

“The number for the hotel is on the counter,” Jamie explained as she rushed into the bathroom, the heels of her shoes clicking loudly on the stone tile. “There’s also our phone numbers and the emergency contacts.”

The grown husky brushed by her niece as she hurried to check her bags on the bed.

“I think everything will be fine, auntie,” Ashley reassured her. “You’re only going to be out for a week, right? It’s no big deal.”

A slender male wolf with gray fur leaned against the doorway, checking his watch.

“Just be sure that you don’t go into Gabe’s room,” He reminded the girl in a firm tone. “Under no circumstances should the experiment be compromised. Emergency systems are in place. If anything were to happen, he’ll be perfectly fine.”

He paused and sighed.

“However, if you should happen to go in for some godforsaken reason, the override code is on the fridge.”

Thomas and Jayme had agreed to involve their child in a scientific study—disallowing any physical contact for the first five years. While it has been difficult for them to not make contact with their child, a hefty reward was awaiting them, should their goal be accomplished.

The man looked to his wife as he folded his arms across his chest. “We need to get going, honey. The plane takes off in two hours.”

With that, Jamie hurried out to the foyer. Thomas soon followed, carrying the luggage, with Ashley trailing behind him.

While Jamie and Ashley exchanged goodbye hugs, Thomas went to the car to pack away the last of the bags.

“Take care sweetie. Thank you so much for doing this!” Jamie called over her shoulder as she headed outside.

The young husky waited by the door and watched as the black car pulled out of the driveway and sped away.

As soon as she was sure her aunt and uncle were gone, Ashley wandered into the living room and fell backward into the couch. She snatched the remote from the coffee table nearby and began to flip through the channels on the television over the pantry.

An hour passed, and Ashley found herself dozing off. She woke with a start to the sound of a baby’s cries. Hastily, she turned off the television and ran upstairs.

She followed the cries down the hallway and came upon a two-part door. Opening the upper half, she revealed the pup's nursery. Across the room, a pair of mechanical arms were finishing fastening a fresh diaper around his waist.

Ashley giggled as Gabe was stood up and his bottom patted, causing for a puff of powder to escape the top of his diaper.

The young woman folded her arms and leaned against the lower half of the door, resting her chin in her hand.

With a click, the latch on the door gave way. The door swung forward, causing Ashley to yelp as she fell to the floor with a thud.

"New charge detected," stated a mechanical voice.

As Ashley pushed herself off of the floor, a pair of large, robotic hands wrapped themselves around her petite waist. She was hoisted from the floor and placed on her feet in the center of the room.

"Uh, thanks... I think," the dazed girl said, trying to push the hands off. "You can let go now. I shouldn't be in here."

A mechanical tendril extended from an orb in the center of the ceiling, and passed a bright, red beam of light over her entire form.

"Please state charge's name," came the voice.

"A-Ashley," the girl stammered.

"State the charge's gender."

"Really? I'm a girl, duh!"

"Gender recognized as female. Creating charge file."

Ashley began to struggle against the hands as she was lifted into the air.

"Put me down! Let me out of here!" She demanded.

"File for Ashley populated. Gender: Female. Age: Default. Height: Five feet, one inch. Weight: 103 pounds. Initiating care protocol."

A robotic arm extended from the ceiling and shut the door. Meanwhile, Ashley was gently placed on the waiting changing table. Additional arms extended from the wall, tightening belts around her wrists and waist. Once more, a tendril extended from the orb and passed a red light over her form.

“Clothing unacceptable for specifications. Removing.”

“Wait, no! Leave them on! Let me up dammit!” Ashley struggled against her binds.

She kicked as her skirt was pulled down her legs and her blouse was cut away. Next, her camisole was cut away, along with her bra, as her panties were slowly worked down her legs.

“W-what are you going to do?” She stammered, her eyes filling with tears.

A disembodied feminine voice responded, “There, there, sweetheart. It’ll all be over in a second. Just sit still, please.”

Two more arms extended from the wall and retrieved a bottle of powder and a thick diaper decorated with cartoon prints. Ashley began to sob as her ankles were hoisted into the air, and the diaper was unfolded and placed beneath her raised bottom. The powder was sprinkled generously into the diaper and over her loins, and she was gently lowered into place. The diaper was pulled up, between her legs, and each side was taped firmly in place.

“See? All better, baby girl,” Chimed the voice as the restraints were removed and she was placed on her feet.

The thickness of the diaper forced her legs slightly apart, and she grimaced as a robotic hand pulled her tail through the hole and patted her bottom in approval. The cloud of sweet smelling powder wafted up to her nose and caused her to sneeze.

“Bless you baby! Now, hold still just a little longer. We’ll get you dressed and put down for a nap, alright?”

With a defeated look, Ashley merely nodded and raised her arms as a pastel pink onesie was slipped over her head, and snapped shut across her crotch.

A section of the floor was lowered and returned moments later with a second crib. The diapered husky was scooped up and placed in it, and presented with a brown teddy bear by another mechanical arm. The girl accepted the gift as she sniffled and wiped her eyes on her sleeve. Giving the bear a gentle hug, she laid on her side and was covered by a pale green blanket.

As gentle nursery music filled the air, and Ashley fell asleep.

Ashley awoke some time later in a daze, the wails of her little cousin piercing the silence. She groaned and rolled over, burying her face in the stomach of the stuffed bear next to her. She took a sharp breath, and perked her ears as she took in the potent scent of baby powder.

Bolting upright, she heard a muffled crinkle which drew her eyes to the swollen mass about her crotch, causing her heart to sink.

“No,” She muttered in disbelief. “No. It can’t be.”

The husky reached out and touched the bars of the crib and pinned her ears back as her arms dropped into her lap. Slowly, she looked back down at the bulk spreading her legs apart.

“Wakey, wakey, sleepyhead!” Came the sing-song tune of a woman’s voice.

A pair of large, mechanical hands grabbed Ashley underneath her arms and lifted her out of her crib. She squirmed in the grip of the machine, and turned to see Gabe being removed from the changing table and carried off to an empty highchair.

“Your turn, Ashley!” Chirped the voice as the arms placed the squirming girl down on the table.

Once again, a series of robotic appendages emerged from the wall, and ensured that the young woman was properly restrained. After she was strapped down, a pair of arms went to work unbuttoning the onesie. A metallic tendril emerged from the sphere in the center of the ceiling, and passed a red beam of light over the diaper the girl was wearing.

The hands each gripped one of the tapes holding the diaper shut, and pulled them away. One let go of its tape and gently pulled away the diaper from Ashley’s front, causing the girl to shiver as the cool air caressed her exposed loins as the tendril continued its scans.

The tendril retracted, and one of the arms pulled the diaper back into place.

“No record of movements found. Initiating safety protocol,” announced a computerized voice.

Ashley began to kick as her ankles were grabbed and pulled into the air.

“Leave me alone! Just give me back my clothes and let me go already!” She demanded.

The machine ignored her commands, and set to work sprinkling more powder into her diaper before lowering the struggling husky back into the awaiting diaper, and lowered her legs into the awaiting restraints. As she was locked in, the ankle restraints were pushed into the air by a pair of poles attached at their bases as they began to extend.

“Now sweetheart, this might feel a little funny,” explained the feminine voice. “But I promise that it’s not going to hurt, and it’ll keep you from getting sick.”

An arm extended from the wall and opened a cupboard beneath the table. It returned to Ashley’s view with a bottle with a long, thin rubber nipple.

“Wh-what’s that for?” Ashley asked, as she pinned her ears back.

The arm snaked its way into position between her legs.

“I don’t want you getting sick, baby. It’ll help you go,” the voice answered.

With that, Ashley resumed her struggle.

“Abort! C-cancel! Terminate!” She cried as the tip of the nipple pressed against her back door.

She let out a yelp as the intruder entered and slowly worked its way deeper.

“Please, you don’t have to do this. I’m not even supposed to be here,” the girl pled as tears began to blur her vision.

With the nipple fully inserted, the hand gave the bottle a squeeze, causing Ashley to shudder as the cool fluid gushed within her. After what felt like an eternity, the device was slowly removed and placed in a disposal chute as Ashley’s ankle restraints were lowered.

She winced as the fluid sloshed about within her, causing her stomach to churn and groan. The diaper was once again pulled over her groin and taped snugly around her front.

“That wasn’t so bad, was it?” cooed the voice as the hands set to work snapping Ashley’s onesie shut once more. “Now, how about we get you something to eat, hmm?”

The hands descended from the ceiling and released the whimpering girl from her restraints, and picked her up by the underarm. The girl squirmed as she was carried to an awaiting highchair and placed in it. Soon after, a slot in the wall opened behind her, and produced an arm clutching a bottle of milk which was soon directed toward her face, prompting Ashley to purse her lips as the nipple was pressed against them.

“Come on, honey. You need to eat,” came the voice.

The girl simply shook her head in defiance.

An arm extended from the ceiling and began to tickle under her chin. Ashley squirmed in place, still refusing to accept the nipple pressing against her muzzle. The hand ceased its tickling and pinched her nose shut.

No matter how much she tried to shake the hand off, its grip stayed firm. Unable to hold her breath any longer, she gasped for air, only to have the nipple shoved into her mouth and her nose released.

“Drink up, sweetie!” the voice chimed.

Sweet milk flowed into her mouth as she reluctantly nursed, blushing slightly as she continued to drink, filling her stomach with warm fluid. In a matter of moments, Ashley finished the bottle and it was pulled from her maw with a soft pop. She let out a low groan as she leaned back slightly in her highchair.

The pressure in her abdomen became too great, and she felt something wet escape her bowels, prompting her to yelp in surprise and straighten herself with a jolt.

Immediately, she was plucked from the highchair by a pair of arms. As she was held aloft, she couldn't help but to fill her diaper with the wet load she had been holding back. As though contented by the deed, the arms placed her next to Gabe on the floor, and she grimaced as she felt the warm mass press against her bottom. A third arm placed her stuffed bear between her legs, and a box of wooden building blocks was spread on the floor before her.

Gabe pushed himself off of the floor and onto shaky legs. The pup toddled toward the blocks but fell after a few short paces. He pushed himself off of Ashley's leg and made his way to the blocks.

"Interpersonal contact made," announced the computerized voice. "Initiating restoration protocol."

Both Ashley and Gabe were quickly plucked from the floor and placed in their cribs as a pale green smoke was pumped into the room from a vent in the far wall.

"Reverting to defaults. Files wiped," the voice continued. "Charges: Gabriel Baxter, Male, 14 Months. Ashley, Female, two years."

"What?! I'm 18!" Ashley protested.

"Beginning restoration in five...four..."

Ashley found herself getting dizzy as she inhaled the smoke.

"Three...Two..."

She slumped against the bars of her crib as her bear was tucked into her lap.

The girl awoke sometime later. Her ears twitched as she heard faint, unfamiliar sounds around her; the low tones filling her head as she absentmindedly nursed from the nipple in her maw. She squirmed as she felt a pressure around her waist as a fresh diaper was taped snugly into place.

Ashley yelped as a pair of massive hands came into view and began to unbuckle her restraints, and a warmth spread between her legs as she was lifted from the padded table. As she dangled in the air, a pair of pastel-pink socks were pulled onto her feet, and she giggled as the lace trim tickled her legs.

Soon, she was placed on the floor before a stuffed bear nearly as large as her and the mechanical arms gently took hold of her arms and lifted them above her head. The husky struggled in their grasp as she looked up and saw a second pair of arms bunching a lime-green dress up as they carried it closer.

“No,” she fussed with a meek voice.

The garment was forced over her head, and her arms were pushed through the sleeves. She shivered as the loose cloth fell, causing a cool breeze to sweep over her legs.

“There you go,” came a gentle voice. “That’s much better, isn’t it?”

The pup tilted her head and looked around the room. She stumbled slightly as she tried to turn, and fell down on her bottom, the thick diaper cushioning her fall. With a soft grunt, she pushed herself back onto her feet, and clumsily made her way to the side of the massive crib across the dimly lit nursery.

“Let’s get you ready for breakfast, baby girl,” the voice cooed as a pair of arms scooped her off the floor and placed her in an awaiting highchair.

She squirmed as she was buckled into her seat. The strange sounds began to pulse, nearly in synchronous with Ashley’s heartbeat. A slot in the wall nearby opened, and a small shelf protruded from it, carrying an open bottle of white fluid, an accompanying nipple, and a small paper cup. A mechanical hand protruded from the wall and poured the contents of the cup into the bottle before sealing it and shaking it well.

As the girl continued to squirm in her seat, the nipple of the bottle caressed her lips, and she eagerly opened her mouth to accept it. The rubber nub filled her mouth as she began to nurse; sweet, warm milk running down her throat.

The machine pulled a familiar boy, just slightly larger than Ashley, from his crib, and carried him to the changing table.

“Eww,” Ashley whined as she popped the bottle out of her mouth. “He ‘tinky!”

“Hold still, big guy,” the voice stated as the arms set to work changing the boy into a clean diaper. “I’ll get you cleaned up.”

Ashley continued to guzzle down her breakfast as her cousin was changed. The boy was placed in a highchair at her side, clad in a powder-blue onesie. He was given his own bottle, and quickly began to gulp down its contents.

As she began to suck in air from the empty bottle, it was quickly pulled from her mouth, and a hand gently pushed her forward, while another patted her back, making her let out a hearty belch.

Satisfied with her performance, the machine released her from the highchair's seatbelt and placed her on the floor once more. The pup toddled over to her plush bear and wrapped her arms around it.

"Sammy!" she exclaimed as she fell back on her bottom, her dress riding up and exposing her diapered backside.

She wagged her tail as she hugged the soft bear, making her diaper crinkle with each stroke.

"System restart: 90% complete," announced a computerized voice. "Supplies: 73%."

Both children pinned their ears back as the strange voice mixed with the pulsing sound.

Gabe finished his meal and was placed next to his cousin after a thorough burping. He quickly crawled to a stack of rings, and set to work removing them from their post. He delightfully giggled as he flung the plastic rings into the air.

Ashley tried to stand, from her place on the floor, but couldn't—her legs felt too wobbly and weak. A screen extended from the ceiling, and was lowered to the children's eye level. Bright colors began to fill the empty screen, and various lines danced across it as the pulsing noise grew more intense.

"System restart: 95% complete," said the computerized voice once more.

Gabe and Ashley couldn't help but stare at the images being displayed in front of them. Hugging her bear, the girl crawled to her cousin's side and stared intently. Their surroundings faded away as the pulsing tones and colors filled their heads.

The week passed by slowly; each day resuming the same routine of diaper changes, feedings, playtime, baths, and naps.

Ashley's work in a coloring book was interrupted as her name was called by a familiar woman's voice. She perked her ears as the calls became louder.

"Oh God!" gasped the voice.

The husky whirled and saw Jamie standing in the doorway to the nursery.

"System override: five-three-two-two-nine," she stated with a firm tone.

The woman entered the room and pulled the toddler off the floor. Thomas came into view behind her.

"Dammit, Ashley, I warned you not to come in here," he grumbled.

Jamie carried the regressed husky to the living room and placed her on the floor. She picked up the phone and dialed while the little girl stared off into space.

“Hey sis,” she said into the device. “Yeah, we had a good time. I’m calling about Ash...Yeah, she’s ok...I left the door unlatched like you asked...I hope you’re ready for the ‘terrible twos’ again. She’s about there....I know right? Ahuh, you can pick her up whenever. Might want to grab some diapers on your way over though, I think she’s going to need a change when you get her. Mhmm. ...Alright. Ok, I’ll see you in a little bit. Bye.”

She scooped the toddler into her arms after placing the phone back in its cradle. Jamie began to rock her gently, humming a lullaby. Ashley nuzzled her chest fur and slowly drifted off to sleep.