The Kinder Garden

Raja stood outside of the kinder garden bar. It was her last stop for the night, the neon of the baby bottle shaped sign reflected off some puddles on the street. Raja had been looking for someone. About a month ago her husband was on his way back from a work trip, but never actually came home. The last location signal Raja had from his phone was in this town. Raja had been spending the last week searching every place in this town for any sign of him, and had turned up nothing. This was her last spot for the night. A baby themed bar it seems. It was a cute idea.

      Raja made her way into the bar, shaking off a little bit of stray rain from her clothes as she stepped through the threshold. It was late in the night, close to last call, so she didn’t get a warm welcome, not that she expected one even if it wasn’t about to close. This town was strange. Everyone was so quiet and avoidant of new comers. Whenever she asked about her husband, she always got strange responses. She doubted here would be any different.

      Raja took a seat at the bar, in a bar stool made to look like a high chair without the tray, it was a cute theming choice. She looked along the bar and noticed the typical beers on tap and drink making supplies, but also an abundance of large baby bottles. Presumably that’s what the drinks were served in. She though that, personally, that took the theming a little too far, but the bar seemed to be doing well enough to stay in business.

      The bar tender eventually made her way over to Raja. If anything was off theme in this bar it was the bar tender. She was tall and dressed in a revealing, but intimidating, black leather one piece outfit. It was right out of fetish club, and not the same fetish club the rest of the bar came from.

“It’s a little late, we’re not used to people chasin last call round here,” the bartender commented. “What can I get you?”

“I’m actually looking for someone,” Raja said moving to her phone to pull up the picture of her husband. The bartender stopped her before she could pull a picture up though.

“Drink’s first little lady, then I’ll help you out,” the bartender gave a playful smirk. Raja was not in the mood for games about this, but she knew she attracted more flies with honey so she swallowed the comment in her throat and complied.

“Ok,” Raja said quickly. “What do you have?”

“Mother’s milk is our specialty drink,” the bartender winked. “Spiked milk is something unique. It's a big hit.”

“I’ll give it a shot,” Raja shrugged and the bartender got to work making the concoction.

      Raja took this chance to look around the bar. It was bathed in a soft pink light, and the baby theming was strong. Every chair was some version of a booster seat, there were bibs instead of napkins, and even a large crib on one of the walls. She couldn’t tell if it was just decoration or not, it seemed to be stocked enough for someone to sleep in.

“Here ya go,” the bartender smiled handing one of the large baby bottles filled with milk. Raja put the nipple in her mouth with a bit of a blush, and tried the drink out. She had some difficulty getting anything out of the nipple but did get enough for a decent taste.

“God damn!” Raja exclaimed shaking her head. “This hits like a truck.” After only one drink she already felt a slight fuzzy feeling in the back of her head.

“But goes down smooth,” the bartender smirked. “The crib is open if you need to crash for the night.” Apparently, the crib was for more than decoration.

“No thank you,” Raja slid the bottle across the bar out of her reach. “So?”

“All right fair enough, you tried the drink I’ll hear you out.” Raja shook the sensation of the milk from her head and pulled up the picture of her husband on her phone. “Have you seen this man? This is my husband, Baylan. He’s gone missing.” The bartender took the phone and looked at it, giving a small smirk.

“Yeah, I think I’ve seen him.”

“Really?” Raja’s eyes lit up. This was the first bit of anything she had gotten in this town. It was her first real lead.

“I’m pretty sure he came in here. Was on his way home, I think. Stopped in for a bite and I got him to try the milk just like you. Hit him hard and he had to sleep it off in the crib that night.”

“What happened then? Do you know where he went?”

“Tell ya what, let me close the place down and we can see if we can find the security video of him.”

“Oh, thank you! That would be so helpful.”

“No problem,” the bartender casually slid the bottle closer to Raja. “Finish your drink dear, I'm gonna be a while.” She then went off to do whatever was needed to close the bar up for the night. Raja happily drank from the bottle again. It was a celebration, the first real lead she had.

      Of course, the drink hit her again and she shook her head. It was a strange feeling, not the usual sensation one got from getting tipsy. It was a warm feeling, and she didn’t feel impaired at all. Her thoughts just felt simpler, her emotions had less complexity to them. Her cautious optimism was replaced with the simpler emotion of happy. Most of all, she really wanted a hug, to cuddle up into something and be cozy. She would have to get the recipe for this drink.

“You ready sweet pea?” the bartender said in a saccharine voice. She was holding a tablet in her hand. “Let’s go sit in the crib and go over it, see what we can find out.”

      Raja looked over at the crib. She had a reservation about hopping into the thing in the back of her mind, but at the front of her mind, the fuzzy feeling of the spiked milk told her it looked really comfy. Another thought suddenly hit her. How long did that all take? To her it had only been a moment ago that the bartender started closing, but now the bar was fully closed and the bartender had time to go back and find the relevant security footage and load it into a tablet. Further, the once full bottle of milk now only had a small puddle in the bottom. She only remembered taking one other celebratory drink. Where had the time gone?

“You all right?” the bartender asked.

“Yeah sorry,” Raja apologized. “That milk is just really strong.”

“Well try and shake it off. Lets go see what we can see yeah?” the bartender took Raja’s hand and gently led her over to the large crib, both sitting with their legs inside. Raja felt herself suddenly surrounded by the feeling of coziness of the crib. The confined space, the soft blankets that she immediately wrapped herself up in, and the warmth and care of the bar tender next to her. She again had to shake her head clear and focus on what was important.

      The footage started playing and there he was. Just as the bartender said. Her husband had stopped in, and based off the idle conversation she was having, the bartender’s story was lining up. Just as she said, her husband made a comment on how hard the milk hit him, and he was led over to the crib just like Raja was. Unfortunately, the crib was off screen.

“Do you have anything of him leaving?” Raja asked.

“Sorry we only have the one camera,” The bartender apologized. “He didn’t walk back to the bar before he left.” Raja’s heart sank a little, and she wrapped herself up tighter in the blankets. “We’ve been at this a while dear; you should sleep here.”

“Huh?” Raja said in a daze. She had only just watched the footage, but next to her in the crib was another empty bottle of milk, and she looked at her phone to see several hours had passed, it was now well past last call, in fact, the sun would be rising soon.

“Get some rest here, and then you can hit it hard in the morning,” the bartender offered. Raja thought she should have declined, and gone back to her hotel room. The crib was so cozy though, she could almost fall asleep right there. She nodded yes meekly. “Good girl, you want the bars up?” Raja nodded again without even really thinking.

      She found the rails of the crib raised up, and they were high. High enough that she couldn’t get over them. The bar tender did explain how to let them down, but Raja didn’t pay attention all that well. She fell onto a pillow drinking the new bottle of milk she found in her hand. She whined a little as the bottle was taken away from her.

“No fussing, it’s time for sleep,” the bar tender smirked, taking the bottle through the bars of the crib and replacing it with a large pacifier. The bartender gave a smile, a look that said she was just playing along with the theming of the bar. Raja didn’t spit the pacifier out, even if she thought she should. It felt right. She started suckling it like it was natural. “Night sweetie, we’ll talk more in the morning. Don’t worry, you’ll find your husband. I’m confident you are on the right track.”

“Yeah,” Raja said with noticeable childish tinge to her voice. The bartender giggled.

“Night little girl,” she said donning a more devilish smirk.

“Nini,” Raja replied sleepily.

\*\*\*\*\*

      Raja stirred awake. She blinked a few times reobserving her surroundings. She felt the pacifier still in her mouth and looked over to see the bars of the crib were still raised, but something felt different. She wiggled around to try and figure out what.

“Oh, someone’s awake,” the bartender from the night before said sweetly. “I’m coming. I’m coming. I’ll let you out.” She jogged over to the crib and let the bars down. “I know these locks are just too hard for you.” Raja noticed that she looked different. Her skin was almost grey and her eyes looked black, but these observations were ignored because of what came out of her mouth next. “Let’s get the soggy diaper changed.”

“Diaper?” Raja asked shocked spitting her pacifier out, which she now realized was clipped to what she was wearing, a dark purple onesie with Halloween-esque prints. She didn’t go to bed wearing a onesie last night, and she definitely didn’t wear a diaper to bed last night.

“Yes, your diaper sweetie?” the bartender giggled. “Are you being silly? I told you that if you don’t want to figure out how to work the crib bars, then you’re going to have to wear a diaper. It’s a good thing I made you wear one too because you are soaked. Maybe that’s why you’re so fussy.” Raja wanted to protest but she couldn’t. the snap crotch of her onesie was opened and waiting inside was a childishly printed adult diaper, yellowed by the stain of a night time accident.

“What the …” Raja was stopped mid expletive by her pacifier.

“We’ve been over this sweetie; I don’t mind changing you, but you need to be still and quiet.” The bartender had already untapped the diaper and had gotten to work cleaning Raja. Raja was reeling. What happened here? What was going on? This bartender was acting like all of this was normal, and she had physical evidence on her side to prove that it was. It had been years since Raja had worn a diaper, and she never had night time accidents that would warrant her needing a change.

“So, I’ve been calling around some of the other nearby towns,” the bar tender said taping on a new diaper. “I think I may have a lead in a town down the highway, but strangely not in the direction your husband should have been going. Do you know why that might be?” the bartender smiled snapping Raja’s onesie closed again with the new diaper underneath. Raja had a thought that the bartenders excuse for her needing a diaper during the night, that she couldn’t operate the crib to use the bathroom, didn’t really give a reason for her to be in diapers during the day, but she was distracted with news of her husband.

“No. That’s so strange,” Raja answered the question sitting up at attention. “Maybe he got turned around, started traveling down the wrong road. He never used a gps, always said he could navigate himself.”

“Lots of people think they can do things themselves that they really can’t,” the bar tender said wisely. “Isn’t that right?” she playfully poked at Raja’s diaper. It crinkled and Raja blushed at the sound, finding herself putting her pacifier back into her mouth. “Let me get you a bottle.”

    Raja wiggled in her crib as the bar tender left. When she first found out about the diapers, she protested, but as she had gotten used to it, she found she liked it. It crinkled underneath her onesie and she gently suckled on her pacifier. All of it felt so cozy, she felt like she was lost in the warmth of it all.

“Got you a bottle? You want me to feed it to you?” the bartender returned with a bottle full of the spiked milk. Raja had thoughts that she should focus on finding her husband, that this milk was clearly adversely affecting her, that it was far too early in the morning for her to be having something alcoholic. All of that was overridden by the biggest thought in her mind that was getting bottle fed sounded really cozy.

      With a blush Raja nodded yes. The bartender sat in the crib and moved Raja’s head into her lap, and the nipple of the bottle into her mouth. The bartender was warm, really warm, unnaturally so. Raja didn’t have a lot of time to think about this. She suckled the bottle and as soon as the liquid hit her tongue the fuzzy feeling in her head came back in a strong surge.

“You’re so close to finding him Raja,” the bartender said sweetly, “I promise you’ll see him soon.”

\*\*\*\*\*

      Raja suddenly found herself tired, short of breath, and slightly sweaty. As she regained her breath, she took note of her surroundings and they were shockingly different from the bar she remembered.

      She was in a small room, consisting of just a crib like the one she was sleeping in at the bar, a changing table, and a playpen, which is where she currently was. The walls were decorated with childish images, and stuffed toys were strewn about the room. Raja knew she should have been sacred at the sudden change, but she found this place familiar and comforting, even more than her own home.

      Raja took stock of herself. She was in a different onesie, this was a pink one with little bugs on it, and her dry diaper was soaked. She fell down on her bottom and felt the feeling of a mess spread against her bottom, and could smell the smell of it at the same time. Her diaper was messy, she needed a diaper change. That thought didn’t even seem strange to her. It seemed like an inevitable thing to her, and not the shockingly strange thing it should have been.

      She then wondered what had happened to make her suddenly lucid. Her diaper was wet and messy, her onesie was unsnapped, and she found herself straddling the back of a large and firm unicorn stuffie. As she thought about it more, she let out an involuntary whine, and had a sudden desire to find her bottle. She did find it, empty at one corner of the play pen. Her whines had turned into sobs.

“Oh sweetie,” Miss entered the nursery. Miss was once known to Raja as the bar tender, but now she looked at her and her mind was flooded with the thought that her name was Miss.

      Miss looked different too. Her skin was like stone, grey and clammy looking, it peeled away to a dark black toward her hands and feet. Her eyes were solid black with a hint of burning orange in them, and black horns grew out of her forehead curving backwards. She wasn’t human, but despite this Raja looked at her and longed for caring love.

“I think someone is experiencing what we adults call post nut clarity, having a little fun in that stinky diaper huh.” Raja blushed with an immediate realization. That was exactly what had happened. She messed her diaper, and then humped the unicorn plushie to completion, which snapped her out of her milk induced baby haze. A baby haze that Raja found herself desperately wanting back.

“Milk,” she whined making grabby hands at Miss. “Please Miss. Milk.”

“I know. I know. Come on fussy baby,” Miss effortlessly picked Raja up out of her playpen, carried her over to her crib and laid her across her lap. “Let’s get some milk in you and get rid of those big girl thoughts.” Miss slid off her bra exposing her bare breasts. Raja looked at them longingly. Filled with a feeling of acknowledgement. That the milk she had been drinking had always come from Miss’s bosom, and that it was never more effective than when she suckled from Miss directly.

      Raja eagerly latched onto the breast and began suckling. As she did, she was flooded with the baby haze sensation and surrounded by a cozy warmth.

“There’s a good girl,” Miss gently cooed. “You’ve come such a long way. You know I think you’re ready to see your husband again.

\*\*\*\*\*

      Raja next woke with a similar feeling; what Miss had called “post nut clarity.” Only this time, Mr. Unicorn wasn’t there, what was there was a boy. In a matching onesie to hers, and in a matching diaper, wetness and all. He was on top of her like she had been on top of Mr. Unicorn, and they were both breathing heavily, the telltale exhaustion that came after sexual release. As she came more to her senses, she recognized this boy.

“Baylan?” Raja asked.

“Raja?” he returned. They both giggled happily.

“I found you,” Raja playfully poked her husband’s soggy diaper. He giggled back. Raja looked around. The nursery was bathed in the soft glow of a night light and the two were locked into their crib. It was night time. Miss wouldn’t be coming, or if she did, they would be scolded for being up past their bed time. The two looked at each other for a while, and shared a passionate baby haze free kiss. “Do you still have milky in your baba?”

“Uh huh,” Baylon held up his half empty bottle.

“Here lemme fix your onesie first,” Raja lovingly closed her husband’s onesie and he returned the favor. Once that was done, he offered the bottle to Raja who took it eagerly. Before she drank it, she stopped to look at her husband, clad in a onesie and wet diaper. “I love you,” she said using the last ounce of her adulthood, before suckling the bottle and falling back into her cozy haze.