Eventually exhaustion forced Sam to close her eyes and sleep regardless of how she felt. She didn’t know how much sleep she got but she was woken when she felt a couple of fingers go into the waistband of her diaper.

“Ooh, we are a wet girl, aren’t we?” Maria sounded very happy to have woken up to Sam’s saturated diaper.

Sam rubbed her eyes with her one free hand and looked around. It took a couple of second to remember where she was and when she saw Maria she closed her eyes again as she felt shame and sadness wash over her. The tent and mobile brought Sam crashing back to reality.

“Pleathe thtop.” Sam lisped tiredly around the pacifier that had somehow remained in her mouth all night. She realised the baby soother had stayed in her mouth all night, just another thing to make her feel embarrassed.

“We better get the baby cleaned up.” Maria ignored Sam’s slurred request as she sat up and unclipped the domed tent on top of the crib. Maria put her dressing gown on whilst still sitting in bed.

Sam was unable to stop Maria from lifting her out of the crib like a baby and holding her close to the maternal woman’s chest. Sam could feel her now cool diaper hanging between her legs like a sodden weight. She blushed as she realised she must look just like a soggy baby, she certainly felt like one. She wanted to remember she was an adult but when everything around her was evidence of her being a baby it was very difficult. From the sight of the baby paraphernalia, to the sounds of the crinkling diaper and pacifier sucking, to the feelings of the wet padding against her skin it was like every one of her senses was screaming at her that she was a helpless baby. Sam blushed as she was carried over to the small changing table on the other side of the room.

Sam was whimpering lightly and had to rub her eyes with her mittens to stop the tears from cascading down her face.

“Hush little baby don’t say a word…” Maria began gently singing a nursery rhyme as she laid Sam down on the padded table.

Sam felt her nightie get pulled up her body and then the tapes were pulled off the front of the diaper. She shuddered as she felt the front of the diaper lowered and the cool air of the room blew against the woman’s crotch.

“You soaked this diaper, baby.” Maria giggled before going back to her nursery rhyme.

“I’m not a baby… I’m not a baby…” Sam repeated in her head. She sucked on the binky in her mouth and felt her wet diaper pulled away. Her face was as red as a tomato when she was left fully exposed in front of Maria.

Sam looked pleadingly at Maria but was frustrated when she saw the larger woman pulling out a new diaper. The new diaper looked thicker than the last one and it was bright pink in colour. Sam started sniffing as she tried to hold back her embarrassed tears.

“On second thoughts…” Maria said as she looked at the diaper, “I’ve got a better idea.”

Sam was suddenly filled with hope that maybe Maria wouldn’t put her in another diaper. She watched Maria reach forwards and yet again Sam was lifted into the air and away from the table. As she was lifted up she saw the baby padding lying open on the table, Sam could clearly see that the diaper was soaked from the front to the back.

Maria carried Sam out to the living room. Sam was wearing a very thin nightie and nothing else, after so long in a diaper it now felt very strange to Sam to be without the padding between her legs. She felt somewhat vulnerable.

The pair of women didn’t stop in the living room however. Maria walked briskly through the living room and past the playpen and baby bouncer, Sam looked around with suspicion and wondered what Maria was doing.

They ended up in the bathroom where Sam saw the toilet that she had been so desperate to use the previous night. Maria closed and locked the door, the lock was up by the handle and impossible for Sam to reach on her own.

“Wait right there whilst I run you a nice bath, will baby like that?” Maria asked condescendingly.

Sam stayed silent as Maria put her on the floor. The Hispanic woman was clearly not expecting Sam to respond and quickly began running the taps in the sink. Sam looked at the bath tub on the other side of the room and wondered why Maria wasn’t using that.

“A lovely warm bath.” Maria said aimlessly as she put the plug in and allowed the water to rise.

Sam looked at the toilet longingly and then at the door. She had no way of reaching the lock and she knew that escape was impossible, Sam was just too small to be able to get away without help. The realisation that her size made her require help was deeply frustrating to Sam.

Maria bent down and pulled the nightie off the small woman and then removed the mittens. Sam slowly straightened and bent her fingers, they were stiff after so long balled up by the restrictive gloves.

Sam was lifted into the air again and hovered over the full sink. She looked down nervously as she was slowly lowered down and into the water. She was pleased that the water was warm but not too hot, it seemed like the perfect temperature. Sam sunk into the water until she felt her body touch the porcelain bottom. She felt it curve in to the centre and thanks to it’s shape she kind of slid in until she was almost on her back, Maria’s hand promptly went under Maria’s head and held it above water level. To Sam’s relief Maria pulled out the pacifier that had been in her mouth for many hours.

“Doesn’t that feel nice?” Maria asked lovingly as she used a sponge to gently spread the water over Sam’s body.

“Let me go… Please.” Sam forced her voice to remain calm as she spoke to Maria.

“But why would you want to go?” Maria asked. Her smile never left her mouth, “You’re so nice and safe with me.”

Sam could feel herself getting annoyed and her little hands balled up into fists even without the mittens help. The water felt soothing but it was overwhelmed by everything else happening. Enough was enough!

“Listen you… You bitch!” Sam yelled, “I’m not a baby! You can’t do all this!”

“That’s quite enough of that kind of language.” Maria’s smile disappeared for once. She looked stern, like a disciplinarian that wasn’t to be messed with.

“You are a bitch!” Sam yelled again. Her rage and humiliation was pouring out of her now, “I’m not a baby!”

“I didn’t want to do this, little one.” Maria shook her head a little and her hair bounced as she did so.

Sam was breathing hard and didn’t know what was going to happen next. Her mouth was hanging open slightly and was still enjoying relief from the pacifier that had been in there for so long.

The hand that was washing the tiny girl was moved away from her body and to the edge of the sink next to the taps. Before Sam could even register what was about to happen she felt the hand return to her except now it was holding a white rectangle, Sam only had time to glimpse the object before it was pushed roughly into her mouth.

It took Sam a second to react. The taste hit her almost immediately and her face screwed up in revulsion.

“I’ve never had to wash a little one’s mouth out with soap.” Maria said, “But I hear it is effective in stopping bad language.”

The soap tasted awful and it quickly filled Sam’s mouth with its’s horrid taste. She tried to spit the bar out of soap out but Maria held it in place. Sam’s little arms and legs splashed about in the water causing Maria to get a little wet.

For a couple of minutes Sam had to endure that bar of soap. Maria only stopped the punishment when Sam’s was crying and her arms and legs had stopped splashing. Sam could taste nothing except that horrible soap.

“Are you going to be a good girl?” Maria asked as she looked down at the sink.

Sam nodded her head vigorously. She would have agreed to anything to get the taste of soap to go away.

“You aren’t going to swear?” Maria asked with raised eyebrows.

Sam shook her head quickly and looked up at the Hispanic woman with pleading eyes. She felt like she would never taste anything except soap ever again.

Maria pulled the soap out of Sam’s mouth and put it back on the edge of the sink. Sam leaned over to spit into the sink but the taste was too strong and no matter what she did the taste remained.

Sam was then washed by Maria who seemed to have little thought for the small girl’s modesty. Sam’s head was repeatedly dunked under the water as she was washed and she would emerge coughing and spluttering. Maria didn’t seem to realise what she was doing or maybe she just didn’t care as she hummed a happy tune and washed Sam thoroughly. Sam felt like a doll as she was so easily handled.

The whole process of cleaning was very tiring and messy. By the time the bathing was over water was all over the place as was soap residue. Sam was exhausted by the end of the process and just laid her head on Maria’s hand. She used the Hispanic woman’s hand for support as the larger woman finished the bath. By the end of the bath Sam was thoroughly clean and even the tear tracks from her punishment had been cleared away as if it had never happened.

When Sam was lifted out of the sink Maria quickly began towelling her dry. Sam felt so defeated that she just let it happen and when Maria was confident that Sam was dry she wrapped the younger woman in the fluffy white towel.

“What a good girl you’re being.” Maria praised Sam. Sam didn’t say anything in response but sincerely wished that she could wash the taste out of her mouth. She was going to be sure not to swear in front of Maria again.

Maria carried the swaddled girl back through the living room and to the master bedroom. She laid the smaller girl on the changing table in front of her and smiled as she unwrapped the towel leaving Sam naked.

Sam didn’t try to cover herself up and she didn’t shy away from Maria’s gaze. She was so tired from resisting and she had to wonder what the point was. She could never overpower and escape this apartment. Sam had no modesty left, Maria had seen her naked plenty of times.

A new pink diaper was unfolded and laid on the changing table. Sam felt her legs get lifted into the air as Maria slipped the diaper underneath her. She slowly felt her strength returning but there was little she could do to stop anything that was happening to her.

“I’m so excited for you.” Maria said happily as she sprinkled baby powder over Sam’s diaper area, “You’re going to have such fun volunteering this summer!”

Sam wondered what Maria could possibly be talking about. How did she expect Sam to be her baby and do volunteer work at the same time? It didn’t make any sense to Sam who heard the crinkling of the diaper as the front was pulled up between her legs.

Sam felt the diaper get pulled tightly around her waist as Maria placed the tapes. Sam noticed that this diaper was much thicker than the previous one. It was still clearly a diaper made for babies but this pink one felt like it would take a lot of use. This wasn’t a fact that made Sam happy.

“I can’t wait to take care of you over the next few months.” Maria said as the diaper was taped up, “I’m going to take extra special care of my extra special girl. I can be a bit of a disciplinarian as you just found, but if you are a good girl you will be rewarded equally.”

Sam felt herself get lifted up again and she was held against Maria’s chest as the bigger woman walked out of the bedroom and into the living room. Sam thought that the way Maria was moving indicated that she was looking for something but she didn’t have a clue what it could be.

“One day maybe you can graduate to some adult responsibilities. Adult food, pull-ups, feeding yourself, things like that.” Maria said casually.

Sam crinkled her nose at the things this woman was saying. She didn’t like the idea of having to earn back the privileges she should always have. Sam wanted to argue back but she could still taste the soap and decided that arguing wasn’t worth it. She felt her thick padding rubbing on her legs, she wondered if she would even be able to walk properly. Her face was pinker than her diaper as she Maria suddenly made a noise as if she had found whatever it was she was looking for.

“But for now…” Maria leaned down and the pulled a sling like piece of cloth over her head, “You start at the beginning… From the source.”

Sam had no idea what Maria meant but the sling was placed under Sam’s body. She tensed up as she felt Maria lower her until her body weight was taken up by the sling. Sam had never seen a baby carrier like this before and she wondered what was happening.

“The source?” Sam asked quietly, “I don’t… Woah! Wait!”

Sam’s eyes bulged as Maria suddenly started pulling open her robe. Maria’s breast was exposed and Sam suddenly realised exactly what Maria meant by “the source.”

“I’ve been preparing myself for this for a few weeks now and I think I’m ready.” Maria said as she put her hand behind Sam’s head.

“Please! N-” Sam was suddenly cut off when her head was pushed up, “Mmm!”

Sam’s face was pushed against the fleshy orb and her little arms could not push away. She couldn’t see anything thanks to Maria’s breast taking up her whole vision but she felt Maria’s arms holding Sam’s down.

“That’s it Sam… Have a nice drink from mommy.” Maria said quietly.

Sam’s head was just not strong enough to pull away from Maria’s breast and as the Hispanic woman adjusted herself Sam felt Maria’s nipple rubbing against her lips. She didn’t want to open her mouth but it was getting hard to breath and Sam was sure that the only way Maria would ease up on the pressure was if Sam did as she wanted.

A small part of Sam wondered why she was even trying to resist anything that was happening. She was so desperate to get the soap taste out of her mouth she would accept almost any liquid. The rest of Sam just couldn’t take the idea of breast feeding, there were few things that felt as infantile to the teenager as drinking straight from a breast. She suddenly why her milk had tasted so strange the previous day and she had to supress a shudder.

Finally Sam could take no more. With a sigh of resignation she opened her mouth and immediately felt the pointy nipple go past her lips. Sam was repulsed by the idea but she forced herself to give a tentative suck and felt Maria’s hand remove from the back of her head allowing Sam to breathe again.

The relief was very short lived though because Maria adjusted the sling which held Sam closer to her breast. Sam was able to breathe through her nose but she couldn’t pull her head back, the sling forced Sam to latch on to Maria for as long as Maria wanted her there.

Sam continued to suck the breast and the more she did it the more Maria became at ease with it. Sam couldn’t really see what was happening but she could feel Maria moving around the apartment as she continued to feed. It seemed like Maria was getting prepared for her day whilst Sam was fed, it was so surreal to Sam that she wasn’t sure that she wasn’t still asleep.

The first sucks were dry but before long Sam could feel watery milk squirting into her mouth. At first Sam tried to pull away, the sling stopped her going far, but soon she discovered it was washing away the taste of the soap. She decided that the feeding was the lesser of two evils and did what she had to do to get rid of the soapy taste.

Sam couldn’t believe she was breast feeding from this lady but her sweaty face could not move away. Just like being stuck in Maria’s house, Sam was stuck feeding from Maria until Maria decided otherwise.

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*Four Weeks Later…*

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“I’m really not a baby…” Sam muttered quietly, “This is all so unnecessary.”

Sam was laid flat on the changing table as she was changed by a Hispanic woman. She was tired and felt so little energy for resistance. She was dressed in a pink t-shirt with a heart on it and her diaper. The overalls she had been wearing were lying in a pile next to the table. The sounds of a couple dozen young children echoed in the high-roofed hall as they played.

“I’m an adult who can use the bathroom and get a real job and…” Sam’s quietly trailed off with a yawn.

Sam rubbed her eyes with her mittens which were now on her hands much more than they were off them. In fact, Sam preferred to have the restrictive gloves on because it felt so much more natural even if it meant she couldn’t use her fingers as well.

The Mexican nursery worker pulled the tapes off Sam’s diaper and almost immediately the smell got a lot worse. Sam heard the person muttering in Spanish but she had no idea what the worker was saying. Sam knew her name was Elena from her nametag but she knew nothing else about her.

Sam could feel the sticky mess in her diaper pull away from her skin and she sighed in relief as she felt Elena wiping her messy bottom with some cold wet wipes.

“Maria brought me here but I’m seventeen-years-old.” Sam continued to speak with a noticeable whine in her voice.

Just as Sam was getting ready to continue her monologue a young girl came running up to Elena. The girl signed excitedly and Sam didn’t understand a word of it. She just waited for Elena to finish talking to the young girl so that she would finish the diaper change. The little girl soon ran off to join her giggling friends, Sam had no idea why they were laughing but she assumed she was the butt of the joke, she usually was.

All the children in this nursery were deaf. Maria had set up the centre for disadvantaged children in the city and she ran it as a small business. The workers were hired specifically from the non-English speaking community, she was praised for it by equal rights groups but Sam knew the real reason. It meant that Sam couldn’t communicate with anyone here except Maria.

Sam was happy when she felt a new diaper placed underneath her. After a month of non-stop diapers Sam felt strange when she wasn‘t covered up by them. She had grown used to them, to a certain extent she had grown reliant on them.

“Maria kidnapped me.” Sam continued talking to no one in particular, “I’m potty trained and everything.”

Sam knew that it was pointless talking to anyone here. Apart from Maria everyone from the workers to the children were Spanish speaking, none of them understood Sam’s plight and she had no way to communicate to the kids thanks to the mittens, not that she knew sign language in the first place.

The new diaper’s tapes were placed firmly and Sam was lifted down from the changing table. She put her hands on Elena’s shoulders to steady herself as Elena helped the small woman’s feet into the overalls. Sam felt her diaper pushed up against her body as the overalls were pulled up and the shoulder straps attached.

With her hair in pigtails and her infantile outfit Sam looked more like a baby than ever before. She could barely even recognise herself and she had to keep repeating that she wasn’t a baby because she was afraid she might forget.

The front and back of Sam’s overalls had the words “Little Toddler Volunteer” stitched into them in big red felt letters. Maria had given her that role on her first day at the nursery, she had said it was a big honour and meant that Sam was trusted to be a big girl for all the other children. Many of the children were bigger than her and often refused to do what she asked on the few times she could get her message across. Without the use of her fingers she couldn’t even attempt sign language.

Sam was just glad to be out of her messy diaper and into a nice, fluffy and clean diaper. When you were used to sitting around in used diapers you really grew to appreciate the clean ones. Sam yawned again and looked around at the room she knew it was nearly nap time and over the last month she had been conditioned to needing an afternoon rest.

“I just need someone to listen to me.” Sam threw her arms up and down sulkily. She was tired and fed up with being treated like a baby but she didn’t feel like there was anything she could do.

Just to emphasise how little control Sam had of her life she felt herself lifted off the floor and Elena placed one hand under Sam’s padding to carry her against her chest. Sam just leant against Elena’s breast and allowed her to be carried past the children and to the office on the other side of the hall. After a quick knock, Elena opened the door and walked in with the small seventeen-year-old.

Elena and Maria communicated quickly in Spanish before Sam was passed into the arms of Maria. Elena left the room as Maria cradled the younger woman in her arms.

“Isn’t this great?” Maria said softly to her sleepy girl, “Playing with all the kids your own size instead of pretending to be a grown up.”

“I am a grown up.” Sam said tiredly.

“Of course you are, baby girl.” Maria just giggled and shook her head, “Kids say the funniest things.”

Sam grumbled as the owner of the nursery carried her back out of the office. Sam lifted her head to see that the workers had set up a whole bunch of little fold-out beds and were putting the kids down for their naps.

In the middle of the fold-out beds was a single low bassinet and Sam recognised it as her napping place. The small hooded basket looked very inviting to Sam who couldn’t wait to close her eyes.

Maria laid Sam down carefully and smiled down at her. Sam couldn’t see anything except what was directly above her which, at the moment, was Maria leaning over her and smiling. The Hispanic woman was carrying a sippy cup full of juice that she held over the crib.

“You can either take the sippy cup before your nap or I can breastfeed you afterwards.” Maria offered her young charge the choice.

After a month of diaper wearing and learning to wet herself freely Sam was fairly sure that if she drank the sippy cup she would wake up either being changed or needing a change. That was still preferable to being breastfed in front of everyone else though and Sam gladly took the cup in her mittens and started drinking tiredly.

Maria said something in Spanish but Sam couldn’t understand it. She just carried on drinking but felt a little perturbed when she started seeing more and more heads poking over the bassinet. Soon it seemed liked all the kids were fighting for a look with the staff looming above them. Sam felt incredibly self-conscious and blushed as she drank.

Sam watched all the kids turn to Maria as she started signing but she had no idea what Maria was saying.

“Great news, everyone.” Maria signed excitedly, “The identity papers have been corrected and little Sam can stay with us for good!”

The kids all looked at Sam excitedly. Sam just kept drinking, she hated being the centre of attention and the fact that she had no idea what Maria was saying only made things worse. She hated the idea that there was some big plan everyone was in on except her.

“I’ll take much better care of her than the world would.” Maria signed and spoke in Spanish as she looked down on Sam adoringly, “She can be nice safe and pampered with me. My beautiful baby girl.”

Sam finished her sippy cup and let the infantile vessel roll down her body leaving a small trail of juice. She stretched and yawned as tiredness overwhelmed her. She closed her eyes and soon fell asleep as everyone else was taken back to their beds.

“I’m not a baby.” Sam repeated to herself as she drifted off, “I’m not a…”