**Subliminal Baby 3**

**By Elfy**

Steven stared up from his crib at the mobile that was spinning slowly and playing it’s tune. He knew that he couldn’t hear his own voice reading out instructions but it felt like, if he really concentrated, he could hear a word or two every now and then. It was rather spooky to think that this mobile was going to have a profound impact on his life. Half of him hoped it wouldn’t work and the other half, remembering he could be left like this for a long time to come, thought it couldn’t start working soon enough.

It had been a few days since Steven had begged his mother to start playing the tape for him but he couldn’t say he noticed much difference. His control had been slipping before the subliminal stuff had started and it didn’t seem to have become much worse in the last few days.

Arguably the worst part of the next few days was the way his mom and brother looked at him. They seemed to be just as expectant as he was regarding the changes and he got annoyed about the way they looked at him and the way they were talking about him when they thought he couldn’t hear them.

The first hint that something had changed was very subtle. One day, after being taken out of his crib following his afternoon nap, Karen, Steven’s mom, had left him on the floor of the bedroom as she went to start running a bath for him.

Steven had looked to the side and seen some small toy racing cars. Without really giving any thought to what he was doing, Steven crawled sideways and sat on his wet rear. He reached down and began moving the cars. In just a minute or two he had become totally immersed in his game, he had devised ideas for racing tracks, he wanted to have a championship for all his cars, Steven of course would drive the fastest one!

As Steven looked at the little cars he smiled and imagined himself on the winner’s podium in front of a huge crowd of cheering fans. He pictured himself holding up a trophy and…

Steven was suddenly brought back to reality when he heard his mom clear her throat. He looked up as the crowds melted away to see Karen looking at him with a slightly perplexed look. Steven quickly stood up and followed his mother out of the room and into the bath where he was thoroughly cleaned.

It was rather scary to be brainwashed like this. Steven felt like maybe his brain was resisting a little harder than Ritchie’s had and that was why it was taking longer. He liked to believe that at least, with his battered pride being assaulted on all sides it was nice to think that at least his mind had been a little stronger.

“Please, Ritchie…” Steven said to his brother one morning after breakfast, “I’m sorry. Please!”

“No.” Ritchie replied quickly and simply. He simply didn’t believe that his younger brother had learnt his lesson yet.

Steven knew the only way to stop this subliminal messaging from happening was if his brother stopped it. He felt his heart drop when Ritchie turned him down but he wasn’t surprised by it. After what he had done to Ritchie he didn’t expect to be allowed out of this hell for a while.

Ritchie’s girlfriend, Linda, seemed to take particular joy in the new status quo and obviously enjoyed Ritchie’s revenge on Steven. Most of the work of looking after Steven was done my Karen, Steven and Ritchie’s mother, but it really didn’t seem like she minded looking after Steven at all. Steven was a little worried and suspicious that if it were up to her he would never be allowed to be an adult again.

“Hey, Mom?” Ritchie asked just as Karen started gathering the cutlery up.

“Yeah?” Karen replied.

“Linda’s been bugging me…” Ritchie started as he looked at Steven, “Could we take the baby out to the park or something?”

Steven’s eyes flew wide and he uselessly shook his head. He had only been taken out twice since this whole mess had started. The disastrous shopping trip and the moment his friends all found out what was happening to him. The last thing he ever wanted to do was leave the house.

“That sounds lovely!” Karen replied with a smile a she walked out to the kitchen.

“Cool.” Ritchie smiled a cold smile that didn’t seem to reach his eyes. He looked at Steven with some satisfaction.

Steven was taken out of his chair and allowed to play in his nursery for a while. He didn’t know when this planned trip was going to be, one of the worst parts about this whole thing was how little control he had of his own life. He had no say on where he went or when he did anything, it didn’t take long for the mind to start getting used to this type of life. It soon became entirely normal for Steven to just not think or plan anything out, all he could do was react to circumstances.

As he sat down with his toys, Steven felt his diaper suddenly warm around him. His control had been slipping since even before the subliminal messaging had started but it had got much worse recently. Steven looked down as he felt the diaper warming but had no real way of stopping himself. It was like his brain had forgotten how to control his bladder. As much as Steven had expected this to happen, it was still very scary.

Ritchie burst into the room without knocking about an hour after Steven had started playing. He smiled down at Steven who looked up from the floor in shock and with a little fear.

“Looking forward to your day out?” Ritchie asked sarcastically as he walked into the room.

Steven shook his head. He hadn’t really lost his verbal skills but he found it a lot easier to just not talk these days. Like making himself speak would take a huge effort. He knew this was another symptom of the tape he was listening to every night but knowing about it didn’t help fight it when it seeped into your brain whilst asleep.

“Don’t be like that!” Ritchie continued. He walked forward and pressed the warm padding against his brother’s crotch, “Some fresh air will be great for you.”

Steven shuddered slightly. It was only more recently that he remembered the part of the messaging that made the diapers exciting. Even little touches like this made him tingle down between his legs.

“I guess I better change you before Linda gets here.” Ritchie said as he felt the wet padding.

“Mommy?” Steven asked. He blushed a little but he was trying to ask if Karen could change him. He felt even more embarrassed when it was Ritchie that changed him.

“Come on, Little Bro.” Ritchie said as he ignored Steven’s childish request.

Ritchie pulled Steven over to the changing table and Steven sighed as he climbed up with Ritchie’s help. Steven’s diaper crinkled loudly and was a constant reminder of his humiliating status.

Ritchie started pulling the tapes off of Steven’s diaper as soon as was laying on his back. He lowered the front of the wet padding and pulled the diaper out from underneath his brother. He smiled snidely as Steven’s penis twitched slightly. Ritchie remembered this well, he remembered the uncontrollable sexual arousal that came with the diapers thanks to the messaging. He didn’t do anything to help his brother out though.

Pulling out a clean and fresh diaper. A big and thick disposable diaper, white with little pictures on them, was unfolded. Ritchie lifted up his younger brother’s legs and slipped the diaper underneath him. When Steven’s legs were lowered again it was on to fresh and fluffy padding. It almost felt pleasant but Steven tried to hide that, he didn’t want to start appreciating this new type of underwear.

The diaper was rapidly pulled up between Steven’s legs and taped closed. Steven sighed sadly and quickly climbed off of the table after he felt the new diaper tightly taped together.

Steven stood very still as his brother started going through the drawers full of their “little” clothes. The clothes that were big enough for adults but styled like a baby. Steven shuddered at the thought of not only being taken out but also being taken out whilst dressed in any way like a baby. He could feel tears threatening to overwhelm him but he did his best to hide his emotions, he knew that it was the subliminal messaging making him overly upset.

“This looks good.” Ritchie eventually said as he turned around with an outfit picked out.

Steven felt his heart drop when he saw a bright yellow shirt with a popular children’s television show printed on the front and a pair of white shorts that looked like they would be too small even without the diaper underneath them.

“Lift your arms up.” Ritchie ordered.

Just as Steven did so there was a sudden noise downstairs. The doorbell rang and Ritchie immediately perked up. He dropped the clothes on the floor at Steven’s feet as his younger brother scowled at him.

“You can get yourself dressed, right?” Ritchie said as he walked towards the door, “I’ll be back in a minute.”

Steven watched Ritchie walk out of the door and was thankful for some time alone, even if it was just a minute or so. Being able to dress himself was a very small victory, but a victory nonetheless. A good chance to prove that he was still an adult, a chance to do something for himself.

Picking up the infantile shirt, Steven lifted it up and suddenly paused. He looked at it quizzically, he turned it around, he turned it upside down and he frowned as he tried to work out how these things work.

Steven felt his stomach drop and heat rising in his face as he realised he couldn’t remember how to put on the shirt. It was the simplest thing in the world, something he learned to do as a very young child… So why was he staring at this piece of clothing like it was one of the most complex things he had ever seen.

“Come on…” Steven said to himself in a panic, “This is easy.”

Steven’s memory was taken back to when he was regressing Ritchie and his brother came to him when he needed help with his diaper. Despite it being easy and something he had done countless times before, the subliminal messaging was forcing him to forget simple things.

Panic began to set in as Steven couldn’t sort this simple task out. He felt tears welling up in his eyes and as he tried to sniff them back they started to roll down his cheeks. He felt so useless, so helpless and he just wanted his Mommy to come and help him.

Steven threw the shirt on the floor in a fit of anger. He was frustrated with the whole world and he dropped to the floor. He sat down with his arms folded across his chest and started sobbing softly. He didn’t want any of this, he didn’t want to go out, he didn’t want to cry. All he wanted to do was stay at home forever.

“… and I said we could take him out an-” Ritchie stopped talking as he opened the door and looked at the scene in front of him. His younger brother was quietly crying next to the pile of clothes.

“Oh God.” Linda said as she followed Ritchie into the room, “What’s going on?”

“I have no idea…” Ritchie said to his girlfriend. He turned to his brother, “Steven? What’s wrong? Why aren’t you dressed?”

Steven took a few moments to catch his breath. He tried to calm himself now, he knew he was stupid to be this upset but his emotions were out of control. He tried to regain control of his breathing but it was incredibly difficult.

“I… I… Can’t remember…” Steven sobbed as he picked up the shirt again.

“You don’t remember how to get dressed?” Ritchie asked with furrowed brows.

Steven shook his head as he blushed. It didn’t help when Linda covered her mouth and started giggling.

“I remember that…” Ritchie said quietly to Steven, “Scary, isn’t it?”

Steven nodded his head quickly.

Ritchie helped Steven back to his feet and picked up the shirt. He fed it over Steven’s head and pulled it down. It stopped just below the waistband of the diaper he was wearing. Next, Ritchie held the shorts out and allowed his brother to step into them.

Once the shorts were around Steven’s ankles, Ritchie began pulling them up. It was a real stretch to get them over the thick diaper but eventually they got it over the top. Not that this was much of a relief for Steven, when he looked in the mirror it was very obvious how padded he was. The material of the shorts was pulled so tight that you could see bits of the diaper through it.

The shirt was no help. It barely covered anything and any slight movement pulled it up to show the waistband underneath. To put it bluntly, no one that saw Steven would be under any illusion as to what he was wearing. The colour drained from his face when he realised that he could be seen by a lot of people.

“Cute as a button.” Linda smiled.

Ritchie snickered beside her and nodded his head. He gave her a little kiss on the cheek and smiled. He grabbed Steven’s hand and pulled him, a little roughly, from the room and towards the stairs. He laughed when he heard Steven’s whimpers mixed with the obvious crinkling noises.

Ritchie put Steven’s shoes on for him whilst Linda headed into the kitchen and soon returned with a picnic selection of sandwiches and snacks to take with them. The fact that they seemed to be making this into a real day out was no comfort to Steven who watched with mounting trepidation. He was still preoccupied with the fact that he couldn’t remember how to dress himself and he was on the verge of panic when Ritchie pulled him to his feet, took him by the hand and led him out towards Linda’s car.