Adult Babies R’ Us

“Welcome to Adult Babies R’ Us!” a cheerful greeter yelled out louder than Anne wanted as she and Silea entered the store.

The greeter was foreshadowing for what awaited the two inside. She was an average looking adult woman, only slightly showing the tiredness the comes with a day spent greeting customers. She was wearing the Adult Babies R’ Us official uniform, or at least it was the official uniform for some of the staff. It consisted of a very short white top that fanned out in a ruffle at the waist and had a cute smiling face across the front, and that was it. Because, for some of the employees anyway, the rest of the uniform consisted of items from the store itself, and this was especially true for the greeter. The big thing Anne noticed was the well-used diaper around the greeter’s waist. It was a fairy themed diaper that at one point had pixies along the body of the diaper. Those had long since faded with the greeter’s shift. Covering the diaper was some heavy looking locking plastic pants. A chain wrapped around the waist and at each leg cuff, they were all secured with an oversized heart shaped lock.

Additionally, the greeter sported some other accessories. She must have been decked out to give a good impression to people first entering the store. She had a pacifier with a very large nipple clipped to her top by a long pacifier clip. She had a thick leather walking harness on and a matching set of leather wrist and ankle cuffs. The wrist cuffs were even secured to the harness with a short chain, preventing her from moving her arms very far, notably to her diaper which was probably the point. Further the harness itself was attached to a post by the door with about a foot long length of chain. The outfit was capped off with some thigh high stockings and adorable pink mary jane style shoes.

The outfit was intense, especially compared to Anne’s simple hoodie and short skirt and Silea’s band tee and jeans. Though looking at the greeter and her diaper reminded Anne of the otherwise thin and unnoticeable pull-up that was hiding under her skirt. More than that it reminded her of why she and Silea were there. They were there for her.

“Aren’t you just adorable,” Silea smiled at the greeter who did her best at a curtsey in her bonds

“You guys need help finding anything?” Another retail worker in a similar outfit approached, probably noticing some sign from the greeter.

This new worker was dressed with a little more freedom than her greeter counterpart, probably so she could actually move around and help customers. Though she was still sporting a lot of merchandise. Of course, she had her own diaper and locking diaper cover. Her diaper cover was a thick cloth pink one, with a singular more subtle magnetic lock. It meant Anne couldn’t see the diaper, but she had every inclination that the diaper underneath was about as used as the greeter’s diaper. This worker had on some thin pink mittens that matched her diaper cover, locked with the same subtle magnetic lock. The mittens were thin enough for her to do some work, but kept her from the dexterous movements that would be required to remove her diaper cover. Finally, she had on a thick pink collar with the same magnetic lock.

“Actually, we could use some help,” Silea said matching the worker’s happy energy. “I just got Anne here as my new little,” Silea looked to Anne who turned away in a blush. “I guess I just need a lot of things to get started.”

“Well, I am happy to help!” the worker said with enthusiasm. “I’m Greta by the way.”

“Silea,” Silea answered as she and Anne followed Greta into the store.

Being in the store made Anne want to shrink into her hoodie. It was a paradise of adult baby paraphernalia. The ceilings were tall and the walls were packed with all manner of adult baby specific furniture: bouncers, cribs, play pens, car seats, strollers, and more. The ground floor itself was full of racks and racks of cute baby dresses, childish night gowns, and adorable onesies. Of course, a whole wall was dedicated to countless diapers in all kinds of sizes, prints, and styles.

Anne winced a little as she noted the wall had a sparse collection of pull-ups at least compared to the variety in diapers.

“Well, the first question we need to ask is what age you’re hoping to get from little Anne,” Greta explained as she grabbed a catalog from a small shelf on the diaper wall. “We’ve got everything you need for any age group, and of course we know how to get all the new little grants to help with the price. You’d be surprised how affordable a full nursery set can be with the right help.”

“Yeah, well I was hoping to try for a very young regression level, but Anne,” Silea looked to her little who was stuck in a blush at all the things in the store made for her. “She’s not used to being that young. I was thinking we should start slow.”

“Oh, you might think so,” Greta countered. “But actually, experts agree that the best way to get your little to the appropriate age is to start at the bottom immediately, and keep them there with restraints until they settle. In fact, even with older groups, they say you should bring them down to baby level first and then let them grow up to the age you want,” Greta handed Silea a paperback book titled “Raising Littles.” “That’s free by the way you can keep that.” Anne had been hearing the whole conversation and gently tugged at her new mommy’s sleeve.

“Mommy I …”

“Quiet dear. Adults are talking,” Silea dismissed the concerns as she was invested in the book she had been given.

“Well, I don’t know about adult ma’am,” Greta corrected with a smile. “I can get you a pacifier for little Anne if you need.”

“That would be great thank you,” Greta gave a curtsey and ran off.

“Mommy,” Anne took the chance while Greta was away to try and convince her mommy to not immediately throw her into the baby deep end. “I dunno about this. I mean I’ve always been in pull-ups.”

“Sweetie, we talked about this,” Silea again dismissed Anne’s concerns. “You tested pretty low on your age score, and you agreed that you’d give being more of a baby a try.”

“I didn’t think it would be so fast,” Anne whined.

“That’s how things are sometimes sweetie. Don’t worry though mommy will be here through all of it.”

“I know and I appreciate it. I just think …”

“Ah ah. This is a mommy knows best situation sweetie.”

“Here you go!” Greta returned with a pacifier with a nipple that was just as huge as the greeter’s.

“Thank you dear,” Silea took the pacifier and firmly placed it in Anne’s mouth holding it there for a moment. “Remember what I said sweetie. Mommy knows best. Do you trust me to do what’s best?” Anne blushed suckling on the pacifier while it was held in place. Her hand went to the cheap collar around her neck, one gotten in a rush shortly after she had been claimed by Silea. One that would likely be replaced in this very store trip with something nicer. It still symbolized something special regardless. With a deep blush Anne nodded yes. “Good. Paci in sweetie.” Anne shivered at the command. She understood what it meant, she wasn’t to remove the pacifier until it was removed by her mommy. Despite the lack of a pacifier gag around her head, which Anne noted was an aisle over from where they were currently standing, the pacifier would remain held in place by her obedience to her new mommy. “Sorry about that Greta,” Silea turned her attention back to Greta.

“It’s ok,” Greta was all smiles. “I’ve been there. It can be very intimidating for new littles especially, and the first few months of heavy restraint can be tough. When you finally break down and accept your place though, that’s when the really start to feel it. The good little feels.”

“So, you had this method done to you?” Silea asked curiously.

“I did,” Greta nodded in an odd sense of pride. “Most of the littles working here have. Like I said it’s a widely accepted method.”

“So, I guess I’m just wondering where do I start?” Silea was looking around at all the furniture along the walls and imagining the price it all must have. “I don’t think I have enough to get everything I need today.”

“That’s ok most new mommies don’t, but we do have a buying strategy that lines up with your first few grant payments. With our plan you’ll have a fully stocked nursery in about six months. To get started though we definitely recommend a crib and our modular restraint set.”

“What’s that?” Silea asked looking for something that matched the item’s description in the store.

“I’m glad you asked. Come with me. I’ll give you a demonstration.” Greta strolled off with a smile. Silea and Anne followed behind. The group quickly approached a differently dressed employee that was looking over a section of bondage gear with a satisfied grin. This employee was dressed like any normal retail employee would be dressed in stark contrast to the normal of Adult Babies R Us. She had on a dark blue long sleeve collared shirt with Adult Babies R Us written in smaller subtle print over the breast pocket, and some black pants.

“Miss Morgan,” Greta said cheerfully approaching the other employee.

“Hello there Greta. It’s not quite time for your diaper change yet,” Morgan pointed out, though she still grabbed Greta by her diaper cover and started pressing against it judging just how full it was.

“No ma’am I was here to give Miss Silea a demonstration of our modular restraint.”

“Of course,” Morgan beamed. She grabbed a shot leash from the wall behind her and clipped it onto Greta's collar “You must be a new mommy. This is a very popular first purchase.”

“Guilty,” Silea blushed.

“Well, I can assure you bang for your buck this is the best piece of bondage gear you can get. At least for starting out,” as Morgan was talking, she took an open version of the product in question and started strapping Greta into it.

It was something not unlike the chest harness the greeter was wearing, only with an extra waist strap and a strap that went over the diaper. It was complimented with some wrist and ankle cuffs. While the harness on the greeter seemed to serve a more specific task of being a walking harness, this harness seemed to be more generic in its use.

“So, this harness is the base of our modular system. We’ve also got wrist and ankle cuffs to go with it. Just by itself you can keep your little’s hands away from the diaper and force her into crawling.” Morgan demonstrated just this. She attached Greta’s wrist cuffs to attachment points on the harness keeping her hands firmly at her side. Then she attached the ankle cuffs to the harness, forcing the feet up behind Greta’s back making them useless for walking.

Greta did her part of the demonstrating by slowly crawling around as best she could in the restraints. Which was barely at all with the bondage and Morgan holding the short leash.

“See nowhere for me to go and being made to crawl really helps enforce the baby role,” Greta explained.

“And what makes them modular,” Morgan explained releasing Greta momentarily, “Is that with some simple accessories this can be used to keep your little attached to a high chair or a crib.” Again, Morgan demonstrated with Greta. She sat Greta down on a display high chair and ran a strap under the seat of the chair and clipped it to the harness. Securing Greta to the chair with her own weight.

“Wow that’s so simple,” Silea said amazed.

“But effective,” Greta pointed out trying and failing to escape the high chair. Anne turned away still suckling on her pacifier.

“And I’m sure Greta explained but this is the first thing you get on our new little plan,” Morgan smiled. “Would you be interested?”

“I definitely am,” Silea said relieved. “It’s all so much I didn’t know where to start.”

“Well, you start here at Adult Babies R Us,” Morgan said with a corporate grin. She helped Greta out of the chair and out of the modular restraint. “I’ll let Greta finish helping you out. Be sure to give her a nice tip. The more tip money the girls get the less spanks they get at the end of the day.”

“You don’t have to give me any extra,” Greta giggled with a coy smile as Morgan removed her leash and hung it back on its place on the wall.

“How fun!” Silea clapped.

“Now next up we have to pick out your crib and your first case of diapers!” Greta said walking off. Morgan waved with a smile as they left. “You can help pick them out if you want Anne.” Anne looked to her mommy pacifier still in her mouth.

“Come on,” Silea encouraged. “Look at all the fun prints they have. I’m sure they have something you’ll like.” Anne pointed at one of the pull-up prints and Silea and Greta both giggled. “Now don’t be silly. You need to pick out diapers not pull-ups.”

“I like the race car ones myself,” Greta offered.

“Is that what you have on now?”

“No, I’ve got the simple white ones on, since they gave me a solid diaper cover. But it’s the same diaper just different print.”

“Do they hold up well enough?”

“They’re amazing. I can go my whole shift without needing a diaper change.”

“Such a little trooper working in a full diaper,” Silea praised.

“Thank you!” Greta beamed. “My daddy is very happy at how well diaper trained I am.”

“I’m sure he is,” Silea looked from Greta back to Anne. Anne could feel Silea picturing her as happy and compliant as Greta was.

“Anyway, we don’t want Anne’s first diapers with her new mommy to be the boring ones with no print, do we?” Greta spoke childishly to Anne. “Come on. You strike me as a girly girl and we’ve got like ten different pink and girly prints. We’ve even got a changing room in the back so you can try them on.”

“Oh, that would be wonderful,” Silea said thankfully. Anne panicked. This was all happening really fast, but even with as fast as it was happening, she didn’t expect to be put into her first diaper in the store. “Well sweetie? Or would you rather mommy pick them out?” Anne sighed with defeat and pointed to a frog themed print. Being in a diaper was inevitable it seemed she may as well be in one with a cute print.

“The soggy swamps,” Greta said grabbing a pack. “These are pretty cute, and I know my daddy loves the name.”

“Don’t be so down Anne. At least you’re getting a change. Greta here has to work all day in her soggy diaper.”

“More than soggy,” Greta giggled. “Before long Anne will learn to make you proud by using her diapers just like me. I’ll get you guys a changing room and we can get that started.”