

Big Times for Baby Girls
March 2024 – Chapter One
(Sequel to "From Kennel to Crib")

Thanks to an anonymous patron for commissioning this one!

Hbnnnnnggggh. Mmmmmnnngggghh. Ooohh, yes. Yes, yes, yes, so close- so very close-

But just as I'm teetering on the brink of impending orgasm, the much-abused stuffed panda between my naked thighs slips. The pressure against my pee-soaked, diaper-imprisoned, shaven pussy evaporates. And I can't help but let out a despondent wail from behind my pacifier... even as my thickly mittened hands scrabble frantically to fumble Mister Oreo back into place beneath me.

"NnuuhhhH!" It's at once the exasperated exclamation of a desperately horny young woman... and the peevisish cry of the disappointed toddler Daddy Dave and Mommy Trish have forced me to become.

I blink back to reality, the late-afternoon light casting the shadows of my oversized crib bars across my onesie-clad body. I struggle anew, my naked knees pressing and grinding along the pastel sheets beneath me, the hidden plastic mattress protector rustling and crackling softly in unison to my movements. I'm supposed to be sleeping, of course. At least, that's what Mommy Trish told me when she had finished spoon-feeding me and wiping my sticky face all the way back at lunchtime – what now seems an eternity ago. "Time for nappie-nap time, sweetie," she'd beamed, her hands forcing me irresistibly to the floor so I could crawl gamely after her. "Come now, Molly – let's get that waddle-butt down for a nap..."

Yeah. You know, there was a time I thought she and my husband – "Daddy" now – would get tired of this whole baby play thing. I'd figured I'd be back as their adorable puppy girl after a week, or maybe two at most. Surely they wouldn't find it *that* fun to be perpetually dolling me up... teasing me... force-feeding me anything they liked...

Okay, come to think of it, maybe I should have seen it coming. They're *way* too dominant not to love all that and more.

I grapple anew with the stuffie beneath me, my useless blobs of hands struggling to maneuver the giant panda into position. Opposable thumbs? Not for this baby, apparently. Trish and Daddy have seen to that. All I can do is flail my admittedly weak arms and squirm with my thighs to force it

back underneath me. *Uh-huh! Ummm... yep. A bit further front. Hnngh, frick, I'm so horny-*

I squeeze my eyes shut, visions of my Daddy-husband's incredible cock standing proud in the darkness of my fantastic mental theater. I'm bending forward, licking it... and oh god, hearing his muffled groan of delight as I do so. "Fuck, you're incredible, pet," he rasps, and now I can imagine his hands tightening in my hair... tugging my naked body close... begging me to satisfy that primal beast within. "I need you- so bad! Oh, fuck – I need to rail you so hard- You- you're gonna-"

"What's going on in here, baby?!"

It's Trish's voice: stern with warning, and yet lilting with a ripple of wryly knowing amusement. "What on earth is my little baby-doll doing in here, huh?" I bite back the wail of rage that is welling in my throat, blinking resentfully and anxiously up through the crib bars at her. She's drawing near, and the disapproving smile on her face is that of a mother who's just caught her guilt-stricken toddler *in flagrante delicto*: hands-deep in the cookie jar.

"You really thought you were being sneaky, huh?" She scolds, and I teeter heavily off to one side as her hands yank Mister Oreo from underneath my diapered crotch. "I knew I shouldn't have trusted you with him. Bad baby! You're far, *far* too little to be doing dirty things with your panda. I mean, just *look* at how full your diaper is – positively *soaked!*"

"Bhu- mhu-" I begin, and in my eagerness to plead my case I let the massive pacifier drop from my wet lips. "But Mommy, I- I jus'-! I haven't had cummies in- in *so* long..." I sit back on my butt, the thickened cotton and plastic of my heavy-duty disposable squelching softly beneath my weight. "I wanna be a big girl – please? I- I promise I'll be good-"

"*Good?*" Her tone is in precisely that key of sweetly saccharine mocking that never fails to makes me wet – or in this case, even wetter than before. "Sweetie, that doesn't make any sense at all! How will you ever be our good wittle baby while *also* being a big girl, huh?"

Her hands are probing underneath my onesie and squeezing at the crotch of my shamefully swollen diaper: the one which she'd just taped on me after breakfast, and which I've repeatedly been forced to soil ever since. I flush at the memory of her taunts – her laughter as she'd sat there on the toilet this morning like the beautiful adult woman she was. *See this, Molly? My potties go in here – but yours only go in your dipie! And you're so small you can't even do anything about it, can you? No... only Daddy and Mommy are allowed to change you...*

"Uhh..." I'm racking my brain now, searching desperately for any kind of bargaining chips that will allow me relief. "You can- umm... you can spank me afterward? An- an-"

"Pff! Sweetie, hush," she commands, and now her hand is lifting the fallen pacifier and forcing it irresistibly back into my pliant mouth. "That was what big people call a *rhetorical question*, darling. You're far too little to understand that I don't even expect you to respond!" She's tugging me forward now onto my hands and knees – all so she can better examine my diapered bum. "Let's see, baby. Did you make Mommy a poopie yet? No? Hmm... well, never mind. Maybe later..."

I shudder with ill-concealed longing as her fingers squish the soggy padding against my sensitive princess parts, and she laughs softly down into my mutely pleading eyes. "Though on the other hand... it *is* fun to play with you when you're so *desperately needy*!" Her brown eyes dance as she regards me for a moment. "Hmm... let me think..."

"I've got it," she announces a few moments later, and my horny, subby heart lifts in expectation. "You really, *really* want to have big girl sexy times tonight, huh? With both of us?" I settle back onto my bum and nod as vigorously as I can, not daring to anger her by dropping the pacifier from my mouth. "Yes? Well, tell you what. We'll let you *try*, baby. After suppertime, Mommy will change you around to something more suitable for a big girl, okay? And in return, you're going to promise to try your *very* best to please both Mommy *and* Daddy." She pauses, and now a little glint of sadistic amusement enters her eyes – a glint that if I weren't so horny and desperate, might just worry me.

"All we need you to do, baby... is promise that you'll hold it, okay? Promise that you won't make one of your stinky, poodie messes before we're both satisfied. Because if you do... well, no grownups want *that*, sweetie! If you do, you'll have proven that little Molly can't be trusted to join Mommy and Daddy like a big girl. And then we'll just have to put you right back to humping your stuffy instead – like the dumbest, littlest, stinkiest baby ever."

Frick, why does she always know how to get me?! I'm practically dripping with arousal – as much at her sweetly belittling words and laughter as at the prospect of imminent sexual relief. I'm nodding vigorously behind my paci: agreeing to anything, *everything*, just so long as I can feel this all-consuming ache blossom into a glorious burst of pleasure.

Half an hour later, I'm still shaky with anticipation – even as Mommy buckles me firmly into the seat that has become my oversized high chair.

"No, not yet, silly!" Mommy scolds, and I sag back onto my squishy butt with a barely concealed sigh. "I said *after* supper, didn't I? And listen: I'm already being extra-nice to you, baby. Daddy won't be home until eight, so I *could* technically make you wait to eat until he's home..."

"Nuh!" I shake my head emphatically, eyes swiveling over to fixate on the clock in the living room. 5:08. Frick, nearly three whole hours more?! "Please, I- I'm hungry now," I beg, and it's all I can do to keep my bare feet from thumping irritably against the wooden legs of my chair. It's a bit of a lie, of course – I'm not particularly hungry, full as my belly still is from my large lunch. But that doesn't matter. Because the sooner I'm done eating, the sooner I can get out of this soggy diaper and silly onesie. The sooner I can get dressed up in actual adult clothes. The sooner I can leave this baby stuff behind, and once again become – even if just for a short evening – Daddy's adult wife and lover.

So I obediently, almost happily, gulp down the brownish mush Mommy Trish spoons into my mouth. So what if it tastes all gritty and icky and oily? It's just one last bit of baby treatment before I'm free. I can deal with it – and with the bottles of juice and milk she makes me chug down afterwards. Because the sooner I gobble everything up, the sooner she'll coo and wipe my face... and undo these buckles... and take me back to get dressed up like the adult woman I am.

So busy I am swallowing everything down that I don't even notice that the sadistic little gleam in her eyes is back, dancing brighter than ever.

(To be continued!)