, still thankfully dry, sailed through the air. She didn't laugh as it fluttered down to the ground. She didn't yell. Instead, in a tone much less playful and infinitely more clinical, she said six words: "You're going to need that diaper."

"Maybe," Jack managed to say. He couldn't think of anything else to say; nothing witty, nothing threatening. He just wasn't going to give that bitch the satisfaction of the last word. He didn't look back again as he walked once more towards the elevator, now no longer waddling or crinkling.

As the doors to the elevator closed behind him, he heard Jamie call back, "Bye baby boy! See you soo-"

Damn it. So much for the last word.

"MiSs VaSqUeZ," Nanny buzzed. "ArE yOu SuRe ThIs iS a WiSe CoUrSe Of AcTiOn?" The robot rarely offered much in the way of counsel or conversation, especially when it didn't involve the direct care of Jamie's big little ones; so this was a bit odd. Then again, according to its programming Jamie had just done the equivalent of sending a child out to play in traffic. So perhaps it wasn't that odd after all.

Jamie re-punched some calculations into the almost comically tiny little tablet in her hand, before looking back at the droid. A pleasant ping came back in response.

"There is an infinitesimally small chance that this little outing of his will backfire on me." Jamie said. "There's virtually no risk. I have a higher chance of being bitten by a shark who's won the lottery while being simultaneously struck by lightning."

"AnD tHe BaBy?" Nanny asked.

“He’ll be fine,” Jamie assured her humanoid appliance as much as herself. “He’ll be back by tomorrow.”

“YoU dldN’t Do ThIs WiTh ThE oThErS,” Nanny beeped.

“No,” Jamie sighed to herself, “I didn’t. But they didn’t work out, did they? And you know what they say about doing the same thing over and over again but expecting different results.”

“FiLe NoT fOUNd,” Nanny droned in reply.

“Oh,” Jamie shrugged. “I guess you don’t, then. Point is, it’s madness. Scientifically and statistically speaking, I have to try something else if I expect this to work.”

“ThEy LoVeD yOu,” Nanny stated. It was not suggestion, it was fact. “ObJeCtlvE cOmPIEtE.”

As much as any broken man baby could. Jamie rolled her eyes.

“Love and care is your primary objective, Nanny. Not mine.”

“PIEaSe StAtE oBJEcTiVe,” Nanny responded.

“Nanny,” Jamie groaned, “just shut yourself off until the baby comes back or until I have need of you again.” She’d grown tired of the artificial “intelligence”.

“YeS, mIs vAsQuEz.”

“Come on,” Jack whispered to himself as the elevator slowly descended. “Come on!”

The elevator dinged and came to a stop, but it wasn’t at the ground floor. As fate would have it, Marty walked in, beard first, as usual. He came in and stood next to Jack, absentmindedly before doing a double-take and gasping in surprise.

“Jack?”

“Hey,” Jack said, nervously. If it hadn’t been whatever Jamie had spiked his food with making him unable to properly tell anyone what had happened to him, the almost crippling embarrassment he felt would have silenced him anyways.

“Dude!” Marty exclaimed. “You look...different. I almost didn’t recognize you.” Jack shifted uneasily on the balls of his feet, grateful in that moment that he didn’t have a giant diaper on that crinkled with every move he made.

“Yeah,” was all Jack said. He looked over at his coworker. The look in Marty’s eyes made it clear he was expecting more of an explanation. “New job,” Jack said after an uncomfortable silence. Couldn’t this metal box move any faster?

“Yeah,” Marty nodded, smiling. “I heard all about it. Sweet gig, bro.” Heard all about it? Heard all about it?! Either Marty had actually heard all about it, and was subtly weedling Jack under orders- he wouldn’t put such things past Jamie-or he knew nothing about Jack’s new “job” and was only unintentionally tormenting him. The worst part was Jack couldn’t be sure which was going on.

“I’ve got some good news of my own,” Marty prattled on, oblivious to Jack’s discomfort. “While you’re living the sweet life in product testing and reviewing, Shelly from HR just told me, I’ve been given all of your clients. It’s more responsibility and a bigger workload, but it’s more money for me too. So it looks like we both made out thanks to your little promotion.”

“Uh-huh.” Jack said. He stared at the numbers going down. Too slow...too slow...

“So,” Marty leaned in, conspiratorially . “Got any good stories, yet?”

“Huh?” Jack asked.

“Come on, man. You’re working side-by-side with the genius hottie herself,” Marty playfully elbowed Jack in the ribs. “What cool shit are you trying out? What’s coming down the pipeline to market?”

“I...uh...” Jack fidgeted nervously. “I can’t say.”

“Non-disclosure agreement,” Marty sagely nodded. “I understand.” He really didn’t.

“So,” Marty said. “What’s she like, anyways?”

“Jaime?” Jack said – or at least thought he said.

“Mommy!” Marty barked out a laugh. “Dude! I didn’t know you were that close already.” Jack bit his tongue, angry at himself. Stupid! Fucking stupid!

“I know it’s a sweet job,” Marty guffawed, “but tell me you didn’t call her that to her face. Chick that young? That hot? Being called “Mommy” would not be the way to go if you wanted into her good graces.” That decided it: Marty had no idea what Jack was going through.

Jack suddenly felt a slight twinge in his bladder and cast his eyes downward, in horror.

You’re going to need that diaper.

Jack braced himself, ready for the yellow stream to just gush out of him and begin trickling down his legs. Surely, he was incontinent. Obviously, the dam inside of him was about to break loose and he’s piss himself uncontrollably in front of his coworker and friend. Yet, somehow, nothing happened. He still felt like he had to pee a little bit, but nothing more than “that soda went right through me”. For the moment anyway, Jack felt very much in control.

The elevator slowed to a stop, dinged, and the doors slid open. Marty moved to get out, but then stopped himself.

“After you,” he motioned out into the receiving area for “Sales”

"I'm going to the ground floor," Jack said unsteadily. "Lunch break," he added.

"Oh!" Marty said. "I thought you were coming to clean out your desk or something."

"I'm sure somebody else is coming for that," Jack half-lied. "You can raid it first for anything you might want."

"Dang, the perks you must get." Marty shook his head. "Okay, see you man."

"See ya."

The doors slid closed again, and Jack took a white knuckled ride all the way down to the bottom floor. He kept staring at his crotch, wondering he would suddenly pee himself.

You're going to need that diaper.

He had to be incontinent on some level. That was the only reason to explain why he had peed himself while being wheeled around in that giant stroller. There was no other reasonable explanation.

Maybe it was a command phrase. The deliberateness of how Jamie had said "Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby wears his diaper," had to be a command phrase. As soon as the words "Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby..." came out of her mouth Jack was sure his body would react and obey the next direction.

But then again, how likely would it be for anyone else to use that phrase and make Jack pee his pants?

You're going to need that diaper.

That, in of itself might have been a command phrase to his reprogrammed brain. Perhaps a time release of some sort.

Jack stared again at his crotch, expecting his bladder to let loose as the elevator doors slid open. Still, nothing. Jack sighed, bitterly, and walked out into the lobby and then rushed out into the busy city streets.

He was going to wet his pants again, likely at an embarrassing moment that would cement his adult infancy in his mind so that he'd come crawling (perhaps literally) to Jamie. The Sword of Damocles was hanging over his head; of that Jack had no doubt. Now if only he could figure out where the scissors were so he might be able to dodge it.

As he hailed a cab to take him home, Jack felt yet another ache coming from his bladder. God, why was this happening? Did he really have to pee that bad or was the anticipation of having to pee just making things seem that much worse?

A yellow car pulled up and Jack opened the door and got in the back seat.

"Where to?" A man with a foreign sounding accent in the front of the cab asked.

"Co-op City," Jack told him. Jack leaned back in the seat and closed his eyes, exhaling slowly.

You're going to need that diaper.

"And where is that, sir?" The cab driver asked. Great, a cab driver who didn't know directions.

"The Bronx," Jack sighed, not even opening his eyes.

"I'm afraid you'll have to be more specific than that, sir." The driver replied in a measured and calm tone reserved for when customers were being particularly difficult or obtuse.

"You want directions?" Jack leaned forward, his eyes open. This was getting to be annoying. Jack had had enough bad luck as he could stand.

"No, just a more specific location than 'home'." The cabbi said.

"I said Co-Op City," Jack said very slowly. "In the Bronx."

"I'm sorry sir, but I do not understand you."

Fucking idiot. Guy clearly didn't know how to speak English. Jack felt another unpleasant tingle down below and envisioned himself pissing all over the back seat of this guy's cab. It'd serve him right, but Jack was in no mood to humiliate himself. His bladder was likely a time bomb now and he wasn't ready for it to go off just yet. Jack opened the door, and went back into the street.

"Hey!" The cabbi called after Jack. "You still owe me two-fifty for opening the door!" Jack was in no mood to argue with the useless idiot, so he opened his wallet peeled off a five dollar bill and threw it in through the passenger side window.

A very enthusiastic "Thank you very much sir!" made it to Jack's ears as he continued walking down the street.

Frustrated at how easy it was for someone to get a permit to drive a cab and the fear of wetting his pants buzzing in the back of his mind, Jack walked down the street, his eyes cast downward the whole time, trying to think of a plan of some sort. He needed to see something for himself. Jack walked a couple of blocks, apprehensive the entire way, and ducked into a nearby liquor store. Without saying a word, Jack ducked and weaved through the aisles of gin, vodka, and rum and slipped into the tiny little bathroom.

Door locked, Jack dropped his pants, held his dick in his hands and...

And....

Nothing. Absolutely nothing. He pushed. He relaxed. He grunted. He shook it. Nothing. He was as dry as a bone. But why? He felt the urge to pee, but couldn't actually complete the act. It was like his prostate was swollen or something. Or was it shrunken? Jack wasn't sure which one, but he was sure that not being able to pee had something to do with his prostate. He'd have to look that up later when he'd found the time.

Jack lowered the seat and sat down on it, like a little kid. Maybe that would get things going. It didn't. Jack looked around to make sure there wasn't any cameras, and when he didn't see

any, he tried sticking his thumb in his mouth. Maybe there was some kind of stimulus that would trigger his bladder. If there was, he hadn't found it yet.

Dejectedly, Jack rose up and hiked his sweatpants back up. Not even bothering to flush, he walked back into the liquor store, head down in worry and frustration.

You're going to need that diaper.

"Hey, buddy!" The shopkeeper called from behind the counter. "Toilet's for customers only. You better be buyin' somethin'."

"Huh?" Jack looked up from the floor. "Oh yeah." Jack grabbed a bottle of rum from off a nearby shelf. Fuck it. The way his day was going, a drink would do him good, anyways. Drinking always made him have to pee anyways, thanks to it inhibiting his vasopressin secretion. (Thank you, trivia night!)

Jack placed the bottle on the counter and grabbed a two-liter of coke to join it. Then, he reached into his pocket, pulled a few bills out of his wallet and all but slammed them on the counter.

The store clerk behind the counter looked at the rum, and then looked at Jack, and then eyeballed the rum again.

"Lemme see some I.D.," he said.

"Huh?" Was all the response Jack could muster.

"Come on baby face," the clerk motioned 'gimme' with his hands, "lemme see some I.D."

Jack sighed as yet another straw was added to the pile and held open his wallet so the man behind the counter could verify his age.

"This isn't you," the clerk said plainly.

“What do you mean this isn’t...?” Jack flipped his wallet around to look. It definitely wasn’t him. Jamie must have tampered with his wallet.

“You don’t look like a Hector Gutierrez to me,” the man behind the counter smirked.

Jack squinted his eyes to read the name on the license, only to realize he couldn’t. Some part of Jack’s mind knew it was written in English; but for the life of him, Jack couldn’t read it. The name on the license might have said “Hector Gutierrez” but Jack couldn’t be sure of that, and that made him even more scared.

Language centerrrrrs

“Jamie...” Jack hissed.

“Don’t cry for your Mommy in here, kid.” The clerk said. “Ask her nice, and maybe she’ll buy you booze. But I’m not sellin’ any to you.”

“I wasn’t...” Jack started, “I didn’t mean...I wasn’t trying to say...” Jack sighed, this time in defeat. He moved the bottle of rum to the side and pushed the two liter of coke to the front. “Just this, please.”

The man rang Jack up and gave him some change and the bottle of coke. It was only when he was putting the change back in his wallet that he noticed something: He couldn’t tell how much money he had. The numbers made no sense to him. They just looked like little scribbles and marks. They didn’t mean anything to him. He recognized the faces of Jackson, Hamilton, Lincoln and Washington, but none of the numbers on the bills himself. The same was true for the soda waiting for him on the counter. He recognized the familiar red and white color scheme and knew the white scribbles to be writing of some sort, but nowhere could he read the words “Coca-Cola”. He couldn’t read.

That must’ve been why the asshole cabbie had been so happy; Jack must’ve peeled off a bigger bill than he had meant to; something that would have made stopping and arguing with a customer about where the Bronx worth the time. That must’ve been why the cabbie was such an asshole to begin with. Just like how he thought he was saying “Jamie” but people were hearing “Mommy”, he must also be describing his neighborhood, but all that was really coming out of his mouth was “home”.

Language centerrrrrs.

Fuck.

Jack couldn’t hail a cab and communicate on how to get home. He couldn’t read, so the subway was out. For all he knew his brain had been damaged to where he couldn’t even be

able to properly ask for directions to the correct train. Phrases like “A-Train”, “B-Train”, and “C-Train” might have been replaced with “Choo-Choo”.

Fuck.

It was going to be a long walk home.

Jack took the coke with him as he started walking down the sidewalk. He twisted off the little red bottle cap easily enough, but then it got slippery and fumbled out of his fingers and onto the pavement. Great. Just great. Now it was guaranteed to go flat in a few hours. But soda that wouldn't last the night was literally the least of his problems. It was at least a sixteen mile walk back home, and a trek in the heat of the day, with the sun reflecting off of the hot pavement, all while worrying about wetting his pants, wasn't going to be a fun one.

With regards to the pants wetting: Some of that had to be a trick, Jack reasoned. He was just likely oversensitive and paranoid. He remembered a time when he had a urinary tract infection; how it hurt like hell and how because of that he was particularly aware of his bladder filling up to the point of absurdity. Peeing was sometimes like an itch. The more you thought about it the worse it was. He wasn't about to pee himself, he didn't have anything left in his bladder to pee out again. And the best way to prove that would be to fill up the proverbial tank once again.

You're going to need that diaper.

“Fuck you, bitch”, Jack muttered to himself. He tipped the bottle back...and gasped...and sputtered. Brown, fizzy, sticky, sugary liquid rushed out of the bottle and into his eyes, and nose, then spilling into his mouth and then running out the corners down his face.

Jack stopped and spat as people walked by him, his face and neck dripping with coke. Like a kid who had swallowed too much pool water, he gave a loud and almost angry burp as he shook his head, splattering little brown droplets onto the sidewalk.

“The hell,” Jack whispered. He had just over shot it a little, that's all. He tipped the bottle back again, this time making it went properly into his mouth and his lips wrapped around the nozzle.

He started sucking at the bottle with all his might, inhaling the sugary drink as much as he was drinking the stuff.

When his own suction wouldn't get enough of the stuff inside his mouth, he tilted his head back with it and gazed up at the sky through the clear plastic bottle. He let gravity do the work. Then Jack realized that he was gripping the bottle very carefully. He was holding the Coke bottle with both hands, one on either side of the bottle.

He was holding the bottle just like a....like a....

You're going to need that diaper.

Damn it!

The bottle tipped and spiraled out of Jack's grasp from the shock of realization. Jack didn't have time to react as liquid sugar splashed down his chest, stomach, and the front of his baby blue sweat pants. Great, he looked like some kind of drunken slob. Or, more appropriately, he looked like some kind of toddler that couldn't even feed himself properly. He couldn't even buy booze and yet somehow he had a literal drinking problem.

Well, now his pants were wet anyways, but a diaper wouldn't have been able to stop that regardless. Jamie had really thought things out though with what she was putting Jack through. His mind had been, for all intents and purposes, hijacked. He couldn't read, couldn't accurately describe important people, places, or things so that people would understand him, there was something definitely off about his fine motor skills, and for some reason he constantly felt like he had to go to the bathroom. This was likely exactly what that psychopath bitch had in mind when she let him "have the rest of the day off." It really was going to be a long walk home.

Roughly sixteen miles later, Jack staggered home, exhausted. The long walk had given him time to acclimate and think about his predicament. It was a big city, and plenty of people freakier than a messy eater were out there walking the streets in broad daylight.

And Jack definitely was a messy eater, now. A stop by a hot dog cart and ordering a foot long with the works had confirmed that much. Unless he really concentrated, he'd grasp the bun too hard or too lightly. He only seemed to be able to take either meager nibbles that provided neither taste nor sustenance or huge gaping mouthfuls that smacked up against the roof of his mouth and sprayed out into the air between bites.

It had taken him five whole foot longs to get it right so that he could adequately eat his food instead of wearing it, and even then a very un-adult-like amount had stained his clothes. Fortunately "One please. The works," had been enough to be understood. The words "Mommy" or "home" or possibly even "hot doggies" had not even needed to come out of Jack's mouth.

The guy selling him the food didn't seem to mind. Jack's money was still good, and Jack had enough wherewithal to remember which dead guy was on which bill.

The vendor had meant well enough when he asked, "So do you have that Michael J. Fox disease or something like that?"

"Something like that," Jack replied.

"Yeah, that's what I thought." The vendor prattled. "You don't seem stupid, if you know what I mean. Like one of those..." the man paused and made a rude gesture with his hands to his chest and cocked his head to the side for emphasis. "Just seems like your arms and mouth ain't listening to your brain. Kinda like my grandpa near the end before senility kicked in."

"Thanks," Jack said flatly.

"If you don't mind me asking," the vendor kept digging, "why don't you have some pretty nurse or somebody to help you? Not that there's anything wrong with being independent," he added before Jack could shoot him death glares, "but there's no shame in getting help if ya need it."

Jack would have normally agreed with the man, except that the person who wanted to 'help' Jack had done this to him to begin with, and 'help' meant parading him around in Pampers for all to gawk at.

You're going to need that diaper.

For what felt like the hundredth time today, Jack glanced down at his pants. If he was peeing his pants, he couldn't tell because of how stained they already were. The ache in his bladder wasn't going away, either. No relief. So that was a good sign...kind of.

"Hey buddy...?" the words of the hot dog vendor stirred Jack out of his reflection haze. "Why don't you have some kinda help?"

Jack paused and chose his words carefully.

"It's...work related," Jack said.

"Oh those sons of bitches," the vendor shook his head, gravely. "Lemme guess; you got hurt on the job, fucked up your spine or something, and they're dragging their asses with the insurance money while you're out there having to fend for yourself with nobody watching your back, and they're hoping that'll make you willing to settle for less."

"Pretty much," Jack nodded.

"Mother fuckin' rich fat cats," the vendor commiserated. "They think everybody else is their doll or something. Like we're just something to just play with and amuse them, never mind that we've got our own shit going on."

"You have no idea," Jack said.

"Here, buddy. This one's on me." He handed Jack the fifth and final foot long. The one that Jack could actually eat most of the way.

"There ya go!" the man's fist pumped into the air. "Fuck those sons of bitches! If they think you're gonna come crawling back to them because of the shit that they put you in, they've got another thing comin'!"

Jack blushed as this perfect stranger cheered him on as if he were a toddler learning how to feed himself.

“Yup,” Jack said after swallowing. “Oh,” he added. “And it’s Parkinson’s Disease.”

“What is?”

“That disease that Michael J. Fox has,” Jack told the guy at the hot dog cart. “The disease that gives him the shakes. Bit o’ trivia.”

Presently, Jack was just outside his apartment building. He didn’t even bother trying to get home through the front door, since Jamie hadn’t bothered to give him his keys back. It was very possible that Jamie hadn’t even intended Jack to get as far as he had. Jack hoped that meant she hadn’t thought to disable his ability to turn knobs and locks.

“Might as well check out what I’ve got left in me,” Jack said to himself as he eyed the fire escape.

A dumpster push, jump, climb, and sneak later, Jack was just outside his apartment. Fortunately the tiny robots that Jamie had poisoned him with hadn’t taken away his natural athleticism. Now, Jack was poking and prodding the windows of his living room, trying to remember which pane was the loose pane.

“Come on, come on,” Jack muttered. He was rewarded with the feeling of a small pain of glass jiggling like a loose tooth. Jack’s pokes became outright pushes and the specified piece of glass came right out and fell to the floor, shattering. If Jack had had better neighbors, he might get the police called on him for trying to break into his own apartment.

Jack did his best to will his arm to become a snake as he twisted and contorted himself to reach through and unlock his own window. He almost dislocated his shoulder, but he was able to trip the latch, allowing him to slide the window open.

Once he was inside, and the window was closed and latched again Jack collapsed in exhaustion and laid on the floor. His eyes closed and if it weren’t for the sounds of the city outside streaming into his apartment through the missing pane of glass, he might have thought he was dreaming.

You’re going to need that diaper.

Jack sighed. He still hadn’t managed to pee since he’d put on non-absorbant clothes. Now was as good a time as any. He was exhausted, but then again, all he really had to do was properly relax his bladder and let nature take its course. Maybe that’s why some people called public toilets “restrooms”.

He picked himself off and walked to the toilet, feeling the need to relieve himself welling up inside of him. Not even bothering to stand, he dropped his pants, sat down, and...

And...

Nothing.

No gush. No trickle. No nothing. No relief. And try as he might, Jack couldn't make himself pee. He definitely had to go to the bathroom, he knew that much himself.

"What gives?" Jack asked himself.

You're going to need that diaper.

Jack couldn't understand what was happening. Why couldn't he pee? Why wasn't he peeing more often? Why hadn't he peed himself on any number of occasions throughout this miserable day?

He couldn't speak like an adult when it mattered. He could barely eat like one. Why wasn't he peeing his pants? Everything Jamie had revealed told Jack that she had wanted to treat him like a big baby. And babies didn't have any kind of bladder control. That's why they wore...

You're going to need that diaper.

Eureka! What if Jamie hadn't meant that Jack was going to be incontinent? What if Jamie had meant that he was going to need diapers? What if after the initial "accident", Jamie's tampering with his brain had made him absolutely and definitively diaper dependent? What if he wasn't incontinent? What if he wasn't un-potty trained? What if by some strange mechanism, Jack was now diaper trained?

Only one way to find out.

Jack hiked his pants back up and went to the front door, the urgency of his need eating away at his composure. He unlocked his door and let himself out. If some burglar wanted to rob him, let them. He had more urgent matters on his mind.

The nearest pharmacy and convenience store was an agonizing four blocks away. Every step Jack took caused a festering pain in his nether region. Briefly, Jack's mind flashed to how in ancient times men's penises were tied up and they were force fed wine until their bladders ruptured. That was not a fun bit of trivia to have in his mind right now. Would that happen to him? If something in his brain was making him hold it in right now, would his bladder ever give out or would it rupture and kill him? Even if it did give out, would the strain do any kind of long-term damage such as true incontinence or would he be subject to a life of excruciating pain until inevitably he peed himself? No option seemed good, and the lesser of these evils lay in front of him.

With pain driven steps, Jack walked into the store and went straight for the embarrassing medical products aisle. He grabbed a package of Depends without breaking his stride and went straight for the men's room.

The handicap stall in the men's room didn't give Jack much in the way of privacy, but it did give him room to change his clothes. In a perverse reversal of order of operations, Jack was squirming and squinting and shifting from foot to foot— doing a potty dance— as he opened up the package, kicked off his shoes and pants, and slid the adult pull-up up his hips.

The tiniest trickle came out of him as he was padded and Jack held his breath. Yes? Yes?

Then nothing. What the hell was going on? He was diapered, wasn't he? The condition had been met. He was wearing a Depends for God's sake! He was as diapered as any...

You're going to need that diaper.

Jack looked over to the wall in the handicap stall and saw the baby changing station on the wall. Oh no. Jamie hadn't put him in an adult diaper. It was adult sized, but that was the only thing "adult" about it.

Still without pants, Jack dashed out of the men's room and ran to the baby aisle. He grabbed a package of Pampers before doing a U-turn and running back into the men's room. The started shouts and guffaws of other customers echoed behind him as he ran back into the men's room handicap stall from which he came.

He ripped open the package and the sweet smell of baby perfume wafted up to his nostrils. The cast of Sesame Street smiled at him from the soft padding in his hands. Jack unfolded the diaper and stuffed it in the front of his incontinence brief.

It wasn't even ten seconds before Jack felt the sweet humiliating relief of his bladder relaxing and the warm wet liquid gushing into his pants. The baby diaper didn't hold much comparatively, and it wasn't long before the leak guards failed and leaked out the sides and back and into the waiting Depends.

The diaper was sagging with the better part of a day's worth of urine. Jack had just put on the diaper and already he needed a change. He grimaced and looked down at the packages on the bathroom floor. These things weren't cheap, either in the long term. He was effectively incontinent, but required baby diapers in addition to incontinence products that might actually get the job done.

A catheter might work, Jack considered, but that was painful and expensive too. Plus, he highly doubted any kind of medical scan would indicate a blockage explaining why he could no longer pee on command, so there likely wasn't an insurance company in the world that would pay for the supplies. Some nagging feeling also told him that it wouldn't go over well if he requested a brain scan to prove that his "Mommy" at "Mommy's work" had drugged him so that his name was "Jack-Jack" and now he couldn't go pee in the potty.

He was also effectively illiterate, and he ran the risk of literally not knowing what he was talking about.

Was this how it was going to be? Buying adult diapers and baby diaper stuffers so that he could have the comfort of being able to uncontrollably wet his pants or else be in constant pain from a bladder that wouldn't unclench otherwise? And having almost no skill set with which to support himself?

Jamie literally had something that no one else could give him. Diapers. Rent free shelter. Bottles he could drink, and food he could eat. And like the guy at the hot dog stand had brought up, was it really that bad getting help taking care of himself if he needed it? More importantly, did he really have a choice?

The door flung open and a man walked into the restroom. Based on the logo on his polo shirt, he worked here.

“Excuse me, sir,” the man began.

“Here,” Jack cut him off. He handed him the wallet from his sweat pants. “Take it. There should be just enough money left to cover the diapers.”

“Sir, if you don’t put your pants back on I’m going to have to ask you to leave the store,” the man said with a mix of practiced forcefulness and a touch of fear. Jack must’ve looked like some kind of crazy to the man, and everyone knew you just don’t mess with crazy.

“I’m already leaving,” Jack said. No looking back now. Only forward.

It was going to be a long walk back to Jamie.

“D’aw,” Jamie cooed. “Look who came back!” It was late, but not too late, as far as Jamie was concerned. Jamie had stayed in her office and was prepared to spend the night in case Jack had decided to come back. Just as she was getting ready to fall asleep on the couch, security buzzed her and let her know that a strange man wearing just a ratty t-shirt and an adult diaper was banging on the front door.

Of course she instructed them to let the boy in. Jack now stood before her, at the doorway to her office, smelling of sweat and stale urine, an adult diaper swaying like a pendulum between his hips.

“Awww,” she mocked her new fascination. “You missed your diapers, so you came back didn’t you?”

Jack didn’t say anything. He didn’t need to. Jamie was certain and her calculations were correct: If the meddling with his language centers didn’t do the trick, the trouble eating and the diaper dependence would. Jamie was curious though. With the programming from this batch of Dominance nanites, he shouldn’t even have been able to relieve himself in an adult diaper.

Casually she leaned over and pulled back the front of his diaper. Sure enough, there was a baby diaper of some sort stuffed in there. He had managed to find a loophole in her programming. To say that she was impressed would actually be an understatement. She’d have to remember that for future batches of Dominance. Maybe this baby boy would provide more fun for her than expected after all. Still, she was going to win and that made it all better.

“Such a clever boy,” Jamie patted her charge on the head. “But aren’t you tired of wearing these homemade diapees? Don’t you want some that actually fit you?”

“Yes, Mommy...” Jack said, his head bowed. He hadn’t meant to say “Mommy,” Jamie knew. Likely he had just thought to say “Jamie” or perhaps “ma’am.” But soon enough, he’d call her “Mommy” and mean it.

Jamie smiled.

“Let’s go home.”

Little Carrots and Big Sticks

Jack's transition back into diapers was quick, painless, and utterly degrading. Jamie's robotic Nanny laid him down right there on the floor and ripped the clothes off of Jack's body like they were made of tissue paper. "You won't be needing them anyway," Jamie had told him, smiling like the cat who had recaptured the mouse.

Then, of course, came the new diaper; and this was most definitely a diaper. No more packages of adult incontinence briefs. A thick, goopy cream was spread on and rubbed into his ass by the nanny, followed by a generous dusting of talcum powder on his crotch, until finally the enlarged Pampers was pulled up between Jack's legs and fastened on with Velcro tabs. Jack's new "Mommy" watched all of this with the relaxed focus of someone catching a golf game.

The ride "home" was equal parts uneventful and unnerving. Out on the sidewalk with Jamie and Nanny, Jack didn't even have time to feel nervous standing there, naked save for an Elmo decorated disposable, as a limo pulled up within seconds of the trio exiting the Infinitect headquarters. Holding his wrist in a vice grip, Nanny opened the limo door for Jamie. Once its master was inside, the automaton got in and pulled Jack into its lap. "Don't worry, baby boy," Jamie cooed mockingly to her new man baby. "Nanny is safer than any seatbelt. You're in good hands." The infantilized man didn't have time to even register the remark before Nanny's not-quite-human hands wrapped around his waist. "There we goooooo."

They rode in silence the rest of the way. Jack didn't bother trying to ask questions or strike up a conversation with his captor. What was the point? She was in control. As far as he knew, Nanny only spoke when some facet of its programming demanded it; point being Nanny probably wasn't much for small talk. Not even the limousine's driver said anything. Suddenly curious, Jack twisted in Nanny's lap to try and peer through the tinted glass separating the passenger compartment from the driver's seat. Was there anyone up there? Jamie Vasquez already had access to androids and nanobots. A driverless limo was easily within the realm of possibility.

"StOp SqUirMiNg, BaBy," Nanny buzzed a warning. An urge to tell the mannequin to go fuck itself rose up in Jack before he wisely decided to ignore it and settled back down. Jamie, meanwhile, sat contentedly across from her slaves- both old and new, robotic and diapered- her face illuminated in the glow of the tiny tablet she kept on her at all times. As she poked at the compact device, her smile deepened with each pleasant "ding", her focus becoming even more intent.

There was something familiar about those eyes, Jack decided. She wasn't just checking Facebook on there. Stocks weren't a likely option, either. The young man had already had a

fairly interesting life- though calling his current situation “interesting” was an understatement- and he recognized the look on his employer’s from somewhere. Memories of a Las Vegas vacation came to the forefront of his mind.

That’s where he knew the look on Jamie’s face from! He’d seen those exact kind of eyes as he’d passed the rows slot machines filled with old crones hoping for the old triple cherry. Just one more pull of the lever and it was going to be their big score and they could finally retire.

One more spin of the roulette wheel; bet it all on black. Just one more hand of blackjack; the deck was hot. Those were gambler’s eyes. Those were addict’s eyes. For all her money, Jamie had more in common right then with a hobo holding a scratch-off ticket than with a twenty-six year old billionaire. What was she gambling on? Jack had no idea, but he was more worried now than he had been being wheeled around in that giant stroller. Addicts were dangerous. Gamblers even more so.

The car slowed to a stop and Jamie reached for the door. “We’re heeeere,” she announced in a sing-song reminiscent of a horror movie. “Welcome home, Jack-Jack.” Taking a moment to slip tiny computer into her suit jacket, Jamie opened the door and stepped out. Effortlessly, Nanny shifted Jack and scooped him up in its arms, cradling him as it exited the vehicle and onto the street, the Manhattan skyline staring down at them.

Jack bobbed up and down as Nanny, following close behind Jamie, walked into the lobby of the nearest skyscraper. “Good evening, Miss Vasquez,” the security guard greeted them. If he was perturbed by Jack’s current state of dress, or lack thereof, his face gave nothing away to indicate it.

“Evening, Gimble,” Jamie replied nonchalantly, not breaking her stride as she made a bee line for the elevators. “Fun night ahead of me. Got a new baby to break in.” The color immediately drained from Jack’s face. Obviously, he shouldn’t expect any help from Gimble.

“Yes ma’am, have a good night.”

Inside the elevator, Jamie leaned over to the dashboard and pressed her face against some kind circular peephole above where one would normally press the board, while Nanny waited passively, Jack still in its clutches. There was a pause and Jack caught a glimpse of infrared light shining over her eye.

“Retina scanned and registered,” a recording of the young woman’s own voice filled the elevator car. “The passphrase has been set...ten...days in advance. Please speak today’s pass phrase.”

The young woman closed her eyes and exhaled through her nose, evidently trying to remember the correct phrase. “Go then, there are other worlds than these.”

“Passphrase Accepted. Welcome, home, Jamie.” There was another brief pause before the elevator lurched to life.

Overcome with curiosity, Jack finally spoke up, despite himself. “Dark Tower?”

Jamie looked over to the man baby cradled in Nanny’s arms and favored him with a smile, this one far less sinister than previous ones. “I’m a bit of a Stephen King fanatic. He really gets me.”

“You mean you get him?”

“No,” the founder of Infinitetech shook her head. “I don’t.” Jack didn’t know how to respond to that one, so he thought it best to keep the conversation going but change the subject. This was the first time since this morning that Jamie had talked to him in something other than mock motherese.

“Guard on your payroll?” he asked.

His captor smirked. “I own the building, so of course he is.”

“He seemed pretty nonchalant about the whole baby thing.”

Jamie reached over and tousled his hair. “Silly boy, do you really think you’re the first baby I’ve brought home with me?” Jamie’s hostage bristled slightly at her touch. So much for that route. Time for a different tack.

“Whole lotta high tech security,” he mentioned as nonchalantly as possible. “Enemies?”

His new “Mommy”, evidently wasn’t having any of it. “Don’t you worry your cute little head about any of that,” her smile turned dangerous again. “All you have to worry about is how full your tummy is and how your diapee is. Speaking of which,” she paused, “how is your diapee?”

Still cradled awkwardly in Nanny’s arms, Jack’s eyes wandered towards his diaper. His diaper. That was going to take some getting used to. He felt a slight aching in his bladder, now that he thought about it, but it wasn’t anything that he’d have noticed unless he’d been specifically thinking about it. Unlike earlier today, the wetness indicator on the Pampers was yellow, indicating that he was still very much-

A patch of blue spread as a spurt of urine shot out from Jack’s penis. Jack gasped as his diaper warmed ever so slightly.

It wasn't much pee, but it was enough to unnerve Jack. There had been no voice command that he had recognized; no talk of "widdle babies" or how of "Mommy wuvved" it when they wet themselves. "How...?" the poor boy managed to sputter, his throat tightening.

"Dominance nanites," Jack's tormentor explained. "They can't quite make you incontinent, but they can make you go if you're thinking about it. So the best way to keep your diapee clean is to not think about it. Good luck with that."

If he ever thought about needing to go, his body would betray him. Even if he somehow became a master of ignoring the burning twinge of a full bladder, the moment it registered as such, the battle would be lost. Jack's face had more in common with a caught bass than with a toddler as he let that last bit of information sink in.

Seeing Jack's dumbstruck and hopeless expression, Jamie took a moment to relish pinching the boy's cheeks. "Don't worry, sweetie," she cooed. "You'll eventually become truly incontinent when your big boy bladder and bowels atrophy and your body completely forgets how to hold it in. My friend Shelly tells me that there are fetishists who do it to themselves all the time. Just think of the medicine I put in you like a kind of reverse training pants."

"Then why not get one of them to be your baby?" Jack sulked as the elevator came to a stop.

"Awww honey," Jamie said. "You wouldn't even begin to understand if I told you."

They stepped out of the elevator and into a suite that could modestly be described as "palatial." The elevator opened up to a living room that was easily just as big as Jamie's office, and Jack noticed that there were multiple doorways and hallways leading elsewhere. "You can put the baby down, Nanny"

"YeS, mlsS vAsQuEz," the thing holding Jack buzzed before setting him down. His feet hadn't even been on the floor for two seconds, before Jamie was giving the front of his diaper a pat and a squeeze.

"Definitely just a tiny tinkle," she teased. "You'll be fine for a while, yet."

Jack opened his mouth to say "Yes Mommy," but instead caught himself and said, "Yes ma'am". He didn't care if the language centers of his brain had been hacked, and he might be saying "Mommy" anyways and not even consciously realize it. He knew what he had meant to say, and that meant something, however small. Whether it was "ma'am", or "Mommy" that had actually come out of Jack's mouth, the woman who had ruined his life seemed pleased by it.

He must've been pouting though, because Jamie then took his hand in hers and said "Oh don't be such a grumpy face." Her finger tickled under his chin patronizingly. "You'll get used to your diapees in no time."

It wasn't at all in his best interest he knew, but Jack turned away from his captor. He instantly regretted that decision, as Jamie used one slender finger to pull back the waistband of his adult Pampers and peek inside. "Not yet," she snickered, "but soon."

"Fuck. You."

The words hadn't even become fully formed thoughts in Jack's mind before he uttered them. Instantly, his heart was pounding, his adrenaline pumping. The sword of Damocles was hanging over his head and the queen bitch herself had the scissors. Jack's stomach churned. Here came the slap in the face or the spanking. Hell, here came some kind of coded message to his nanobot-infested brain designed to activate all of his pain receptors at once. Except Jamie didn't even wince. The curse didn't register with her. She must've altered curse words out of his vocabulary, the same way that he likely said "Mommy" whenever he was referring to her.

Instead of drawing back her hand and slapping him, Jamie took Jack's hand in hers and led him away. "Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby follows her." Jack's feet were no longer his. Jamie walked through the suite, passing by an adult sized playpen positioned in front of a large flat screen television. His neck contorted and twisted- rather like an owl's- when he tried to do a double take and confirm that yes, that had been a jumper swing big enough to fit him as his feet were forced to trail behind the motherly sociopath.

Warm carpet gave way to cold tile as Jamie led her latest victim to what had to be the bathroom; though most bathrooms weren't big enough to play basketball in. Jack took a mental inventory of his immediate surroundings. There was a sizeable bathtub, of course, and a toilet; but there was also a shower, a bidet, a hot tub, several sinks and yes-he regretted noticing- a scaled up variant of a fold up changing table mounted to one of the walls. It even had a picture on it; a smiling cartoon bumble bee with a diaper on its thorax, its little black stinger poking out the back. For some reason, he noted, the bathroom even had a urinal, even though Jack couldn't imagine Jamie allowing a guest capable of easily using one.

The only bathroom fixture that was absent from this space was a scaled up version of a child's training potty. Grimly, Jack realized that there was likely a very good reason for that.

Jamie noticed his gaze when he looked at the tub. "Oh, no, no," she tittered. "Babies have bath time in the mornings." When he motioned questioningly to the mounted changing table, she again corrected him. "I already told you, your diapee can hold a lot more than a tiny tinkle."

They met each gaze for a moment, each one questioning the other; sizing each other up in a battle of wills. Her eyes were the barrel of a gun, and Jack was staring straight down it.

“You want to know what we’re doing in here?” she asked. He nodded. The smallest hint of hope flickered up in Jack as she led him to a nearby toilet, but he was smart enough to quash it. He already knew from the day he’d just had that he couldn’t possibly use it.

Jamie took off her skirt and shimmied her panties down her legs before sitting down on her porcelain throne. Such a fitting euphemism: porcelain throne. Here is where there was the greatest gap in power between the two. This seat was a privilege reserved for her and he could only dream of using it in any meaningful way. “Let’s play make-believe, baby boy.” She patted her thigh. “Come. Sit.”

Reluctantly, but not seeing much other choice, Jack obeyed, and positioned himself into her naked lap. She wrapped her arms around his waist. “We’ll play pretend,” her voice echoed off of the tiles. “Mommy will go potty, and you can pretend it’s you doing it, instead. Okay?”

There wasn’t time for Jack to even nod before a strong and steady trickle of liquid hitting liquid filled his ears. His cheeks flushed bright red at this latest indignity. A low breathy moan from behind him joined the tinkling and Jack’s muscles tensed in excitement. Oh god, why was he liking this? She hugged him closer and he felt her breasts on his back, her nipples erect through her clothes; any hint of a bra suddenly conspicuously absent.

His member throbbed with a sudden list and he had to fight with all of his being the urge to grind up against the damp padding of his diaper. A slender, almost dainty hand slid down between his legs and pressed through the bulk, teasing his cock ever so gently. “Does baby like that?” he heard. Without meaning to, Jack nodded his head.

“Good,” Jamie whispered. “This next part is easier if you’re...hmmm...primed. Now get on the floor.” Shaken with desire, Jack obeyed, lowering himself off of his kidnapper’s lap and crawling to all fours. Jack’s panting in anticipation mingled with the distinct papery rustling of his diaper; the two sounds bouncing around the cavernous bathroom. Even he knew what was about to come next.

“Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby makes cummies in his diapee.”

Spasms rocked through Jack’s body as he began writhing on the floor in instant ecstasy. His sex drive rocketed from thirty to a hundred miles an hour instantly, sending him over the edge into one of the hardest orgasms of his young life. Suddenly exhausted, Jack rolled over onto his back while Jamie leaned over from her perch and gently rubbed the front of his diaper like a master scratching her dog’s belly. “Good baby,” she told him. His pelvis bucked weakly against her hand, more out of some preconceived expectation than actual sexual energy. The young man hadn’t erupted that hard in his clothes since he had accidentally brushed up against Susan Collins’s breasts in the lunch line back in eighth grade.

Jamie's hot breath blew into Jack's ear. "Get ready," she hissed into Jack's ear. Then she whispered, "Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby-"

"NO!" the babified man howled. "NO! NO! NO! NO!" But it didn't matter how much he yelled. He had heard the command over his own screams, and even if he hadn't heard every painstaking syllable, the command phrase had been uttered and he had an idea of what the monster woman had wanted. That was all the microscopic robots inside his brain needed. Wave after wave of cramps hit him while he clutched at his belly. He grit his teeth. He clenched. He slammed his eyes shut trying to block out the world outside his own body. His legs betraying him, Jack felt his feet leave the floor and raise into the air, shifting his hips so that he could...

No! Never!

Fighting against his own body, his own brain, Jack flipped back over onto all fours and slammed his rump back into his heel, a metaphorical finger in the dike. He groaned in pain as fresh spasms of pain moved through him. Desperate for some sort of comfort, Jack bowed his head to the floor, seeking relief in the cool tile on his forehead. Had he been able to see himself, he would have seen a young man with his head lower than his ass, seemingly praying to whatever gods above or below might save him. It wasn't an entirely inaccurate perception.

His "Mommy," looked on and stroked his hair softly, while the command ran its course, shushing his groans. "Don't fight it, baby boy. Just let it happen," she purred. Jack refused to budge, becoming a gargoyle on the porcelain floor. Here was his line in the sand that he would not willingly cross. Here was his Alamo.

It was nearly five minutes of groaning and grunting in agony before Jack's body finally gave up on him. Primal utterances and rude noises kindled together in the bathroom as fresh hot steaming debasement spilled out into the back of his diaper. Jack felt as though he might vomit with each accompanying pat that Jamie gave to his backside.

"Good baby."

Jack opened his mouth to reply with some form of defiant curse word, but he was too disgusted with himself. "Oh, and I almost forgot," Jamie's voice took on a dreadfully perky tone. "Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby makes cummies in his diapee." His second orgasm wasn't nearly as powerful as the first- a single bottle rocket compared to the Fourth of July- but cum still spurting out into his diaper while happy hormones flooded his nervous system.

Jamie's bare foot nudged an exhausted and unresisting Jack back over onto his back, causing him to grimace in disgust. "Once we do that enough times, baby will start getting horny all by himself when he uses his diapee. Isn't Pavlovian conditioning wonderful?" Her new pet didn't

deign to respond. “That was for being good and coming back home to Mommy so quickly. This, is for having a potty mouth. Nanny?”

The android was so fast it might as well have teleported beside Jamie, casting its shadow over the pathetic and spent adult baby by. “YeS, MiSs VaSqUeZ,” the thing buzzed.

“The baby has been very naughty. Spank him.” The floor fell away from Jack as Nanny grabbed him by the waist and held him under one arm. Too tired to struggle, all he could do was close his eyes and wait for the worst to happen. He didn’t wait long.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

The sound of the automaton’s spanks thundered like gunshots as appendages stronger than any human could possibly be slapped rapidly against his backside. Even with his rear padded as it was, Jack cried out as searing pain spread across his backside, his whole nervous system screaming with him as an electric fire spread across his synapses. Feebly, he kicked in Nanny’s grasp while Jamie watched appreciatively. He wasn’t expecting to actually wriggle free, but praying that the squirming would appease his mistress and that she would make it stop.

“Hold,” Jamie commanded, and for a moment the pain lingered after Nanny stopped, before finally subsiding. The founder of Infnitech crouched so that she could look her baby boy in the eye. “Do you have anything to say?”

“I’m-“ Jack panted. “I’m sorry.”

“What was that?”

“I’m sorry...Jamie.”

Jamie looked into her slave’s eyes, and licked her lips. What had come out was “Mommy”, but Jack had the sinking suspicion that Jamie knew it wasn’t his intention. “I don’t believe you.”

THWACK!

“Try again?”

“I’m sorry...Miss Vasquez”

“Naughty.”

“THWACK!”

“I’m sorry... I’m sorry...Mistress.”

“Not. Good. Enough.”

Jack closed his eyes and hung his head. “I’m sorry...Mommy.”

“Good baby,” Jamie cooed. Finally satisfied. “Nanny, put the baby to bed.”

Nanny looked down at Jack, a ragdoll now, and gently cradled him in its arms. “YeS, MiSs VaSqUez. InItiAtiNg DiApEr ChAnGe.”

“Override that,” Jamie told her robotic servant before it had even taken step towards the nearest changing table. “Put him to bed.”

A harsh buzzing emanated from Nanny as it seemed to regard its creator. “HyGeInE pRoToCoLs ArE sTiLi EnGaGed. BaBy’S dIaPeR iS nO IOnGeR aT aCcEpTaBIe pArAmEtErS. RaSh Is ImMiNent.”

Jamie stripped off her remaining clothes and flushed the toilet before stepping into a nearby shower. “Ignore. We’ll deal with any rash he has tomorrow.” A few slight clicks, as if Nanny were clicking her tongue resonated through the bathroom.

“AcKnOwLeDgEd...”

“Goodnight, baby,” Jamie waved from the shower as deliciously hot water poured over her while Jack was carted off to his first night in his crib. A night in a well-used diaper could do wonders for a big baby’s temperament.

“...From the Mouths of Babes”

It had not been a good night for Jack. There had been no pillow in his crib, he’d been given no blanket and he had to spend the night in a disgusting and overly saturated diaper. The smell alone, so thick he could taste it, made it hard to rest. No thoughts of escape had managed to cross his mind. Jamie had already made it perfectly clear that running away wouldn’t make him free or independent. “Getting out” and “getting free” were decidedly different concepts in this matter.

Jamie’s robot thug had been the one to come fetch him when the sun was up. Wordlessly, Jack found himself carted back to the bathroom where he had been violated in ways that had up until last night been inconceivable to him. His captor, clad in a fluffy pink bathrobe, greeted him as Nanny pulled down the changing station bolted to the wall and strapped him down.

“Morning, Jack-Jack,” Jamie chirped, obviously well rested. “Did you sleep well?” She didn’t bother to wait for a response, instead reaching for the tapes on his ruined Pampers and

unceremoniously ripping the tabs off. Dramatically, Jamie waved her hand in front of her face as she peeled back the front of the padding; the fermented stench of bodily waste rising into the open air. “Phew! Stinky baby!”

His captor grabbed a packet of baby wipes from a nearby shelf. Nanny lifted his legs up into the air while Jamie began the arduous task of wiping him down. Jack was not proud to admit to himself that despite everything that had transpired thus far, his penis still throbbed a bit when that cold rag dragged across his most intimate of areas.

That same clicking noise from the previous night came from Nanny. “RaSh DeTeCtEd,” it buzzed. It was true. Jack had been naked, save for the diaper, since he had submitted to Jamie’s control, and an entire night stewing in his own juices had resulted in a kind of disgusting inverse sunburnt tan line. Everything that hadn’t been covered was a pasty white while his most private of parts had taken on a glowing pink hue.

“Duly noted, Nanny,” Jamie remarked. “Put him in the tub. Do something about that rash. Redress him. Meet me in the kitchen.”

“YeS, MiSs VaSqUez,” the machine acknowledged the command. “InItLaTiNg BaThInG sEqUeNcE.” The mistress of the manor was already walking away by the time her droid had processed the command. Jack was snatched up from the hard plastic surface, the remains of his “accidents” not even fully disposed of before he was plopped into a rather large bathtub, hot water pouring out of the faucet.

Left alone with Nanny, Jack’s discomfort began to drastically decrease. Nanny may have looked almost human, but it was still machine, bound to its programming instead of the psychotic whims of whatever queer brain chemistry that gave Jamie her brilliance and twisted tastes. Jack had spent many an hour naked in front of his computer in the privacy of his own home, and this wasn’t all that different; only this particular computer was scrubbing him down with soapy water and baby shampoo. Ironically, being buck ass naked as the day he was born would probably be the most “mature” look available to Jack for the foreseeable future.

Unable to resist his curiosity, Jack looked up at Jamie’s tool. “So is this how it’s gonna be?” He asked the robot. “She plays ‘Mommy’, tortures me a little bit and you do the heavy lifting?” Nanny gave no response. Know-it-all that he was, Jack wasn’t terribly surprised. Nanny only seemed to respond to Jamie’s commands.

It wasn’t long before Nanny announced, “BaThInG cOmPIEtE,” and a dripping Jack was yanked from the hot water, a bath towel wrapped around his waist, and he was carried back into the nursery he woke up in this morning. The “nursery,” of course, was a completely scaled baby’s room, filled with toys, a crib, rocking chair, and sturdy and fully stocked changing table. Jack turned his head to the side while Nanny laid him down on the changing table and slid the next of what was sure to be many gigantic Pampers he’d be wearing under his rump.

He chewed, thoughtfully on his thumb while the android began rubbing a soothing paste on his butt, causing the rash he'd developed to stop itching quite so much. Jamie's personal "product tester" couldn't quite put his finger on it, but there was something missing in this otherwise perfectly recreated baby's room. Something was definitely off.

The answer came to him soon enough. Nanny finished diapering him, his privates now even pastier than the rest of him thanks to heavy coating of baby powder and diaper cream coating them, and pulled him up to a sitting position. Jack braced himself for whatever infantile outfit the droid was going to pull out to dress him in and raised his arms so that some form of apparel could be yanked over his head. Instead, the mannequin servant produced a single baby blue bonnet and placed it on Jack's head, tying it beneath his chin.

Next came...nothing. Absolutely nothing. That's when it hit Jack. This nursery had everything, toys, crib, changing table...but not clothes. There was no dresser. There was no closet. The only thing resembling clothes for him, Jack realized, were the diapers he was forced to wear and the bonnet on his head. No "Waitwaitwaitwait!" Jack protested while Nanny slid him onto its hip. "What gives? Nanny. Nanny stop!"

Interestingly enough, the robot did stop. For the third time since he had arrived, the oversized baby heard the click-clucking sound, rather like an old computer that was having trouble downloading something on a dial up modem.

"WhAt DoEs ThE bAbY wAnT?"

"More clothes?" Jack asked. A whirring noise emanated from Nanny's head.

"DiApEr iS cLeAn," the human-like machine droned. "ChAnGe NoT nEeDeD."

Jack shook his head. "Not a diaper you stupid machine. Clothes. The kind that cover up my diaper. The kind of clothes that a diaper is supposed to protect."

More clicking and clucking. This time for much longer. Jack was worried that the robot would drop him when it shuddered briefly.

"FiLe NoT fOuNd."

Jamie quietly munched on her toast in her breakfast nook, waiting patiently for Nanny and Jack. She relished the dry crunch of the lightly buttered bread. Perfect. Just perfect. Soon it would be better. She loved eating in front of her new babies, savoring each bite, implicitly

communicating to her diapered men as they were spoon fed pureed mush that such simple delicacies were out of reach.

Minutes passed. Then more minutes. Then more. What was taking Nanny so long? The boy wasn't that dirty. Jamie considered leaving the last bite of toast untouched, having planned to finish her breakfast in front of her boy toy. Practicality demanded, however, that she finished, and so she popped the last bit into her mouth and chewed. Her babies were subject to her timetable and not the other way around. Crumbs on the plate would be enough to deliver the intended message.

"Nanny?!" Jamie called out after she downed a small glass of orange juice. "Is everything alright?"

"YeS, MiSs VaSqUez," her faithful android buzzed back as it carried Jack into the kitchen. As could be expected, her new baby was pouting a bit; she could see it in his eyes. A night in a full diaper typically showed her boys exactly where they stood, but it wasn't unusual for there to be a subdued and lingering resentment. Jamie wasn't particularly worried about this. A little resistance could be a good thing for the longevity of the game. Outright defiance was to be quashed at every turn, but there was no harm in a fussy baby. Besides, she reasoned, were she in his Pampers, she might be a little cross at the situation too.

Jamie walked over to Jack and gave him a peck on the cheek, noticing he jumped ever so slightly at her touch. She'd have to give him a few extra orgasms today. More rewards, less punishments. If he didn't learn to start liking his new status, she might have to give him the final dose of Dominance and end the game in time for her to find another Jake, or Jared, or Jamal. All her calculations were certain the right one would be a "J" name. "How is my baby?" she asked. As expected, no response.

"Nanny, if you please," she motioned to the high chair.

"YeS, MiSs VaSqUez."

The genius woman meandered to the cabinet where she kept all of her "baby" food, and withdrew a jar. "Hmmm," she read the label. "Peaches. That'll work." When she turned around, Jack-Jack had been successfully strapped in; a tray clicked in place and a bib tied around his neck. She opened the jar and inhaled the accompanying aroma as if it were a fine wine that needed to breathe a little.

"Ready for your num-nums baby boy?" she asked, not particularly caring what his answer was. Yes or no, he was eating these peaches. The real question was whether or not she'd need to say "Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby..." before hand.

Jack huffed a bit, but then looked at her, rubber tipped spoon already in hand. “Yes, Mommy.” Jamie was fairly certain that “Mommy” hadn’t been what he had meant to say that time, but she was willing to let it slide. He opened his mouth wide, arms still crossed, and allowed her to shovel the first bit of mostly solid food onto his tongue.

“Good baby,” she praised. The ritual continued as expected. She’d scoop up some diced peaches, he’d compliantly but not enthusiastically open his mouth, and she’d feed him. The ritual continued like this for several mouthfuls, Jamie remembering to add in “Good baby” with each successive mouthful. An expert at reading people’s eyes, Jamie saw the resistance in Jack’s eyes diminish with each repetition. Hunger was also a good motivator for cooperation, and jarred fruit wasn’t so far from adulthood that her captive’s dignity would override his comfort. Babysteps. Babysteps.

The meal finished, the young woman took away the jar of peaches and spoon off of Jack’s feeding tray, handing them off to Nanny to properly dispose of. “Good baby,” Jamie cooed. “You ate your peaches all up.” Time for a reward. “And because you were such a good baby...” she paused, and licked her lips. Jamie loved the look of realization and panic flash across Jack’s face. The boy was smart. (Not as smart as her, but who was?) “Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby makes cummies in his diapee.”

Her man baby shuddered as he was brought to the point of no return in an instant; his hands balling up to fists and pounding on the tray of the highchair. Within moments his whole body was a shade of deep red from embarrassment, the barest hint of a sob welling up from his throat. Was he? Was he crying? That was so adorable! “Good baby,” she whispered into his ear before giving him the faintest peck. She’d remember this image later tonight when she was satisfying her own needs.

Jamie walked from the breakfast nook back into the kitchen and fetched a bottle of apple juice. Wordlessly, she handed it to Jack. The implication clear. Suspiciously, he eyed the bottle before turning his gaze to her. She sighed. “Mommy wuvs it when-“ the boy was drinking before she even finished the command phrase. “Good baby.”

As Jack-Jack gulped down the apple juice, Jamie took out her tiny- even by tablet standards- flat screen and began entering more calculations and data into it. A pleasant “ping” greeted her ears upon entering the new data. But upon reviewing the readout, she was less than completely satisfied with the end result. Seventy-five percent? She’d had worse candidates, but she’d definitely had better.

“Why do you keep calling me that?” Jack’s voice interrupted her thoughts.

Jamie turned to face her oversized toddler. “Excuse me?”

“Why do you keep calling me ‘baby’?”

A sly, sinister smile crept across Jamie's face. Oh how she loved this game. They all went through this eventually, even if Jamie hadn't calculated that this conversation to happen for at least a few more days. "What do you mean, baby?"

Jack actually had the gumption to roll his eyes at her. "You know exactly what I'm talking about."

"But you are a baby, sweetie," Jamie cooed at him. "You look like one."

Jack looked down at himself and frowned. "No I don't," he scoffed. Odd. His tone wasn't as pouty; as desperate or in denial as the others before him. It wasn't a big problem.

Jamie took a single perfectly manicured finger and poked Jack under the tray. "Oh really? Babies don't wear diapees?"

"Plenty of people besides babies wear diapers," Jack retorted, ignoring her playful prodding.

She had a counter for this line of logic. It paid to think ahead and have an absurd amount of disposable income. "But not Pampers...-"

"Which you either paid a butt load of money for," Jack cut her off, "or invented some kind of enlarging ray, or something."

Seen that coming, had he? No matter. "Oh sweetie, what does it matter where Mommy gets your diapees from? You're still wearing them."

Jack was unfazed. He did seem like a child, sitting there with his arms crossed. Unfortunately it was the child who no longer believed in the tooth fairy, not the child desperately clinging to hope that they would win. "Yeah, and nothing else. The bonnet doesn't count either." His tone wasn't angry. It wasn't sad. It wasn't happy either. It was just sort of blasé.

"...beg your pardon...?" Jamie's nostril's flared. Now she felt off her game. This wasn't at all how the arguments of circular logic usually went with her toys. This wasn't how they were supposed to go.

Jack cocked his head to the side. Then, with deliberate slowness, as if talking to someone very dense, he said, "How many babies have you actually seen that are dressed up in nothing but a diaper and a goddamn baby bonnet these days?" Jamie rapidly searched her own nearly photographic memory. Damn it. He was right.

Jamie played off her man baby's accusations with a haughty laugh. "Mommy doesn't want you or anyone else to go thinking that you're a big boy." Turning the focus back around on him was key. "Bad habits get formed that way and widdle babies get stupid ideas about their station."

“Look,” the diapered man sighed. “I don’t mean to criticize. I’m sure you’ve got lots of experience in being a psycho cunt that kidnaps people and puts them back into diapers. That part you’ve got down to a literal science. But would it kill you to get me a onesie or something?”

The thought of dressing her little darlings in anything other than the bare essentials had never occurred to her. “A onesie?” she echoed, dumbly.

“Yeah, you know?”, Jack pressed. “Kinda like a T-shirt but for babies? Covers the diaper? Snaps down at the bottom between the legs?”

Jamie began to run permutations in her mind. “I suppose...” What harm could it do? But why was he asking for this? Most of her “widdle babies” only wanted three things: food, sex, and toys. Where did clothes come into this equation?

“Or even a t-shirt with a cartoon character on it,” her captive lectured and complained from his seat. “Winnie-the-Pooh or something. I’d still look like a big baby if you made me dress like that. With just the diaper and this thing on my head, I look like some kind of fetishist or something; not a baby.”

There was a lull. Like two generals on the field of battle, or two chess players on opposite sides of the table, they stared at each other. Then, the lad made his move. “Why do you want me to be a baby anyways?” Jack broke the silence.

“Oh-ho-ho. Clever boy,” Infinitech’s founder chortled, “but that’s something Mommy can’t tell you why. You being my baby boy is like a birthday wish. If I tell you, it won’t come true. Besides, you’re not smart enough to understand.” Her face became a mask of warning. He was getting very close to earning himself a smacked bottom and an impromptu naptime, but not before she put itching powder down the front of his diaper.

“No, I mean...seriously,” Jack asked, “what’s with all the baby stuff?” His expression softened. He wasn’t trying to win a verbal joust or work his way out of a circular argument that he couldn’t win. He was just asking. And part of that disturbed Jamie more. “You’ve got an honest to god android, that I’m betting you invented, and you’re using her to tote me around like a toddler. You’ve got mind controlling nanites, and you’re using them to make me piss myself.” A strange and bitter laugh tumbled out of his mouth. “You are so mad sciencing all wrong.”

“Oh really?” one of the richest women in the world asked, putting her hand on her hip. “Then what would you suggest I do, then, if you’re so smart?”

Jack shook his head. “I’ll make you a deal,” he said. “You start treating me a little better. Get me some clothes, and I’ll tell you how to make more money in one day than Infinitech probably makes in a year. If I’m wrong you can-”

"I can do anything to you that I want already," Jamie cut him off. She was in control. Not him. She was the adult and he was the baby.

"Yeah," her big baby admitted, "but can you do it to me knowing that you've proven me wrong and that I deserve it?" Jamie stared at him. The gall. Such a know-it-all. His personnel file and psych analysis had indicated these traits as well, but she didn't think they'd be so strong.

Clothes. The young mistress entered some more variables into her personal computer, plus a few personal parameters, and looked at her screen. Eighty-five percent? From some clothes? She could get a ten percent increase in output just with some clothing? This could be a trick. How could it be a trick?

"They're going to have to be baby clothes, though," she told Jack.

Jack nodded, "Deal."

Business as Unusual.

Jack laid quietly on the changing table in Jamie's office as Nanny finished fastening the snaps of the onesie over his fresh diaper. It hadn't even been two whole days and the embarrassment and frustration from having zero control over the state of his pants had already been severely diminished. That had been partly due to Jamie's absence for nearly twenty-four hours.

As soon as Jack had finished explaining his plan to her, Jamie's eyes widened as his plan wormed its way through her brain. The smile that spread on her face vaguely reminded Jack of when the Grinch first decided to steal Christmas. "Nanny," she'd said to her robot, "initiate total care mode. Level: Toddler," before speed walking out of the kitchen and through a doorway that she hadn't deemed necessary for Jack to see the inside of yet. It could have been her bedroom. It could have been some laboratory; maybe both. Jack didn't know how billionaire scientists with babying fetishes designed their floor plans. "Oh, and get him some role-appropriate clothes for the time being," she'd said before closing the door behind her. "Use one of the offshore accounts. Speedy delivery."

"YeS, MiSs VaSqUeZ," Nanny responded. "ToTaL cArE mOdE aCtlvAtEd. LeVeL: ToDdLeR."

Within the hour, Infinitech's product tester was having a romper- complete with snaps running up the legs for easy changing access- slipped onto him. "This isn't so bad," he'd muttered to himself. "Men's rompers are a thing now, anyways." Not bad. Not bad at all. Better than being all-but-buck-naked.

Surprisingly, it had remained that way. For the better part of twenty-four hours Jack had been alone, with only the automated Nanny to keep him company. With no Jamie to pressure him or say the command phrases that would completely hijack his autonomy, Jack had been left by his lonesome, free to do as he pleased. He played with the toys, he watched television, and in general lazed around the apartment suite that was bigger than the house he grew up in. Granted, the only shows that the doting automaton allowed him to watch were the ones targeted at the three-and-under crowd, but it was a decent way to pass the time. At least there was plot and resolution to the stories. How would Curious George get out of this one? The toys were also admittedly limited in their entertainment value. There's only so many times one can make the clown pop out of the box before monotony sets in; only so many different permutations to the colors and order of the stacking rings; only so many times a See-N-Say toy can tell someone "the cow goes moo" before it becomes tiresome. However, in trying to find all the variations and exploring the extent and scope of each baby toy, Jack managed to distract himself from the absurd reality of his plight. The high chair and bottle feedings were inconvenient and (like everything else) functionally unnecessary, but painless. The food still tasted good enough that Jack didn't bother to tell Nanny that he didn't need to be burped and that burping was developmentally inappropriate for a "toddler" level of care.

Obviously, he still had to wear diapers the entire day and use them for their intended purpose- not that his body or brain was giving him much of a choice. Every time he even passively wondered if he had to relieve himself, he did so without control. After the initial wetting of any given Pampers, though, it became increasingly difficult to tell if or when he was wetting himself again. He'd feel a slight ache in his bladder and as soon as he recognized it for what it was, the ache would go away as his diaper started to swell and squish a little more than before. Were Jack an actual toddler, this might be something that could inhibit future potty training. Potty training wasn't in his future, though, he knew.

Maybe "free" wasn't quite the correct word for it, come to think of it. Even "free time", as it stood, had been a release from what his captor had made him endure his first night. Upon reflection, Jamie had been treating him less a baby and more like a baby doll. Eat now. Sleep now. Pee now. Play now. Real parents didn't have that luxury with their children. How sad was it that a machine was being infinitely more of a mother to him than the flesh and blood human insisting he call her "Mommy"?

There was hope yet. Vasquez was nothing if not ambitious. As soon as Jack had pitched her his common sense but cutthroat plan, Jamie had seized upon it, and rewarded Jack for his troubles- never mind that the reward was baby clothes. She might lack a degree of common sense- when you were as brilliant and rich as Jamie Vasquez was, common sense was optional- but she knew a good idea when she heard one and could be negotiated with. Reason wouldn't work on her, but she could still, indeed, be negotiated with.

That was how Jack had spent his second full day as Jamie's thrall. On the third, shortly after a breakfast of applesauce and oatmeal had been fed to him, a tired but satisfied Jamie emerged from her bedroom, folder in hand and dressed in her typical professional attire. "Nanny," she proclaimed triumphantly, "get the baby. Baby?" she looked down at Jack. Jack looked up from his spot on the carpet. "Time to watch Mommy work."

The journey back to work had been much the same as the transition the other night; with Jack being unnecessarily toted around by the android, while a possibly unmanned limo pulled up fast enough for Jamie not to break her stride. Just like before, no one seemed to give Jamie Vasquez, or her android, a second glance. The security guard, on the other hand, gave the toddlerized man the queerest look: He hadn't blinked when Jack had been toted in wearing nothing but a novelty sized Pampers, but now that said diaper was covered up by an equally oversized onesie, his state of dress was apparently something to take note of.

The young man thanked whatever deities there were above when the limousine pulled up to the back of Infinitetech headquarters. Jamie preferred her own private entrance into her company, rather than walk through main lobby with the rank and file. As a result, Jack was spared the embarrassment of being carted around in front of his friends and former co-workers. Whether it was some small form of compassion or if the opportunity for Jack's continued humiliation simply hadn't occurred to Jack's "Mommy", Jack himself wasn't about to bring it up.

At present, Jack was being helped off the changing table- his Cars onesie holding the new diaper up against him- while Jamie was entering inscrutable calculation after inscrutable calculation on her little computer. At least, that's what Jack figured she was doing, Always looking for that big score, it seemed. Always hoping for the big jackpot. Still an addict.

Based on her expression, Jack reasoned that while Jamie wasn't "winning big" with whatever she was doing, she seemed to be getting results that were encouraging to her.

"Miss Vasquez," a secretary buzzed. "General Smothers is here for your meeting."

There was a slight pause on Jamie's part before she continued poking at the compact computer in her palm. "He's here two hours earlier than I asked him to come," she noted. Her tone wasn't particularly surprised or irritated. It was the same tone that someone might take when describing a slight change in the weather.

"Shall I have him wait?" the voice on the other end of the speaker phone asked.

A few more calculations, followed by a pleasant pinging noise and Jamie nodded with satisfaction. "Not at all. I expected this, actually. Send him and his retinue up."

"How did...?" the woman on the other end began to ask before Jamie's well-manicured hand reached over and hung up the connection. A curious glance from Jack finished the question all the same.

Infinitech's founder simply gave Jack a thin and condescending smile. "He came early because he's impatient but wants to look busy. He came with people because he needs to look important. Basic psychology." There was something else that she hadn't told him, Jack knew; he just couldn't figure out what.

The doors to Jamie's office flung open and what Jack could only assume was General Smothers: Square haircut. Uniform. A stare that would have likely made Jack want to wet himself even if he hadn't been diapered. Yeah...this guy was "the General", for sure.

Flanking him on either side, were a middle aged and balding man in a white lab coat, and a young woman- a few years older than Jack, if that- in slacks and a blouse. "Miss Vasquez," the General practically growled, "I hope you've got something worth my time with your sudden and unexpected invitation." He turned his head sideways and looked past his flunkey in the lab coat, staring directly at Jack sitting on the carpet a few yards away. "Why is that man dressed like a goddamn toddler?" The man baby shrank down under the General's gaze, ears burning hot. Reflexively, Jack drew his knees up to his chest and cradled himself.

“Oh, Jack?” Jamie tittered. “I bring him to work with me. It’s so hard to find a daycare that accepts twenty-eight-year-olds.” Jack’s vision was suddenly blocked by his own hands as he buried his face to cover his embarrassment.

“I didn’t come here to see what you do behind closed doors-,” Smothers began to bark.

Jamie cut him off. “No. You didn’t.” The two of them stared each other down, neither one willing to blink. “I’ll remind you that it’s your job to ensure I have the freedom to do what I want behind closed doors.”

Freedom? The adult baby bit his tongue and suppressed bitter laughter from within. Hearing Jamie talk about freedom was delicious irony, all things being equal. Jack was smart enough to not speak up. His ability to tattle on his “Mommy” had already been impaired if not completely disabled by the Dominance nanites that had infested his brain, so there wasn’t much point in trying. Anyways, if his lot here was going to improve, he’d need Jamie to win this one. Hope this deal goes down as planned, first, then negotiate greater freedom. Baby steps. Baby steps.

It was the General who finally blinked. “What have you got for me?”

Papers from inside the manila folder Jamie had brought from her apartment made their way into the General’s hands. “Complete and total dominance over any foreign military power, assuming the CIA can live up to its reputation for stealth.” Without looking back, Jamie tossed the folder, still thick with papers back onto her desk.

Not breaking eye contact with the young billionaire, General Smothers handed the papers off to the balding scarecrow in the lab coat. “I thought Infnitech wasn’t making or selling weapons,” he said. “The Pentagon is paying you a lot of money not to.”

“I’m not,” Jamie replied smugly. “I’m making and selling blueprints to weapons. There’s a fine but legally distinct difference.” She then looked over to the scientist in the white coat. “Tommy? Really? How did you manage to convince anyone you were competent? Don’t think that lab coat is fooling anyone. I’m pretty sure my baby boy over there could outsmart you, and he’s not even potty trained.”

If she was attempting to make Jack’s skin turn red enough to match Lightning McQueen, she was successful. “Now, Miranda here,” Jamie regarded the other young woman, “she’s good; knows her stuff. Miranda, feel free to take a look at those once Tommy is done pretending.”

The majority of his vision still obstructed by his fingers, Jack felt Jamie walk up to him and circle around behind. Her body heat radiated against him as she sat down and wrapped her legs around his compacted frame. Despite himself, he relaxed a little in her grip as she wrapped her arms around his chest, feeling her breasts press gently against his back. A single, slender arm snaked down and gave his crotch a squeeze, causing him to shake a bit as his member

reflexively hardened at her touch. “Just checking,” she whispered, before moving her hand upward and lightly petting his raven hair.

“Oh my God!” the other scientist, Miranda, shrieked once a puzzled looking Tommy handed the papers over. “Are you serious, Miss Vasquez?!”

“What is it?” the general leaned over her shoulder. Meanwhile, Jamie continued to run her fingers through her “widdle baby’s” hair.

“Nanites, General,” the mad scientist said. “Program them, get them into someone’s system and you can basically reprogram someone’s brain.” Jack blanched. If she was the mad scientist, then what was he; the cat? Perhaps guinea pig was more accurate.

The older man in the military uniform blustered, “That’s impossible.”

“Not according to these,” the competent scientist remarked, showing the general the blue prints.

“Uh...yeah...” Tommy in the lab coat pretended to agree. Smothers shot him a look that could have killed and the hack shrank back. Even Jack felt embarrassed for the man, and he wasn’t allowed to wipe his own ass anymore.

Jack felt his “Mommy” recede from him as she stood up. “Admittedly, it’s still very much in the hypothetical realm,” she lied, “but the science is sound, I’m sure you’ll agree. Miranda will, anyways.”

“English, please...?” General Smothers asked, rubbing his temples.

There was a long silence in the room, almost palpable. Saliva coated Jack’s thumb as he unconsciously popped it into his mouth to relieve the tension. He was so glad he didn’t have to pee. Wait...did he have to pee? Maybe a little...? The slight and sudden warmth in the front of his diaper assured Jack that no, he didn’t need to relieve himself...not anymore.

“Ever seen the Manchurian Candidate?” Jamie answered as she sauntered back up beside the grizzled old man. “Get these into a foreign diplomat’s body, and they become your diplomat. I mean, yeah, the technology itself is a long way away from being developed; ten years, give or take.”

“More like thirty at the very soonest,” Miranda interjected. “Fifty would be a safer bet.”

For the first time since her guests walked in, Jack saw Jamie look taken aback and caught off guard. “Really?!” The three visitors all shot the billionaire a suspicious glare. Jack’s rhythmic sucking on his thumb increased. If this plan was going to work, Jack knew, the general and his lackeys had to be the right mixture of greedy and afraid; and they absolutely could not know that

Jamie had already created the Dominance nanites. People looked at you differently depending on if you told them you had the plans for a weapon versus if you said you actually possessed said weapon.

Despite whatever degree of suspicion she had just caused, Jamie recovered quickly. “That’s what you get for having to rely on sub-committees to get your research funded and you have taxes instead of investors. Infinitech could get that prototype within a decade...if we weren’t already under contract not to weaponize my inventions due to some misguided fear of them actually being used.”

Satisfied with Jamie’s reply, the three visitors huddled together and looked over the blueprints that she had just handed them, as if they could plumb deeper and darker secrets from Vasquez’s hand-me-downs. Meanwhile, Jamie made a show of deliberately thumbing through the rest of the manila folder on her desk.

Right on cue, the phone rang and went to speaker. “Miss Vasquez, Mister Hu is here for his appointment; right on time.”

“He’s actually a doctor,” Jamie said dryly.

“Hu?” General Smothers looked up from the blue prints. “The Chinese technology mogul?”

“The same,” Jamie answered. “I’m very busy today. Probably a good thing you showed up early. Or I may have had to cancel.” she added.

The secretary’s voice buzzed over the speaker. “Should I send Doctor Hu up?”

“In a moment,” Jamie instructed.

“Ma’am,” came a distressed and nervous sounding reply from the speaker, “his interpreter is insisting that Mister...I mean Doctor Hu was scheduled to see you first.”

“I know Hu was on first,” Jamie spoke, “but General Smothers is here now.” Again, Jamie made a show of turning her attention to the folder on her desk. Jamie disconnected the speaker.

Finally, the general took the hint. “Miss Vasquez,” he asked, “what else is in that portfolio of yours? More blue prints for weapons?”

“No, General,” she smirked. “Just two more copies of the same blueprints.” She paused a beat. “One copy in Chinese, and one in Russian.” The look in her eyes was absolutely terrifying. With slow, deliberate steps, like a man walking to his own execution, General Smothers walked over to Jamie and picked up the folder, stuffing the English blueprints in with the other two.

“Name your price...”

Rewards

The second cork popped into the air. Jack watched as Jamie refilled her glass for what was at least the tenth time this evening. Jack hadn't thought to keep track, and Jamie had lost count in her haze. The sun was only just beginning to set. The final negotiations had been intense, but the deal had been struck and signed about an hour or so ago, and Jamie hadn't stopped drinking since.

Jack, meanwhile, contented himself to being left alone playing with a wooden train set that Nanny had assembled to keep him occupied while the “grown-ups” had been talking. Strangely enough, however, the android seemed to be paying closer attention to its creator than its charge.

“WaRnInG,” Nanny droned. “BrEaThAIYzEr ScAnS iNdIcAtE bLoOd AlCoHoL cOnCeNtRaTiOn WeLI AbOvE IEgAl LiMiT.”

Lips stained red by wine instead of lipstick smiled dopily. “Never mind that, Nanny. I'm an adult.”

“CoNtRaDiCtIoN!” the android beeped. “AcCoRdInG tO iNfAnT cArE jUsTiFiCaTiOn fIIEs JaYdEn, JaMeS, aNd JoSe-“

Jamie waved her machine servant off. “Not important,” she interrupted. “I'm none of those babies. They were all alcoholics. I'm just having a little fun after making the most money that I've ever made in a single transaction!” She bobbed and weaved over to Jack, still playing with his trains but very much paying attention. “So let me have my fun, Nanny. Then we'll drive home.”

“AcCoRdInG tO tHe SuRgEoN gEnErAl CoNsUmPtIoN oF aLcOhOliC bEvErAgEs ImPaIrS yOuR aBiLiTy To DrlvE a-“

Again, the young genius's hand waved off the robots pre-programmed protestations. “I don't drive, remember? I don't even have a driver's license.” She sighed as if she were explaining this to a particularly senile person. “I just ride in the back of the car with you and the baby. What has gotten into you, lately? Do you need a tune up or something?”

“FoLIOWInG pRoToCoLs To MeTe OuT yOuR bEsT iNtErEsTs, MiSs VaSqUez.”

“Well I think I know my best interests right now,” Jamie replied curtly. “Just stand by and stop me if I'm about to do something stupid.”

There was another clicking coming from the humanoid machine; a processor running through new information. “YeS, JaMiE.” Jack looked up from the trains. Jamie? He had barely been re-babied for seventy-two hours, but it struck him as odd that Nanny referred to Jamie by her first name. It has always been “Miss Vasquez” when Jamie gave the droid a command.

“Machine thinks it knows my interests...” Jack’s captor mumbled to herself. Then she looked down at Jack, a drunken giggle rising up out of her. “Speaking of interest...” she sat down on the floor and tickled Jack under the chin. “You are much more interesting than I initially gave you credit for, baby boy.”

Jack felt a shudder pass through him. He did not like the look on the blonde woman’s face. Correction: The rational part of his brain did not like that look. On any other woman, the look on her face would be a sign for good things to come. Girl looking like that, in a bar, with him in a t-shirt and jeans? He was getting laid. Jamie, in her private office, with him in a diaper and onesie? He might just get fucked over. “Thank you?” he said, not sure of what else he could say.

His timid response was met with a pleased nod, and his chin found its way into her open hand “I’ve gone through I don’t even know how many babies; shown them my secrets...mostly just because I needed someone to talk to...” she sighed wistfully, “...and yet you’re the first to actually give me a fresh idea on what to do with them.” She leaned in a little bit closer, pressing her forehead to his, batting her eyelashes at him. Now she was flirting?

“I mean...” Jack whispered. “you did the hard work of making it and convincing those guys.”

Jamie drew back a bit, not seeming repulsed, but just more caught up in herself than him. “This is true.” The slightest bit of anxiety crept into Jack, and he heard the slight crinkle in his diaper as he shifted nervously. He needed to do a balancing act right now. He couldn’t afford to come off as pushy, but he didn’t want to be so humble as to seem useless.

“But,” the adult baby offered, “you chose me to do a job. I’m gonna do it.”

His “Mommy” snorted so hard that she had to put down her wine glass. “Awwwww so cute!” she gushed. It was by far the most affectionate and most genuine response that Jamie had given him since this whole mess had started. “You still wanna play product tester. Baby needs to learn the definition of the word ‘pretense’.”

“It’s in my contract, isn’t it?” Jack countered. “Product tester?” Afraid that he might have stepped too far, the diapered man averted his gaze and began idly pushing a toy train, the cars connected by tiny magnets along the wooden track.

Jamie picked up her glass to take a sip before setting it back down on the floor. “Clever boy,” she said. It meant more to him than it probably should have that she hadn’t wedged ‘baby’

between those two words. He smiled a bit, despite himself. "It's true," Jamie continued. "none of my other babies would have thought through that loophole in their programming." As if he were a cat, she started stroking his hair again. "Stuffing a tiny Pampers down your pants to make the nanites think you were wearing your diaper. Very clever. Now how shall we reward that?"

Maybe it was the Dominance nanites in his brain, or maybe he was still thinking more with his dick than with his brain, but a part of Jack luxuriated at her caress, urging him to lean in, hoping that she would cuddle with him there on the floor. Not yet. Eyes on the prize. Shift the dynamic.

"What would a game of product tester look like?" Jamie asked; the cat lazily smiling at the mouse.

The smallest bit of perspiration formed on Jack's face. Better not screw this up. "I always liked playing dress up," he offered.

"Oh?" Jamie seemed amused. "Is that why you asked for the clothes? So you can play dress up?" Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! If this psycho got a chance to justify it, she'd take away what small modesty left him and save it only for "playing". Onesies and rompers were still better than being in just adult sized Pampers.

His heart fluttering from panic, Jack backpedaled almost instantly. "No!" he yelped. "These are my clothes! This is me! Babies wear this stuff, and I'm...I'm...I'm...!"

His captor scooted back a bit so she could sit cross legged. She propped herself up with her hands a bit as she tipsily swayed from side to side. "Yeeeeessss?" she teased.

"I'm...I'm a baby," Jack spat the words out.

"What was that?" Damnit, she was enjoying this.

"I'm your baby," Jack took a deep breath, "Mommy."

A quick and sloppy kiss on his left cheek was Jack's reward. "Good baby," Jamie praised him. Jamie seemed to consider something for a moment. "Well then," she asked, "what would dressing up and playing 'product tester' look like?"

An opportunity! "Maybe I could get a uniform or something?" Jack suggested. "T-shirt and shorts that say 'product tester' or something." Jack saw his "Mommy's" non-plussed expression before he had even finished his sentence. "And it could be one of those shirts that buttons a bit in the back...or maybe it could say 'lab monkey' and have little cartoon monkeys on it?" Jamie's lids were half-closed. She wasn't buying it.

“Maybe I could-“

“Clever and devious,” Jamie interrupted. Condescendingly, she tousled his hair. “ No, I don’t think you’ll be wearing pants anytime soon, baby boy.” Jack’s shoulder’s slumped. “The dear general pegged you as being right about where I want you.”

Dressed like a toddler.

“Wouldn’t want anyone thinking that you’re in pre-school, or ready for training pants,” Jamie rubbed in. “Still,” she admitted, “I couldn’t have done this without you. An artist is nothing without their muse. I think baby deserves a reward. Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby cu-“ No! Not again! Not like a baby doll! “PLEASE!” he screamed. “STOP!” Strangely enough, she did. Even stranger, she didn’t seem particularly mad.

“Oh, baby boy,” Jamie let out a disappointed huff. “I thought you’d accepted; that you were over this whole being embarrassed thing.”

“It’s not embarrassment,” Jack tried to explain, “I want to...y’know...by myself.” His embarrassment argument was immediately undermined as a healthy glow came to his cheeks.

The brilliant blonde giggled “Baby boy wants to masturbate?” Jamie asked. “I wouldn’t mind watching that.” She slightly rubbed and teased her nipples through her blouse.

“Yes...” Jack began, but then caught himself. “I mean no! I mean I want to. I want you to reward me without using a trigger phrase.” Jamie stopped teasing herself. “Please?” his voice suddenly very loud among the quiet of the room. “Mommy?”

Jack’s neck craned upward as Jamie pulled herself up to a standing position. She bent over and softly grabbed his wrists. “Come on,” she beckoned softly, sweetly. “Up, up! I’m not strong like Nanny. I can’t just bend over and carry you.” Jack stood up. “Follow me, little Jack-Jack.” The “product tester” was being led over to a nearby couch.

“Umm...Jamie?” Jack spoke up. “I’m wet.” That was a bit of an understatement. He hadn’t been changed since just before Jamie’s little presentation for the general. The diaper was still holding, certainly, but it was hard to get hard when you had what was probably a couple liters of urine squishing against you.

For her part, Jamie didn’t break her stride. “Good,” she said, “that will make this easier.” She sat down on one end of the couch and patted her lap. “Lay down.” Gently, Jack laid down across her lap, his head propped up on a cushioned armrest of the couch, and his face less than a foot away from his “Mommy’s” breasts. The last time he had been like this, it had been

like a punishment, a display of power to reinforce who was the adult and who was the child in this relationship. Now, here he was again, only this time it was a “reward.”

Reflexively, Jack tensed up tensed up and squeezed the front of his diaper, eliciting a wet squelch from the sodden padding. Quick and nimble fingers unbuttoned the snaps in his Cars onesie and pulled back the flap. “Cold.” Jamie pronounced. “Oh, this won’t do. Jack-Jack, baby? When was the last time you went pee-pee?”

When was the last time he’d gone? Jack noticed a dull ache in his bladder that he hadn’t...and just as quickly he began to empty it into the already soaking pampers. “Ewww...” he whined. “Can you please change me now? I feel...squishy.”

“Good,” came the reply. “That’ll make this easy. Now close your eyes and relax while you listen.” He cast her a doubtful look, not that he’d have a choice in the matter. “No trigger phrases. Mommy promises,” she smiled warmly down on him.

With a final breath, a final surrender-if only for the moment- the adult baby closed his eyes as the gorgeous woman whose lap he was laying in began to rub and knead at his bulging and swollen Pampers.

“Feel how warm it is in your pants?” Jamie gently cooed. “Feel how wet? How moist?”

Jack listened to the sound of her voice, just above a whisper. Feeling the pressure of her hand rubbing against him. “Uh-huh.”

“Feel how squishy it is?” she squeezed him in just the right place. On instinct, Jack lifted his hips and grinded against her. “Now, baby...don’t think of it as a diaper. Think of it as...me. You’ve got what you’ve always been after from me in a warm. Wet. Hug.”

Jack let out a low moan as he continued grinding, the diaper becoming tighter around him as blood rushed to his genitalia. Come to think of it, he admitted to himself, something about the sensation of his wet diaper was very close to a lucky Saturday night. The smell was admittedly different, but the parallels were otherwise uncanny. The slight crinkle and rustling of the diaper was muted as he grunted in time with his thrusts against his mistress’s groping palm. This. Felt. Good. A series of light, pecking kisses against his forehead made him shudder in delight. “Good baby,” Jamie cooed. “That’s right. That’s what’s this is all about. Just relax, and let your body do what it wants.”

His lips puckered, ever so subtly, as he continued to buck against her palm. He wanted her lips on his. Gently, he felt her hands on the back of his head, guiding him upward. Eyes still closed, the adult baby lifted himself up slightly, and allowed his head to be guided toward what he was sure was the woman’s waiting lips. Something brushed across his cheek and Jack turned and reached out with his tongue. Let your body do what it wants. It wasn’t until the warm creamy

liquid was filling his mouth that Jack understood that he was suckling at Jamie's teat. "Mmmph..." he objected, still pulling at her nipple with his lips.

"Don't fight it, sweetie," Jamie said sweetly; seductively. "You're doing so well. It's okay to want this." At this latest proclamation, Jack began thrusting harder; faster and more intense; his hips gyrating rapidly and erratically as he started to take long steady pulls from his mistress's breast, his tongue licking and probing all the while. A tiny (and growing smaller by the second) part of his mind wondered if this is something he actually wanted to do. Or was Vasquez lying when she promised no pre-programmed trigger phrases? Maybe there were some commands programmed into him that he hadn't learned of yet and he was being manipulated. Maybe he couldn't stop even if he wanted to.

Yet even as he pondered this, a large (and ever growing) part of him told his worries to silence themselves. He could stop if he chose to, he told himself. He just didn't want to choose that. He wanted this. He could stop. He just didn't want to. He. Wanted. This.

"WaRnInG!" Nanny's mechanical voice rang out. "DrInKiNg WhIlE bReAsTfEeDiNg MaY-"

"Shut up, Nanny!" an exasperated and annoyed Mommy Vasquez called back.

"YeS, JAlmE..." There was a tinge of something in the robot's response that wasn't there before. Disapproval? No matter. Nothing mattered. Only this moment.

"Shhhh," Jamie hushed as she gently stroked the back of his head, keeping him up against her breasts. "Keep going honey, keep going." Jack obeyed. "Nanny's right about one thing, though," she continued. "Mommy's milk is tinged with the wine she's been drinking today." His body already awash with so much other sensory information and hormones, it was difficult to detect, but Jamie's milk did have the slightest of sour aftertastes. "So that's a little treat for my Jack-Jack."

He was getting drunk and getting off at the same time. No condom. No worry about getting her pregnant. He wouldn't even have to worry about the cleanup. If this thing could hold in all his pee, it could take a few squirts of semen. Maybe this wasn't so bad after all.

Within a few minutes, Jack's head was buzzing and his cock was screaming out for release. He had given up all pretense of modesty or self-control. His Mommy (for that was what Jamie was in this moment) had made him scoot down away from her so that he could switch breasts. Her hand was too far away from his diaper to beat him off, though. Not much caring by this time, his own body screaming for release, his own hands had to finish what she couldn't. He was rubbing himself so hard that the padding was bunching up and away from him.

He mewled and whined, not wanting to stop, but desperately wanting to climax. That tiny, nagging, rational voice was still whispering to him with each stroke. This is wrong. "Having a

hard time finishing, baby?" Jamie interrupted his rational mind. "Let me help. Just let me say the words."

Sweating, buzzing, and desperate, Jack unlatched from her breasts and gazed into her eyes, pleading. Please. He pleaded with his eyes. Please.

"Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby makes cummies in his diaper." Jack was writhing and shaking as he exploded into his soaking wet Pampers before Jamie had even finished the command phrase. When the painful, ecstatic throbbing stopped, he shifted and shuffled so that his head was laying in her lap, lying there.

"Thank you, Mommy," he whispered while she stroked his forehead. His eyes felt heavy and his breathing slowed. The last thing he heard before drifting off was the electric buzzing of the wall of televisions in front of them coming to life. The sound of CNN and Fox News blended with Barney and Friends and the grunts and groans of Ron Jeremy.

Miscalculations and Malfunctions

Jamie gave her baby boy a tender kiss as she tucked him into the crib she kept in her office before raising the rail. Sleepy and drunk from her alcohol laced breast milk, the big toddler had allowed himself to be sleep-walked over to the changing table where Jamie had changed him into a clean overnight diaper. It wasn't the easiest thing to do; having to nudge and muscle Jack to lift his hips so she could slide the absolutely destroyed diaper out from under him.

The warmed wipes didn't cause him to stir as much as it caused his penis to go erect, ready for round two. Nanny didn't come to help, but Jamie would have waved the droid off anyways. Even without any source of fresh humiliation, of struggling and embarrassment to work out of her pet, she wanted to do this. He was too out of it to lift his hips a second time, so Jamie put her arms underneath the back of his knees and managed to muscle him up enough to slide the replacement under him. She smiled contentedly as she pulled the diaper up over him and taped it closed, giving it- and his still erect penis- a light pat when the job was done.

"Good baby," she whispered, and was pleased when a lazy smile spread across his lips.

"Nanny, come help me put the baby to bed," Jamie had ordered. She didn't want to risk disturbing her precious bundle any further. Silently, the robot complied, lifting the diapered man up and gently depositing him in the nearby crib. He'd come so far in such a short amount of time, yet it had been ages since Jamie had been this excited to have a big baby. Maybe it was the wine talking, but she might actually start to enjoy this one's company more than his compliance.

Oh, she was still going to keep him as he was. She'd baby him. She'd break him. She'd rebuild him. But there was something about this Jack that she was just fascinated with and enjoyed. It might have been the way he'd stumble over himself when he felt he was losing ground rather than anger and threats like the last few; there was a certain rush that came from seeing fear in a man's eyes. It might have been the gall he had to suggest baby clothes and playing dress up; how he was trying to get concessions from her while not outright asking to be set free. He was challenging her without confronting her.

She was still playing the game, but for once someone else was playing with her. It's a shame that things were the way they had to be. It might've been nice to get to know Jack as a total person instead of as a tot, Jamie thought. She felt a wetness in her own panties, though, and thinking of her latest acquisition sleeping peacefully in his crib, all padded up and blissfully unaware was stimulating her more than just emotionally or intellectually.

"Now if you excuse me, Nanny," Jamie commented, walking over to the couch, "I've got some things to work out of my system." She'd have to go over some reports and projections when she'd finished herself off, she knew. An empire does not slow down just because its queen is buzzed and horny. Speaking of reports and projections, Jamie was suddenly dimly aware that she hadn't used her little handheld tablet to calculate anything. Her interactions and play time with Jack had been entirely spontaneous. There was something comforting about that.

She'd likely be sleeping in her office tonight, but it wouldn't be the first time. It would be easier than waking her baby boy, anyway. Her baby boy. The thought set her ablaze.

Jamie's skirt was off and on the floor by the time she stretched out on her office's couch. Her hands were in her underwear as she teased and stimulated herself. Her lips formed a tight crease as her eyes closed and her pulse began racing. Oh yes. Right there.

Building up steam and approaching the point where she'd have to make a decision regarding drawing the act out or racing to the finish line, Jamie Vasquez was suddenly acutely aware of another set of hands unbuttoning the bottom of her blouse. "Huh?" Jamie started. Her eyes opened and she looked at the mannequin face of Nanny leaning over her and removing her clothes. "Nanny? What are you-?"

"PuTtInG bAbY tO bEd," the machine cut her sentence off as it ripped her shirt clean off her frame. Jamie looked to her right and noticed the diaper, baby powder and bottle on the nearby coffee table. A jolt of panic coursed through her. This wasn't happening.

A not-quite human hand shoved Jamie down onto the couch as she stopped masturbating and tried to sit up. "Nanny stop! I'm not the ba-"

"ChIIIDcAre PaRaMeTeRs AcTiVaTeD aNd WaRrAnTeD." Jamie's nursing bra joined her destroyed clothes on the floor. "LaCk Of SeLf-CoNtRoL. DrInKiNg To ExCeSs." Strong

mechanical figures reached down and ripped the sides of Jamie's satin panties as if they were a wet Pull-Up.

"Nanny!" the machine's creator said in a clear and authoritative tone. "Stop! That's an order!"

The android ignored her. "LaCk Of InDePeNdEnCe. No DrIvEr'S IlcEnSe." Jamie tried to roll off the couch and squirm away but Nanny's grasp was as strong and firm as if Jamie had been an actual child.

"Nanny, this is your last chance!" the genius girl threatened as the robot lifted her legs into the air. "Override command, Vasquez ten-seventeen-ay-bee!"

"UnSaFe ChIlDcArE. BrEaStFeEdInG bAbY aLcOhOIlc MiLk. OvErRiDe DeNiEd. NoT mAtUrE eNoUgH."

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

The swats across Jamie's backside were enough to send her screeching and screaming in agony. She wanted to cry just then, but her body was in too much shock to make her tear ducts work. Soon though, the pain would subside enough, and Jamie would cry. A dark part of her knew that there'd be a lot of crying tonight and in the immediate future.

Jamie hadn't even finished processing the catastrophe that was befalling her when she felt her reddened rump lowered onto soft padding. A diaper! Soon to be her diaper! Cooling flakes of talcum powder dusted her backside, causing Jamie to whimper.

Why was this happening? Why now?! She'd done everything right up to this point. Why was she losing?

Far too soon the diaper was pulled tight over her, the padding forcing her legs apart as the tapes were fastened over Elmo's smiling face along her waist. The crinkling and rustling of a scaled-up Pampers filling Jamie's ears wouldn't just be Jack's, now.

The android moved its porcelain colored hand back to Jamie's naked chest, reaching back with the other to grab the bottle. Jamie knew that it wasn't just milk in that bottle. A single drop of milk laced with Dominance had enough nanites to hijack her brain and make her piss herself on command. Miss Vasquez, soon to be baby Jamie, held her breath as the nipple of the bottle inched closer to her lips. One drop.

That's all it'd take. She couldn't stop at least one drop from passing her lips.

WHOMP!

The sound of the giant high chair coming down and crashing on Nanny's head thundered through the room. The robot didn't have time to react before Jack, still clad in his onesie and diaper, slammed it down on top of the machine. This was followed by a low swing at the droid's all-too-human and therefore unstable legs, toppling it to the floor.

Jamie sat up and scrambled over the back of the couch as her baby boy, her sudden and unexpected savior, continued beating at the robot, his face becoming red with exertion as the heavy chair bent and warped with each swing. Nanny was strong, but it wasn't built to take such constant and deliberate abuse. It didn't need to, since Jamie could have ended the assault at any moment with a simple command phrase. Right then, Jamie didn't want it to end.

The baby man, suddenly seeming so much more man than baby, stood over the malfunctioning automaton and began thrusting downward with the twisted remains of the chair; slowly, awkwardly, and brutally decapitating it. Nanny malfunctioning AND her prisoner coming to her rescue? Never in a million years could Jamie have predicted the variable that would have led to this. She still didn't know how this happened.

Jamie stood up from behind the couch and Jack turned to face her, twisted metal and plastic still in his hands. What does one say in this situation? If only they made greeting cards for this sort of thing.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi," he replied, panting over the wreckage.

"You saved me." It wasn't a question.

"Yeah."

"You could have run."

"Yeah."

"But you didn't..."

"Guess not..."

"You could have let her finish with me and then I'd be just as screwed as you."

"Yeah."

“Why didn’t you?”

“I don’t know. Didn’t seem right.” A pause. “Did the nanites make me?”

Jamie just shook her head. She hadn’t thought to design them to do that. Programming such loyalty was beyond even her capabilities. Without thinking about it, Jamie walked up to her rescuer. She pressed her palm to his chest and guided him over to the couch.

“Mommy?” Jack asked, letting the bludgeon clatter over the robot’s remains. Something inside her told Jamie that Jack wasn’t actively trying to call her that. She wasn’t feeling particularly maternal at the moment; and standing there naked save for a diaper she didn’t look the part either. But the rush she was feeling was doing something to her.

“What are you doing?” Jack asked as she unsnapped the buttons of his onesie, shimmying it up to his waist and exposing a (miraculously still dry) Pampers Overnight.

“Something stupid,” she admitted. “But worth it.”

She ripped off his diaper, followed by her own. Then she climbed atop him, and they did the least infantile thing that either of them could think of. No command phrase was uttered, or needed.

Talking to Herself

It had been barely a week since “The Nanny Incident.” Jamie Vasquez found herself lounging in her bedroom, in that wonderful and lazy state where one is awake and aware but lacking in inclination or motivation to get out of bed. Truth be told, this was out of character for her. The Texas King where she laid her head had been a status symbol that she bought to congratulate herself for her success, but it was a place for sleeping; not a place of rest. The fluffy pillowtop could have been a stone slab for all it mattered.

Most nights she'd lay down, close her eyes, and go to sleep. A scant few hours later the alarm would go off, her eyes would shoot open, dreams -if any- quickly forgotten and then it would right to work. If she wasn't managing Infinitech's latest business dealings, she would be inventing something.

That's how she had managed stayed on top. In this life, you were either sprinting full out or you were being left behind in the dust. Had she let her guard down, even for a second, she knew her life as the brilliant and beautiful billionaire scientist would be over. So, she never did let her guard down. That's why she plotted. That's why she planned. That's why she was constantly making calculations; if not on her little hand-held device, then in her head.

Yet here she was, lying naked in bed, purring to herself as she took the time to actually enjoy the luxury that she had acquired instead of only having to seem like she was enjoying it. A slight groan caught her attention and she rolled over in bed. Beside her was no lover, but a video feed streaming in to Jack's crib. Even after she had decided to mount and ride him as if he were a proper grown-up- the alcohol and adrenaline rush from being saved from a fate worse than death making her incredibly aroused- she had never deigned to take him to her bed.

There was a line that could not be crossed, Jamie knew, logically. Letting her new favorite diaper boy sleep next to her might just cross that line, and then everything would go spiraling out of control if history and science were to be trusted. Bad things happened to people like her when they let their guard down to such a degree. It wouldn't do. It wouldn't do at all.

Besides, Jamie liked her big bed all to herself. Nanny's programming glitch had necessitated that the brilliant inventor resort to a relatively simple baby monitor in order to keep an eye on her infantilized paramour. So, no. No sharing. Mommy would have her bed and baby would have his, and both would sleep better for it. Though, she did admit, there was something deliciously naughty that she enjoyed about slipping a fresh diaper underneath him, climbing into the crib with him and taking him over the edge before fastening the diaper over his manhood and letting him drift to sleep. Damn it...had she accidentally turned herself on already? A quick peek at the monitor showed that her baby boy was thinking dirty thoughts as well, judging by the bulge in front and the way he'd begun impotently rubbing himself in his sleep.

Poor baby.

Jamie began to lazily masturbate and allowed the tender remembrances of recent days and nights to both stimulate her as well as allow her to reflect. Without Nanny, the entire care of Jack had fallen to her; and she had risen to the challenge. She fed him. She supervised his playtime. She bathed him. She dressed him. She had changed every one of his diapers; even the ones that were less than pleasant. And through it all, she had loved it. Jamie Vasquez, one of the richest and most powerful people in the world had suddenly found herself more emotionally and sexually fulfilled than she could ever have been.

The struggle, the game of breaking and bending Jack to her will, was over; or so it seemed. Jack was done fighting her. He was her baby and she his Mommy. She'd won. Game Over.

That wasn't quite true, though; rather, the game had ended abruptly and then mutated into something else. There was something different about him compared to her usual conquests. He still blushed when she cooed at him, or talked about wiping his rump. He was a contrarian when it came to clothes. If she chose the red onesie, he'd whine about preferring the green one. He'd make faces if the nutrient enriched "baby food" she spoon fed him was vegetable flavored instead of fruit flavored, and would suckle even more voraciously at her breast soon after in some kind of vain attempt to rinse the taste from his mouth. Poor boy either didn't realize or didn't care that that sort of behavior had all but guaranteed vegetables once a day for him.

Once, Jack had even dared to ask if he could use the potty; if there was a way to bypass the nanites in his system. Sadly for him, just thinking about the act made his brain take stock of the condition of his bladder; causing the Dominance nanobots to force him to empty his bladder into his Pampers. The look of embarrassment on his face, his cheeks turning pink while the wetness indicator turned blue, caused Jamie to melt a little bit on the inside. He really was like a baby that thought he was a big boy. As an act of mercy, Jamie had changed him into a fresh diaper even if the scaled-up Pampers could easily have taken several more wettings.

The thing is, and Jamie wasn't entirely sure that Jack was consciously aware of it, part of her boy toy genuinely liked being mothered this way. It was so obvious that anyone could have told. He was enjoying this and wanting it so badly, but he couldn't quite bring himself to admit it. He was struggling with her, still, but in a completely different manner than she had become accustomed to. It was no longer a matter of "I'm a grown man, damnit", but a matter of "But Mommy, I don't wanna!" He would, though. Mommy was always right. It would just take a little bit of love to get her baby boy to come around. He'd be happy. She'd be happy. They'd be happy.

Love?

Happy?!

Was this how happy felt? She wasn't plotting. She wasn't actively planning new ways of forcefully breaking him or bending him to his will. All the young genius did was lay in bed, luxuriating the feel of silk sheets against her pale, creamy skin while pleasuring herself and looking forward to more maternal decadence.

Just as she was finishing herself off, Jamie noticed that the room had become decidedly darker. Had that much time passed? A glance at the clock next to the baby monitor told Jamie it was still only an hour past sunrise; still very much morning. Yet unless she were having a stroke, it was as if an overcast filter had been placed over the world around her. This was akin to being in a Zack Snyder film. Light particles didn't just behave erratically unless...

A low crackling filled the room and a breeze stirred in the air as every gaseous molecule went towards a vacuum being created right in front of the bathroom. Blinding light. Jamie reflexively closed her eyes as lightning in the shape of hole tore through the air, no, through the fabric of reality itself.

Great. Company. And it was blocking the nearest toilet.

"Balls." Jamie muttered before fetching a suitable bathrobe and wrapping it around herself.

Twenty Minutes Later...

Jack awoke feeling terribly frustrated. When his eyes opened, he realized that he had been impotently rubbing himself through his diaper in his sleep. That was a shame. In his dream he had been making love to Jamie; no diapers, no baby clothes, no cribs, nothing. It was just him and her, fucking each other's brains out. Maybe it was the nanites lingering conditioning on his brain, but the tactile resemblance between a fully aroused Jamie and the inside of a wet diaper was damn near uncanny. Jamie was still infinitely more preferable, but the sensation of a warm and swelling Pampers between his legs was definitely a step up from his right hand and a bottle of Jurgens.

Slowly, achingly, Jack pulled himself up to his knees, using the bars and railing of his giant crib. His diaper saturated and swollen, the padding drooped and swayed a bit, kissing his thighs one by one as he gained his balance. Just below his belly button, childish renditions of Ernie and Cookie Monster danced on the adult sized Pampers Swaddlers. At least the overnight diapers Jamie put him in didn't have a wetness indicator...not that they needed one.

His crib. His diaper. The fuck?

How in the world had it come to this? Why was he still here? When Jamie's personal android had gone all H.A.L. 9000 and decided that Jamie needed to be diapered and brain hacked

into infantilism, Jack had had the perfect opportunity to run. He might not have been able to pee outside of his pants- and even then only if he had the right kind of underwear on- but he could have gotten away. Nanny had been strong and had the capacity to be eerily stealthy when needed, but it's not like the machine could have chased down a cab.

In hindsight, the diapered man could have finished this whole thing and brought Jamie Vasquez's empire and her freak show past times in a few simple steps. All he would have had to do was find a cop and lead them back to Infinitech. He couldn't say Jamie's name so that anyone could understand them, or the name of the building, but he could have led people there with pleas of "help" and "follow me, can't talk." Then the cops would have burst down the door to find a diapered and likely regressed Jamie Vasquez and this whole business would have become just another bad nightmare.

Even if nothing illegal could likely be pinned on her (it probably could, though) the P.R. nightmare would have been the financial and social death of her. She'd have been a pariah; it didn't take a genius to figure that out. Even if he could never willingly pee into a toilet again, something as relatively rudimentary as a catheter could have surpassed her Dominance nanites. It wouldn't have been pleasant, but he could have had a measure of dignity...of independence...of adulthood about his life.

Jack could have ruined her.

But for some reason he didn't.

Instead, he had grabbed the highchair, heavy though it was, and beat the robot into a pile of scrap. Like a Neanderthal, he had fashioned a crude weapon and swung for the fences; all brute force and no strategy beyond "kill it". Perhaps that was his brief and interesting time as professional wrestler coming to the surface. Chair shots just came naturally to him.

As he had been wailing on the thing, he had been cursing and growling, more so in his mind than with his mouth. All of the shouting and cursing would have likely just come out as "Mommy" anyways, so it was for the best. Suffice it to say, in his mind's eye, it wasn't always Nanny that he was beating over the head and then decapitating using nothing more than blunt force trauma.

Why did he save her, then? If he resented- no, too weak- hated her that much, why had he chosen to play things as he did? He had been thinking with his dick. There was no truer way to put it, in Jack's mind. Drunk with success and drunk with wine, she had come onto him in a way that didn't make him feel like a complete baby loser and he had succumbed to baser urges.

Then he saved her, and as the days went by into nearly a week, he was continuing to succumb. Again and again and again she'd seduced him into giving up more of himself in this perverse combination of Misery and a child's game of "house". He was getting much more sex out of the

deal now, but he was doing much more of what Mommy...what Jamie wanted. He'd whine about what baby clothes she'd dress him in or what kind of slop she'd feed him. He'd complain and object and negotiate with her, playing to her ego as his "caregiver", but he wasn't really gaining any ground, was he? What could he ask of her that she'd be willing to give him? He had gotten the clothes. Now what? Sippy cups instead of baby bottles?

What if Nanny's "malfunction" had been a pre-planned charade, designed to lure him in?

The angry, manipulative, horrible part of his brain whispered to him that he was just biding his time. He'd romance her. He'd make her fall in love with him. She'd give him his freedom, finally crazy with love as to trust him with his continence and his full vocabulary. Then he'd betray her. Whether this was a genuine plot, or just a fantasy to salve his bruised ego, Jack couldn't begin to guess. He likely wouldn't know this about himself until the opportunity again presented itself. At least he was being treated more like a baby than a baby doll, but could that be counted as progress? Was he making it more difficult for him to want to escape by making his prison the slightest bit more pleasant?

Pleasant.

It was pleasant, wasn't it? Comfy clothes (that made changing his diapers easier). Soft bed (that was a crib). Colorful toys (designed with a pre-schooler's intellect in mind). Pretty girl waiting on him, flirting with him, wiping his privates a few times a day (that called him "Jack-Jack" and "Baby" every chance she got). Her glorious tits (that she wanted him to suck on). A shiver traveled down his spine. He could have escaped right now, if he wanted to. Jamie might well be sleeping, but with an erect penis in a squishy diaper, the man-child didn't want to escape just yet. He'd bide his time, he told himself. Pick his moment. Then he'd find the truth about himself.

"Well, look who's awake," a soft seductive voice grabbed Jack's attention. A feeling of guilt- as if he'd been caught contemplating treason, or masturbating- washed over him as his head whipped around and took his captor in. Clad in only a fluffy white bathrobe with the hem so short that Jack might soon know if she was wearing panties once she bent over, Jamie leaned in the doorway, smiling dreamily. "Did you sleep well, little one?"

Mutely, Jack nodded as his so-called "Mommy" flounced into the giant nursery. There was something in her eyes again; a hint of the old danger from before. Shit. The honeymoon was over. Back to being a giant doll instead of a big baby.

A slender, delicate hand slipped through the bars of the crib and gave the front of the toddlerized man's diaper a squeeze. Involuntarily, Jack shuddered as he felt her intense grip even through the swollen and soggy padding. He had been psyching himself up for some form of rebellion before she came in. Now, as she held him in her hands, he was putty. Thinking

with his dick again. "Wet," she pronounced. "I suppose we should get you changed, shouldn't we?" Again, Jack nodded.

"Someone's not nearly as chatty as usual," Jamie remarked while lowering the railing to the crib. "Something wrong, Jack-Jack?" She offered her hand up to Jack.

Jack shook his head. "No ma'am," he promised, taking her hand and allowing himself to be guided down to the floor. The slender woman shot him a look and gave him a knowing, if condescending, smile. Jack was confident in the fact that every word that he had for Jamie had been reprogrammed out of his head and replaced with "Mommy" when he spoke aloud. Yet somehow, Jamie always seemed to know when Jack wasn't trying to call her as such.

How the hell did she know that, anyway?

A little jolt of nervousness accompanied every step he took over to the changing table. "Come along, little one," Jamie cooed as she held his hand, "Mommy's not gonna carry you right now. You've gotta walk." That was new. Jamie tended to keep to a script when she was in Mommy mode, and Jack had yet to hear this line. The way she said that she wasn't going to carry Jack, as opposed to couldn't carry him. He supposed she could carry him, if she really tried, but it would be slow, awkward, and uncomfortable for the both of them.

What was she up to?

Jack was shaken out of his reverie by sound of Velcro ripping off of imitation cloth-like cover. He didn't bother trying to cover himself as she pulled the diaper back and letting his stiff and rigid manhood taste fresh air for the first time in hours. After the ninth or tenth change- Jack had already lost count- modesty around the woman was more habit and pretense than anything else.

He did shiver a bit when the first cold wipe made its way across his penis, causing it to slacken just a bit as she moved down to his testicles and taint. Clean. Relief. The robot had been more efficient with its diaper changes than its creator; no missed spots or accidentally going over areas that didn't want to go; but Jamie had managed to add a certain tenderness to the act. A hand under his knees forced his legs and rump up enough so that his nurturing jailer could slide the soaked Pampers out from under his rump. A strained grunt entered his ears as his he was lifted, followed by a muted sigh when his naked ass came back down to the mat. For his own sake, he kept his legs up and his backside exposed so that Jamie remembered to wipe him there, too.

Jack's neck craned up a bit, watching the blonde bombshell get a fresh diaper and unfold it before again leveraging his legs up and slipping the new undergarment beneath him. The coolness of the baby powder on his nether regions destroyed whatever chances his morning erection had of making a comeback.

“Jamie,” Jack croaked, knowing full well that what really came out of his mouth was “Mommy,” “when are you going to build a new Nanny?” Afraid that Jamie would revert to her old ways, Jack hoped he could plant the idea in her head. Hopefully he could buy himself some time to relax while Jamie was building the damned thing.

Her laughter was bubbly, and laced with bitter poison. “Oh sweetie, that’s not going to happen. I don’t need to make a new Nanny; not when I’ve got such a good baby.” For what must have been at least the thirtieth time that week, Jamie pulled the fresh diaper up between Jack’s already spread legs, pulling the thing taught on the sides and taping it up around him. “Mommy loves her little baby.” She gave the front of his diaper a little pat, the same as always. Something was different though.

Mommy loves her little baby.

Loves? Little baby?

Jack had heard the command phrase “Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby-“ dozens of times since he’d been roped into this mess,; most often when Jamie wanted to make him ejaculate in his pants uncontrollably. However, Jamie had never deigned to use the proper words “love” or “little”. What’s more, Jamie had only ever applied the terms of affection to the deeds she wished. She had only ever said that she “wuvved” it when her “widdle baby” did something for her. She’d never just said that she loved him or that he was little. And for reasons he couldn’t quite articulate, that slight difference in phrasing aroused him tremendously.

As Jamie began to withdraw her hand, Jack’s desperate mitts reached for her wrist as he thrust up into her palm, instantly hard again. “Oh, is baby Jack-Jack feeling frisky?” she giggled, the barest hint of her own naughty grin flashing across her face. She began to rub at his crotch, driving him wild. He was a dog in heat.

So much harder while dry. Like masturbating with a dry towel.

Jack groaned and moaned on the changing table, trying to think of the dirtiest pastiche of thoughts he could imagine. Unfortunately, he was still in a diaper, the soft paper like crinkling rattling through his ears. The smell of baby powder invaded his nose. He could only block out the bright pastel colors of his nursery if he slammed his eyes shut, but then there was nothing to distract him from the sensation of having his dick rubbed through fluffy yet dry cloth.

Necessity is the mother of inventions in all things, and even Jack’s penis could be creative when the need arose.

“Mommy?” Jack squeaked up at Jamie. “Spank me, please.”

“What?” the question seemed to take Jamie aback.

“Spank me,” Jack repeated himself. Without asking, Jack rolled over and stuck his padded rump in the air a bit. “Please...”

A moan of intrigue hummed in Jamie’s throat. “Oh really?” she asked as her hand began to caress the back of his diaper. “Have you been a naughty baby?”

“Yes!” Jack heard himself say.

“Say it.” Her tone brooked no argument, and there was more than a hint of anticipation in her voice.

“I’ve been...” Jack paused. His pride or his penis: both couldn’t be satisfied. “I’ve been a naughty baby.” He hissed the words more than spoke.

“I’m sorry, honey, what was that?”

“I’ve been a naughty baby!” he yelled.

SMACK!

A jolt passed through him.

“That’s right,” Jamie leaned over and whispered in his ear. “You have been.”

“You’ve been...”

SMACK!

“...a naughty...”

SMACK!

“...naughty...”

SMACK!

“...baby.”

It hurt just enough. Here was something that Jamie was infinitely better at (for his purposes at least) than her android. Every time her palm connected with his padded behind he jumped a bit in pleasure as happy hormones flooded his system. Almost there. Not quite though. The

smacks continued, but like getting drunk on beer, Jack was only managing to maintain when he really wanted to escalate.

“Mommy,” he gasped over the fifteenth or sixteenth swat his posterior. “take my diaper off. Please,” he added.

She licked her lips in response, the heat radiating off of her. “Babies aren’t allowed to take their diapers off, sweetie.”

“I know,” he replied. “That’s why I’m asking you.” Jamie tilted her head and looked at Jack; a haze seeming to lift from her eyes.

“You really do want this, don’t you?” she asked.

“YES!”

Jamie leaned forward and gave her man-baby a kiss on the cheek. “Alright, then,” she said. “I’ll give you a few minutes of unplanned grown-up time, but then you have to do something for me. Deal?”

“Deal!” Had Jack not been thinking with his penis, his more rational brain would have exalted in the fact that Jamie was truly negotiating with him, instead of demanding things of him. This was surely a step in the right direction. Instead, he was exalting as Jamie began to reach for the tapes of his still clean diaper, knowing that his dick was about to get wet in a manner that didn’t involve incontinence or baby wipes.

It didn’t even take five minutes. He didn’t even get off the changing table. The diaper never even got out from under him. She didn’t even take her bathrobe off.

Taped back into his Pampers, Jack saw the world clearly again through post-orgasm eyes. Trapped. Still Trapped. Still diapered. At least he’d gotten more sex. Worth it for the time being. As expected, Jamie came with a Mickey Mouse t-shirt and sat him up as she yanked it over his head; him allowing her to guide his arms through the sleeves.

The t-shirt and diaper look was expected. Jamie’s demeanor may have changed since her rescue, but her overall mission statement hadn’t skipped a beat; she liked it to be obvious that he was diapered. The thing that really caught him off guard was what followed.

“Overalls?” Jack said as Jamie brought out the denim clothing.

“Shortalls actually,” she corrected him as she slid the pants up his legs and worked the straps over his shoulders. “Snaps along the inside, of course. It’ll make it easier to change you while we’re out.”

“Out?!”

.20 Minutes Ago

“Hello Jamie,” said the figure that had just exited from the rip in reality. If it wasn’t for the punk-rock streak of purple going through the other woman’s hair, and her midnight black pants-suit, Jamie might have been looking in a mirror.

The brilliant and beautiful billionaire fastened her bathrobe on extra tight as the rift behind her doppelganger closed, leaving a mirror image of her still blocking the bathroom.

“Seven-twenty-eight,” Jamie acknowledge the presence of the other, however curtly. She palmed the compact sized super computer next to the baby monitor, and slipped it into one of the robe’s pockets. On the video feed, Jack still dozed peacefully, impotently trying to masturbate through the saturated overnight diaper blocking his access.

“There’s no need to be so formal, Jamie,” the duplicate told her. “You can call me Jamie.” She stepped out of the bedroom and casually sat down on the Texas King mattress that Jamie had been luxuriating in moments before her arrival. “Nice bed.”

Jamie ignored the other’s invitation to casual courtesy and cut to the chase. “What are you doing here, Seven-twenty-eight?” She walked into the bathroom; not to use the facilities, but to make sure her little case of Dominance pills was still accounted for. A quick check showed that the crawler pill and the final pill were still there as expected. Good.

The eerily familiar voice of her visitor echoed off the bathroom walls in reply. “We’re going straight to titles and designations? Skipping the pleasantries? Fine, Ninety-seven. How are you?”

Jamie slipped the case into another pocket of her bathrobe. Everything was accounted for. Now she could speak in earnest. “I’m fine.” Jamie replied briskly, stepping out of the bathroom. “You always have had that desire to hear our name spoken as much as possible.”

“As compared to the compulsive need to be called ‘Mommy’?” The Jamie in the black pantsuit replied. “It doesn’t matter how many times they call you that, Ninety-seven. it’s not going to solve your Little problem.”

“You have your quirks, I have mine.” Jamie looked her visitor in the eyes. There was another difference, a minor imperfection. The other Jamie’s eyes didn’t match, one green and one blue. Still, it was entirely possible, Jamie admitted to herself that her near duplicate might consider matching eyes to be a flaw. “You still haven’t answered my question, Seven-twenty-eight. What are you doing here?”

“Just making the rounds as per usual,” Jamie’s visitor laid back on the bed. “I like to keep tabs on how everyone’s games are going. Who’s won. Who’s lost. Who’s still playing. The usual.”

Jamie stood there looking at the other her. Laying back on the bed. Using someone else’s space and property as if it were your own; as if you were as familiar and comfortable in their place of power as they were. Classic power play. Textbook mind games. If she’d been eating breakfast, Jamie was certain this intruder would have made sure to casually take a bite for herself. Was Jamie this insufferable, or was that just a quirk of Seven-twenty-eight’s? It was so hard to tell when dealing with others so like yourself.

Two could play at this game. Jamie closed the distance between the two of them and laid next to the slightly different variation of herself. Displaying the same level of comfort and familiarity, she scooted so close that they might be about to cuddle or readying themselves to rip each other’s throats out. Either option was likely. “You mean jealously keep tabs on the Mommies and feeling smug and superior towards the babies.”

“You’re no better,” Jamie’s not quite twin retorted. Seven-twenty-eight continued to look up at the ceiling, twirling a strand of purple hair in her finger. “You use that fancy little gadget of yours and that...what do you call it?” Her tone was snotty, like remembering Jamie’s greatest accomplishment was somehow beneath her.

“Fate formula.”

“Yes, that one,” Seven-twenty-eight said. “Your fate formula. You use your calculations and gadgets. Jamie Six-sixty-six reads runes and entrails. Jamie Fifty-two taps into our collective unconsciousness and draws pictures. I just happen to hop around from place to place. Every one of us who is aware and has the means does it. I just prefer to see things with my own eyes.”

Bitch had a point. They all did it in some way or another. They were all aware of each other, and the others that weren’t. “I wasn’t expecting you for at least another six months.” Jamie said, changing the subject.

“My travel route is getting shorter,” Seven-twenty-eight sighed. “I tend not to check in on the diapered ones after I pay my last respects. I don’t want to end up accidentally sharing a crib with them.”

Jamie sat up. “How much shorter?” The last time she had checked, Jamie knew the field had been getting smaller, over half of them babied and in diapers, and maybe a tenth of the remaining ones managing to be the ones doing the changing instead, but the playing field hadn’t been shrinking so fast that Seven-twenty-eight’s bi-annual visits would be moved up by half a year.

“They got to Five-forty-three.” Seven-twenty-eight replied. Now she sat up, smoothing out the little creases in her pantsuit and brushing the shock of purple hair back into place.

A snort involuntarily passed through Jamie’s nose. “That figures. Wasn’t she the drug addict? Took hallucinogens so that she could see through our eyes?” Honestly, Jamie was surprised that Five-forty-three had lasted this long. Apparently fate favored the stupid, but only for so long.

“That’s the one,” Seven-twenty-eight confirmed. “Someone made a drug that causes regression. Re-lease or something. She got hooked. Now she’s sucking her thumb like the vast majority of us.”

“Figures.”

Jamie remained seated as her twin stood up and turned to face her. “Here’s a question, though. Why didn’t you already know all this? You’re one of the few Jamies that’s hard for me to surprise, what with all of your little calculations and simulations and whatnot.”

“I’ve been busy,” Jamie replied. “I actually haven’t made any calculations in a few days.” She was on the verge of getting defensive. Who was this...this other her to question...herself?

Now it was Seven-twenty-eight’s turn to be surprised. “Busy?” she asked. “With what?”

“A baby,” Jamie answered. She stood up to look her other self in the eyes. Some rough intuition was warning her; some little voice inside her head was telling her not to divulge any more information than necessary. There was a fight coming.

Jamie didn’t gaze into her opposite’s mismatched eyes before the other pivoted around and began walking around her bedroom, as if taking a lazy tour. “You’re always busy with babies. You’re still always poking around on that little flashy square of yours.” The demon bitch in the black suit spun around on her heel and gestured to Jamie. “I know you’ve got it on that skimpy little robe you’re wearing, but you’re not plugging away at it like you normally do. Something’s different; but what?”

“I think I found one that will satisfy,” Jamie explained. A satisfied smirk spread across her lips. There. She said it. She was about to be out of the game at last. Her personal existential struggle was almost over. Her calculations had hinted at it. Her gut was confirming it. The fact that a tiny voice in her head was screaming, not out of fear, but out of jealousy- she didn’t want to share her new baby with this intruder- was solidifying the idea.

“Oh really?” the visitor was clearly feigning indifference. “What’s his name?”

“Jack.”

The other Jamie stopped dead in her tracks as if an actual curse had been cast. “Jack?”

Oblivious to her doppelgangers reaction, tiniest blush came to Jamie’s cheeks. “I prefer to call him ‘baby Jack’, or ‘Jack-Jack’; something cute; but yes.”

“Jack?” The Jamie in the black pantsuit pressed. “You’re sure? Not Jackson, or John or Jim?”

“Yes, Jack,” Jamie confirmed. She shot the other her a questioning glare. “Why?”

A look of uncalculated, genuine, and sincere pity washed over Jamie Seven-twenty-eight. “Oh, you poor thing, Ninety-seven. I’m so sorry.” Sorry? Sorry for what? The question must have shown somewhere in those deep blue eyes of hers, because her twin with the mismatched eyes and the streak of purple hair was shaking her head. Jamie had just told her other self that she was close to finding a cure for herself, but her uninvited guest was acting like Jamie had just told her that she’d failed. “You’re close to the end, all right,” Jamie Seven-twenty-eight told her, “but not the one you’re hoping for.”

Jamie was about to ask what she meant, was about to explain how lucky she’d been, about to share everything she’d gone through lately with her other self- someone who completely understood what she’d been going through. Instead, she was treated to a lecture. “I know your little fate formula is fairly accurate with only a slight margin for error,” Seven-twenty-eight said, shaking her head, “but from what I’ve seen with my own two eyes, you’re in trouble.”

“How?” Jamie was more than dubious; more than perplexed. For the first time in a long while, Jamie was completely and utterly flabbergasted. Nervously, she clutched at the tiny supercomputer in her pocket. She couldn’t have made a miscalculation. She couldn’t have.

Seven-twenty-eight began lecturing. The intruder was the professor, and the mastermind was the student. “Jamie One-thirty-one. Normal bell curve. Bought a house. Haunted by a nanny-ghost. Her and her husband both turned into diapered drooling idiots. The only benefit is occasionally the ghost beats them off to ensure compliance. Husband’s name? Jack.”

“That’s just one example,” Jamie objected.

Unperturbed, Jamie’s opposite continued. “Jamie Seven-fifteen. Same scenario, only it was one of the Fae that got her. Her husband was also Jack.”

Jamie’s arms crossed her chest. A gesture of discomfort and protection. “I already own property. I’m a billionaire now.”

“Jamie Eight-twenty-six,” the other, not-quite identical woman prattled on, “Her husband opened a box with a cursed tape player in it. Both of them spend their days mittened, bootied, padded, and bibbed. Guess what his name was.”

“It’s a good thing this is a non-magical dimension, then, isn’t it?” Jamie countered. This was just ridiculous. There were infinite universes, and infinite Jamies. Of course a few of them were going to end up regressed with someone who happened to be named Jack. Jack was a common enough name.

Her opposite was a prosecutor cross-examining her on the witness stand. She looked Jamie dead in the eye and said, “Jamie Four-fifty and her boyfriend, Jack, end up under the perpetual diapered care of his mad scientist mother. Jamie Three-sixteen and her husband, again Jack, hypnotized and shrunk so that they’re perma-babies. Jack and Jamie Nine-thirty-one watch some DVD’s for a baby shower and find out that the baby shower is for them. Jack Twenty-two’s ex-girlfriend turns him into a sissy and his wife gets dragged into diapers for the ride. Would you like to guess the unlucky woman’s name?”

“Well...”

“Jamie Fifty-four, Jamie Seventy-four, and Jamie One-fourteen: all sharing an oversized nursery with the same skinny, black haired doofus. Need. I. Go. On?”

Jamie sucked in her breath. She hadn’t even met Jack, hadn’t seen him, and knew what he looked like. This was particularly unsettling. Her figures, her gut, her experience. The couldn’t all be worthless, could they? “My calculations...” she began

“Are wrong,” Seven-twenty-eight interrupted. “Reality beats expectation, every time, Ninety-seven. You’re better off having Nanny feed him that last little bit of brain wiping nanites and saying ‘Bye bye big boy’ and leaving him on some rich fetishist’s doorstep.”

Jamie broke off the gaze. “I...I don’t have Nanny anymore.”

“Why not?!” Seven-twenty-eight asked incredulously. “That thing was amazing.”

“It malfunctioned,” Jamie explained. “It tried to give me the baby treatment.”

“When? What happened?”

Then she told her. She’d been hoping to tell her, at least one version of her. Had been vaguely fantasizing about it for a day or so now. Things had been working out oh so well, and it would have been nice to gloat. Instead though, she was recounting the incident with looks of horror on her face.

She'd let her guard down. She'd given in to her baby and let him have something he'd wanted but she hadn't planned for him. She hadn't planned. She'd broken her own rigid code of conduct and triggered some kind of errant glitch in her trusty robot's software. Jack was looking less and less like her knight in padded armor, and instead was seeming like her first step on a downward spiral.

"Your Nanny malfunctions and decides you need to be babied right as you're letting this Jack have some form of free-will and sexual reward? Take a hint, sister." Seven-twenty-eight drove the point home more succinctly than Jamie ever would have to herself.

"The calculations, though..."

"That you just told me you haven't been paying attention to for days. Face it, Ninety-seven, you're starting to slip, and it only takes one slip for people like us."

"No," Jamie shook her head. Defiance bubbling up inside of her. "I did the math right. Even with the slight margin of error to account for free will, what happened then shouldn't have happened."

The doppelganger scowled. "Then why didn't you check your math again after things went wrong?" A pause built up. Jamie didn't have an answer. The pause became pregnant. Grew and grew. Until it finally burst. "Could it be you want this to happen to you?" the other Jamie spat. "Could it be that you're tired of struggling to stay an adult and you want an excuse to fail? Did you ever think that maybe on some subconscious level your little calculations aren't keeping you away from being a baby; that maybe their nudging you closer and closer to falling off the edge?"

"NO!" Jamie shouted. The brilliant inventor and scientist, inventor of Dominance, who could mathematically prove causality, fate and extra-dimensional existence, would only let herself be talked down too so much; even if it was another version of herself doing the talking. "I'm not wrong. I don't make mistakes like that. I'm the safest- and happiest- that I can remember being in a long time."

"Okay..." Jamie Seven-twenty-eight wrinkled her nose. "...prove it. Take him out. And I don't mean in a limo or to that big fancy office of yours where you control the environment. Put both of yourselves out there. Make yourselves targets. If you're right, you'll be fine. You'll get your man-baby. You'll get to be Mommy. You'll spend the rest of your life changing diapers instead of using them. If your calculations are so thorough and this Jack isn't going to ruin you, you have nothing to fear."

"Fine!" Jamie accepted the challenge from herself. "I'll do it. Now, if you excuse me, I've got to go get my baby ready for a walk."

An Exhibition.

To say that Jack was looking around nervously would have been an understatement. As he traveled down the busy street with Jamie, passerby going by them without so much as a glance, Jack was on the verge of an out-and-out panic attack. His breath was fast and shallow, his heart drummed in his chest, his stomach was doing flips. All it would have taken was one strange stare, one queer look- like the one that the doorman had given him as he had been paraded out into Jamie's limo wearing nothing but a onesie- and it wouldn't have taken Dominance nanites to make him wet his pants.

When Jamie had dressed him for the day in a surprisingly mature outfit and announced that they were going out, Jack hadn't expected a literal walk through the streets of the city. Granted, a Mickey Mouse T-Shirt, a diaper, and shortalls weren't exactly "grown-up", but mature clothes were a matter of relativity when Jamie picked out the outfits. Until today Jamie hadn't dressed Jack in anything that would so much as cover his thighs, so this was a nice surprise.

What stood out even more was Jamie's particular outfit for this outing. There was the diaper bag that Jamie had made a point of showing off, complete with big compartments to fit big diapers. That might as well have been a part of Jack's outfit that Jamie carried for him. More important was Jamie's own ensemble. Big dark glasses covered her eyes, a bandana concealed her blonde hair, and a coat just this size of baggy concealed her amazing figure. It didn't take a genius to realize that she was obviously taking pains to avoid being recognized. Ironically enough, Jack thought it made her stand out even more. How good could a disguise mean anything if you instantly recognized it as a disguise? Then again Jamie was full of surprises so far.

Everything about this morning had been a surprise, truth be told: Jamie's continued nurturing approach to his treatment; the slightly more mature (or at least more concealing) wardrobe they both dressed in; the sex.

The sex had been particularly surprising. It was exceedingly difficult to think of oneself as a baby when your so-called "Mommy" was banging you on the changing table. Then again, he'd been wearing a diaper, freshly changed, had had to beg his Mommy to undress him and mount him, and he had still been on the changing table, clean diaper beneath him as he climaxed inside of her. As soon as he had finished, Jamie had re-diapered him and dressed him back up like a toddler before going outside with him. Jamie had as of yet refused to address him as if he were anything other than a particularly precocious preschooler (if that), yet over the last few days she had done things with him...to him?...no, with him that would have definitely crossed the line had he not been an adult. So what was he in this deranged fantasy she was forcing him to participate in? An adult? A baby? Both? Adult Baby...how ridiculous was that notion?

Such a scenario would have been especially ridiculous, if not for Jack's present predicament. Even in adult sized Pampers and baby clothes, even though he was forced to relieve and

release himself into his pants while being spoon fed pureed mush, Jack was still very clearly an adult. No amount of nanites could change that. But something had changed.

The least of these changes was the lack of regard that the people passing by as Jamie walked along with him. Yes, this was the home of the Naked Cowboy; a man in not-quite overalls, the slightest padded bulge around his waist was nothing in comparison, but to Jack's thinking he should have gotten some second glances; some form of remark or double take.

That was because the biggest change in circumstances was indeed remarkable; or so Jack felt. By the loosest of definitions, they were going for a walk. Jack wasn't walking, though: instead, as if he were actually a small child, Jamie was carrying him down the street on her hip, his legs wrapped around her torso while his white knuckled hands clung to her shoulders for dear life. Yet, despite all reason, Jamie showed no signs of dropping him. She didn't shake, didn't grunt or groan, didn't slow her pace. In fact, she was passing by random tourists, heads buried in maps or necks craning up at the skyscrapers. That fact should have merited a few second looks, even in this town, but it didn't.

Jamie had been careful up until now; spiriting Jack away by private limousine, and taking back entrances to her secluded office and apartment. The only people who had treated Jack like an infant had obviously either been in on the act- like the gaggle of beautiful women who had cooed over him on his first day as "Product tester", or the doorman at Jamie's building who had obviously seen enough of Vasquez's diapered boy toys in the past. The general's disgusted reaction upon seeing him playing on the floor in a onesie had cemented Jack's reality that he was still just a man in custom baby clothes. These people on the street were ignoring him, though, treating the sight of a grown man being carried by a petite young woman as if it were completely commonplace. He had made enough eye contact to know that people saw him; just, no one was particularly bothered by it. The whole experience made him feel so insignificant...so small...so...so...so little. No way on Earth could Jamie have hired or bribed everyone on the street to barely give him a passing glance.

If they had been paid actors, it was more likely Jamie would have hired these strangers to talk to him, to tell him how cute he was or something; put on a show, not ignore him as if he were any other tot. To date, Jamie hadn't demonstrated that level of subtlety. All out of reasonable options, Jack could only think of unreasonable ones. Maybe he was actually a baby.

"Calm down, baby boy," Jamie said in soothing, syrupy tones. "Mommy's got you."

Head still on a swivel, still feeling anything but secure, Jack managed to ask, "How?" He bobbed up and down as his "Mommy" chuckled.

"Don't worry about it, babykins," Jamie said. "You wouldn't understand."

Through gritted teeth, Jack managed to reply, "Try me." Then he thought to add, "I'm your product tester. What exactly am I testing here?"

"You are, aren't you?" Jamie mused. "Okay, let's test." She stopped on the sidewalk, halting her stride long enough to reach into the bib pocket of Jack's shortalls, producing an adult sized pacifier. How long had that been in there? "Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby sucks on his paci." Jack had no chance to protest. His own hand reached out and plucked the dummy from out of her hand. His lips betrayed him and opened so he could begin suckling on the rubber nipple.

"Mmph" he tried, unsuccessfully, to scream from behind the gag. Too busy sucking, his mouth wouldn't open enough to make a proper yelp. The nipple was sweet too, like sugar water, or a lollipop. For about ten seconds, a saccharine cherry flavor seeped into Jack's mouth, then vanished into a bland, tasteless rubber. The nipple had been coated in something. Dominance! Jack realized too late. The pacifier was likely coated with the stuff; a bit of flavored coating to stick the stuff to the teat. Jack wanted to panic; wanted to cry; wanted to analyze and wonder what new infantile behavior his captor had just programmed into him...and then he didn't.

His heart rate slowed. His breathing steadied. His muscles slackened a bit, no longer holding onto Jamie for dear life. He wasn't quite drugged, just incredibly, incredibly calm...pacified, one might say.

"Looks like my newest batch worked," his Mommy nodded in approval. "I can't control your active cognition," Jamie explained, renewing her leisurely stroll down the crowded city sidewalk, "but I can program your brain to release certain chemicals when exposed to particular stimuli." Unable to feel anything but amazingly calm, Jack just nodded.

"Right now," Jamie explained, still walking, "your brain is being flooded with serotonin, and combatting all of that nasty adrenaline you've got going on. Don't worry," she continued. "That's the only conditioned response at the moment." The sucking rhythm of Jack sucking on the pacifier slowed, and then finally stopped, but Jack's lips were still quite content to house the pacifier.

"Wuh elfe?" the babified adult mumbled around the plastic guard. "How cawwy?" Jack could have said a more complex, more adult sentence, he supposed, but it was just easier to mumble clipped queries since his mouth refused to drop the pacifier.

"Hmm?" Jamie looked at her padded plaything. "Oh, like how am I carrying you and why isn't anyone stopping us or saying anything?" Jack nodded. That was exactly what was still puzzling him. "Credit given where credit is due," the mad genius said, "you kind of gave me the idea. I figured that if I could repurpose some of my babying technology for military purposes, then I could modify some failed military experiments and use them so that I could be a better Mommy for you."

“Wike wuh?”

Jamie made a shrug so non-chalant it had to have been choreographed. Like any mad-scientist she really did love to monologue and explain herself it seemed. “Anti-gravity suit.” She said. “There’s a special circuitry mesh woven into your shortalls that uses the pull of gravity on your body to power it and lift you up away from the earth.” Anti-gravity?! The spurt of urine that seeped into his diaper might have actually been from surprise. “It was supposed to let the wearer fly,” Jamie went on, “but something is always lost in the transition, it seems. Instead of letting you fly, the suit is just supporting your weight so that I’m only lifting ten to twenty pounds.”

That’s why she was able to carry him! His outfit was literally doing all of the hard work. Effectively, he weighed less than an average two-year-old. “I couldn’t figure out a way to condense the material more than I already have, though,” she admitted. “That’s the only reason you’re not in a onesie. Even my brilliance has its limits.”

So the only reason he was being allowed to dress this maturely was because Jamie hadn’t figured out a more infantile package to seal him in. Part of Jack believed that if Jamie had found a way to weave in whatever fantastical anti-gravity device into just a diaper, she would have done it, and she would have gone back to carting him around with nothing but his piss moistened crotch covered.

Jack’s own know-it-all personality raged to the surface. ‘Foofie jammas,’ the words mumbled themselves out of Jack’s mouth.

“Ooooh, you’re right,” Jamie grinned at him. “I could have done footie pajamas instead. That’d be much more appropriate for your age, wouldn’t it?” Damn! Why was he helping this woman humiliate him? What was wrong with him? “Even in baby jammies, nobody would give you a second look, though,” his captor informed him.

Jack tried to puzzle out a better way to express his wonder, but only one word was needed. “Why?” Even that simple question, slightly garbled by a rubber dummy, managed to make him sound infantile.

Jamie giggled in response. “Because of your paci, silly,” she said. She reached up and tapped the button shield on his pacifier. “Mommy slipped in a subsonic subliminal broadcaster. It broadcasts a signal that goes straight to the perception centers of the brain, but is still too high pitched for human beings to consciously recognize. Anyone who doesn’t already know better will see you as my baby boy. It’s what hypnosis wishes it could be.” Slack jawed in disbelief, Jack stared at her as his pacifier tumbled out of his mouth, the clip on his shirt being the only thing keeping it from the cement below.

“You could have done this the whole time?” he gasped.

The smile on Jamie's face was one of pure delight. "Well not the whoooooole time," she said, batting her eyes, "but yeah...kinda. I just had to take a few days off and think outside the box." The front of Jack's diaper became significantly warmer as his bladder let loose in absolute surprise and shock. True to form, though, the feeling of actual wetness didn't last long as his liquid excrement was quickly absorbed and wicked away from his skin, the diaper beginning to swell.

She'd done it. The bitch had done it. She'd found a way for everyone to see him as the baby she treated him as...and he'd inadvertently given her the idea. He hadn't specifically told her to make some crazy hypnosis device, he hadn't even known she had this particular invention; but he'd inspired her to start rethinking her inventions to begin with. He had even destroyed the thing that had carted him around before, making Jamie need to find a new way to transport and coddle him- and necessity was the mother of invention. Jack's own actions had gotten the ball rolling, and it was all downhill from here, it seemed.

He should be angry. He should be furious. But the effects of the pacifier still lingered; he literally couldn't bring himself to be angry, it seemed. It was probably for the best, come to think of it. Jamie still had the advantage and it wouldn't have done him any good to throw a tantrum, just yet.

Tantrum?

Fuck!

Why was he internally labeling attempts to struggle and resist, to escape this fate, a "tantrum?" His brain's language centers were clearly being tampered with more than he was initially led to believe.

Stop. Think. Re-assess the situation. This thing dangling from his neck had a weakness, otherwise Jamie wouldn't have classified it as a "failure." "Why was it a failure?" Jack asked.

Jamie picked up the pacifier dangling from the clip, and popped it into her grown toddler's mouth before asking "What was that, Jack-Jack?"

"Why faiwuh?" Jack repeated himself.

Jamie sighed. "Cameras," she said. "This was originally meant as an infiltration device, but the subliminal message doesn't do a thing to cameras. Couldn't sell a cloaking device that could get past secret service agents in person, but not a mall-cop on monitor duty." Jack's brain kicked into overdrive. That meant that any surveillance devices would record exactly what was going on: a grown ass woman toting around a grown ass man sucking on a pacifier.

That also explained why Jamie was going incognito. Jack? Jack was no one. Jamie Vasquez was rich and famous. She couldn't afford to be recognized. A stray image from an ATM camera could expose her. The last piece of the puzzle fell into place for Jack. He could cause his captor so much trouble right now if he wished. All he had to do was rip the scarf and glasses off of her head, and she'd be a risk. Some lady with a baby? Who cared? Who wouldn't want a selfie, though, with the Jamie Vasquez? Oh, she had a little one? Who knew? Why yes, he can be in the picture, why not? Then they'd look at the picture and the truth would be out.

In her boldness and excitement to test out her newest toys, Jamie was swimming with sharks. Jack could rip the scarf off, and watch the dominos fall. Yet, he didn't. The unnatural calm had given him a bit of clarity. What good would causing trouble for Jamie accomplish? To stir the pot now would only earn him a punishment and Vasquez was still charismatic and clever enough to talk around some yokel with a camera.

Jack could picture the exchange in his mind:

"Congratulations random citizen. I, world famous inventor, Jamie Vasquez, was merely testing out my latest inventions. Marvelous, aren't they? Gotcha good, didn't I? Oh him? He's my product tester; agreed to help me test them out, eccentric billionaire genius that I am. Isn't that right Jack-Jack?" Then she'd lean in and whisper, "Mommy wuvs it when her little baby tells them what she wants them to hear," she'd whisper. And then that would be that.

No. This was good knowledge, but best not to act irrationally. Better to store this information in the back of mind where he could use it later. Better to save his struggling for later and bide his time. Jack gripped onto Jamie as she suddenly turned right into a building.

Where were they? Jack had been so busy piecing things together that he had failed to notice his surroundings. It didn't take him long to figure it out, however. The smell of grease and salt, the sound of people ordering entire meals using only numbers, the Golden Arches.

Still being toted around on her hip, Jack looked at his caretaker and scoffed. "Reawy?" he mumbled past the pacifier.

Behind the dark tint of her sunglasses, Jamie's eyes twinkled with delight. "We haven't had breakfast yet, have we?" she cooed. "You didn't think Mommy would let her widdle baby go hungry, do you?"

"Hewe?" Jack blanched. "In pubwik?" McDonald's breakfast: It wasn't even good fast food as far as breakfast went. McMuffins and hash browns were nothing compared to Big Macs and fries. If she was on some exhibition kick, couldn't she have at least taken him to Waffle House?

Her hand grabbed his and maneuvered it down to her breasts, forcing them there. "I could always feed you the other way," she whispered. "No one will look twice." Jack's brain and his

penis were suddenly at odds. Blood drained from his face and his stomach turned at the idea of doing something like that in public; meanwhile below his waist his member was gearing up with excitement of being so wickedly naughty. A nagging little voice teased him in the back of his brain: Go ahead. She's right. No one will think there's anything wrong. Have your fun. Even if the security cameras catch wind of this, they won't notice until you're long gone. Give her what she wants and get a little of what you crave at the same time. That's how this whole relationship works, right? Right.

The room practically shook as Jack moved his head back and forth. "Nuh-uh," he added for emphasis. "Pancakef, pweafe"

Jamie booped him on the nose, her sparkling grin unable to be concealed by the tacky disguise. "If my Jack-Jack wants pancakes, then pancakes he'll get." They went to the front counter, a cashier waiting to take an order. The lady couldn't have been much older than either Jack or Jamie; thirty at most, but her already tired expression- long morning apparently- gave a certain air of weariness. She was both their peer, and much, much, older at the same time.

"Welcome to McDonald's," the lady said automatically and with forced enthusiasm, "what would you like?"

Jamie glanced at the menu. "A fruit and yogurt parfait for me," Jamie said, "and a strawberry banana smoothie to drink." She paused, waiting for the cashier to plug in the order. "And for my little man," Jack's captor made a show of pinching his cheek, "some hotcakes and a juice box."

The pinching of Jack's cheek made him blush a bit, and that was all the cue the cashier needed. "Awww...what a little cutie," the cashier remarked. That confirmed what Jack had been fearing. He was a baby, as far as the people around him were concerned. Like a bashful child, Jack buried his head in Jamie's shoulder in a vain attempt to hide. "That'll be-

Before she could finish, Jamie had reached into the pocket of her baggy coat and slapped down a twenty. "That should take care of it. Keep the change."

"Yes ma'am," the cashier smiled. "Your order will be out shortly."

Jack felt Jamie shift her hand underneath his bum and give it a quick squeeze. "Speaking of change," Jamie brought up. "Where's your bathroom? My baby boy needs a new diaper soon."

Jack's head snapped up. "Hey!" Again, the pacifier tumbled out of his mouth, and dangled from his Mickey Mouse t-shirt.

The cashier giggled and gestured around the counter to the back of the restaurant. "Bathroom is right over there," she said. "I remember when my little girl started getting embarrassed about getting her diaper changed. It meant she was close to being ready for potty training."

"Oh, I don't think my little Jack-Jack is ready to use the big boy potty yet," Jamie practically shouted. "I don't think he could use it even if he wanted to, isn't that right Jack-Jack?" Again, Jack attempted to hide his face from the world in Jamie's shoulder. "I think Jack-Jack likes his diapers and everything that comes with them." Jack had to resist the urge to pop the pacifier back into his mouth and calm down.

Oblivious or not caring about the plight of a perceived toddler, the cashier replied with, "Well I've always heard that boys are harder to potty train than girls."

"Oh you have no idea," the woman holding Jack chuckled darkly. "At this rate I don't think he'll ever get out of diapers." The heat radiating off of Jack's face could have lit a fire under the right conditions. "But I don't mind," Jamie continued as she began rubbing his back, "I'd change his Pampers everyday if I had to."

"The things love makes us do for our little ones," the cashier sighed.

Jamie stopped rubbing her man-baby's back. "Love?" she echoed the sentiment. "Perhaps."

"Um...okay."

Jack bounced a bit as Jamie adjusted him in her arms for the first time since stepping out on to the street that morning. They stepped out of line and headed straight for the aforementioned bathrooms. All the serotonin in his brain couldn't make Jack's heart not skip a beat when Jamie opened the door to the women's room and took him inside. The pair made a beeline for the handicapped stall in the back.

Jamie seemed to consider the changing table on the wall before seeming to decide against it and setting Jack down on the floor, his diaper squishing beneath his weight. "Not enough room," his captor explained. "It could hold your weight at present, but there would be no room." She dug around in his...her...the diaper bag and pulled out what could only have been a plastic changing mat; unfolding it on the ground before moving Jack over to it and laying it down.

Jack pouted there on the ground. Admittedly, there were some benefits to this arrangement, but Jamie was taking on an exhibitionist bent today that was causing him no end of embarrassment. "The hell was that about?" Jack asked, while his so-called Mommy unbuttoned the leggings of his denim shorts.

“Hush, little one,” Jamie didn’t even look up as she shimmied the bottom up past the babied man’s bellybutton. “The subliminal broadcaster only changes perception of who is speaking, not what is said.”

A devilish thought crept into the young man’s mind. “Oh,” his voice echoed off of the tiled walls, “So they’ll hear a little kid saying fuck or shit or-“ a sharp smack across the back of his thighs was his reward. “OW!”

“Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby is quiet and still while she changes his diaper,” Jamie recited the command phrase. Jack immediately quieted and went limp; the choice ripped away from him. There was no resisting her when she said that phrase. “Such a shame,” Jamie whispered teasingly. “I was going to let you make cummies again before I changed you, but you had to be a naughty baby.” The feeling of her hot breath on his ear made him tingle all over regardless. As much as he protested, as much as he struggled, as much as he wanted to hate her; part of him really did enjoy this...this...whatever it was.

His eyes wandered over to the diaper bag as Jamie rummaged around in it, taking out a regular pack of wipes and an adult sized Pampers. He followed Jamie’s expertly manicured nails as they reached for the front of his sodden diaper, the sound of Velcro ripping from cloth filling the otherwise empty restroom. His manhood shivered with anticipation and cold as she pulled the front of the diaper open, an intense feeling building up inside him and then waning with the blood in his cock as her dainty hands began to wipe him down with cold moist baby wipes.

Something about this ritual, this daily occurrence, Jack realized, was becoming far more important to him- far more exciting- than just the changing of soiled undergarments. There was a certain intimacy to it that Jack was appreciating in more than one aspect, even if he could never bring himself to admit it. He closed his eyes as Mommy, with precision born from years of practice -as if she really had been changing his diapers for years-slipped her arm behind his knees and lifted his legs and rump ceilingward. He felt, more than witnessed, the wet used diaper slipped out from underneath him, and the cold wipe. His bare rump was on the plastic changing mat for just a moment as his caregiver-captor balled up the used diaper and unfolded the fresh one. As his legs went back into the air, Jamie quickly sliding the new Pampers under his bum, the know-it-all part of his psyche wondered what the big rush was. He already knew from personal experience that he was unable to urinate until the diaper was fastened; it wasn’t like he was going to have an “accident” if Jamie didn’t get the diaper fastened on quickly enough.

Still, he couldn’t help but smile at Jamie’s audible sigh of relief once the dry padding was back on him and his pants buttoned back up. “Let’s go get our breakfast,” Jamie said after she’d packed the changing mat back into the diaper bag and lifted her paramour back off the bathroom floor.

Just as they were exiting, the bathroom door opened in on them, Jack's mommy paused her stride and turned her head, as if examining the tile of the bathroom wall. The woman who shuffled back, did the same...but why was she trying to avoid eye contact? Jamie, sure. She didn't want to be recognized for reasons that were obvious to both of them. Why was bathroom chick so shy? Jack looked back as he was carried out and caught sight of the woman- not much older than either of them with mousy brown hair and glasses- doing the same. There was a look of embarrassment in the woman's eye, and not for her; but for him.

She knew! Whoever she was, she knew!

"Jamie..." Jack whispered, now able to speak since the diaper change was over.

"Jamie...something's wrong."

"I just changed you," was the only reply he got, as his mad scientist Mommy bobbed and weaved through the people at McDonalds and up to the receiving counter. "Sorry," she said. "Diaper emergency." The tray was already ready and prepped for her. With one hand, she held Jack, and the other the tray with the sub-par breakfast on it.

Jack was too frustrated to be embarrassed. "Seriously," his whispered in her ear. "Something is wrong." The clack of a tray being set down at an empty booth was the only reply he got before being sat down and shoved to the side; the wall to his right and Jamie to his left. "Why won't you listen to me?"

"Oh you're no fun," Jamie waved off his concerns. "You're just being paranoid."

"I'm not being paranoid," Jack hissed, trying not to make a scene, as Jamie cut up his pancakes with a plastic knife. "The lady in the bathroom recognized me. Your...your whatever thing in my pacifier isn't working. She looked at me. Not a 'baby,' me."

Jamie took a long drag of her smoothie, straw already helpfully inserted by a McDonald's employee while they were at the bathroom. "But you are a baby, honey."

"You know what I mean."

Unconcerned, and obviously enjoying this, Jamie ripped open the top of the syrup cup and drizzled it over Jack's pancakes before digging into her parfait. "You're just mad that I found a way to take you out in public like this." Jack stared down at the pancakes, sulking. "Do you want me to feed you?" Jamie asked. "I thought eating some big kid food and feeding yourself might be a nice treat for you. There's always other options." Jack glared at Jamie a moment before finally snatching a plastic fork up from the tray, and began scooping the bland flapjacks and too-sweet syrup into his mouth. Between bites he kept shooting nervous glances towards the ladies' room.

“Still?” Jamie sighed, sipping on her smoothie. “Fine,” she said, digging into her coat pocket and pulling out the compact computer. She still had that? He hadn’t seen her tinker with that gadget in days. “If it will make you feel better that we’re not in any danger, I’ll do some calculations.”

He watched as Jamie’s dainty fingers poked at the screen, her eyes, addict’s eyes, looked at the screen, as lights flashed; waiting for the final result.

BUZZ!

Jamie looked up from her tiny tablet, noticeably paler. She wasn’t just a gambler now, as she had been a few days ago. She was a gambler that had just blown the mortgage on a game of roulette. Whatever that little computer of hers told her, it wasn’t good. “We have to get out of here,” she said, any and all calm evaporating from her in an instant. Jack thought darkly that maybe she needed the pacifier. “NOW!”

The bathroom door opened, and out walked the lady that Jack had seen. She made a beeline for the booth where they were sitting, taking up a position so that Jamie was blocked in.

“Miranda?!” Jamie asked, “What are you doing here?”

Miranda? Miranda! Of course! This was the same woman who had accompanied the general during Jamie’s power play a few days ago. This was the woman whom Jamie actually respected as almost as smart as her. That explained the look of disgust and embarrassment on her face when Jack made eye contact with her in the bathroom. The thing clipped to his shirt broadcast a signal so that people who looked at Jack saw a small child; but only if they didn’t already know who they were looking at. Miranda had already seen Jack, dressed up as a baby no less, and therefore still saw him as a grown man.

Jack riding on Jamie’s hip had given them away. Anyone who knew who he was would obviously know who was carrying them if they thought for half a minute...or hid in the bathroom. What was another genius scientist doing here at McDonald’s?

Both of them got their answer soon enough. The thirty-something woman leaned in, and Jack heard her whisper, “Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby wears her diaper.”

Things Fall Apart.

“Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby wears her diaper.”

Jamie Vasquez had heard that phrase before- once upon a time she'd decided to experiment with girls...literally- but she'd never heard that particular phrase said to her. The mad genius turned to the source of the voice. Mousy brown hair framed the woman's face a little too symmetrically- almost like a square cut wig. Her eyes, an almost identical hue of brown framed by thick black rimmed glasses, were possessed by an almost burning intensity. Her lips, thin and straight; her jaw set, like a predator readying itself to pounce.

Miranda: General Smother's scientific consigliere; competitor in the scientific community; almost (or at least as close as a normal person could get) as smart as Jamie herself. Here? Now? Why? And why was she using the Dominance nanites' command phrase?

She didn't have time to ask these questions, but her answers came soon enough. Jamie's lips hadn't even fully parted when a shudder ran through her body, causing her to lightly seize; not enough to draw attention to herself- it could easily have been mistaken for a sudden chill, like when someone walks over your grave. Jamie knew the truth, though.

As if in confirmation, she felt a flash of warm, sticky wetness spread across her pants. It didn't stay confined to her pants for long, however. Hot urine spilled out between the fibers of her underwear and jeans, the garments doing little to absorb or wick away the wetness and into the back of her trench coat. A small puddle formed between her legs, however briefly, before the flood became too much for her seat to contain, and, guided by the tail of the trench coat, began to spill over into a little puddle around her feet.

Jack looked on in confusion, his hand probing his crotch as if he expected to feel his own diaper grow wet. “Mommy?!” his bewildered, questioning plea came.

Dominance.

Nanites.

How?

When?

Miranda, still a breath's distance away from her asked. “Was it a good smoothie, Jamie? Nothing off about the taste?” Jamie stopped breathing for a moment. That bitch! A final spurt of pee from between her legs punctuated Jamie's outrage. “Didn't anybody teach you not to leave your food unattended?”

“You bi-!”

“Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby finishes her smoothie.” Jamie’s hands shot out and brought the wax paper cup to her lips, and she began drinking down the spiked fast food beverage. “It doesn’t hurt to finish your nanites, does it?”

Thirty years to reverse engineer my nanites my ass! Jamie thought bitterly as she chugged the thick, fruity sludge down. Around them, the patrons of McDonalds went about their daily hustle and bustle, oblivious to what was going on. Things were quiet now, and unless her puddle of piss expanded enough so that someone might slip, no one was going to notice; not in time, anyways. Jamie Vasquez, genius inventor and billionaire, was being held captive in a puddle of her own urine by some government stooge. Screaming silently for help, her eyes begged Jack to do what she couldn’t: to make a scene, to shout, to yell, to do something. Jack’s pacifier was emitting a subliminal frequency so that most if not all of the patrons would see him as a baby, and a baby screaming bloody murder could be good for drawing attention.

Instead, her diapered man-child stared at her in horror, scooting away from Jamie and pushing himself against the wall of their booth, lest her own liquid refuse spread all over his pretty shortalls. He’d been pissing his own pants for weeks, and now he was freaked out by her pee? Useless!

“I know we’ve never been what you would call friends,” Miranda whispered, her tone arrogant and gloating, “but please know this isn’t personal.” Without even waiting for her to fully finish the smoothie, Miranda removed Jamie’s head scarf and sunglasses, undressing her as if she were a baby; or more aptly, little more than a doll. Everyone who wanted to could see her blonde hair, deep blue eyes, and perfect bone structure. Her rival scientist- whom she hadn’t even considered a true rival- stood up and in a loud voice yelled, “HELP! SOMEONE CALL NINE-ONE-ONE! I THINK THIS WOMAN IS HAVING A STROKE!” The entire room froze and stared at them. Some even continued eating their flash fried hash browns and breakfast burgers, only now they were politely looking at the floor. Kick over an anthill and every member of the colony scurried and scattered to repair the damage and save lives. Shout out “help” in a public place, and everyone freezes. And humans thought they were the superior species. In a hoarse, snickering, whisper, Miranda triggered the nanites flooding Jamie’s system. “Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby pretends she had a stroke.”

The cup, now empty save for a reddish pink residue on the inside, dropped from Jamie’s hands. Her right eye began to twitch, her right arm went limp, and her mouth cartoonishly drooped in a harlequin half-frown. She wasn’t having a stroke, but to any onlooker with nothing but a glance and a half-hour television medical drama under their belt it would do the trick. Drool began pooling at the corner of her mouth and dripping out onto the corner of her chin.

Is this what I’ve been doing to people? She thought. This is so much worse than I imagined. I’m watching my own life fall apart in front of me and all I can do is go along with it. This isn’t

babyish. This isn't cute. This is just forced helplessness. In the silence of the room, the sizzle of the grill was drowned out by the pounding of her own heart. I've been doing it wrong. That's why it never worked the way I needed it too. I've been doing it all wrong.

Still in control of her eyes, if only barely, she looked to Jack. Her boy toy was looking around, his breathing becoming faster and louder into a huff-and-puff panic. Jack...get me out of here. Please! Do something! Where was the man of action that had saved her from her malfunctioning Nanny-robot? Had she fucked that man right out of him? Why wasn't he doing something?!

A big man, close to six and half feet tall stood up from the crowd. "I've called nine-one-one," he said. "An ambulance is on its way." There was actually a smattering of applause, at this. People were taking out their cell phones and holding them up, recording this little melodrama. This...this was worse than nothing. These people were professional bystanders; recording Jamie's capture to post on their Facebook pages.

Recording! People were recording this! It wouldn't take long for the internet to figure out who she was. She was famous enough that the whole world would know she was here sitting in a puddle of her own pee, twitching like a marionette that just had half of its strings cut.

JAMIE VASQUEZ, FOUNDER OF INFINITECH HAS STROKE IN MCDONALD'S AS MYSTERY BABY LOOKS ON The headlines and clickbait articles online would proclaim. Even if she somehow got out of this, she knew, she'd be ruined. Everyone knew she wasn't a mother. The questions about her health would soon give way to "Who was the baby?" and child trafficking accusations and half a dozen other crackpot theories. Stock in Infinittech would plummet...all because she wanted to take her baby boyfriend out in public.

Except it wouldn't be a baby on camera, would it? Right now, while under the influence of the subliminal broadcaster implanted in the button of his pacifier, people were seeing Jack as a toddler in shortalls, overwhelmed by his mommy having a stroke. They might even see the same thing if they replayed the videos on their phone while within the subliminal broadcaster's radius of influence. But once they got home? Once total strangers saw the video, uninfluenced by her inventions, they'd see Jack as he really was, a grown man with a noticeable padded bulge around his waist, and a pacifier dangling from his neck.

That's why Jack was frozen in place. The eyes of the world were on him and he knew it, too. His psychological evaluation based on observations and calculations on her little tablet had said he'd be particularly pliable in public, that for all his bravado, he feared public embarrassment to an almost phobic degree. That had been a factor in consideration for "adopting" him; she wanted a little boy she could take outside without him making a scene.

Looks like I got my wish, she thought, in the worst possible way.

Jack blinked, stupidly. He was a trapped chihuahua; shivering, fragile and in need of a hug and a tiny sweater despite the ninety-eight degree weather. If the nanites hadn't made him all but incontinent, it looked like he'd be ready to use his diaper regardless.

The man who had announced his call to 911 to applause and cheering briskly walked up to the trio at the booth. He wore a baggy gray sweat suit; the better- Jamie quickly deduced- to conceal a muscular form. While not a buzz cut, his dark black hair was so precisely groomed that anyone might guess he was in the military. "Our ambulance is on the way, sir," he spoke softly and respectfully to the woman with mousy brown hair who held Jamie prisoner.

"Good," she nodded quietly. Then a little louder, "I have no idea who this is. Will you help ride with her in the ambulance?"

"Yeah," the soldier continued play-acting. "I've already texted my boss. I'll be in late for work. You want me to take over or would you like to come with?"

There was a look of confusion on Miranda's face. She frowned and shot the muscular man a look of warning. Evidently, soldier-boy was going off script. "No, I'll come, too. I wouldn't be able to sleep tonight unless I knew this lady was safe."

The air was pierced with the shrill cry of sirens as an ambulance pulled outside, the screeching of tires on asphalt punctuating its arrival as the blaring horns were cut. Quickly, almost too quickly, a pair of EMT's came out with a gurney. "Who had the stroke?"

"Over here," Miranda waved them over. The customers parted as the gurney was wheeled down the aisle. "Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby gets onto the gurney without a fuss." The words were hissed into Jamie's ear, and her body obeyed.

"This way, ma'am," the EMT's guided her onto the gurney. "Easy there. We've got you." Drenched from her crotch down, her shoes dripping, her legs starting to get cold as urine mixed with open air, Jamie got onto the gurney and laid still while she was secured to the moving bed. The mob of cellphones rocketed ceiling ward, people were standing on chairs, now; trying to record her capture and misery from the best angle possible.

From her spot on the gurney, Jamie watched helplessly as Miranda bent over and picked up the diaper bag from off the floor, just narrowly saving it from the puddle of piss that had spread under Jamie's feet. "Come to think of it, this might come in handy."

"What about the kid?" the soldier in the sweatshirt thumbed to Jack.

Miranda's face twisted into an expression of pure puzzlement. "What kid? That's not a-..." she stopped herself. Through her twitching, distorted, fake-stroke-impaired vision, Jamie saw Miranda shoot her a knowing look and a sly smile. There was a look of admiration and even

envy in the other scientists' eyes. "Well that explains something..." the lesser woman muttered, more to herself than to anyone else.

She pointed a finger at Jack, his feet now scrambled beneath him; shoulders twisted in a scowling, fearful, defensive posture. He was Gollum if Andy Serkis had been into ageplay. "You..." Miranda began, causing Jack to flinch at the very word. Then she pointed at the juice box, amber liquid still dripping from the straw. "How's the juice?"

What?

"What?" Jack seemed as puzzled as Jamie.

"How's the juice?" Miranda repeated.

"Good..."

"Are you going to be good?"

"Uh...yeah. Sure."

"Not gonna tell anyone anything?"

"No ma'am."

"Hmmm...I believe you."

Jack's sigh was audible.

"But just in case...bye bye big boy."

Just like with Jackson before him, and Jim, and John, and all the other babies she'd grown weary of but lacked the trust in them to keep her secrets, Jack's body shook with tremors, his eyes swirling about wildly, looking for escape from the oncoming doom; a fate arguably worse than death as most every neuron, every connection to every skill and bit of information he ever had was wiped clean-reducing him to little more than a newborn.

His juice had been spiked too, evidently, or swapped when Jamie'd been changing him in the bathroom.

Jack's body went limp, flopping sidewise over onto the counter, his eyes blank and expressionless. It was back to square one for poor little Jack Grainger. It took him a lifetime to build up what little he knew, and he likely would never build it up to that level again. Even in her best subjects, Jamie knew they might mature to toddler level over the course of a decade, and

not get much further; and that was if they were well cared for by an attentive adult overseeing them.

For the first time in her life, Jamie felt an incredible sense of loss up as her latest little one had been regressed all the way down past the point of no return. The sides of her face burned as tears dribbled past her eyes and ran down onto the gurney. He was ruined. Everything that he was and could have been- slave, toy, forever-child, companion, lover- gone in an instant.

The world began moving with gurney, as the EMT's wheeled her out. "Leave him," Jamie's captor told her accomplice in the sweat suit. Ceiling gave way to open sky as Jamie was wheeled out.

How do I get out of this? She's using the command phrase for everything. Not even giving me a chance to struggle or make an escape. Miranda wasn't about the struggle, evidently. For Jamie it had been more pleasure than business. Miranda was on a mission, though, and was being thorough.

"Hey," a voice called out from the crowd. "What about the baby?"

"He's not hers." Miranda called back before following the gurney outside onto the streets. There was the briefest pause as the gurney made its way into the ambulance, and Jamie found herself looking up at a gray steel ceiling.

Not even ten seconds later, two EMTs, the muscular man in gray sweats, and Miranda were looking down on her, the doors closed, the sirens blaring and they were moving. "Nicely done, gentlemen." Miranda looked to her team.

"Sir," they said and nodded in unison.

Miranda looked down at Jamie and regarded her for a moment. "Don't worry. You're going to be fine, Jamie. I've only been authorized to use the first of your nanite doses on you. We need you coherent enough so that we can make use of that mind of yours." She looked to one of EMT's. "Get her clothes off."

Jamie's clothes were being cut off with surgical scissors, easily a thousand dollars' worth of garments were being torn up and disposed of like so much garbage.

"How?" Jamie found her voice, now that the command had been satisfied. "You said you were thirty years away from being able to-"

"I was yes," Miranda interrupted, "but then something clicked. Your nanite design is counter-intuitive, I'll admit, but it's a bit like those old Magic Eye posters: once you find the hidden picture, you can't not see it."

“You’re not smart enough to figure it out that fast.” This wasn’t boast as far as Jamie was concerned. This was fact.

Miranda shrugged, a flash of guilt crossing her face; not the guilt of a kidnapper, but the shame of a kid who cheated on a test and got caught. “We don’t normally collude with foreign operatives, but the rewards outweighed the risks. And if I’m being honest,” she continued, “it’s cheaper just to conscript you into making weapons for us instead of having to pay you.”

“China?”

“Not important. We have you now. You’re secure.” Miranda looked up to the soldier who had been play-acting with her. “Speaking of secure,” she ordered the man, “diaper her.”

“Sir?”

“Get a diaper out of that bag,” a sharpened nail pointed down to the diaper bag she had brought into the ambulance with her, “and put it on her.”

“Yes, sir.” The burly man began digging around in baby blue fold-over bag and took out a large white rectangle, unfolding it over in his hands. “Holy shit! This looks like what my kid wears, but it’s huge!”

“Yes,” Miranda agreed dryly. “Miss Vasquez has a thing for big babies. Don’t know why, don’t care. But almost all of her inventions are geared with that particular fetish in mind.” The other scientist considered Jamie for a moment. “Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby helps get her diaper on.” Miranda loosened the restraints on Jamie’s legs and hips and Jamie thrust them up so the big Pampers could be slid under her bottom; only coming down when the diaper was properly positioned. The soldier diapering Jamie gave his superior a strange look. “Command phrase,” she explained.

Not again. Not again. Jamie was screaming inside her own mind. This isn’t fair. This isn’t fair. I’m the one supposed to be changing diapers, not the one wearing them!

Of course,” Miranda continued, “we’ve only been able to replicate what she’s designed, so we’re stuck to certain parameters for the time being.” The front of the diaper was drawn up between Jamie’s legs, the sides closing neatly around her, the back half overlapping onto the front, as large Velcro tabs were secured over pastel portraits of Bert and Ernie. “She’s going to need those.”

The diaper fastened on, the dark haired thug took his seat back down on the moving vehicle. Jamie wondered idly how long she could avoid thinking of pissing herself before the nanites

forced the issue. In answer, a tiny trickle, barely a squirt, leaked into her new diaper; quickly absorbed, wicked away, and all but forgotten. “So were these for her, or that kid we left?”

“That wasn’t a child. That was Jamie’s latest...and last...human experiment.”

“All due respect sir, that looked like a kid. We just left a kid without his mother.” The two EMT’s in the back of the ambulance looked distinctly uncomfortable with where this conversation was heading.

Miranda leveled her gaze down at her diapered prisoner. “Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby explains why her boyfriend looked like a baby to these men.”

Nothing. Jamie was silent. The nanites weren’t complex enough to coax information out of a subject, just control motor behavior in the short term. Why didn’t they know that? This sort of thing is what happened when you give an assault rifle to a chimpanzee.

“You wouldn’t understand.” Jamie said, coldly.

The other scientist frowned. “Clearly we’ve still got a couple of bugs to work out.”

“Clearly.”

The normally mousy woman leaned forward and held Jamie’s chin in the palm of her chin. “You can be smug, if you’d like, but this how your story ends, princess. You’re going to go missing. People will find out what you did to that boy. We’ll make sure they find out about the other boys, too, and no one will bother to go looking for you.”

Vasquez filled to the brim with anger. “You did that to Jack. Not me. I’ve done what I had to do. Objectively, I’m not a good person. But you ruined Jack. Not me.”

A cocky smirk played across Miranda’s lips. “With you as his “Mommy”, he’s better off as a catatonic blob.” A splash of spit onto the frames of her glasses was her reward. Miranda wiped the spit off her face, then leaned back and called to the ambulance driver. “How much longer?”

“A while yet before we’re out of the city limits,” the driver shouted back. “If we were going to an actual hospital, we’d be there by now. But we’ve got heavy traffic, here; we can still only move so fast to the black site without drawing-”

Thump-Thump.

There was a knocking at the back of the ambulance doors, as if something had just been chucked at the back of them. But they were moving. Even if things were slow going, bobbing and weaving through difficult and thick traffic, they had to be going at least thirty miles an hour or so on average.

“See what it is,” Miranda ordered. The soldier reached into the back of his sweatpants and drew out a pistol, inching towards the doors. From her position, strapped down to the gurney, Jamie couldn’t see what was happening as much as feel and hear it. From everything she heard and felt though, all hell broke loose an instant later.

Cars honked manically, beeping in protest and panic. The door to the ambulance opened, just a crack for less than a second before being ripped open, everyone inside the ambulance shouting in surprise. The soldier’s burbling, spitting grunts of shock and disbelief. “A baby?!”

But above the din of the open road behind them and the wailing siren, four words rang out.

“BYE BYE BIG BOY!”

There was a thud as the soldier fell convulsing to the floor, startled shocked gasps and cries of “a baby?”, then...there was open sky.

Jamie shrieked as the gurney was yanked out of the ambulance, the few parts of her body left unsecured shaking and flailing in terror as black tar street and white guidelines on the ground whizzed by; her skin, naked save for the giant diaper she was wearing, engulfed by the wind.

Then, the world still whizzing by as hands quickly and nimbly unbuckled her, the face of her rescuer came into view, grinning wildly.

“JACK?!”

Her baby boy, clad in denim shortalls, pacifier still dangling from his collar, was smiling down at her, freeing her from her restraints....and he was pushing the careening gurney through oncoming traffic. The blares of horns and screeching of rubber on asphalt accompanied. Without further hesitation, Jamie began wriggling out and doing the best she could to help free herself.

The last of her restraints undone, Jamie leaned into Jack’s arms, and like something out of a Superhero film, they leaped over an oncoming car, missing it by mere inches. Jamie shook with a thud as Jack landed on the ground and quickly zig zagged through the traffic onto the side of the road. They paused for only a moment before Jack, still cradling her in his arms, started running; the wind enveloping them and pushing against her as if he were running as fast as a small motorbike, zipping along the sidewalks and through the alleyways.

“Hey, Mommy.” Jack panted, his face covered in sweat. “Miss me?”

“How...?”

He smirked. "Don't worry about it. You're just a Mommy. It's too complicated. You wouldn't understand."

Things Come Together.

"Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby wears her diaper."

Jack Grainger had never heard that phrase before. He'd heard similar command phrases, addressed to him, but it had always been "wears his diaper", "wets his diaper," "makes cummies in his diapers." Jamie had been very clear; he was her baby boy. A small, frightened animal part of his brain wondered briefly if this bit of theater, with the scientist from the other day coming around and issuing the command phrase, was the next step in Jamie's never-ending mind games and conditioning. A mental image flashed across his mind of him wearing a frilly pink dress, his hair forced to grow out, with lacy ribbons tying it all together into pig tails; a bulging diaper peeking out from under the hem of the dress. The woman definitely took some form of satisfaction in humiliating him, so he wouldn't put it past her.

Oddly enough, though, nothing happened. His diaper was still dry, and no pre-programmed childish behaviors were forced upon him. Jamie's nanites and commands tended to be exact and precise. So either Jamie was losing her touch...or the command wasn't directed at him.

Jack looked on as his captor-and-caregiver turned to face the woman with the square banded, mousy brown hair and too thick black rimmed glasses standing next to their booth. In the restroom, she had flashed Jack a look of knowing shock and confusion. The lady had seen him a few days ago pretending to play on the floor in nothing but a diaper and a onesie. The look of recognition had been instant and unmistakable. But she wasn't looking at Jack now, her eyes were focused solely on Jamie. Even though this woman's eyes were a dull shade of brown, just like her hair, Jack recognized the look in them.

Determined.

Focused.

Hoping.

The same as Vasquez's eyes whenever she looked at that little tablet gadget she always kept with her. Gambler's eyes. Her lips thin and straight, her jaw set, this lady was the kid who had just lit a fire cracker and was watching the fuse burn down, waiting for the inevitable pop.

And what a fuse it was. Jack wasn't as smart as either of the two women in front of him. It was as if Jamie had watched every sci-fi movie and T.V. show ever made, and like a housewife who

watches enough cooking show, said to herself, “Not bad...let’s try that at home.” Thing was, she had succeeded where others just imagined success. And the lady next to her, if Jamie was to be believed, wasn’t quite as smart as her, but was at least smart enough to keep up with a conversation. It didn’t take a genius, though, to recognize Jamie’s signature nanite-reinforced command phrase coming from Miranda’s mouth.

Jack watched, in a mixture of horror and fascination, as instead of talking- instead of asking questions, or putting up her cool, in control exterior- Jamie visibly shuddered. It wasn’t a full-on heart attack, or some born again believer shaking with the Holy spirit; more like a nasty thought that disturbed the person who thought it so much that it had to be physically expressed...or perhaps a sudden and unexpected (yet very potent) orgasm.

If it had stopped there, the man-baby might have thought that his Mistress Mommy had just thrown up in her mouth a little; her ego insulted and repulsed that someone had dared to throw her signature move in her face. But it didn’t stop there.

His eyes scanned Jamie’s crotch, not in lust, but in complete morbid anticipation and curiosity. Jack’s curiosity was quickly rewarded as urine gushed out from Jamie’s pants, puddling and pooling between her legs and seeping into her backside before washing up against the back of the plastic booth and puddling down the tails of her trench coat to make a tiny pond of piss on the McDonalds’s floor; her body quivering in shock the entire time.

So that’s what it looks like from the outside.

How was this happening though? That command phrase only worked if there was Dominance nanites infesting you. There’s no way Jamie consumed her own poison unless...

Jack saw the strawberry banana smoothie on the table.

Tasteless.

Odorless.

Dissolves almost instantly.

Fast acting.

And thanks to Jack’s diaper change, Jamie’s smoothie had been left unattended in a crowded fast food joint for long enough so that anybody could have stirred in some powdered Dominance before they came back for their order. The fact that Miranda was here wasn’t a coincidence either.

If Jamie was a target of something, they needed someone familiar with her; familiar with them; to confirm and get close enough to whisper the command phrase. This was a setup. This was a sting. He'd walked into a similar trap just recently enough to recognize it when it was happening to someone else. But what would happen to him? Jack eyed the juice box on his serving tray beside the pancakes, noticing the tiniest of pinpricks next to the little breakable aluminum hole. That couldn't be a coincidence.

While the two women were staring at each other, Jamie in despair, the other woman in smug delight, Jack palmed the juice box, and mimed feeling at his own crotch, as if he too were afraid that he might wet himself, as he broke the tiny drinking straw free from the taped-on plastic wrapping and stuck it through the designated seal.

"Jamie?!" he said, doing his best to sound like a scared, bewildered little boy as he gave the box a tiny squeeze; a spurt of apple juice splashing to the floor, mingling with his captor's urine. He got a sideways glance from a completely mortified and terrified Jamie, but the other woman didn't seem to pay him any mind.

The scientist that had accompanied the general, still painfully close, like the rapist in a prison shower scene asked his so-called Mommy, "Was it a good smoothie, Jamie? Nothing off about the taste?" He knew it! "Didn't anybody teach you not to leave your food unattended?" Great; a know-it-all. What was with these mad-scientist types and their monologuing? Did everyone with an IQ over 200 have a compulsion to explain themselves? Jack was a bit of a know-it-all and a braggart himself, but at least he had waited till after he had done something to brag about it and blow it out of proportion.

Blind to the same smug, condescending attitude she projected, Jamie had tried to protest. "You bi-!"

"Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby finishes her smoothie," the billionaire mad scientist was interrupted by her counterpart. Ironically, minus a robot spanking, this is exactly the kind of thing Jamie had done to Jack when the nature of Jack's new job had been revealed. Jack slipped the apple juice box, back on the tray next to the half-eaten pancakes as Jamie's hands robotically grabbed hold of the smoothie cup and brought it to her lips, guzzling down the rest of her own poison. Jack guessed that she was having a panic attack inside her own head right now, if past experience was to be judged. Miranda took a moment to rub it in. "It doesn't hurt to finish your nanites, does it?"

When did my life turn into a comic-book? Jack wondered to himself, as Jamie was forced to gulp down a taste of her own medicine. Despite her little accident, and the raging hopes and fears going on inside of him, (Was this the end? Was he finally free of this insanity? Or would he just be another loose end to tie up? Surely, they'd accounted for him), everything outside of that tight little knot in the booth of the McDonald's was perfectly mundane and oblivious. People

ate their McGriddles and McMuffins, drinking coffee and tea and smoothies, completely unaware that nothing less than a kidnapping was going on right in front of them..

This was a key contrast, Jack analyzed, between the two women. When Jamie made a move, she did everything she could think of to remain in control. She'd taken Jack in her own office building, her own domain, tricked him into stupidly signing that wavier. Even when taking him into public, there had been preparations on her end to keep herself, him, and others in control and relatively safe. This, what Miranda was doing, reeked more of organized chaos, of a reckless chance taken because Jamie had slipped and given them an opening.

Jamie glanced over to him, her eyes wide and begging for help as she chugged the strawberry banana nanite blend. Instead, the diapered slave stared back at her, feeling a kind of pity and revulsion- though the revulsion he directed at himself for feeling pity for her- as he scooted away from the puddle in her pants, pressing himself up against the near wall as if her excrement were battery acid.

Let this play out. See where it goes. Don't tip your hand. Don't be noticed. Don't cause a scene just yet. Let the crazies talk and tip their hands.

The diapered man's ears strained to pick out the cocky, honey soaked whispers as Jamie's rival leaned in. "I know we've never been what you would call friends, but please know this isn't personal." Jack watched as Jamie's meager disguise was daintily removed from her face, so that everyone could see her blonde hair, blue eyes and almost instantly recognizable face. Jamie put up no struggle. She couldn't, not while her body was fulfilling a command. Like him, she had been reduced to little more than a living doll.

Jamie's face exposed, Miranda stood up and in a volume and tone normally reserved for community theater shouted, "HELP! SOMEONE CALL NINE-ONE-ONE! I THINK THIS WOMAN IS HAVING A STROKE!" Predictably, no one did much of anything. No questions. No rushing to help. Some people got on their phones and started filming, maybe a call to 911, but he guessed that was a big maybe. People sucked, especially in a crisis. By calling for "someone", Miranda had really been calling for "no one."

Miranda leaned in, and whispered to Jack's Mommy, "Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby pretends she had a stroke." It was quiet, too quiet to really hear what was being said, but like the words to a favorite song played at a low volume, Jack was able to decipher the command all the same; if only because he had become so familiar with the lyrics and rhythm.

Jamie dropped the now empty cup and began doing a mime's over exaggerated interpretation of a stroke. It wasn't going to win her any awards, but Jack would have guessed "stroke" had they been playing charades. The drool was a nice touch. Though he looked horrified on the outside, a dark part of Jack was happy that the shackle was on the other brainstem...damn what an apt but stupid sounding metaphor.

Doesn't feel good, does it? Jack willed his thoughts into Jamie's grey matter. Not so fun when you're the widdle baby who has to do what Mommy wuvs, is it? Seeing her in this kind of distress, though, for some reason Jack couldn't put his finger on, brought him far less satisfaction than he had imagined when he had gone to bed in his crib night after night. Something like this had been a literal dream come true, and he felt a kind of shame in himself for dreaming it in the first place. The fuck was wrong with him? This was likely as close to revenge as he could get; cold or hot, he should quietly gobbling this dish up. He started panting lightly, nervously,

Despite the best efforts and intentions, Jack and Jamie's eyes locked again, and for just a second a message was delivered. She was calling to him. Begging him. Praying for him to rescue her, like he had done from her own malfunctioning automaton. What could he do? Miranda was no dummy. Even if he wanted to rescue her- which he wasn't entirely sure he did- this new player clearly knew the command phrase to the nanites. All the other super genius would need to do is change the command phrase from "he" to "she" and he'd be a puppet on the string too. He lacked the element of surprise or the means of rescue. Jamie was doomed. All Jack could do was hope not to be noticed and hope to get out of this alive and with a clean diaper.

Some mook, fresh off the street in a sweat shirt lacking any actual sweat stood up and announced "I've called nine-one-one. An ambulance is on its way." Dinner theater and the feeling of diffused responsibility combined and manifested as some people clapped and cheered, relieved that they didn't have to be the everyday heroes. Instead, they took out their phones and pressed record, so they could tell their friends and relatives that they were there when some woman had a stroke and a stranger leaped into action to save her.

Recording! People were recording this! Didn't Jamie say that whatever magic-science bullshit she had shoved into his pacifier didn't work on cameras? People were going to look at their phones and realize that he was much much too big for pacifiers and he was far too old to be dressed so casually...and was that a diaper under his overalls?

The wave of panic that had been looming all morning welled up into a tsunami, but the pacifier he'd been sucking on all morning had done its job too well. His serotonin soaked brain was far too calm. Instead, he rationally looked at the situation, and connected dots he hadn't seen right then.

Jamie would be recognized and identified.

People would "know" she'd had a stroke, and they'd realize that the baby with her in the booth where she'd pissed herself was not a baby. She was a known genius inventor though, and accepted eccentric to boot. Much of this could be swept under the rug as a publicity stunt, if she kept her cool. What couldn't be swept under the rug was Jack's own involvement if she

disappeared. Too many questions. Too many loose ends. If she were kidnapped, he'd have to be dealt with too; one way or another.

Whatever Miranda intended to do with Jamie, Jack was not getting out of this a free man. This was fact.

Thinks Grainger! THINK!

No options. No way out. Jack gathered his legs under him, hunkered into the booth, and blinked, legs gathered under him and hunkered down in the booth while his mind raced for a solution, finding none. Had he been as smart as his captor, or even his captor's captor, he might find a way to improvise, to escape and scurry away, or to turn the tables on the situation...but then again he'd probably be monologuing about it, too. How telling was it that his greatest moment of triumph was bashing a robot upside the head with a giant high-chair?

Sweatshirt Guy walked up to their little gathering and quietly, and deferentially spoke, not to Jamie or Jack, but to the lady with the glasses. "Our ambulance is on the way, sir." Fuck. He was in on this little plan, too. New player. Motherfucker was big enough that he looked like he could bench press Jack. Jack canceled his plan of "grab the tray and smack brown haired psycho bitch upside the head before she can say anything" and went back to the drawing board in his mind.

Miranda nodded to her henchman. "Good," she said. Then a little louder so that the people in the cheap seats could hear, "I have no idea who this is. Will you help ride with her in the ambulance?"

"Yeah," the gorilla in sweats followed the script. "I've already texted my boss. I'll be in late for work. You want me to take over or would you like to come with?" Maybe it was the calming effect that had been imposed on him, but despite his terror, Jack groaned inwardly.

This kind of acting is what happens when you prioritize defense spending over the arts.

"No, I'll come, too." A frowning Miranda enunciated. "I wouldn't be able to sleep tonight unless I knew this lady was safe." This was some bad acting. This wasn't even community theater bad. This was cable access bad. No. Worse. This was "this is a porno, so why are we trying when people are gonna spank it anyways" bad.

Right on time, just long enough to make the unsuspecting people satisfied, the ambulance arrived, siren at full volume. A couple of EMT's rushed into the restaurant with a gurney. "Who had the stroke?"

Fingers pointed them over to a waving Miranda. "Over here!" No one blocked their passage. Miranda leaned in close and whispered something to Jamie, though Jack couldn't quite make it

out. As Jamie allowed herself to be moved and strapped down onto the wheeled stretcher, Jack had more than an inkling what was said.

“This way, ma’am. Easy there. We’ve got you.” A chorus of disgusted ewes and childish giggles echoed through the otherwise silent scene. Jamie had really done a number on her clothes. Pretty much everything from the waist down, not to mention her coat was absolutely ruined. One of the onlookers held their nose as the smell of Jamie’s piss soaked pants spread around, mixing with the equally unappetizing smells of fast food sausage and egg.

A small taste of bile jumped up onto Jack’s tongue, not from the smell- he’d gotten used to that by now- but from the way people had refused to put their phones away. Some even stood on tables and chairs, hoping to get a better view of this woman’s humiliation and distress. Yeah, Jack had grimly liked watching Jamie swallow her own bitter pill; but what reason did these people have to wallow in her humiliation?

Vultures. Fucking Vultures.

Getting ready to go, Miranda bent over and picked up Jack’s...Jamie’s...whatever...picked up the diaper bag that they’d brought with them. “Come to think of it, this might come in handy.”

“What about the kid?” the mook thumbed over to Jack. Jack froze. FUCK! For an instant, Jack had vainly hoped that they’d forget about him. The EMT’s were clearly trying to hurry things along, and Jack had just been starting to hope he’d get left behind. No such luck.

Miranda looked at Jack, really seeing him for the first time, and by the way her face twisted into a gnarled tree stump, she didn’t like what she saw. “What kid? That’s not a...” then things clicked into place. She knew that Jack wasn’t really a little boy, but she was the only one right this second. She threw a glance towards her fellow psycho bitch strapped to the gurney, smiled like the kid who just got the dirty joke, and turned her eyes back to the man in the diaper and big baby clothes. “Well that explains something...”

As Jack’s heart pounded erratically in his chest, Jamie’s kidnapper leveled a finger at him, “You...” she said. Then her gaze shifted over to the juice box Jack had placed on the table, unconsumed but opened. A hint of hope and fear flickered inside of him.

Please don’t make me drink it. Please don’t make me drink it.

“How’s the juice?”

She had wanted him to drink the juice. More hope. His gamble might just pay off. Please don’t make me drink it. Please....

“What?”

“How’s the juice?” she said again.

Please don’t make me drink it. Please, please, please don’t make me drink it.

“Good...”

“Are you going to be good?”

This is a setup. Too good to be true. “Uh...yeah. Sure.”

“Not gonna tell anyone anything?”

It’s a trap! It’s a trap! Please don’t make me drink it. “No ma’am.”

“Hmmm...I believe you.”

Jack’s sigh was audible.

“But just in case...bye bye big boy.”

Time stopped for Jack. The intonation. The finality. It was a command phrase of some sort. Jack had heard enough of them lately to know one when he heard it. Jack did the only thing he could; he faked it. Like a man possessed he shook violently, making his eyes go all googly. He didn’t do it enough to make it obvious he was throwing himself up against the wall, but he shook as if someone had shoved a giant vibrator up his ass and turned it to max.

Miranda watched with a smirk; the EMT’s stood by doing nothing (they were definitely on the payroll, too) the mook in the sweatshirt looked uncomfortably to the side. They were buying it. This was how you faked a stroke.

With finality, Jack went limp noodle on the side of the cover, his eyes staring blankly in the middle distance. Just zone out. Just zone out. Lights are on, but nobody’s home.

Jack made direct eye contact as his would-be assailant looked him once over. Please please please work. Please buy it. Without further ado, she left, leaving Jack to look at the gawking crowd gathering round as Jamie was. “Leave him,” Jamie’s captor commanded.

It worked. It worked! Goddamnit, it worked! He was almost free! He’d bluffed his way to freedom! He could disappear. He could be his own man again. He was written and off books! He could sleep in his own bed tonight! He could sleep in a bed tonight, period!

“Hey,” a voice called out from the crowd. “What about the baby?”

“He’s not hers.” Miranda called back before following the gurney outside onto the streets; the rest of the crowd looking towards the departing ambulance.

The lady who had inquired to his, the so-called baby’s health, stepped out of the crowd and brushed his cheek with her hand. She was your stereotypical McDonald’s fair. A little chubby, strawberry blonde hair in a braid with a t-shirt that was a little-too tight to be flattering. “Baby?” she coaxed. “Sweetie, are you okay?” Jack jumped at the touch...and went flying.

Flying.

Up over the booth, his feet clearing the plastic bench. Cries of “What the...?!” rang out as Jack’s head scrapped the ceiling. He was Spider-Man! How was this even possible?

The shortfalls, he realized. Through whatever crazy mad-science Jamie had weaved into them, they had effectively made him lighter, allowing her to carry him as easily as if he were a one year old. Just one minor detail Jamie hadn’t accounted for: he still had the musculature and strength of a full grown, reasonably in shape, young man.

All that strength, and almost nothing to weigh him down...and Jamie had considered this invention of hers a failure. For a genius, she really lacked imagination. Jack threw back his head laughed with complete, unrepentant glee.

Cackling like a maniac as he was, the crowd gave him a wide berth. Some broke into prayer, afraid of the mad demon toddler before them. He was free! Finally free! He took a step for the door, the sirens still going off in the distance, and heard the dry crinkle from his Pampers; his legs still slightly spread apart from the padding. Well, maybe not quite free, not exactly. Free of Jamie...yes. Definitely. Free of her Dominance? Not quite.

He cast a look over his shoulder, the rest of the McDonald’s frozen in terror at his very presence. No doubt as to why. They were witnessing the impossible: A flying, cackling, acrobatic, baby. Jamie’s gizmo, the thing she was always checking like an addict, had been left on the table.

Damn it. Damn it. Damn it.

He hadn’t even finished the thought, yet he knew what he was going to do. He was going to save her. Like it or not. No one deserved to be put through this nightmare. Not even her. She had been coming around to that fact, herself, in her own limited way, thanks to him. Besides, he fibbed to himself, he still needed her to undo the mess she’d made of his brain. That was all. That was the real reason. He just didn’t want to be stuck in diapers for the rest of his life, constantly saying “Jamie” and it coming out “Mommy” to everybody else.

The giant diaper blared like static as he stepped back over and scooped Jamie's little tablet up in the palm of his hand. The juice box, still mostly full, caught his eye too: spiked with nanites, and loaded with a devastating command phrase that Jack now knew. Yeah. He was probably need that going to need that.

The baby-man slipped the tiny tablet into the bib pocket of his gravity defying shortalls and picked up the juice box as though it were a loaded gun.

The crowd parted for him, confused, and baffled; all eyes on him. Jack shook his head and chided himself for what he was about to do. Embarrassing or not, this might be as close to a spotlight as he was going to get. "Hey," he gave a wink at someone still disengaged enough to be holding a phone. "Keep rolling. You're not gonna want to miss this."

Stepping out of the McDonald's, Jack closed his eyes, and listened for sirens. His head drifted to the right. "Here...we...go..."

A half a heart beat later, Jack Grainger was speeding down the street, passing and leaping over cars. He was the Flash! He was Spider-Man! He was right out of a comic book! It was like being on a people-mover, but on steroids. Every step sent him further and faster than humanly possible. The world didn't slow down, but each foot fall gave him the distance of eighteen to twenty. He was literally moving faster than was humanly possible, the wind whipping by him, threatening to drown out his hearing as he moved past cars.

The cars weren't much of an obstacle; they were all slowing down to let a certain ambulance pass. If the thing had hit the open road, Jack had no doubt that he would have lost track of it, but this was big city traffic; and an ambulance trying to navigate these busy roads could still only move so fast without risking a collision. It still had to bob and weave for the local dimwit that couldn't pull over to the side fast enough, or the cluster of cars that wouldn't or couldn't make way.

White doors and blinking lights came into view. Sweating and panting, Jack broke out into a full blown mad dash, his side stabbing, his gait being thrown off by his own underwear, and a sudden fear popping into his head as the ambulance rapidly magnified: what if he fell? He'd be street pizza. His skin would scrape right off his face onto the very pavement that he was leaping across.

Can't turn back now. Come too far.

With a final, bounding leap, Jack jumped onto the back bumper of the still speeding ambulance, his body bumping up against the back with a-

Thump-Thump.

Absentmindedly, Jack hoped that this was the right one. How embarrassing would that be; to try and mount a half-assed rescue attempt on the wrong kidnapping vehicle?

The door opened, just a crack. The would-be hero took that as the only opening he'd get. In a blur he ripped open the door, and thrust the container of apple juice, straw first into the nearest person's face. It was the dude in the sweat suit- and he had a gun! Yup, right ambulance.

His life flashing before his eyes, Jack Grainger saw his world coming to a sudden and violent end down the barrel of a gun. "A baby?!" the man with the gun grunted, lowering his weapon in hesitation. Without thinking, Jack squeezed the box, sending bright yellow liquid into the guy's face, dripping into his eyes, and dribbling onto his lips.

Just one drop is all it takes. At least Jack hoped that's all it took. He'd be shot if it took more.

"BYE BYE BIG BOY!" The trigger phrase was screamed as if he were pulling the trigger of a gun, himself. As far as Jack was concerned, he was pulling a trigger. The big man fell to the ambulance floor, the EMT's picking up his startled reprieve of "a baby", while the big man shook and convulsed on the floor, a dark spot spreading on the crotch of his gray sweat pants.

His knuckles white with fright, Jack grabbed the gurney, dug his heels in, and jumped back. Then, there was open sky. For a fraction of a second, Jack thought, This...this is how I die. And then he didn't.

The gurney's wheels deployed as they hit the open air, sending the pair careening on the wheeled stretcher, with Jack riding on Jamie's legs, like a demented bobsled, the pavement speeding by beneath them, and Jamie's confused cries mixing with horns honking and the screeching of tires. A combination of instinct and dumb idea over took him, as he began loosening the straps on the gurney, their fates not yet safe or sealed.

Had his life not been in imminent danger, he might further appreciate how things had come full circle; with Jamie naked save for a giant Pampers.

"JACK?!" she screamed out, her terror temporarily tempered with the pure absurdity of their situation. Some part of her own survival instinct must have kicked in, because she started struggling to undo her restraints and help him get her free.

The last of her restraints undone, Jamie leaned into Jack's arms, and like something out of a Marvel film, they leapt over an oncoming car, missing it by inches. Jamie shook with a thud as Jack landed on the ground and quickly zig zagged through the traffic onto the side of the road. They paused for only a moment before, still cradling her in his arms, Jack started running, the

wind enveloping them and pushing against them as if he were running as fast as a small motorbike, zipping along the sidewalks and through the alleyways.

“Hey, Jamie.” Jack panted, his face covered in sweat. “Miss me?”

“How...?”

Jack smirked. “Don’t worry about it. You’re just a Mommy. It’s too complicated. You wouldn’t understand.”

Together Again

They leaned against a back-alley wall. Him exhausted. Her shivering.

“The anti-gravity matrix,” Jamie said numbly. “It makes you effectively lighter so...”

“Yup...”

“The juice...? Faked them out?”

“Yup...”

“Figured out the command phrase?”

“Yup...”

She smiled. “Clever baby.” She tingled inside. By the gods, if she weren’t in such deep shit, she’d be incredibly turned on. It wasn’t just the heroics, or the adrenaline...this one was smarter than she’d ever given him credit for; and it made him more attractive than she could possibly describe. A baby she could care for and hold a decent conversation with. Someone who, in another lifetime could have been a friend. Her calculations had never predicted such a thing.

The feeling wasn’t reciprocated, evidently. He glared at her. “No.”

“No?”

“No.” There was a pregnant pause. Best to let him speak his mind. She owed him that much. “I don’t want to be your baby doll anymore. It’s not fair. It’s not what I want. Not what I need.”

Jamie’s face sank along with her hopes. “But-“

“We’re equals, or we’re nothing. Fix me.”

“I can’t.”

Bent over, hands on his knees, he pointed at her. “You’re fucked, too. You’ve got Dominance in your system. No way you don’t have an antidote somewhere. I want it, too.”

Jamie crossed her arms and pouted a bit. He had her, there. “Fine. I’ve got a place. We just need to get there.”

Jack turned around, and motioned to his back. “Hop on. If you’re close enough, I think the shortalls will still work.”

“Fine,” Jamie sighed, “but it’s still going to be a walk. We might need to stop for a break or two.”

“Whatever.”

Hours later, the old country estate towered over them; its pristine lawn and high fences behind them, its white veneer and columns having more in common with the plantations of the old South than some Yankee McMansion.

The sun was setting in the background. Even at an enhanced, nearly weightless pace, it had been a distance; long off the beaten path. Jamie insisted, rightly, that they avoid the main roads. A guy in shortalls- Jack had unceremoniously ditched the pacifier on a busy New York street- and a pretty little blonde, naked save for a diaper, would likely attract the attention of passerby. They couldn’t go to home. General Smothers was likely staking out her apartment and the Infinitech home office, so there was no way they could do something as simple as get a change of clothes and call a cab. As a result, they were at this giant doorstep; grungy, and sweaty, and tired- Jamie had been kind enough to insist that Jack rest and they walk some of the way-hoping that someone was home.

The door opened with a creak. An old woman, short and shriveled, even as far as short shriveled went, poked her head outside. Her hair was white and had the consistency of a cotton ball that has been nearly torn apart, her wrinkles so deep that they looked like a topographical map. Her gray eyes, nearly closed in the permanent squint of old age fell on Jamie and opened wide in surprise. “Jamie, what are you doing outside? And you’re filthy.” Her hand reached out and grasped Jamie by the wrist. “Into the tub with you, right now, baby girl.”

“Hey,” Jack objected.

The little crone regarded Jack for but a moment. “I’m terribly sorry my simple, simple, daughter bothered you, sir. Please don’t think anything of it.”

Jack was about to reply; to throw some kind of snarky comment, or complain, or something, when another voice entered the fray.

“Mommy?”

Everything stopped. The door opened, and from behind it stepped a familiar figure. Clothed in a frilly pink dress, hair in pigtails, her diaper poofing out from under the hem of the too-short skirt, she looked every bit Jack’s adult baby counterpart. Her mouth glistened with drool, dripping down onto a matching pink bib.

“Oh...you’re that Jamie!” A blush came to the old woman’s face. “I’m so sorry dear. It’s just...the diaper...and I thought...well...”

Stunned and near the point of exhaustion, Jack’s knees buckled, his padded rear cushioning his fall.

Jamie stood up a little straighter, a quiet dignity overtaking her grungy and ridiculous form. She gestured to the pair in front of them: Old lady and giant toddler. “Jack Grainger, let me introduce you to Gertrude; an old friend. And this...” she indicated the doppelganger in the pink dress... “Is this dimension’s Jamie.”

Truth is stranger...

Jack sat there, in the giant bathtub across from Jamie, the two of them completely naked; the bubbles the only thing protecting what little remained of each other's modesty. Not that they hadn't seen each other naked before, though the little old woman who kept peeking her head in to make sure they were okay was another matter.

"Are you sure there's nothing else you need, Jamie?" The snowy haired woman poked her head in for what had to have been the fourth time since the water had started pouring into the tub. The first time had been awkward, but arguably polite, when the little old lady (Gertrude) had come in and taken their sweat stained clothes and soaked diapers away. Exhausted from their travel, and Jack feeling completely blindsided by the recent turn of events made him more willing to just hop in the tub and let the water boil away the aches.

Jamie looked over to Gertrude, her panicked expression from just a few hours ago completely gone and replaced by the brilliant control freak that Jack had grown all too familiar with. "No, we're fine, Gertrude. My baby boy and I are just going to relax for a moment, if that's alright."

"Oh, that's fine, Jamie, that's fine," she said as. "I'll send up Jamie...my Jamie...my baby girl... with a fresh batch of clothes for you two." Gertrude motioned toward Jack. "I assume he'll need a diaper."

Jamie blushed and giggled in the tub. It was like she was suddenly a tween talking about her crush to her mother. "Of course. My widdle Jack-Jack couldn't use the potty even if his life depended on it." Gertrude returned Jamie's giggle, and wiggle walked out again.

"Neither can she!" Jack called after the little crone, causing Jamie's to sit up in alarm. "She needs diapers, too!" Jack took some small pleasure in making his former captor squirm.

"Baby!" Jamie scolded. "That was very ru-"

Jack interrupted her. "I'm not your baby. You're not my mommy. We're equals, now, or did you forget?" It was true. At no time in their so-called relationship had they ever been more equal. Both of them had been poisoned with the tiny little robots called Dominance that programmed behaviors into them better than a lifetime of hypnosis and classical conditioning could. They both were functionally incontinent as a result, and it was a safe bet- Jack reasoned- that the trigger phrase of "Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby..." held just as much power over her as it did him, now. Hell, they were both equally naked in the tub, just now. Another first. Normally, Jack was alone in being dressed, undressed, and changed; his own naked vulnerability contrasting with Jamie's complete and total control. Granted, he had seen her naked before when they had had sex, but that was always on her terms- and she was always on top. "I've

saved you from being turned into..." Jack paused, unsure of how else to phrase it; finally settling on the blunt unvarnished truth, "...me. You owe me at least a little respect."

Jamie sighed and pulled her knees up to her chest, cradling herself. The tub was massive, big enough that they could both sit comfortably enough at opposite ends and never touch each other; yet Jamie was withdrawing into herself. "All right, what do you want to know?"

It was at that time that yet another diapered woman stumbled into the bathroom. The distinct crinkle as she walked by bounced off the bathroom tiles in the ghostly quiet room. It would have given her away that she was wearing, even if the so-called dress that she was wearing hadn't stopped just above the top of the adult sized Pampers. What was even more distinct and disturbing was that she had the same hair, the same eyes, and same face as Jack's "Mommy".

Her physique was a bit chubbier (but not unattractive, Jack thought, before scolding himself for checking out what amounted to a giant toddler), as if she didn't put herself through a strict diet or rigorous exercise like Jamie surely did; but she was most definitely looked like Jamie. They could have been twins.

His ex-captor's twin bumbled in with the exaggerated waddling gate of a two-year-old that hadn't transitioned to Pull-Ups, in her hand a stack of white rectangular pieces of cloth-like fabric with pastel stenciling. The two refugees in the tub didn't have any second guesses as to what Jamie's other held. They'd both seen enough of them to know. "Diapees," Jamie's doppelganger said, more to herself than to them. "Diapees, diapees, diapees. Diapeeeeeeeeees. Diapees. Di-a-peeess!" Both Jack and Jamie looked distinctly uncomfortable as the diapered woman babbled to herself.

"Jamie Vasquez!" Gertrude's voice came roaring into the bathroom. Jamie's twin gasped and dropped the tiny stack of adult Pampers onto the tile floor, her back stiffening, and her eyes going wide with the fear that only a little kid had when being scolded by their mother. Jack stole a look at the Jamie in the tub. For a brief second, he saw his Jamie have the same reaction, afraid that she was being addressed. The drooling girl really was Jamie Vasquez in toddler form. "You leave those two alone," Gertrude warned, "or it's a spanking for you, little girl!"

"Mommy!" the toddlerized Jamie called out as she waddle-ran back out the door. "Mommy! Mommy no! Mommy nooooo!" As the big baby version of Jamie ran back out into the hallway, her ungraceful, flip flapping footsteps growing more distant, the two remaining (arguably) adults, looked back to each other, saying nothing.

The hot water becoming tepid, it was Jack who finally broke the silence. Questions? He had questions, all right. Jack leaned forward, the bubbles coating his chest in a kind of white armor. "Who? The fuck? Are you?"

Jamie- the real Jamie, not the baby one- blinked. Once. Twice. Then again. Jack was reminded of the clicking noises Nanny had made when something didn't quite jive with her programming. "I'm Jamie Vasquez, of Earth Ninety-Seven."

The hell did that mean? Earth Ninety-Seven? Who said that? Just when Jamie had seemed to run out of ways to surprise and utterly confuse him, Jack found that she still had more crazy packed into that blonde skull of hers. There was an air of confession about the words, too, like she had just revealed some terrible secret about herself. She might as well have been saying "I have herpes," or some other deep dark secret might confess only when cornered; only this one didn't make the slightest bit of sense.

"What the hell is an Earth Ninety-Seven?" he asked, almost afraid to hear the explanation. "Is that another planet or something...wait, are you an alien?" Jack leaned forward, a sense of anticipation overcoming him.

Jamie scoffed. "What? No! Don't be ridiculous."

"Then what?" Jack demanded to know.

"Umfer menshun," Jamie mumbled.

"What?"

His former captor sank a little deeper into the bubbles. "Another dimension," she said a bit more clearly once her mouth was obfuscated by suds.

Like a wine aficionado taking his first sip and considering the balance, length, depth, complexity, and finish, the adult baby boy pouted his lips and twisted them from side to side. Finally, after much thought, Jack nodded, and said, "Okay."

"Really?" Jamie was clearly taken aback by the ease in which Jack accepted this. A bit of water spilled out of the tub as she sat up straighter.

Jack shrugged. "I've seen so much weird shit since I signed that stupid contract. I'll buy it. Disbelief suspended." He paused, thinking of another question. Then he said, "Is that why you're into so much uh...baby stuff?"

"Kinda."

"Like, on Earth Ninety-Seven, is everybody into diapers and baby stuff, and the punishment and solution for everything is putting people into dia-?"

“Oh God, no!” Jamie interrupted. “That is literally the kind of place I’d avoid at all costs!” Jamie started breathing harder and faster, her teeth gritted in anxiety. Jack thought she was about to have a panic attack. He stopped and let her compose herself.

“Then why...?” He gestured to the diapers on the floor. “And why...” he pointed out the door, indicating Jamie’s diapered duplicate.

The brilliant scientist huffed through her nose, before gripping the sides of the giant claw-foot tub. The water level lowered a little as she stood up, and, still covered in suds, stepped out of the tub and walked over to the nearby counter where she had placed the little tablet that she so obsessively examined every day with its pings and buzzes. “There are an infinite number of parallel realities,” Jamie said as she walked back to the tub.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” Jack rolled his eyes. “With different histories and societies and levels of technology, right?” The brilliant scientist cocked an eyebrow, she opened her mouth as if to question him, but he beat her to it. “What?” Jack said, grabbing onto the sides of the tub, and pulling himself up. “I watch Sci-Fi movies. I understand the basic concept.” He stepped out of the tub, his modesty still mostly preserved by the bubbles that clung to his skin. “What’s that have to do with you dressing me up like I’m your own personal cabbage patch kid?”

Jamie’s mouth twitched again as she apparently searched for the right words. “Every world is different, but fundamentally the same. Yes, there’s a world where Hitler won World War II, and there’s a world where green means stop and red means go; but the makeup of that world is the same. There’s no Earth that has more gravity than any other, or where the sky is green and the grass is blue.” Jamie took a deep, staggered breath. “And in some cases, people’s fates are the same across universes.”

Jack did a doubletake and rattled his head as if he were about to fall asleep and Jamie’s words hadn’t quite registered. “Excuse me?”

“Fate?” Jamie repeated herself as if she were worried she’d mispronounced a foreign word to a native speaker. “Destiny? Your future? Karma? Pretty much the opposite of free will? There are some people whose fates never change across the multiverse either.”

“That’s a thing?” Jack felt the color drain from his face. He had expected any number of revelations or lies from Jamie when he started this, but this was no lie. Jamie never lied about her capabilities; Jack realized.

“It’s a thing.” Then Jamie added, “It’s not easy, and there’s a ton of variables that determine it, but it’s a thing.”

“So, you can predict the future?”

Jamie laughed softly, like Jack had just asked what happens the light in the refrigerator when you close the door. “I mean, not in my head. Even I’m not that smart. But yeah,” she tapped the little tablet in her palm, “I’ve got an algorithm; a fate formula.”

Jack was in total awe. That’s why she had those eyes when she stared at her little computer; those gambler’s eyes. She was checking in on her future. Suddenly, Jamie’s eccentricities and lack of common sense didn’t seem to matter anymore. She didn’t need common sense if she could predict the future. That must be how she became so rich in the first place. “So is everyone on your Earth super smart, or something?”

“Compared to this Earth? Sure.” Jamie said. “I’m still easily the smartest person on my world though; just the gap is a bit smaller.” Jack did his best to not look insulted. Seemingly oblivious or not caring, Jamie went on. “Like I’m comparatively a Hawking, or a Neil deGrasse Tyson.”

The stack of diapers spilled out over the floor caught Jack’s eye. “And you’ve been treating me like a baby because...?”

The brilliant billionaire deflated a bit and looked down at the diapers at their feet. She shuddered. “Fate,” she said. “I’m trying to cheat fate.”

“Come again?”

Jamie closed her eyes, and spoke from recitation, as if she’d had this conversation far too many times than she was comfortable with admitting...even if she’d only had it with herself. “Soon after I learned how to calculate fate, I also discovered and mathematically proved the existence of other universes. Made sense, they were just variations in fate, really. But some strands of fate throughout remained the same, no matter what universe.”

“Uh-huh.” Jack said dumbly.

“That’s when I discovered my fate.” Eyes still closed, she swallowed hard. “No matter what universe, if there’s a Jamie Vasquez in it, she ends up diapered and babied. The whys and hows vary, but the end result is basically the same. Most every version of me ends up like...” she pointed to the bathroom door; the sounds of stupidly childish giggles wafting in from somewhere in the house, “...that.”

Jack’s face sank. Holy shit. If what she was saying was true, and he had no reason to disbelieve her, Jamie thought that she was destined to end up a drooling idiot in Pampers and pigtails. He had gotten off relatively light, he was still him on the inside. That other Jamie though, she was what Jamie was making Jack pretend to be. Then something occurred to Jack. “What do you mean ‘most every version’?”

Jamie bit her lip, guiltily. "I mean there is some variation," she explained. "Free will is still a thing."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning," Jamie said, "that in most realities, that version of me ends up a big baby. But sometimes, I end up being the one changing diapers instead of wearing them. And based on my connections, first-hand accounts, and calculations, most of the boys that get babied have a 'J' name. Like Jim, or John, or...or...Jack. "

That was when everything clicked into place for Jack. The forced treatment, the almost clinical detachment when mothering him, the thrill she took at debasing him and watching him submit, the gambler's eyes. The crazy bitch wasn't a sadist with a very particular fetish. She was terrified, she was trying to avoid a fate worse than death and just hoping that things played out right. "You're trying to cheat fate." Jack said in realization.

"Baby Jack and Mommy Jamie," she said, ignoring him. "It had a nice ring to it." She leaned into Jack a bit, pressing herself against him. Gently, she reached down and took his manhood into her hands. "Still could have a nice ring to it.

Jack wasn't about to be so easily distracted. Thinking with just his dick had gotten him into this mess. Swatting Jamie away, he said, "So why are you here? Couldn't you find somebody on your own dimension to make a baby slave out of?"

Jamie's eyes flickered with sheer terror and anguish, just a hint of it though; of memories long buried. "It didn't end well there."

"Why here, though?" There had to have been a reason, Jack deduced. Nothing Jamie did was ever on a whim. "Why this Earth?"

Jamie stepped back, looking hurt that her advances weren't being reciprocated. "It was this dimension's Jamie. She actually had...has...had an adult baby fetish. I thought if I helped her and turned her into... y'know...that that might be some kind of cosmic loophole. Fate said Jamie Vasquez had to be a big baby here, and now she is. So there'd be room for me to just be myself."

"So that you," Jack motioned to the door, "wanted you you to turn her into...that?"

"She was a willing guinea pig. Helped me beta test and perfect my Dominance nanites."

"That's fucked up."

“She didn’t mind. She thanked me every day until she lost most of her vocabulary. I even helped her set up with Gertrude, who always wanted to be a Mommy to a little girl, and I support them financially.”

“That’s...kinda nice...I guess...”

“Though, you should be glad you weren’t here for the first round of experiments. The first generation of nanites were delivered by enema bag. The second was via suppository. There was something about the composition and taste for a while that induced vomiting, otherwise. Much less discreet.”

“So, why did you start...y’know...” Again, he looked down at the disposable undergarments meant for children but sized for him.

“Obviously, my hypothesis was proven wrong,” the extra dimensional traveler sneered.

Jack rolled his eyes. “Obviously.”

“I can’t just leave it alone either. When I first took Infnitech public, we held a big party. A major shareholder slipped something into my drink. Next thing I know I’m going limp, he’s ‘escorting’ me to a backroom and is breaking out a package of Molicares; telling me about how he’s going to blackmail me and retrain me and run the company through me.” Jamie shuddered as she relived that particular memory. Jack had nothing to say to that, feeling a bit of vomit shoot up into his mouth, instead. “It didn’t go the way he planned.” Jamie added with some finality.

A shiver ran down Jack’s spine, something more than just the open air hitting his water soaked body. “That’s messed up.”

“You don’t know the half of it.” Jamie replied. “Every time I do something besides baby a man, something comes along and tries to baby me. It’s fate.”

“Like with Nanny?” Jack raised an eyebrow.

The inventor remembered her malfunctioning machine. “Just like with Nanny...” she paused. “...I don’t even blame Miranda for trying to kidnap me this morning. She couldn’t help it. Fate pushed her into that role because I wasn’t adhering to mine.” The silence rushed into the vacuum between them. Then, Jack asked the question that had been eating at him for longer than he’d have cared to admit.

“What happened to the others? The ones you had before me.”

Jamie turned her back to him, and crossed her arms over her breasts. “It didn’t work out,” she stated flatly. “Something would be off. The calculations would come back unsatisfactorily, or it’d

be too easy or too hard, and the whole would just feel...fake. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but it wasn't real enough for fate to be satisfied. It was like I was just...just...."

"Playing house?" Jack offered. "They weren't babies to you, just dolls. Playthings."

His former captor gasped, eyes widening in realization. After a beat, she added, "And who plays with dolls?"

"Yup," he nodded.

"But something's different this time," she turned around again and looked him in the eye.

"You're...different. I don't want to just play with you. I don't want to control you. I want to...I want to love you and care for you, and take care of you. And..." she added breathily, "I have no idea why, but I want to fuck your brains out when I'm not changing your diapers." She bent over and picked up an adult sized Pampers. "However," she added, "I still want to be changing your diapers. I need this in more ways than one."

"You still haven't answered my question," Jack pressed. "What happened to the ones who didn't work out?"

Jamie frowned. "They're well taken care of. I have plenty of friends and hangers-on who would love to take care of a big bundle of joy."

"What. Happened?"

"Bye, bye big boy." A single tear came down from Jamie's eye. "That's what happened."

Jack stood perfectly still, the rage boiling up inside him. The same trigger phrase that sent that one guy into a kind of seizure, crumpling into the floor; the one where Jack had played catatonic to fool Jamie's kidnappers into thinking he was out of way; the Dominance nanites that had been put into his apple juice; that was how Jamie dealt with her baby doll boy toys when she'd grown bored of them. Part of him hadn't want to believe it. He was hoping, just once, that she would lie to him. She didn't though.

She was a monster. Jamie Vasquez, beautiful and brilliant inventor and founder of Infinitech was a complete and utter monster. Lawyers or not, ironclad contracts or not, this was despicable. Jamie seemed to be reading his thoughts. "Yes, I've made some serious mistakes," she admitted. "I've done terrible, awful things, but I think I can get it right this time, Jack. I was always missing something; and that something is you."

She approached, diaper in hand.

He recoiled back a step.

“Not interested.” Had she been up front, that would have been another thing entirely. Hot girl thought he was sexy, and wanted to be his Sugar Momma, and all he had to do was wear diapers for her and suck on her titties? Done. Not even that hard of a sell, really. Weird, sure, but the pros totally outweighed the cons. That wasn’t how their “relationship” was, though. It had been founded on trickery, manipulation, force, and entrapment. Not cool. Not cool at all. “I want out.”

Her lip trembled and shook. She looked like she might start crying. In her mind, Jack realized, he had just sentenced her to a fate. In her mind, he was proposing that he pull the plug on her independence; her very adult hood.

Served her right; crazy bitch.

“You should know,” Jamie said, her voice cracking a bit, “that I ran some numbers, did some research, and got a hot tip. It’s very likely that you’re fated to end up wearing one these, no matter what. There have been more than a few Jamies who ended up sharing a crib with a Jack.”

Fine. Fuck her too. Let them share a crib then. Jack didn’t care if across the multiverse or whatever that his life amounted to a bit part in some kind of cosmic fetish fap fiction. He was angry. He was tired of being strung along. He was done. He was tired of fighting; tired of struggling.

“I want out.”

Jamie’s head sunk. “Fine,” she said, looking down at the tile floor. Spinning on the ball of her foot, Jamie grabbed a towel from a rack and wrapped it around herself. She tossed its twin to Jack. He caught it and covered himself. “Gertrude,” she called out, sounding both forceful and angry, with a hint of sadness. “Bring me my backup, please.”

In walked in the little old woman, her “daughter” toddling right behind her sucking on a pacifier. Damn that was disturbing to see two Jamies in the same room, one mentally an adult, the other decidedly not. If Jamie was right, it was practically a before and after picture. “I hope you don’t mind,” Gertrude said, “I took the liberty of getting it ready when I realized you were here.” She gave Jack a look of pure curiosity, then turned to Jamie and asked, “Why doesn’t he have his diaper back on, yet?”

“I’m done.” Jack said with finality.

Gertrude scoffed. “Nonsense. Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby- oof!” Jamie, the adult one, clapped her hand over the old woman’s mouth.

“Not this one, Gertrude,” Jamie instructed. “This one is...he’s...Jack’s different.”

“Really?” Gertrude, looked to Jamie with a sense of wonder and then back at Jack. It was as if she was looking at him, actually looking at him; not as one of Jamie’s accessories or some nuisance to be shooed from the door before he discovered their terrible secret. “You really must be something special,” she told Jack.

From a simple piece of pea green cloth, wrapped with care, the old woman withdrew what looked to Jack to be an inhaler. Jamie took it from her and quickly pressed down and breathed deeply. A silvery, almost grey mist, puffed out as she exhaled and coughed violently. “I keep my nanite deactivator here,” Jamie wheezed, her voice full of pain. “Most don’t know about this place.” She started gasping. “Harder to steal... never needed it till now.” A final few coughs and her breathing started to slow. “Hurts like a motherfucker.” Meekly, she offered it to Jack. “Here.”

Jack took it turned the little inhaler over in his hands, shaking it a bit to make sure it still had something in it. It did. Before he pressed it to his lips though, a little voice of paranoia scratched at the back of his mind. He looked at his captor directly in the eye and said “Bye bye, big girl.” Nothing. “Bye bye, big boy.” Still nothing. “Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby crawls on the floor.” That did something: it made Jamie flinch. But that was it.

Satisfied that this wasn’t a placebo in his hands, Jack took the inhaler, pressed it to his lips, and then pressed the button down, breathing deeply. The pain was almost instantaneous. It started out feeling like a slight fever, the same blushing feeling that comes with too much whiskey, but within half a second escalated into a scratching and clawing sensation coming from inside his head. His lungs lit up on fire next as he exhaled, spewing his own toxic looking fumes into the air. He coughed and coughed, mainly because he couldn’t draw in enough air to scream. Someone was taking an electrified rake to his spine. Doubled over in pain, it was all Jack could do to keep from vomiting on the spare diaper, still folded not a foot away from him.

Finally, after much too long, definitely longer than Jamie had spent on the verge of complete agony, Jack collected himself and stood up, wiping a bit of spittle from the corner of his lips. “That solution is an aerosol containing nanites designed to hunt down and destroy Dominance nanites, and then break down themselves,” Jamie explained when it became clear that Jack was capable of listening. “Yours took longer because you’ve had more exposure, and longer.”

“Yeah,” Jack panted, a tone of indignation in his voice. “I get it. I’m not stupid.”

“No,” Jamie agreed. “You’re not.” They stared at each other again, this time as true equals, it would seem.

“I’ll just be waiting outside,” Gertrude said, clearly uncomfortable.

“Don’t bother,” Jack shook his head. “I’m leaving.”

“But Jack....” Jamie called after him as he turned,

“No,” Jack shook his head. Fucking lunatic still wanted him to stick around. “No. We’re done.”

Not going down easy...

Jack didn’t say another word to Jamie, as much as she would have preferred it. Even a terse “Goodbye” would have been preferable to the stony glares he cast her way. He directed all of his inquiries elsewhere. He didn’t even look at Jamie Ninety-Six, who Jamie noted out of habit, more than anything else, badly needed changing.

He walked out of her life wearing a set of navy blue sweat pants and matching shirt that Gertrude dug out of her attic; no diaper this time. A pair of pink worn out crocs were the only footwear that would fit him. How ironic, Jamie grimly mused, that this was almost exactly what he wore the last time that he thought was big boy. Stop it, she corrected herself, he’s an adult. He’s not yours anymore. Stop thinking like that. The biggest difference between the last time Jack ventured out into the world alone and this one was that back then, Jamie was completely certain that he’d be back in time once he realized the limitations her Dominance nanites had placed on him. Now, she was absolutely certain that he wouldn’t be back.

Gertrude handed him some petty cash, about a thousand dollars, made a phone call, and Jamie watched from the second floor window as Jack walked down the long driveway toward a waiting cab. This hurt. Why though? Was it because she really felt a connection with this man walking away from him, or was it just because she was the one being dumped this time? Every other time she’d parted ways with one of her baby boys (stop it stop it stop it!) it’d been on her own terms, with them destined to spend the rest of their lives being cared for by one of her rich socialite “friends” as little more than diapered invalids. By then, she’d determined- both emotionally and empirically- that Jackson or James or whomever wasn’t the right one. There’d never been that spark, that feeling of (dare she say it?) destiny. Didn’t matter now, though did it? Her best shot at sidestepping the fate she’d cursed dozens with had walked away, and along with it, her best chance at happiness- not because she dodged an existential bullet with her name on it, but because she might just actually love him. This brief bit of introspection was painful, but fleeting.

The noose was drawing closer with every passing moment. This time, fate had tapped General Smothers, and through him Miranda, to ruin her, confining her to her own little padded and baby powder scented hell. She didn’t have time to have a good cry and eat a half-pint of ice cream

while watching a chick flick, or whatever normal women did when they got dumped; she was so much more than normal. She was Jamie Vasquez, mistress of fate and scientific genius. It was time for war.

The pink princess shirt and matching pajama shorts didn't particularly make Jamie feel like a warrior, but it was all Gertrude had in her size. The other Jamie would have looked adorable in these, but it was frankly a bit too cutesy for her taste.

With Jack gone and finally out of sight, Jamie sulked out into the living room. Her double, this dimension's Jamie Vasquez, lay on a changing mat, her dress hem pulled up past her bellybutton and her legs splayed as her "Mommy" readied to change her diaper. "Miss Vasquez," the sound of ripping velcro mingled with Gertrude's greeting.

"Gertrude, you can call me Jamie."

At the sound of her name, Jamie's regressed copy looked up at her, smiling and waving at her. "I think I'll call you Miss Vasquez for the time being. My little one thinks I'm talking about her if I call you by your first name." As if to demonstrate, the old woman pulled the diaper back and said, "Legs up, Jamie." The adult baby complied and Gertrude reached for a pack of wipes to start wiping her down with.

Jamie sighed out through her nose. "Point taken."

"So what is it this time?" Gertrude asked as she slid the used diaper out from under her charge. She'd likely done this thousands of times over the years; she didn't need to think about it anymore. God, the still adult Jamie wished she had that kind of ease of skill. "Hostile takeover gone all Daddy Dom? That subliminal doo-hickey you were working on making everyone think you're the baby girl? What?"

"I sold the schematics for my nanites to the military," Jamie said as Gertrude balled up the used diaper and unfolded a new Pampers. "Little" Jamie grabbed at her own ankles and giggled as her lips puckered at her toes.

Gertrude chuckled as she slid the fresh diaper under Jamie's infantile analog. "That was a mistake," she said. Then, "Okay Jamie, legs down, baby girl." The old woman looked up to Jamie and asked bluntly, "What were you thinking?"

"That it would take decades for them to actually build anything comparable."

"Didn't take them that long, did it?" Gertrude asked, clearly knowing the answer. Her big baby giggled- a giggle that the more mature Jamie shared- as her diaper area was dusted with baby powder. "So then they decided to use it on you? Give you a taste of your own medicine?"

“Pretty much. Now they’ve probably got both my office and my apartment under surveillance and are ready to pounce the moment I step into visual range.”

“If there’s one thing that you and my Jamie have in common,” Gertrude said, pulling the front of the diaper up between her baby girl’s legs, “it’s that both of you completely lack common sense.”

Jamie frowned. Her? Like that thing on the ground? “Nonsense,” Jamie replied. “There’s no one in the multiverse like…” The memory flooded into her grey matter, hitting her like the shock from a car battery.

“We don’t normally collude with foreign operatives.” Miranda hadn’t figured out how to. Someone had helped her. Who could have had that kind of in depth knowledge of Jamie’s technology besides…?

The answer had been right there all along. Earlier that morning, Jamie had literally met with someone just like her. Someone with the capability and know how to leap across dimensions, and knew and understood her level of technology.

“Okay…prove it. Take him out. And I don’t mean in a limo or that big fancy office of yours where you control the environment. Put both of yourselves out there. Make yourselves targets.” …What was more “foreign” than another being from a different reality? Jamie Seven-Twenty-Eight had literally dared her into making this stupid move before she was ready. And on the same damn day, Miranda suddenly had been able to engineer full blown Dominance nanites. That couldn’t have been a coincidence. She had literally been bluffed and conned by what was essentially her.

“That bitch!” Jamie spat.

“So what now?” Gertrude asked, fastening the first tape on the adult baby Jamie.

“Did you keep those old inventions of mine from back when we were turning Jamie,” she indicated the wriggling girl on the floor, “into…Jamie?”

Gertrude finished taping up her baby girl’s Pampers. “Of course. I never throw anything away…except the diapers of course.” She chuckled at her own joke.

Jamie nodded, ignoring the joke. “Pack me a diaper bag and loan me your car. If they think they’ll take me that easily,” Jamie said, “they’ll have more collateral damage than another Nine-Eleven.”

Gertrude stared at her blankly.

“Oh, right,” Jamie corrected herself. “That never happened in this dimension. I forgot.”

An Adult Baby Walks Into A Bar....

Okay, it wasn't a proper bar; not really; however, the sign did advertise it as a "Chili's Bar and Grill". Point being, it had two things that Jack desperately needed right then and there: liquor and a bathroom, and not necessarily in that order.

"Hi, welcome to Chili's," a young hostess greeted him after he paid the cabbie and made a mad dash indoors. Fuck it, he could get a new cab after he was good and drunk. He needed a drink. As of right now, he had no job, likely no apartment (he'd been gone for close to a month and he had already been behind on rent; eviction was a likelihood) and had only a little under a thousand bucks to his name. Jack Grainger was completely unprepared for his sudden freedom. That didn't matter, though. He needed a couple of drinks, a hot meal that wasn't spoon fed to him, a couple of drinks, some dessert, a couple of drinks, a cab ride, a quick trip to a liquor store, then a cheap hotel room, where he would have a couple drinks before falling asleep in an actual, no-bars-included-bed. More than any of that, however, Jack needed the bathroom. After several weeks of being forced to void himself in his diapers (ugh...they were not his diapers! Fuck that!) with almost no control, holding it in suddenly became a task that required infinitely more concentration and effort than the young man had remembered. Jack ignored the hostess and made a bee-line for the men's room of the busy restaurant. He didn't even attempt to explain, and the hostess's giggles seemed to indicate that he didn't need to.

The sound of his own piss hitting water was a masterful concerto; a virtuoso performance of the highest caliber. His own improvised, though inspired lyrics of "Aaaaaah....oooooh...ahhhh...yeah!" accompanied. Based on his victorious howls of pleasure, someone outside the empty men's room might assume that Jack was having sex, or at least masturbating. As of late, however, the young man had had sex more often than he'd urinated outside his pants; he considered the latter more exciting and of greater relief to him by far.

So out of practice was he, that he was pushing on the door to the restaurant proper before he remembered to go back and flush. Washing his hands didn't occur to him, but to be fair, it might not have even before he had become ensnared in Jamie's machinations.

The newly liberated young man wound his way through the booths and tables, all teeming with couples, families, friends, and the occasional party of one till he found an open stool by the bar. "Double shot of fireball," Jack ordered.

The bartender, who in a less family friendly environment could easily have been mistaken for a bouncer, cast Jack a look. "Sure thing," then he did a slow double take. "I.D.?" Out of habit, Jack reached for his wallet, only to grasp at nothing but his thigh. Shit! Jamie had ditched his

wallet along with any official form of identification of his when he had come crawling back to her that first night. These weren't even his own clothes!

"Come on, man," Jack all-but begged, "I'm over twenty-one."

"Sorry dude, I can't serve you without I.D. You've got a real case of babyface."

Pure fury coursed through Jack's brain. Common sense reigned in his temper enough so that he resorted to biting his tongue so hard he almost tasted blood. No point in getting kicked out or picking a fight he'd in no way win. The ex man-baby dropped his head against the bar with an audible thud. "Fuck you, Jamie," he whispered. Even now, she was meddling in his life, her machinations interfering and making even the simplest task impossible. "I fuckin' hate, you Vasquez," he said a little more loudly.

"Ex-wife?" the bartender said with a sympathetic tone.

Jack looked up. "It's complicated."

"Excuse me," a strangely familiar voice came from behind him. "I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but I thought you mentioned a friend of mine. Are you talking about Jamie Vas-?"

Jack turned around to the source of the voice. She looked to be in her early to mid-sixties, with long, out-of-the-bottle raven black hair that Jack knew went down to the middle of her back; hippy hair; Cher hair. Her lipstick was a little too red; her eye shadow just bit too dark; with nails that were just a little too long; like a DMV worker. Shelly. The so-called human resources manager that had vetted Jack for his new "promotion" as "product tester".

"You!" Jack pointed his finger at her.

"John?!" the woman gasped. Jack's fury dissipated almost instantly into disappointment.

"Jim...?" She couldn't even remember his damn name.

He sighed. "Jack," he corrected her.

"Jamie's baby." Shelly added with a tone of recognition, as if calling him that made it better.

A low guttural growl came from Jack's mouth. "Don't. Call. Me. That."

Jamie's friend held her hands up in a defensive position. "Sure, sure, hon. Sorry about that. Didn't mean to bother you," she backed up a step. "Just didn't expect to see you here, dressed like that..." her eyes darted downward and Jack realized that she was checking to see if he was wearing a diaper, causing more than a bit of color to flush to his cheeks. "...and without your

Mo-“ she caught herself, thinking better of it. “Didn’t expect to see you here without Jamie. She usually keeps her...” again Shelly caught herself, “her closest of associates close.”

Jack gazed into the older woman’s eyes; looking for that sadistic glee of Jamie’s: the one that got off on humiliation; the game player; the gambler; and saw nothing. (Come to think of it, had he seen that in Jamie’s eyes when he’d left her?) Whoever this lady was, or why she was here; it wasn’t because of his “Mommy”. This wasn’t a trap. Jack relaxed a little, then broke eye contact. “Yeah, we’re done.”

“Oh,” was all he got in response.

“Yeah.” Jack slid off the stool and started to walk away. Fuck this. He could go get drunk somewhere else; somewhere where he wouldn’t be carded.

His back to Jamie’s friend, he barely heard her say. “I’m sorry.”

Jack stopped and turned around “What?”

“You just got dumped, right?” Shelly offered. “Hence the sweat suit and fist full of money? She kicked you out instead of...y’know...” she intimated popping a pill. “Bye bye big boy.” The lady winced, as if she expected Jack to flop over on the ground right there. Yeah...she knew, all right.

“She didn’t kick me out. I got away,” he corrected her.

“Mmmm-hmmm...” Shelly nodded, though didn’t seem terribly convinced. “Look, we’re having a munch. You wanna sit in? Talk to some people? I know Jamie doesn’t let her boy toys socialize much.”

“A munch?” Jack cocked his head. “The fuck is a munch?” Shelly thumbed to the table behind her, then turned and waved to the dozen or so people gathered around it. Reflexively, Jack sucked in his breath. They were grown men and women, perfectly normal people, until Jack took a closer look at them.

A young woman was dressed in a rather childish dress, perfectly explainable. Across from her was a man in strangely familiar looking shortalls; that can’t be a coincidence. Another lady was wearing a pink shirt that tucked into her jeans; he was willing to bet that the two ends of it snapped together between her legs. Jack might not have noticed if he hadn’t spent so many hours examining and fretting over himself, dressed so ridiculously, but he could also tell that more than one of them was wearing something a little more absorbent than boxers or panties.

“Just friends who might have similar interests to you,” Shelly explained.

Jack shook his head. "Yeah, no. I'm not a freak," he spit the last word, hoping to make the woman hurt.

She was unfazed. "Everybody is a freak," she replied. "It just depends on what kind of freak you are. And from our little talk we had a while back," again, she thumbed to the group behind her, "we might just be your kind of freaks." Jack frowned at that. "Come talk with us. I'll buy you a drink. Besides, don't you wanna smear Jamie's reputation?"

Jack couldn't resist. If this was a trap of some sort, it was a good one.

"Hi," one of them, the one in the shortalls, waved at Jack. Jack just nodded as Shelly pulled a seat out for him. "Here ya go, sweetie," she said. Without thinking he sat down.

Another one, this one dressed fairly normally, looked to Shelly, and asked "Is he cool?"

"Trust me, he's cool," Shelly confirmed. "He's been more of a baby than any of you. Except for you of course, sweetie," she pinched the cheeks of the woman in the childish dress. "No one's as big a baby as my baby." Jack wanted to vomit. Shelly looked to Jack, and instructed, "Go on, tell them. Tell them what you've been through. I bet it's a doozie."

And so he did: He told them everything. The "promotion"; the date; the hastily signed contract and the nanites; the diapering; the humiliation; and yes, the sex- all of it. Surrounded by a captivated audience, the crinkle coming from their nether regions not even registering, Jack told the tale masterfully. He was the center of attention, on his own terms; in his element. Some believed him, some shook their heads at how preposterous this was, positive that he was embellishing if not outright fabricating details. Some shook their heads and commiserated with him, agreeing with how fucked up his situation had been; how fucked up his situation still was. Others seemed almost jealous, and in that moment as he recounted the many indignities he'd been forced to endure, they were living vicariously through him. One particularly quiet fellow, Jack noticed, was listening intently, and click-clacking on his laptop at the table, taking notes.

"Just one question," the quiet one with the laptop asked. "If any of this is true, why didn't you escape when you could?" Jack moved to answer but he was interrupted. "There were plenty of opportunities where you could have escaped; the incidents with the..." the fellow looked at his notes, "robo-nanny and the failed kidnapping attempt being just two of them. More importantly, why'd you save her?"

Jack was taken aback. What did this wanna-be detective mean? "Because I'm not a shit person," Jack replied, feeling defensive.

"Yeah, but if she's the bad guy; if she's such a terrible person...."

Shelly answered for Jack. "Maybe it's because you can't fully control who you fall in love with."
She flashed a smile at him- a knowing, conspiratorial smile.

"I'm not in..." Jack protested...but then stopped himself.

Holy shit....

A Meeting of the Minds

The stilted, overenunciated voice of the speak-n-say went “The cow goes...mooooooooooo.” Security Chief Fullerton, clapped his hands and giggled in reply, his pupils dilated, his attention completely focused on the spinning arrow on the wheel that had been placed on his desk. The man’s arm went and pulled the lever, so that the machine could tell him that “The cat goes...meeeeow”. His attention never flagging, his focus never wavering; his own eyes glued to the toddler toy as if it were a Vegas slot machine about to pay out. No alarms would be sounded; not by him, anyways. Jamie walked by her employee, a smug smile behind her surgical facemask and sunglasses, still clad in her pink pajama bottoms and top; though this time there was something decidedly bulky underneath them.

Fullerton’s eyes, in many respects, were a mirror of Jamie’s: intent, and full of concentration, just looking to see what the next spin would reveal; gambler’s eyes. Jamie took out her own compact computer and entered a few numbers into the fate formula algorithm; allowing the super processor to calculate her odds of success based on the new data. She was rewarded with the familiar, reassuring “ping”.

“The dog says...woof...woof.”

Inadvertently, Jack had proved a point to Jamie- though perhaps not the point he’d intended. Many of her inventions may have been incomplete, shoddy, or downright dangerous for the purpose of slipping baby boys into a permanently regressed headspace; but they had amazing potential as non-lethal (if unconventional) weapons. Case in point: The speak-n-say. The design on the whirling arrow was meant to capture the eye and draw the user into a kind of fugue state, causing them to be more susceptible to suggestion. The fact that it was coming from a toy aimed at children two and under was a suggestion in of itself. The speak-n-say had given her other-self, the Jamie of this technologically backwards world, a feeling of control over her own regression; a kind of emotional safety net.

Unfortunately, the effects were indiscriminate- Jamie had found that out the hard way when she woke up to a wet bed several days in a row – and sadly, for its initial intended purpose, temporary. Fortunately, she only needed temporary incapacitation right now, and she only needed to not look at her own petard to prevent herself being hoisted by it.

Diaper bag slung over her shoulder, filled with failed and repurposed inventions, Jamie made her way towards the door that read “No Employees Past this Point.” Digging into the bag, Jamie was careful to take a pair of earplugs and place them over her eardrums before digging in and removing a pink, plastic rattle, and a bottle of baby powder. Having to break into her own building; if only that were the lowest point in her life up to this point.

The brilliant yet twisted inventor went up several flights of stairs, taking great care to stay within the blind spots of her myriad of security cameras, as she thumbed in each individual step into her handheld god-machine, pink baby rattle dangling from her pinky; before an annoying buzz alerted her. “Damnit,” she cursed, looking at the security camera that had just captured her image, its red light blinking furiously. Apparently, fate, or the General, or Miranda, or Jamie Seven-Twenty-Eight, or whatever combination of forces were conspiring against her to make this infinitely harder than she’d hoped it would be. Then again, Jamie supposed, that’s why she had packed a diaper bag to begin with; not for if things got messy, but for when.

She took a sharp turn out of the stairwell and onto the connected floor; not quite sure of where in her own building she had ended up. The door swung open before her, revealing a labyrinth of cubicles a mix of bland grays and sickly oranges. The chatter of phones ringing, and voices reading from scripted cards. The sales department and call center, where she had first spied Jack and decided. This was fate, pure and simple. Jamie didn’t need her computer to tell her that much. Far too much experience in the subject of fate, reality, and karmic irony informed her. She didn’t need magic and tea leaves (unreliable tools at best) to know that a kind of fearful cosmic symmetry was taking place.

As if in confirmation, the nearby elevator dinged, and Jamie caught a glimpse of Penelope Martin- her Sales Manager- being shoved out of the way as the doors parted and what could only be described as a small platoon of men in uniform flooded out, pushing her aside. They weren’t in Infinittech security uniforms, however. Jamie ducked low and with a strange, almost inhuman speed, maneuvered into the maze of cubicles. At least this confirmed that General Smothers and his friends at the Pentagon were involved. Not that she was surprised; the thing about fate and its pawns were that they were decidedly predictable.

“Attention everyone!” One of the jackbooted thugs called out. “Please remain calm. There’s a fugitive on premise and we’re sweeping the area looking for her. If you see anyone acting suspiciously, please report it immediately.”

“Shit,” Jamie cursed under her breath. Being dressed like a three-year-old at a slumber party was decidedly “suspicious”; stealth was her only option, and she wasn’t exactly in the best attire for that, either.

She had not gotten this far, built a technological and financial empire, to let some war hawk turn her into a one-woman adult baby Manhattan project. Jamie died a little inside; just thinking that had hurt her brain a bit...what a dumb existence she’d been cursed to. Knowledge was a burden. The Jamies who didn’t see this kind of stuff coming were the lucky ones.

Left, right, left, right, left, left, right. Jamie ducked and weaved along the maze of cubicles, keeping her head down. Her breath caught in her throat as she narrowly missed being spotted by a black clad military grunt. She practically slithered into the nearest workspace, and

bumped right into a random employee. “Huh,” he dumbly grunted, looking down at her crouching form.

No. Not a random employee. She’d seen this one before, he was one of the drones whom Jack had been chatting up on that first day. How could she forget that ugly, bushy, unkempt, almost Santa-Claus beard? He opened his mouth to scream; to shout for help. Stealth was about to no longer be an option. Time for plan B.

Jack’s old work buddy had been quick to react, but Jack’s former Mommy had been faster. A flick of the wrist, and squeeze of her palm, and a puff of baby powder flew into his face, eliciting a dry sneeze from her latest victim. Before he could inhale, the bearded man began wobbling on his feet, a low moan escaping his lips as a crease formed in the front of his pants. The special baby powder Jamie had invented years ago was kicking in. “Shhhhh,” Jamie whispered from behind her facemask as she grabbed his hand and guided him to a sitting position on the floor. Part aphrodisiac, part hallucinogen, and fast-acting to boot, the baby powder that Jamie had concocted years ago had been what Jamie had considered a major milestone in her regression products; pure chemistry; a true work of art. Sadly, it was deemed a failure, primarily because like the speak-n-say, it was indiscriminate regarding whom it affected; hence the mask. “It’s okay baby,” Jamie whispered to the stoned man as his bladder let loose and his khakis became stained with urine, “just let it happen. Good baby.” Uncomprehending, and stoned out of his gourd, Jack’s bearded friend stuck his tongue out playfully as he continued to pee his pants. That was the other reason the special powder had been considered a failure: there wasn’t much point in changing a diaper if it was all but guaranteed to be wet again the moment it was taped back on. There had to be a better way to affect incontinence, she had thought.

Inwardly, Jamie congratulated herself for the nanite solution she’d eventually cooked up. She’d come a long way since those early days, though a tiny part of her realized that she’d changed much more recently, as well. No time to dwell on that thought, however.

Stealth wasn’t going to work out at this rate, and she didn’t need the not-so-gentle buzzing from the little gizmo in the palm of her hand. The slightest rattling from the pink plastic bulb dangling from her pinkie caused Jamie to wince. Earplugs or not, she had to be careful with this one. That’s when Jamie got an idea.

“PING!”

A really, really, good idea.

“Huh?” the beard with lips, barely able to comprehend words at this point in his high, questioned as Jamie slipped the rattle carefully into his free hand- his other one absentmindedly pawing through his soaked pants at his erect member. Jamie grabbed his other wrist, and began to help the poor buffoon masturbate.

“Go ahead, baby boy,” the words, so natural to her by this point in her life, “play. Have fun.”

“Play...” the drugged man echoed as if truly understanding the meaning of such a word for the first time. Both fists were white knuckled as he began to jerk himself off with one hand, and gently shake the rattle with the other. Jamie slinked away, but not before squeezing the bottle of lavender scented hallucinogen with both hands up into the air; the white cloud lingering. Covering her ears for good measure, Jamie snuck back the way she had come as workers in other cubicles looked up from their computers and phones towards the sound of the rattling. Their heads up above the corporate prison, Jamie’s pursuers followed the odd mixture of confused murmurs, pleasurable groaning, and the hard plastic plinking of the rattle. Jamie, herself, smiled from behind her sunglasses and mask as the idiotic babbling intensified, with more voices joining the fray.

The rattling intensified, a diamond back readying to strike, giving its enemy one final chance to turn around and walk away before the end. Due to her earplugs, Vasquez felt more than heard the multiple thumps as soldier’s and office workers collapsed and fell to their knees, their equilibrium thrown off by the special plastic-like alloy that resonated directly within a human’s inner ear; causing extreme vertigo. A horrible chain reaction began to take place. Those who fell and cried out, either from confusion or drug induced delight, would attract others who would do more of the same. No wonder the General feared Jamie and considered her both an asset to be captured and a threat to be neutralized: without even meaning to, she’d weaponized sound, all so that she could have a baby boy of her own who crawled instead of walked. Jack had been right on that point. If she had had her priorities straight, Jamie would have been even more rich, famous, and dangerous than she currently was. Then again, considering all roads wanted to end with her in a onesie, a wet diaper, and likely breast feeding at some stranger’s teat, finding a way to circumvent that definitely took priority. The young traveler did have her priorities in the proper order.

As she maneuvered back to the elevator. Jamie felt no particular amount of guilt for the assembled masses predicament. The effects would wear off...in a few hours. Among the chaos she’d just created, Jamie was less likely to be spotted, but staying in that throng would do her no good. She had to get out of there, and into her office, if only so that she could properly get ahold of her more recent and more successful inventions.

How though? The elevator? A thirty something man, slender and slight, with a serious case of adult acne was the only one nearby; pressing the call button nervously while constantly looking over his shoulder; a three-legged cat in a room full of angry mutts. He’d be easy enough to get by, the elevator was essentially a cage. The stairwell wouldn’t be much better, just more freedom to move, and there was only so much that could be done in such an environment and proceed at a timely pace.

Barring a grappling hook, or suddenly inventing site to site instantaneous transportation using nothing but paperclips, staplers, and Dell computers, those were Jamie’s options. She took a deep breath, bit her lip and consulted her miracle machine.

Elevator?

“BUZZ”

Stairwell?

“BUZZ”

No matter which of the two routes she could take, she was likely going to end up captured. Jamie moved to open another flap in the diaper bag. Looks like it's just going to be a matter of how many of them are gonna be diapered with me, she thought, bitterly. Then, a novel idea popped into her head...

“PING”

A brief car ride.

“No, you're not driving,” Shelly said, looking into the rearview mirror. Jack sat there, buckled into the backseat, his head bobbing up and down as if listening to music only he could hear. Beside him, in her special car seat, was her baby girl, giggling at Jack's obvious drunkenness. After Jack's tell-all and self-revelation, he'd requested a few drinks. Shelly had obliged him, not knowing what a total lightweight the little boy was. “And that's final,” she added.

Jack belched. “Okay...” he said. “But can I at least ride up front, on the way there? Might be...” he stuttered, “Might be...my last chance...Jamie's a...a...bi...” he hiccupped, stopping himself from swearing, then continued, “...a stickler for that kind of stuff.”

“Front seat's not water proofed.” Shelly said, not even looking back. Jack shifted, and the dry plastic mat that she had insisted he sit upon complained. “If you hold your bladder as poorly as you hold your liquor, I'm not risking it.”

“Oh come on!” Jamie's baby complained. “I'm not...” then he went silent. “Oh fuck me.”

“Language,” Shelly corrected, as she stopped at a red light. Her little's giggling and pointing caught her attention. The Dommy Mommy looked back, and saw the source of Jack's distress. The wheel made a sharp right turn into an empty parking lot. “Thought so...” the older woman sighed, putting the car in park. “Don't worry, I think I might have something that'll fit you.” A Mommy's work was never done, it seemed. Shelly hoped that Jamie would appreciate what she was doing for her.

If not, Shelly supposed, she could take this cute little train wreck and train him properly; maybe “adopt” him. Her little Samantha had taken well enough to him. First thing was first though, time to get him into something more appropriate given his current condition...

Loathing in an elevator

“Jamie”, an eerily identical voice to Infnitech’s founder sang out into the small elevator. “Jamiiiiie.” Jamie did not respond. “I know you’re in there, Jamie. You might have deactivated the cameras on your end, but I honed onto the energy signature of your fancy fate calculator; it’s practically an interdimensional fingerprint. How do you think it is that I always manage to find you, sooner or later?” Still, there was no response from Jamie.

“Fine,” Jamie’s unwelcome visitor sighed over the intercom, “formalities it is. Ninety-Seven, I know you’re in there. It’s me, Seven-Twenty-Eight. Is that better?” The humming of the lift was the only reply. “Don’t make me flood the elevator car with something particularly nasty. I really would like to talk before you go back to the nursery for the final time.”

Jamie, the (for all intents and purposes) “real” Jamie spoke out. “Why?”

“Think of it as seeking closure. A final service. A form of grief counseling.” The intercom replied

“No, you vicious little cunt,” Jamie spat. “Why did you turn on me? We were supposed to be friends, or at least allies. You were the one that dropped me off on this Earth.”

A dark laugh filled the little box, bouncing off the four walls, creating a literal echo chamber. “Oh poor widdle Jamie Ninety-Seven,” Jamie’s doppelganger with the mismatched eyes mocked. “With all your calculating of the odds, all your data, all your accounting for this factor and that one, you never factored in the simplest of options left to you, even when it was staring you right in the face.”

“Make a point,” Jamie ordered, “or just get on with it.”

“Have you ever heard of the Monty Hall problem?” the woman outside the elevator asked. She didn’t wait for a response. “You’re given three doors. One has a brand new car, the other two have a man eating tiger behind-”

“I’ve always wanted a man eating tiger,” Jamie interrupted her evil twin.

Jamie Seven-Twenty-Eight growled, “Fine, then it’s something you don’t want!” Jamie didn’t respond. “You pick a door, but before you do, you’re shown that one of doors you didn’t pick had one of the big whammies behind it. Then you’re asked if you want to keep your original

pick, or choose the other door that hasn't been opened." There was a pause for emphasis. "What do you do Ninety-Seven? What do you do?"

"I abandon my first choice, and switch to the remaining door," Jamie replied. "Every kindergartener knows that; on Earth Ninety-Seven anyways. It's basic statistics. When I made my first choice, I had a one out of three chance. My odds changed when it was narrowed down to two doors. Sticking with my first choice would have been statistically unsound."

"Exactly!" Jamie Seven-Twenty-Eight crowed. "The fewer choices there are, the better chance you have of winning!"

"I don't see your point."

"My point, Ninety-Seven," the Jamie on the top floor spat, "is that the fewer options there are, the better chance you have at winning. The more baby Jamies there are in the multiverse, the better chance I have of becoming one of the few Mommies."

"You're insane," Jamie's voice called up to the elevator's intercom.

Jamie Seven-Twenty-Eight clucked her tongue. "And you're proof. You were minutes away from eating all of your meals in a highchair when I rescued you. Then I bring you here, you regress Ninety-Six, and you've had the better part of a decade with your independence intact."

Jamie defended herself. "Ninety-Six wanted to be a baby!"

"That's besides the point. The playing field is narrowing more every day. Only a few more of those coveted Mommy fates are left. If one of us is going to circumvent it, the other is likely going to have to forfeit her big girl panties." There was a pause. "Better you than me."

"Fuck you." Jamie shouted. "Fuck! You! Bitch!"

"Get all the cursing out of your system now, little girl," Jamie heard her own voice taunt back at her. "You don't need a spoken vocabulary to make blueprints for the General and Miranda. As soon as you get up here, those doors open, and you get darted with my own little cocktail of Dominance."

Meanwhile... Outside...In Public

When Jack had last left this place, it had been in nothing more than a onesie and diaper. The fact that he was being brought back in such a similar outfit, only in a station wagon that just screamed "Mom Mobile", seemed appropriate, somehow. The plastic backing of his new diaper

crinkled louder than his usual Pampers, but it was nothing compared to the sounds of the city. Stepping out of the backseat, he looked up at the towering skyscraper, and shuddered a bit. Was he really doing this?

“Are you okay?” Shelly called out from the driver’s seat. Mutely, Jack nodded, his bare legs shivering a bit from a cold breeze.

The New York crowd shuffling past him, barely gave him a second glance. He barely gave them a second glance. He was in a giant diaper and onesie, but somehow this all felt right to him. He didn’t even notice people not noticing. Honestly, the whole lack of an ordeal made him feel even more little.

God, he shuddered internally, was he getting used to this? Worse was he really, actually-factually, enjoying this nonsense? He supposed he just might be...or was he just drunk? Probably drunk...maybe in love...definitely drunk. “I got this,” Jack looked back at Shelly, still wobbling. “I’m a big boy.”

The Floodgates Open.

DING!

The doors of the elevator slid open, and tranquilizer darts whizzed through the air, piercing through the girly pink pajamas. “Mommy wuvs it when her widdle baby wears her diapers”, a voice (so similar to Jamie Vasquez’s that even her best friends might not notice the difference) called out. The subject in the elevator shuddered and crumpled to the floor, spasming and pawing at their own crotch.

Jamie Seven-Twenty-Eight, identical in most every way to her counterpart, save for her mismatched eyes, stood flanked by two soldiers. The pair of grunts trained their rifles on their target, not lowering the weapons even after their mark had hit home. They wanted to take Jamie alive, so she had that going for her, though what life they had planned for her was another matter of contention.

“Don’t fight it, baby,” Jamie Seven-Twenty-Eight echoed a phrase that her target had spouted, “just let it happen.” She went up to Jamie’s still convulsing form, her surgical mask and sunglasses combo disguising the look of anguish on the young woman’s face. “That’s odd.” Her eyes darted to her quarry’s crotch, and noticed the telltale bulging of an expanding Pampers. A knowing smirk came to her face.

Jamie Seven-Twenty-Eight bent over the prone form of her latest conquest, shaking her head in condescending superiority. “Ah yes, I’d heard about Miranda’s little misstep at the McDonald’s,”

she gloated. "I figured you would have had a cure hidden somewhere; goodness knows it wasn't in your house or your office. Still," she yanked down the front of Jamie's pants, "you saved me the trouble of taping on a new..." then she noticed the distinct bulge at the front of the diaper: Either Jamie Vasquez from Earth Ninety-Seven, beautiful and brilliant inventor and founder of Infinitech, suddenly had a penis, or else....

Seven-Twenty-Eight ripped off the mask and sunglasses, only to gaze upon a little slip of a man, his face perpetually pocked with acne, despite easily being in his late twenties to early thirties. The poor man's face was dusted with white powder, his eyes glazed over as he hallucinated happier dreams than being shot at near point-blank range with nanite infused tranquilizer darts. In one hand, he held the one thing that Jamie Ninety-Seven could never be without, and from it came a single, eerily cheery sound. It wasn't much, but it might as well have been funeral bells for the dimension hopping Benedict Arnold.

"PING!"

"Oh no..."

Up from the stairwell, the door flung open and a veritable blur leaped through, each step a rapid bound, as bare feet slipped the surly bonds of gravity. The two men that had been flanking Jamie's doppelganger were laid low on the floor before they could properly react; their bodies completely numb as a special teething wring was pressed into the back of their necks.

Jamie Ninety-Seven, clad only in the grungy gravity reducing shortalls she'd dressed Jack in that morning, a pair of vinyl gloves, and a diaper bag filled with goodies, lunged forward; every step being amplified by the anti-gravity matrix woven into the denim fabric. She was Jessie Quick; she was Spider-Woman; she was Captain Marvel! The teething ring hit her doppelganger right between her mismatched eyes. The pantsuit wearing bitch fell as not just her mouth, but most every extremity was numbed beyond functionality. "Hi Jamie," Jack's former Mommy grinned down at her evil own twin. "I'm guessing you didn't know that I could transmit my voice through that, did you? One of the benefits when you build your super computer out of a repurposed baby monitor." If Jamie Seven-Twenty-Eight found this particularly ironic or remarkable, she was unable to express such astonishment.

An evil grin spread across Jamie's face, as she opened the diaper bag. "So, I'm operating under the theory that I can maneuver myself into a specific set of circumstances where I'll end up as the Mommy," she began, taking out a Sesame Street decorated diaper. "You're operating under the pretense that if enough versions of us, end up as big babies, the rest will be left to get what we really want. Let's test each other's hypotheses."

She walked over to the other Jamie's prone body on the floor of her main elevator. She grunted and groaned a bit, as she pulled the other Jamie off of her unwilling little diversion. Through her haze of adrenaline fueled giddiness, Jamie promised herself that once revenge was satisfied, she'd make sure to cure the poor man she'd jumped at the elevator, and compensate him appropriately. Jack would have wanted it that way, especially since he was one of his little friends from work.

Jack! A fresh pain flared in Jamie's frontal lobe. If not for this bitch- this bitch who was essentially her- she would still have had her baby boy. They would have been happy! They were so close! She would have been free! But because of her meddling and little games of human chess, she'd let Jack go and had her heart broken in the process! She'd been made the one thing she'd sworn she'd never be again: vulnerable.

Oh, she was going to enjoy this!

Jamie brushed the lone shock of punk-rock purple out of her double's face, yet another miniscule difference between the two. "Don't worry," she quietly sneered, "I'm not going to use Dominance nanites on you. I've got something better in mind." Without further ado, and in sight of at least three confused and terrified onlookers, helpless and unable to move, Jamie Ninety-Seven began to strip Seven-Twenty-Eight's clothes off of her, ripping the midnight black pants, jacket, and blouse from her. The other woman's bra and panties were ripped to shreds and left on the floor.

Jamie unfolded the giant Pampers she'd taken out of the diaper bag and grunted as she forced the other woman's legs and hips into the air so she could slide the infantile undergarment beneath her victim's hips. Next, she reached into the bag and pulled out what appeared to be a tube of diaper cream, but as with all things with Jamie Vasquez, brilliant inventor and vengeful bitch, things were not as they seemed. The other woman's legs were spread, as Jamie went to work between them, spreading and smearing the white ointment all over Seven-Twenty-Eight's diaper area, smoothing it out here and there, adding more in others. When her entire private region was properly coated, Jamie carefully pulled the diaper up over her other self and fastened on the Velcro tapes.

A moan escaped Jamie Seven-Twenty-Eight's otherwise paralyzed form. "That heat you're feeling?" Jamie said as she started to carefully remove the cream stained gloves. "That's my special conditioning cream. You'll like it...at first." The babied woman's breath caught and then hastened, her eyes darting down to her waste, a desperate edge in her panting. "Yeah, I bet you haven't felt anything like that in a long time."

At complete ease, Jamie dug around in her diaper bag for one last trick. Meanwhile, unable to so much as wriggle, her twin began to whimper and moan. Jamie tittered as she took out her old Hitachi Magic Wand. Something so base and so adult was normally beneath her, but this was a special occasion.

“Works fast, doesn’t it?” she said as she looked down at the diapered woman’s desperately darting eyes. To the wand, back down to her diaper, to the wand, back down to the diaper; as if she were trying to make it happen. Jamie knew from prior experience that Seven-Twenty-Eight was well past the point of thinking straight. Initially a test run at classical conditioning so that diapers would become tied with sexual release, the white stuff she’d spread on the bitch’s privates was stronger and (and more pleasurable to all anatomies) than Viagra. It was pure sexual frustration in a tube.

“You need help?” Jamie offered.

“Uh-huh.”

Jamie switched the wand on. The electric hum sent her defeated adversary into near hysterics. “Okay.” She thrust the instrument hard up against the thick padding, using her babied twin’s panicked moans of pleasure as a guide. In a weird, almost cosmic way, it was a little bit like masturbation, only the pleasure Jamie took from the act was purely psychological. It was almost like a game, really; just listen to the grunts, groans and moans, and keep going until the woman who has so much in common with her (but was fundamentally oh-so-different) broke out into a sweat and then screamed out in orgasm. The whole thing took a little less than three minutes.

“Good baby.” Jamie said, patting the thick padding with her bare hand, as her newest plaything panted in relief. Then... “Five, four, three, two, one.” Seven-Twenty-Eight’s breath hastened again, her skin broke out into a fresh, cold, sweat.

“Uhhhhh?” the babied bitch questioned and whined simultaneously. “Uuuuuuuuh?!” “Oh, that? Yeah, that’s a nasty little failing of the cream,” Jamie grinned wickedly. “It makes you incredibly, unstoppably horny for approximately seventy-two hours. No relief. No cure but time.” Seething with rage and sexual frustration, Seven-Twenty-Eight’s screams of anger and desperation roared out of her body. Rising back to her feet, Jamie spat, “I think I’m going make you my little doll. I’ll just keep you nice and immobile while you stay stuck all hot and bothered in your Pampers. If you’re lucky, I’ll give you a tiny little bit of teasing and relief whenever I change your diaper; though I’ll make sure to reapply the diaper cream with every change. Don’t want my new widdle baby girl to get a rash. Eventually, I’m betting you’ll snap. It might take a little while, but I’ve got time.”

KA-CHAK!

“No.” an grizzled, gruff voice stated. “You don’t.” Jamie looked from her opponent, to the intruder behind her. She knew she’d forgotten someone.

“Nicely done,” General Smothers said, cocking a pistol and aiming it at Jamie. “Now put your hands up and don’t move.” Jamie froze. That was no tranquilizer gun aimed at her. “You’re pretty fast,” he said in an almost complimentary tone, “but are you bullet dodging fast?” Jamie didn’t dare move. “Thought not.”

Eyes closed, Jamie tried to steady herself, reaching deep down to scoop out a well of calm. She could do this. She could do this. “General,” she said, sounding far more in control than she felt.

“Vasquez,” the General replied, curtly. “Those are my men laying there. Lower in the building, those are my men collapsed, peeing themselves, masturbating, and you’re the one that did that to them.”

“To be fair, General, you swung on me first. We had a deal.”

“That other you cut us a better one.”

Spinning on the ball of her foot, Jamie turned and stared straight into the old hawk’s face. “And look what’s happened to her.” General Smothers did not flinch. “Am I really worth all this trouble? The only victory you’ll get from me, is a Pyhrric one.”

“You’re a threat. You’ve made that clear.”

The young woman cocked an eyebrow. “You want a threat?” Jamie took a deep breath. “Voice Command: Jay-Vee-Ninety-Seven-Ay-Bee,” she spoke loudly. Three loud, droning tones coming from Jamie’s office, the doors behind the general, chimed in response.

“The hell was that?”

“My failsafe,” Jamie explained. “Five minutes. If I don’t deactivate it, this building goes up in flames, and the entire city gets a nice big ol’ whiff of the white stuff I used on your boys downstairs.” This, of course, was all a complete lie; a bluff. In reality, Jamie had just activated a series of sub-routines to channel her funds into off shore accounts and send information on how to access them to Shelly and Gertrude, as well as a heartfelt goodbye message. Jamie had been prepared for most every eventuality, including the end.

The man holding her at gunpoint however, didn’t know this. Jamie wasn’t even playing poker at this point- poker took skill. This was just plain old playing chicken. Jamie took a step towards the general. Then another. Then another until she was right in front of him. “Tick-tock, General. Tick-tock.”

Blink you old fool! Blink!

“Heeeeeeeey Jamie,” an all too familiar voice broke the silence. Heavy oak doors creaked, as a young man with black hair, his midsection bulging from the thick diaper strapped around his waist, and a plain yellow onesie stumbled onto the scene. “So, I’m a little drunk, but I met a fren a’ yurs, and they got me to thinkin…” Jack took in the still chaos before him. “...oh.” The color drained from his face, and he stood up a little straighter.

“Baby?” Jamie squeaked, a mixture of surprise, delight, and horror all mixed into that single word.

General Smothers pivoted on his heel, pointing his weapon at Jack. “Hands up, freak!” Jack complied.

“Look, if this is a bad time,” Jack offered. “I can leave.”

“How’d you get in here?” Smothers demanded to know.

Jack, keeping his hands up, and suddenly very, very sober, explained “Secret entrance. It’s how she got me in an out in nothing but a diaper without people noticing.”

“Huh,” their adversary grunted. “So, Jamie, are you willing to take your ‘baby’,” the word sounded dirty and vile coming from him, “out with us?”

Jamie was trapped. By some miracle, Jack had toddled back into her life, already back in his adorable baby clothes no less, and willingly it would seem. If she kept the bluff up, he might recoil from her. If she told the truth, they were both doomed. It seemed Fate wasn’t giving her the happy ending she’d worked so hard for.

Jack’s eyes took in the whole room before settling on a still very much paralyzed and very horny Jamie Seven-Twenty-Eight. “Jamie?” he called out, “Is that another another you lying on the floor in a diaper?”

The general echoed Jack’s words incredulously. “Another another?”

“Not now, Jack, baby.” Jamie chided him, nervously. “Mommy’s a little busy. The General wants to imprison her.”

Jack’s brow knitted. “Why?” He pointed to the Jamie laying on the floor, unaware of her perpetual agony. “Is that other you not smart enough or something?”

By whatever gods might be listening, why was he being so ridiculously thick all of a sudden? “She taught them how to reverse engineer my nanites in a matter of days,” she explained, an edge of panic starting to infect her voice.

The man-baby’s mouth twisted as he worked something out in his head, seemingly oblivious to the gun aimed at his chest. “So why not just take her?”

Now it was Smothers’s turn to be taken aback. “What?”

“Just take her,” Jack suggested, his diaper crinkling as he shifted his weight from one foot to the next. “She’s smart. If she’s from another dimension, she’s not even a legal citizen, is she?”

“What about my men?” General Smothers asked.

“I can fix them!” Jamie called out. “I can fix them! Just let me get to my lab, and I can turn them all back to normal within the hour.” That was kind of true. Most of the effects would wear off by then on their own.

“Uuuuuuuuuuh!” Jamie Seven-Twenty-Eight cried out in protest, unable to do anything else.

The General looked around the room, to his men on the floor, to Jamie-Seven-Twenty-Eight, to Jack. “I see why you keep him around,” the General said.

Negotiation...

It took a little more than an hour, some discreet bribes to her employees, and a fresh batch of Jamie’s Dominance destroying aerosol, but soon enough the Infinitech building was restored to a semblance of order. The General took his new interdimensional genius prisoner with him, the most pertinent and damning security footage for both sides was deleted, hands were shook, and a fresh round of “Goodbye and I hope to never see you again” was said by all.

The sun had set, and all the employees had gone home to their apartments and houses in the suburbs, vowing under the carrot of a substantially increased salary and the threat of violating a non-disclosure agreement in all of their employee contracts to not discuss with anyone, even each other, what had gone on today. In the end, all that was left was Jack and Jamie, both sitting on the plush carpet on the floor of her office.

“Dominance,” she started.

“No.” he counted. “I listen to you because I want to.”

“Then how am I supposed to make you obey me?” she half-whined, half-demanded.

“Threaten to withhold something I like, put me in time out. Tease me or coax me into it. You’re super hot, I would have dressed like this,” he indicated the onesie and diaper- a diaper that was starting to swell a little too much, Jamie noticed, “without being drugged. Or,” he added, “trust that if I’m not listening to you, it’s for a good reason. Communicate with me.”

“But Mommies know best,” she insisted.

“Only if they know everything that’s going on,” he told her. “Babies know shit, too. I just want you to listen to me.”

“Fine.”

“Fine.”

“No sex,” Jamie continued the negotiation, purposefully aiming to cut off her nose to spite her face.

Jack looked like he was about to cry. “What?! No!”

Jamie giggled. “Okay, okay, looks like I’ve got something to hold over you, already. Fine, sex is allowed, but it’s my decision and only upon my suggestion. Furthermore,” she leaned over and poked him in the nose. “I decide where you sleep. You can crawl into bed with me when I feel like it, but other than that you sleep in your crib in your own room.”

“I’ll live with that.” Jack conceded. “But I don’t want to be lonely. I want to start hanging out with Shelly and those other baby types. Go to a munch or something. Maybe a party or something.”

Jamie raised her eyebrows in bemused curiosity. “Shelly, you say? You have been busy, haven’t you? Have you been making some little friends?”

“Something like that.”

Jack’s mommy licked her lips and thought for a moment. “Okay, but when we go in public, you’ll still be diapered. You’ll get shortalls and like it. Nothing more grown-up than that. Nothing that could make it harder to change you.”

Jamie’s baby boy seemed to think this over, quite seriously in fact, before saying. “Deal. What about meals?”

“What about them?”

"I want to choose what I eat."

"Friday and Saturday nights," Jamie offered, "other than that, it's my decision"

"Deal."

They looked at each other, each trying to think of what else to say. What about their new/old relationship hadn't they addressed and thoroughly hammered out?

"Oh, one more thing," Jack added. "You gotta find a way to reverse the damage you did with that brain wiping shit. Can't you figure out a way to program nanites to rebuild brain cells or something?"

Jamie scowled. "If I must."

"You must."

"Fine. Anything else?"

"If I think of something, I'll make sure to ask, Mommy."

Jamie sat up a little straighter. "What did you call me?"

"Mommy," Jack blushed. He hadn't entirely meant to call her that. It just came out.

"Yeah," Jamie said, breathily, lowering the denim strap on the overalls she was still wearing, exposing a bulging, milk engorged breast. "I'm going to need a whole lot more of that." She scooted closer and guided his head towards her tit, already starting to lactate.

"Yes, Mommy," he whispered before latching on.

He didn't need any kind of trigger phrase to explode in his diaper.

In the corner of the main Infinitech elevator, a little computer laid, its hyper intelligent processor firing on all cylinders; it's voice transmitting and recording functions still active, Jamie having forgotten to turn them off. The artificial near-intelligence required to run Jamie's complex probability calculating algorithm had been continuously at work ever since, taking each new piece of data Jamie was unintentionally providing it with; calculating...calculating... calculating....until...

“PING!”

Finally, the struggle had ended.

Retrospective: I LOVE The Struggle. LOVE LOVE LOVE LOVE IT! Is it perfect? No. I still feel like the ending was a little rushed and that in hindsight there might have been a better way to build up the tension and the pacing. But it gave me one of the perfect stories about a story.

It all started when I wrote “The New Hansel and Gretel.” The commissioner had gotten me to write a story featuring their OC’s, Jack and Jamie.

Then they contacted me again, wanting another story about Jack and Jamie. This time they wanted Jack to be the baby and Jamie to be the Mommy. And do the ol’ product tester/battle of wills trope. (How is THAT a trope?! But for some reason it feels like it’s been done.)

I’d already known that the reader had commissioned a Jack and Jamie story that was very similar to New Hansel and Gretel, only shorter and the ghost was the Nanny/Mommy Domme.

I don’t know what, I don’t know why, but something lit up inside of me, and so I did a bit of a deep dive. This person had commissioned plenty of other artists and writers to do stories and art of Jack and Jamie.

And it was always Jack and Jamie. Sometimes they were the couple that found the weird attic music box. Other times, it’d be a hypnotic video tape. Sometimes it was magic. Sometimes it was sci-fi. Sometimes Jamie was the Mommy, sometimes Jamie was the lover turned “baby sister”.

Now I’ll be the first to admit, that I can be a competitive sumbitch. I didn’t want to write just ANOTHER Jack and Jamie story. Like any creative type I wanted to make my mark on the genre, and this commissioner was so prolific that it had become a kind of genre in of itself. So how do I write ANOTHER Jack and Jamie story and make it different enough from my own Jack and Jamie story and the other Jack and Jamie stories and art that had already been commissioned? And if Jack (always) and Jamie (usually) ended up back in diapers, how did I do this one justice without just going full paint by number?

That’s when it hit me: All Jack and Jamie stories were true. Every single Jack and Jamie story that had ever been depicted was true and had happened. All alternate timelines or dimensions.

And since there was NEVER a depiction of Jack and Jamie that I knew of that wasn't ABDL, that could mean something too. Jack and Jamie were always ending up in ABDL scenario, and the only major variable was that sometimes Jamie got to be the Mommy.

And that got me hooked. Jamie was already supposed to be a tech loving super scientist Mommy-Domme. That gave me her motivation. She knew enough about the way the multiverse worked to know that she was Destined to end up either being a Mommy or a baby. Given those two options, she chose the relative autonomy of a Mommy; and knew (through SCIENCE!) that she needed to find her baby boy and solidify destiny in her favor.

That was why she could be villainous; that's why she could be cruel, like so many blank slate Mommy Dommies are in these stories. She was a character that didn't WANT to actually be a Mommy in an ABDL dynamic with consent and compromise and love and understanding; she was just trying to avoid losing her marbles.

Jack came next. In The New Hansel and Gretel, Jack was kind of a hothead who could easily be tricked. That Jack wouldn't have had much agency. I would have been bored to tears writing him.

I needed a different Jack. But how do you make someone who ISN'T a super mad scientist seem relevant compared to said Mad Scientist? How do you make a Holmes and Watson dynamic work?

Common Sense.

All of these ABDL stories lack common sense. Characters always go through crazy leaps in logic and effort to get someone diapered and cribbed. We ignore it as ABDL's because it's what we want. Yeah, sure...assembly line that can diaper a grown adult. Makes sense, let's go for it. (It doesn't)

And so often, our protagonists are supposed to be vanillas too. Because that's part of the fantasy. Corruption. Conversion. Normalcy as an unconscious mask over a padded freak flag. (And that's cool too. No big deal, not kink shaming.)

But if Jack was really supposed to be a "Normal Guy put in diapers", then I felt a need to address this. Mind control nanites could be much more profitable and much more deadly than just taking away potty training. Anti-gravity baby clothes could turn someone into a ninja, not just make them easier to carry, and so forth.

Yet a mad scientist wouldn't think of these easy applications (because MAD).

And thus, the baby had a kind of power in the dynamic. And two contrasting, desperate,

but compatible personalities.

And there you have it.

My personal favorite part of the *The Struggle* is the very end. So often, stories like this is “I tricked you into diapers and now you LOVE IT!” The antagonist and villain who violated consent left and right was correct all along.

I got to take a different tack here. Because *The Struggle* unlike so many of my other stories, ends with compromise and negotiation. *The Struggle* might be the closest thing I’ve ever written to an actual love story.

-Personalias