

# Nancy's Baby Girl

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## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Nancy Jacobson always wanted a little baby girl. She and her husband, Steve, were trying during the first few years of their marriage, but now she was 38 years old and time was running out. They lived in a big, but not very preserved cabin, a few miles outside of town. That and the fact that none of them had a stable job, made it impossible for them to adopt a child. Nancy, a blond, chubby woman with long fingernails, had become increasingly depressed due to this situation, and rarely left the house. Steve, a quiet, thin-looking man, whose sideburns had just started turning white, tried to comfort his wife as best as he could. But things didn't seem to change and desperation slowly turned into madness in Nancy's mind...

It was a warm spring day. Steve was out and Nancy was lying on the couch in front of the T.V, when she heard a knock at the door. That was weird. They didn't have anyone drop by for months. She certainly wasn't expecting anyone other than Steve, but he had his keys with him. She slowly got up and walked towards the door. She opened it just enough to see who was outside. A beautiful, young girl of Asian descent was standing in front of her, holding a clipboard. She had straight brown hair and a beautiful smile. Her great physique showed under the blue jeans and the dark green jacket she was wearing.

"Good morning! I'm doing a survey about the upcoming elections. Can i ask you a few questions? It will only take ten minutes" A light bulb flashed in Nancy's head. "She's perfect!" she thought. "Of course! Come inside" she said to the young girl. "Excuse the mess around here. Would you like some coffee?" she asked her. "Water would be nice, thank you" the girl replied. She sat on an armchair next to the couch while Nancy went in the kitchen. "This is a nice place you got, it must be so peacef..." her words were cut short by a thud, as Nancy came from behind her holding a frying pan and hit her hard on the back of the head.

She was still recovering from the heavy blow. Her head was spinning and hurt like hell. She was bound to a chair, arms behind the chair's back and legs tied to each front chair-leg. She had a thick scarf tied over her mouth, around her head. She would drift in and out of consciousness, though she could distinguish in blur imagery a blond woman talking in an intense manner with a man.

The man seemed to be angry with the woman, who was trying to explain herself to him.

Then, darkness.

She feels a measuring tape against her bound arms, then her legs, then her around her bust. The blond woman is carefully working next to her, noting every measurement on a small notepad. The gagged girl lets out a sigh, and tries the ropes hugging her ankles, once again, a tiny attempt at rebellion. "Sssh sweetie, i'm not finished yet" the strange woman replies to her, not even glancing at her.

Then again, darkness.

When the girl opens her eyes again, Nancy has almost finished taking her measurements. The girl blinks repeatedly to clear her vision.

"I saw your name was Julia on your clipboard. I've always wanted an Elisabeth since i was a little girl, though. So, that will be your name from now on" Nancy informed her immobilized captive. Julia then saw Nancy take a rag and soak it with a bottle labeled "ether". "I'm going to need you to be calm for this next part, honey, please forgive me" said the chubby lady as she went behind the girl's chair and with both hands held the rag over her face. A few muffled groans and chair squeaks later, Julia was out cold.

Heavily sedated, the young woman slept through the afternoon and night. When she finally woke up it was 11 in the morning. The groggy girl looked up at the ceiling. There was something else hanging much closer to her. Blinking many times to clear her view, Julia realized it was ... an overhead crib decoration??? Three little planes dangled in the same circular route, above her. The room was pretty empty. Its owner had a lot of plans for it. But for the moment there was only a drawer and a pink, drop-side crib next to the only window in the room.

Julia was inside that oversized crib. To her added shock, her youthful slim body was mostly nude. She was wearing a white, puffy diaper with Velcro straps. The diaper had some cute flowers on it.

The girl tried to free herself, but her arms and legs were restrained and bent at the elbows and knees respectively, with some pink leather, wrist and ankle straps. The ones on her wrists were connected via

two interlocking carabineers to matching straps on her upper arms, while the same bondage occurred to her legs, her ankles locked to the back of her upper thighs.

With all four her limbs frog-tied, the girl could gain no leverage to pull herself over the crib's walls. Her hands were also ineffective at grasping anything; each fitted inside a pink leather mitten, which was buckled securely snug around her wrists with a strap. Apart from her "babyfied" nappies, a pink, adult-sized pacifier was firmly nesting in her mouth, soundproofing any whining.

There was a handle/ring on its outside, but only decorative, since the pacifier was irremovable due to the two leather straps springing from each side of the pacifier's guard. They had been buckled snugly behind her head.

Julia screamed into her pacifier/gag, making a drooling mess all down her chin and chest, one that the tiny, pink bib tied around her neck could not clean at the slightest. It didn't even cover her perky B-cup boobs. Finally, her hair had been separated into two cute pigtails by two big, pink ribbons.

Nancy was having coffee downstairs when she heard moans coming from her newest "baby room". She rushed upstairs into the room. She walked up to the crib and saw the young girl, writhing hysterically inside her new crib.

"What is it Lizzy? Does Lizzy want a hug?" she spoke as if the person in front of her was actually an infant. The girl moaned behind her pacifier, still confused about her predicament. Nancy bent over her captive to stroke her cheek with the outside of her palm, but flinched as Julia smacked her hand away, trying to attack the woman that had done this to her.

"Well, someone is in a bad mood this morning" said Nancy. "Or is it time to change your nappy?" She brought her face close to Julia's crotch, pulling the front of her diaper outwards. "No, it seems you're just moody, never mind, i have ways to teach you". She then took out two pairs of wooden cloth-pins and snapped the first pair on her exposed nipples. She opened her diaper and put the others on each side of her labia, before closing the diaper again. Each clipping resulted in Julia letting a big, muffled "AAOUUH" and widening her eyes. She tried to dislodge them by shaking left and right. They didn't snap off, but they did cause her more pain. "You'll be fed only when you calm down" Nancy remarked assertively and left, closing the door behind her. A key locking was heard from the other side.

The hours passed and Julia's tears dried after many hours. Her crib's wooden rails too high for her to get out of, no matter how hard she tried, she could not reach them. Her leather-pouched hands made it impossible for her to reach the pin lowering the crib's rail. Even standing on her knees was a challenge with her bondage. The pain in her nipples and pussy was getting worse with each minute, but she could only sit there and suffer. "How could someone do this to another person? What does this crazy woman want from me?" she thought to herself. She could hear some noises coming from downstairs occasionally, the sound of the T.V or Nancy making dinner and cleaning the house.

Finally, Nancy arrived, this time along with her husband. It was now dark outside and Julia was really hungry. She looked up at both of them silent, with begging eyes. "Are you going to be a good little baby, now?" said Nancy. Julia nodded reluctantly, with a fearful look on her face. "Come on, mommy is gonna feed you now" Nancy removed the pins from her sensitive skin. Now she had to carry her downstairs. That's what her husband was here for.

Stephen picked up the girl from under her armpits and held her in his arms. The young Asian girl tried to avert her eyes away from him, it was so degrading. She was really embarrassed at the way she looked. The stupid pigtails and the big diaper with the Velcro straps made her look ridiculous, not to mention the pacifier that prevented her from saying anything comprehensible. She felt his strong grip around her waist and the other hand capping/holding her ass. She wanted to move as far away from this man as possible, but she was too afraid of what disobedience might entail.

Steve carried her downstairs and brought her to the couch where he "handed her over" to Nancy. She cradled the bound woman in her arms, as close to holding a child of her own as she had ever been. Julia watched the woman, humiliated and worried. She stayed like that, holding her for a few moments. Then Nancy began tearing up.

"I'm so happy that i found you" she said, full of emotions. "I'm gonna love you sooo much, little Lizzy, i promise you" She said and gently kissed her on the forehead. Julia tried to keep her cool. It was obvious that this psycho wanted to raise her as some sort of baby. She had to find a way to escape!

Nancy's family, along with its newest member, gathered for dinner. A large plastic (though appearing durable) feeding chair was on the side of the table. It already housed some short metal chains with carabineers on their ends. Two were on the high-chair's back legs, where each of the girl's mittens would be clipped on, and two more were on the underside of the seat, for Lizzy's ankle bands to be hitched to.

Nancy and her husband released one leg at a time from its strapped frogtie, before grabbing the girl's momentarily free, kicking limb and fastening it onto the short chain under her chair, tethering her ankles below her seat. One by one, her arms followed, being freed from their frogtie only to be restrained on the back legs of the chair, pointing downwards. Lizzy's mittens were left on.

The little table was then rotated from above Julia to click in front of her. Julia was at least grateful that her limbs weren't cramping anymore.

"I've made her a cream from veggies and mashed potatoes" she said proudly to her husband. "That sounds nice". Steve nodded, not caring much. "Did you get the things i told you?" she asked. "Yes, they're on the kitchen counter" he replied. "I hope i won't have to go to any more of your errands again, will i?" he said. "Whatever it takes for our baby, honey!" she responded passive-aggressively.

"Tomorrow i'll go check for things for her room and a stroller. Oh, and i want you to order one of those play-yard things so i can have her in the living room with me!"

Nancy was so excited. Julia watched horrified the conversation between the two. She really was going to be their baby! Nancy went to the kitchen and returned with what looked like a silicone-coated ring-gag. She showed it to Julia or "Elizabeth" as she was now called and said to her.

"I'm sorry, sweetie, but this is necessary until you behave properly, and it makes things easier for both of us". She then unbuckled the pacifier that was in the girl's mouth since she recovered. The Asian girl tried to take this opportunity to plea to her captors but it was pointless. "Please, let me go, don't do this AAAGH" but the ring between her teeth rendered her speechless again. Nancy placed a new, dry bib around her neck and sat down on the table. The sound of forks and knives was only accompanied by Julia's occasional moans as she whined and occasionally rattled her chains, strapped in her high chair, her eyes anxiously searching around the room for a way out.

After some bites of her own, Nancy took a big plastic spoon and a bowl full of the creamy substance that would be Lizzy's dinner. "Here comes the train! Chew, chewwww!" said Nancy playfully while she guided the spoon inside Julia's gaping mouth. Julia couldn't take the humiliation anymore. She broke

into a fit, thrashing on her chair and screaming at the top of her lungs. Nancy took the bottle of ground, black pepper from the table and, forcing Julia's head upwards by the hair with one hand, poured it in her open mouth. "BAD! BAD LIZZY! Such a potty mouth..." Nancy scolded her unwilling baby as she punished her. The poor girl's mouth was on fire now. She started crying, half from the unbearable heat on her tongue, half from her desperation.

Nancy got emotional again, seeing her baby in tears. "I'm sorry sweetie! I only want what's best for you, please be a good little girl. I have to teach you how to behave" She gave the girl a sweet kiss on her cheek, but left her tongue half-black from the smeared pepper. "Now, eat your cream, it's good for you" Nancy brought the spoon close.

Julia was now silent, still with tears on her cheeks and breathing heavily from the hot spices inside her mouth. She obeyed this time and leaned over the spoon. It was very hard for her to swallow with her mouth forced open like that, but she was really hungry after a whole day without food. After 3 or 4 tries "Elizabeth" managed to down it without choking. "See, if you behave next time, i won't have to use that mean gag. Babies don't talk, and good babies don't whine" said Nancy and swept the cream that dribbled down Julia's chin.

After dinner was over, it was lights out. Their new baby girl was back in her crib, gnawing on her big, rubber pacifier which had been strapped back in its place, and all four of her skinny limbs in their folded restraints, like before. Nancy leaned over her 'daughter' from the crib's side.

"Here, lookie lookie at what mommy bought you!" She shook a toy rattle and placed it on the middle of the girl's naked breasts. Julia could not care less about a stupid baby's toy at the moment, struggling in her bondage, offended that the woman would even offer her such a silly thing. "Come on, isn't it cute?" said Nancy anticipating a bigger reaction. Julia looked at her with apprehensive indifference. Hurt, Nancy squeezed the girl's exposed nipple with her long-nailed fingers as hard as she could. Julia let out a muffled yelp in pain, drowned by her pacifier-gag. "I want you to be more appreciative of what i'm doing for you" she warned the girl, pulling her finger away, along with Julia's nipple.

"I'll buy you all sorts of pretty things tomorrow! Goodnight my Lizzy. I love you!" Nancy said as she placed the pretty, helpless girl in and closed the door behind her, leaving Julia alone in her new room.

Julia's eyes opened for what seemed like the 10th time during her night. It was finally morning. Her bondage was very uncomfortable to sleep in. She instinctively tried to move but once again realized her total helplessness, as her shortened arms and legs only shifted lightly. The girl laid there, idle and helpless, presumably waiting for her fake mother. Or a miracle.

After what seemed like forever, the door opened and Nancy entered holding a bunch of baby toys like rattles and teddy bears and other decorations for her baby's room. They had bought a stroller and a play-yard, along with a set of baby monitors.

"Good morning, my sweet little angel!" she said softly as she walked towards the pink crib, greeted by Julia with a look of sheer hatred. Nancy unlocked the crib and stood a few feet away from it. "Come Lizzy, crawl towards mommy!" she said with a warm, encouraging voice.

Julia obeyed, clumsily stepping down on the floor, on all fours, and slowly making her way towards the older woman on her elbows and knees. She felt so humiliated. Nancy cheered her baby on, until Julia reached her. A smile decorated the 38-year-old's face, when she saw the young woman rise to her knees and hug her leg with her cute, folded arms, silently begging her to release her as she looked up at her with puppy eyes.

"What is it sweetie? Excited for your first shared bubble bath with mommy?" Nancy uttered with enthusiasm. "MMmm!" Julia moaned, frustrated. This is definitely not what she was trying to communicate.

Nancy prepared a bubble bath for her and her baby. After removing her diaper and bib, she got nude herself and jumped in the bathtub, with her baby-girl sitting on her lap. The woman took much care, cleaning the girl's pretty, straight dark hair and soft, slim body, eliciting minimal sounds from Julia, who tried to be as dignified as possible during this humiliating practice, without much success.

"I love you, Lizzy, i want you to know that" Nancy spoke in her ear. "I will not only punish you when you cause trouble, my sweet, i'll also reward you when you're being a good girl. And you have been very good this morning" said Nancy, as her hand moved under the water to Julia's pussy. Julia uttered a muffled "Hmm?" through her pacifier and tried to turn her head to look at the woman, who was now gently fondling her breast with the other hand, and had found her clitoris with her fingers, spreading the hood to reveal the sex nub more. Julia tried to resist; this was rape, she didn't want any part in this.

But she was so powerless to resist, bound as she was. And besides, it started feeling good. Really good! The young woman was a sexual being after all, unlike what her virtual age would suggest now. Her mind was in a battle, alternating between the shame of not fighting back and the acceptance of the pleasure she was experiencing. "Come, my little baby, don't fight it" she heard the woman's tender whisper in her ear. Nancy definitely knew what she was doing, moving her chubby, long-nailed finger in soft circular motions over Julia's underwater clit. She kept her other hand reassuringly, comfortably around the girl's submerged, slim waist. With a feminine squeal of lust into her firmly strapped pacifier, Julia gave in seconds later, orgasming strongly as she her slender, bound body spasmed on Nancy's lap.

The first few days of Julia's new life passed eventfully. Stephen was at work for most of the day, but Nancy stayed at home with her all day. The kidnapped woman spent most of her time in the play-pen her new "parents" had brought home, while Nancy was doing household chores or simply relaxing on the couch, watching T.V. Sometimes, she was inside her crib, upstairs in her room, but essentially, she was either confined in tight spaces or in Nancy's arms.

After three days, Nancy's special order arrived, the woman running to the door with glee to take the package from the postman. Julia could only watch from inside her play-pen, nervously biting the giant rubber tit of her pacifier, as her 'mommy' opened the cardboard box.

Inside, was a skin-tight bodysuit, one fitting Julia's precise measurements, which Nancy had taken on that first day. The suit was made out of elastic, tight latex, and covered the subject from their toes till their neck. The torso of the suit, ending along the wearer's bikini line, was a light turquoise color (a very bright, light blue with the slightest hint of green). It had three cute, hot pink hearts in the belly area and was comprised by a long, straight zipper that started from the suit's neck collar and went between the breasts, over the belly button and ended at the crotch. The suit's limbs were colored a hot pink.

Julia did not seem happy to wear this. Even though it was an item of clothing, which she desperately wanted in order to cover her nudity in front of these deranged strangers, it also appeared to be constricting and very form-fitting, to the point where her nipples would be outlined in this thing.

Furthermore, the suit came with four additional parts. Four hot pink, latex sheaths, designed to keep the wearer's arms and feet folded, just like the girl's current restraints. These ones however, came with white, foamy padding at the elbows and knees, for easier crawling. Each sheath had a wide turquoise belt-strap at its end, for a snug fit. The matching turquoise mittens actually came fused with the suit's sleeves, enabling quick application and tightening via its own set of straps.

It almost went without saying, but Nancy immediately took Lizzy upstairs, this time to her and Steven's bedroom and tried on her order. "You look soooooo adorable I could just eat you up!!!!" the woman squealed with overwhelmed cuteness and joy, marveling at her baby-girl. It took some baby powder, but Julia fitted the protesting girl inside her new baby-suit. Julia was right in her estimate. Her whole body was perfectly outlined by this latex encasement, from her tight ass and firm titties to her nipples and ever her modest sex lips. Julia simply eyed the woman with a mean, defeated look, holding back tears of shame. "It will keep you warm at night and it's so darn pretty on you!" Nancy complimented her baby-girl, who was not in any mood to accept it.

Indeed, Julia slept with her latex pink-and-blue suit from then on, and even wore it sometimes around the house.



As the days in Nancy's household progressed, Julia started developing an undoubtedly dependent relationship with her enamored captor. Nancy was extremely loving and caring, generously handing the girl sexual pleasure (usually during their shared bubble baths which quickly became a habit) with her soft touch. In the girl's immensely stressful state, these orgasms were like the perfect relaxant, a way to vent off her frustrations at her hopeless ordeal. She was soon accepting them, even though they came from the person responsible for her distress.

At the same time, Nancy could become a strict, disciplinarian mother from one moment to the next. She wasn't doing any cutbacks on her baby's 'upbringing', instilling strong foundations to "Lizzy" to respect her parents and follow their 'wishes', as she called them. And to overall be a good, wholesome baby-girl, and stay away from 'trouble', another word used to describe Julia's protests, disobedience or escape attempts.

Nancy was creative when it came to her matronly discipline methods. A hot chilly inside the poor girl's pussy, or some couch-stuffing placed in all the right, sensitive spots, before zipping her suit up, would cause all types of agony, agony that poor Elizabeth could not relieve with her stamped arms.

One time she even cut a piece of solid soap and shoved it in the poor girl's mouth, before putting her pacifier-gag back on. It was one of those rare times were "Elizabeth" had her pacifier removed, but she had gone straight into raging, foul language, that was no-where near baby coos.

Julia had a few chances at negotiating with her captors, but they always ended up in trouble for her. She had offered them money, she had pleaded them to let her go, that she wouldn't go to the police, that she would forget everything. But nothing worked.

Julia remembered a particular day, where she had slapped the spoon off her mommy's hands, after another one of her "hissy fits" as Nancy called them. Later, as she was sitting inside her playpen, in nothing but her diaper and strap-restraints, she pooped in her diaper. Without the adult decency of using a restroom, Julia would inevitably soil herself, always feeling utterly mortified and embarrassed. Normally, Nancy changed her baby right away, but this time, she instead left her there with the filth she had created in her diaper. As time passed, her poopy diaper irritated the girl's tender privates, driving Julia crazy with itchiness and discomfort. She never made a fuss during meal time ever again.

Usually, Julia hated diaper changes, even though it was required. She always whined in embarrassment at Nancy raising her frogged legs to put some talcum powder on her, or the sound of the Velcro straps of her diaper being undone. It felt so degrading, especially the moment when her

"mother" would get a whiff of what had happened, but Nancy was enamored by the whole "mom" experience.

She would watch "Lizzy" turn red in shame and playfully tease her. "Oooh, did my lil' baby made a mess in her diapy? Who's a messy little girl?" It always made Julia want to kill herself with shame. Even though it was a pretty mundane task for any mother, Nancy loved changing her baby's nappy.

One night, Nancy had gone out with some friend and Steve had stayed home to look after her. She sat inside her playpen, as usual in the afternoons. Clad only in her diaper, bib and leather ankle and wrist cuffs. Her pacifier was of course always on. Steve was watching T.V, not paying much attention to her. He always seemed a bit uncomfortable around the girl, and had never directly spoken to her. She moaned behind her pacifier, trying to get his attention.

He turned his look at her. Her breasts were stunning and her waist was slim. Her ass was firm, too, but the diaper covered it completely. She moaned again, begging him to remove her gag. "Look, i know this must be hard for you, but think about my wife. It's the first time in many years since i've seen her this happy. And it's all because of you. So please, try to understand".

Julia lowered her gaze, disheartened. No one had come by the house to ask for her. No one could know where or how she disappeared. She had been in hundreds of houses that day and this was in the middle of nowhere. She just sat inside her play-pen with a blank sorrowful look, as Steve continued watching the game.

The first two hellish weeks had passed really slowly for Julia. Her whole life turned upside down, she didn't have a chance to escape. Constantly having her legs and arms bound together, made them more worthless than an actual baby's.

But one day, she found an opportunity. Nancy would usually put her in her crib after lunch, and would take a small nap before afternoon. But that time, she had not locked the sliding side of her crib properly.

A strong nudge pushed it open and with enough force from her elbows, the crib was open. Julia crawled her way towards the bedroom door, thankfully it was not locked. She pushed the handle down and she was out. "Oh my god! I'm out! Maybe i can actually get out of this place!" thought Julia.

She tried crawling quietly across the wooden floor, and carefully made her way down the stairs to the living room. No one was there. "They must be asleep" Julia thought. She reached the front door, but as she turned the handle, realized it was locked. The keys were right there on the lock, if only she had her

hands free! Julia tried using her elbows to turn the key, then her teeth, but it was impossible. To add to that, every attempt caused the keys to jingle and risked waking up her captors.

Then, out of nowhere, Julia heard the doorbell ring. Someone was on the other side of the door! "MMMMMMMMMMMMmm! HHHHHHHHLP!" She moaned and screamed in her pacifier gag, calling for help to whoever was out there. "Miss Jacobson, i brought you some tomatoes from the farm" the voice of a very old woman was heard. "GGGGmmmm!" Julia started banging on the door with her elbows, trying to alert the passerby, but the old lady was hard of hearing, and just pushed the doorbell again.

"Ppppmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" Julia was picked and raised in the air by strong arms, taken to the kitchen out of sight, while Nancy opened the door.

"Hello Miss Mayweather. Thank you so much for the groceries. It wasn't necessary...no it was just the cat that's all" was all Julia heard as she struggled on Steve's arms.

Nancy was very disappointed at Lizzy's escape attempt. She had to teach her a lesson she would not forget. Julia found herself on Nancy's lap, still bound as before. She felt Nancy remove her diaper, and her voice, still angry, say to Julia: "You should NEVER try to run away from mommy, you understand? I only want what's good for you" And with that, she spanked her exposed ass really hard, then again, and again. "Elizabeth" cried her eyes out, unable to avoid the punishment. Her ass-cheeks soon got a bright pink color, then a deeper one, until they were fire-red.

After 10 minutes of relentless ass smacking, Nancy stopped. Her "baby-girl" was sobbing on her lap, still aching. "I'm sorry sweetie, mommy doesn't like hurting you, she just wants you to be good" She stroked Julia's head, between the two pink-ribboned pigtails she always had and Julia let out a desperate sigh, her tight butt-cheeks still very warm from the beating they had suffered.

About 9 months had passed since her disappearance during that survey round and Julia had started to respond to Lizzy or Liz without thinking about it. Even though she crawled on all fours for most of the day, she had learned to walk for a few steps on her knees with the help of her adoptive mother and even started to enjoy the times when Nancy would hold her in her arms and caress her. After all this time of ruthless reconditioning in the hands of these twisted folk, Julia was much less lucid than the day she had visited Miss Jacobson. Countless escape attempts and protests had resulted in countless punishments and trouble for her.

She had started to come in terms with her fate and that turned her helplessness into a kind of euphoria she hadn't really felt before. She didn't need to do anything, because she couldn't. All she had to do was let her "mom" take care of her, and there was a weird peace in that.

Mom. Even though she had both her biological parents alive and well, Julia had started to associate that word more with Nancy, rather than her biological mother.

The girl noticed Nancy was bringing home about a dozen injections, but she never saw what she did with them. She just saw Nancy take one from time to time, and then throwing the needle in the garbage.

Nancy spent a lot of time at home with "Lizzy" playing with her. Whether making her baby girl follow her heeled feet by crawling around the room, watching kiddy shows on TV, or reading to her baby books with pictures of animals or short fairytales, Nancy relished her role as a mother.

She sometimes took her Lizzy to bed with her, when she was napping after lunch and Steve would relax on the couch, reading the paper. She loved falling asleep with her baby girl wrapped in her arms. Julia came to like that, too. Sure, life now was duller, but it was also much simpler. She was more obedient now and therefore she got punished less. And Nancy was so caring and sweet to her, despite keeping her prisoner.

Sure, there were also hard times; Mental regressions to a past life, more complicated and fulfilling, with a job and friends and a sense of agency. But mommy was always there to calm her baby down, and reassure her that everything was gonna be fine. Her baby's cries – meaning her needy, gagged moans - could be heard from the baby monitor in her room, a room now filled with colors and toys, and Nancy would wake up in the middle of the night to go be with her, and help her fall back to sleep, with a gentle rub on her back, a caress on her pigtailed hair and a lullaby. Sometimes she had wet or soiled her nappies, but the night-gown wearing woman would always oblige to change her little girl, even in the dark of the night.

The baby monitor was also used to make sure Elizabeth was in her room, and not wondering around "unwanted places". Nancy had, time and time again, taught her daughter to ring her rattle every 10-15 minutes or so, (unless she was asleep), so that mommy knew she was safe in her crib and not "putting herself in danger".

Adapting to this new life was not easy at all. But Julia had learned to be quiet around the table and was starting to appreciate the creamy meals she was given day after day. She'd have her teeth cleaned and a nice warm bath with her new mommy, every day. Julia was fully intimate and familiar with the feeling of Nancy's soft, chubby hands and red nails as she cleaned her in every part and crevice of her body. Nothing appeared wrong or invasive anymore. It was just 'mommy's touch'. Even when those same hands would touch her in different, more 'stimulating', erotic ways, gifting her a twisted, adult kind of pleasure. In Julia's broken mind, 'Mommy' was just making her feel nice.

Nancy was shorter than her the day she first saw her, but now, with Julia unable to stand above the kitchen table, she really looked like a "grown-up" in front of the young Asian girl. She wasn't taller than 4 feet now and that completely changed her perception of the world.

One day, when Steve was out, Nancy sat on the couch with Liz on her hands. She undid the strap of her pacifier and removed it. "Sweetie, i know you haven't eaten since breakfast, but i want to start feeding you myself from now on" Julia's eyes looked up at the blond woman, confused. Then Nancy started unbuttoning her blouse. "I've been taking medication so i can be a proper mother and breastfeed you. Go on, now, Lizzy" The woman's breasts looked swollen. Julia turned her mouth away and murmured in defiance. A grown-woman suckling from another grown woman's tit? The thought alone put Julia off.

A strong pinch of her right nipple made Julia moan and turn to face her "mother". "Don't make me sad, my angel. Eat, for mommy's sake and yours" Nancy advised, with that soft, sweet voice that always concealed a threat underneath. Julia had learned to distinguish that tone very well.

Holding "Lizzy" by the nape of her neck, Nancy's brought the girl's head closer to her exposed breast. Cradling her like that, Julia's face was now in contact with the woman's C-turned-D cup breast. It looked full of milk that was eager to get out. Then, the girl reluctantly put her lips around the 39-year-old woman's moist, perky nipple. Nancy watched endearingly as the girl suckled the milk from her breasts with cautious, submissive eyes looking up at hers, then quickly shifting away in shame. It tasted strange and felt stranger, but Julia did not dare stop and kept sucking on the woman's nipple.

"Look at me, darling" she said to her, and the captive girl obeyed instantly, locking eyes. Nancy wanted that mental picture of her baby, looking up at her mother as she was being fed. She smiled happily and

caressed her daughter's cheek as the adult baby kept suckling from her mother, their eyes linked together.

Lizzy's breast milk-exclusive meals became an everyday habit from then on. Julia was fed less as a result, causing her to often be hungry and in need of the nutritious milk, as unnatural and bizarre as it first seemed. The bound girl's caretaker loved to see her "Lizzy" raise her bound, stamped arms towards her, to be picked up and fed.

If loving someone meant depending on them, then Julia "loved" her mother to death.

With the Jacobson family's finances not the best, Nancy had recently found a part-time job, so Steve was home alone with Elizabeth more often than before. He was more than a little frustrated at how much attention the babified woman had taken away from him. It had been 5 months since the last time he and his wife even had sex, Nancy preferring to grand her little girl orgasms rather than him.

And now, he saw her even less. He went along with her weird plan, he loved her after all, and becoming a mother was something she always wanted. But that didn't take away from that fact that there was a hot, bound girl in his house at all times.

It was another dull afternoon. Lizzy was sitting inside her pen, wearing her tight pink-and-turquoise baby-suit and her pacifier-gag, her movement limited like all the time. It had become second nature. Steve was sitting on his laptop, surfing mindlessly on the internet. He would occasionally glance at Julia, until he'd caught her eye, then again. He seemed nervous, torn.

Finally, he got up the chair and moved towards her with purpose. She looked at his determined look, confused. The man then lifted her out of the pen, before pushing her on the cold floor. He started pulling the zipper that was at the bottom of the latex suit, on the girl's crotch, up, revealing her sex while keeping the rest of her encased in latex.

Julia's eyes widened at the horrible realization. "MMmm!...NNNNNgghh!" she started screaming at the mouth-filling rubber tit of her pacifier, which muffled her cries. Stephen had placed the frog-tied, helpless woman on her back (with no way for her to get up or turn) and was now unzipping his pants. Julia kept screaming, trying to shuffle away with no success. Her bound arms and legs couldn't do anything to save her from what was going to happen. The man climbed between her frog-tied legs,

guiding his hard cock with his hand. "Sssh, hush now" he said to her, as if he penetrated her readily available sex and begun thrusting violently, raping the helpless girl. "MMMNNGH!" Julia cried out, instinctively looking around for her mommy to save her, even though she knew she was nowhere around.

It didn't take long before the man came with a groan inside her. Julia face's was now covered with tears. Steve got off her, leaving her on the floor to weep. He couldn't give less of a shit. "I need to clean you now. I don't want your mom learning anything about this, ok?" he threatened the bound and gagged girl. He cleaned her pussy off his semen with some wet-wipes, zipped her suit back up and placed her in the pen. Julia was traumatized.

Sadly for Julia, this was just the first of many incidents Steve would take advantage of their "alone time". At some point he'd fuck her more than once per day, especially when Nancy would be outside or at work. Julia could do nothing to avoid this fate and that made her dread the private moments with him. She would crawl towards her mother whenever she was at home and beg to be taken on the bed with her.

All of this unbeknownst to Nancy, who welcomed the extra affection her "daughter" showed her without really questioning it. Stephen was thorough with cleaning her every time so that Nancy would never know. And without the ability to speak, even when the pacifier was off, Julia had a hard time explaining to her "mother" her distress. On top of that, Stephen had made clear he had no issue 'getting rid' of the Asian girl, if it meant protecting his secret.

She has her face shoved against the couch, feeling the rough, pilling upholstery rub against her face with each pushing thrust. She hears the sound of the T.V., mixed with the rhythmic slapping of her asscheeks being as the man's pelvis meets them. She is blindfolded with some kind of towel or rag, knotted behind her head. He often does this, probably some sort of internal guilt making it difficult for him to look her in the eye.

Her folded legs are tilted above her torso's level, the man holding them as he works his cock inside her. Her diaper is not even fully removed, doesn't undone at the sticky straps and laying underneath Julia's naked, bound body. He fucks her mechanically, just getting off. She's there to fulfill that basic human need of his, and nothing else. She is not his child! That's his wife's deluded bullshit! She's just an unlucky bitch who had stumbled into this. Into their lives.

Julia wasn't the person she was when she visited that house that damned day. Her captor, Nancy, was now the only one she wanted around, to caress her, to love her, to protect her from that monster. The moments with her, those were the best ones.

But Stephen wasn't having such a good time. Nancy had busted him a couple of times, having his way with her only daughter, and she was furious. She had forbid him to touch her in that way.

Stephen was fed up with this baby nonsense. This Asian bitch had driven his wife away from him. She had no eyes for him anymore. Everything was about Lizzy. Lizzy this and Lizzy that! He didn't matter to her anymore, ever since they captured that damn poll-girl. It had completely overtaken her life. He was going to put an end to all this.

He is free tonight. Nancy is at work and won't be home for at least an hour. He's gotta make it look like an accident. Falling down the stairs? No. That might not work with one try. Pills? Drowning in the tub? All these would require some assistance, incriminating him.

But maybe she could choke to death. That gagging pacifier would not help any person that desperately needed air. He could blame it on a coughing fit gone wrong. Then life would return to normal.

But not before he has some fun, one last time. He takes her upstairs to the bath-room, tied by her usual pink straps, nothing but a diaper on her. He takes his time, fucking her doggy-style on the bathmat. It feels so good! She squeezes his dick with her young pussy. He removes her pacifier a few



human words like "please" and "don't" manage to come out before he shuts her up with his fully erect cock. He forced her head with both hands holding firmly a pigtail in each. The girl's wet lips and tongue do the job, and he violently busts a load inside her mouth. "Time for the real dirty work..." he thinks.

Nancy opens the front door. There's a weird silence in the room. She hangs her coat on the dresser and goes to the kitchen to check for leftovers from lunch. No one's in the living room. Lizzy's playpen is also empty. No sound comes from the baby monitor either. Something feels wrong. She walks up the stairs, where she starts to hear choking sounds!

"I'm sorry to do this girl, but i can't have you here anymore. Now, make this easy for me and it will all be over soon" Stephen tells her with the handle of the girl's rattle forcefully shoved down her throat. The girl is blindfolded with Nancy's night-blindfold, as horrible, gurgled, dying sounds leaving her throat.

This puny, weak man can't bear to look her in the eyes as he's killing her. Julia tries to move away from the asphyxiating insertion. She's struggling in her bonds, but he holds her still by the head. The young woman can't breathe, the object blocking her windpipe. She's fighting for her life, but she has nothing to her aid.

Then, the door opens. Julia cannot see, but she hears her mother walk in, by her undeniable clicking heels. "My baby!" the woman's voice is horrified. Julia feels Stephen's hand letting her go and she drops to the floor, coughing and catching her breath.

"Nancy, listen to me!" Julia hears the man. In the darkness of the blindfold, she can only hear. Raging curses coming from her mother. Her footsteps as if she is leaving. Seconds later, she hears her returning.

"Nancy, put the gun down, please" she hears the man. "You monster, what are you doing to my girl!?" she screams. "Please, just put down the" BANG....

A loud shot echoes inside the suburban house.

A short, chubby lady is pushing a stroller on the street. It's a busy street, people moving up and down, going about their days, as is the 41 year old woman. The stroller's hood completely closes, with only a mesh part of it, letting light come through. But it is enough light that Julia can see all those people, passing by, unbeknownst to her concealed presence. "MMNngghhh! PPLLGHH!" the girl cries out, trying to alert the unsuspecting pedestrians passing by, but no one can hear her, at least enough to warrant anything but a glance towards her stroller.

The multiple straps inside the stroller keep her nicely secured inside, while 3 or 4 silk scarves, wrapped carefully over her mouth and nose and tied behind her head, stifle any sounds that escape her gagging pacifier. It is heartbreaking how close she is to freedom. But no one's the wiser and her mother keeps pushing the stroller, enjoying the sun on her skin.

Nancy had to change her name. That was now Martha Rogers. Off course, it didn't matter to little Lizzy. She was still "mom" to her. She would always just be "mom" to her. They now lived a more peaceful life, far away from their old home. There was no crib in their small apartment, but she got to cuddle with her mommy every night on that single bed, and it was just fine. She enjoyed the feeling of her mother's chubby hands wrapped around her and her legs all curled up close to her, her warm breath on the top of her head as she spooned her little one. In a way, Julia's suffering was over.

The "bad man" was gone. It was just she and mommy, now. Her mother had sewn a nice, yellow, wool sweater-suit with the image of a happy bear face on the center. Just like Lizzy's first babysuit, it had closed, stumpy limbs for Lizzy's folded arms and legs to go through, and big buttons instead of a zipper going through the middle. It helped with cold, winter days where her latex babysuit wasn't enough. Elizabeth had learned to enjoy her mother's own milk, and she opened her mouth invitingly whenever it was "time for Lizzy's meal" as Nancy liked to say.

"I love you more than anything in the world, Lizzy" said Nancy and gave her a big smooch on the side of her pacifier-strapped cheek, as the girl sunk in her embrace with a fuzzy feeling inside.