

Brienne Kingsley twitched as she woke, eyes snapping open and breath catching in her chest. She felt monumentally disoriented, head swimming, limbs stiff and achey. Having pastels all around her was thoroughly weird as well.

“Good grief.. where am I? What was in that wine? Or maybe it was in the brownies, I just.. Kelly are you there? I hope I didn't pass out in her kid's room or something. That would be-”

As she finished waking, the chinchilla began to sort out the inconsistencies of her assumptions of the situation. She wasn't just in a kid's room, she was in an enormous kid's room in a crib sized for an adult. The first reaction she had to that was to snap up to her feet and climb the bars, intending to get the hell out of whatever *weird* nonsense she'd drunk herself into this time. It became apparent to the fluffy woman that she was in an even worse situation than she expected when she found herself face to face with a *large* cow in a nanny outfit. One who leaned over with a small device that blew a puff of cool gas across her face.

“G-gwah! What.. w-whub.. wzz-”

Whatever it was it worked fast. Brienne's tongue went numb and her dizziness got worse *real* fast, enough that she stumbled back into the crib and onto her ass – which she was now realizing was entirely naked. Not so much her top, she was in a t-shirt. A hilariously over sized one with a cartoon dog dancing in the rain on it.

“Rise and shine, Brie! I understand if you're feeling a little out of sorts, big lawyer parties tend to involve a whole lot of expensive booze and maaaybe a little powdering of the nose, yes? Don't worry though, no more of that for you~”

Brienne intended to regroup, clear her head, try again to get herself past the woman who was apparently having fun with this. While she tried that she got to thinking about the why of it, who the cow was, but the list of possible people who would be furious enough at her for this kind of thing was a bit too long. Which meant she had to get more information-

“Whhd.. f..frgln.. hwep- h.. hwe.. ee- elp..”

The chinchilla's tongue stayed limp in her mouth and her lips weren't doing much better. That paired with the vertigo getting worse rather than better and she ended up toppling over yet again. The cow caught her halfway, lowering one wall of the crib and helping her ease down onto it. From there Brienne was stuck, helpless, as the huge nanny held her down with one hand and patted her cheek with the other.

“You've helped a *great many* people who making their way in life by hurting others go on to be able to keep doing so, dearie. It's not the most direct form of harm I've seen people do but your life's work with that silver tongue has touched a *great many* of other people and made things worse for them.”

Brienne's blood went cold. She had expected something specific, an old lover or someone from a competing business to one of her clients, but this? This was terrifying. Especially when the cow pulled out a handful of small disk shaped baubles, placing two on Brienne's forehead and two more just behind her ears. They started buzzing gently a moment later, and the instant they did the chinchilla's entire body went limp on her.

All she could do was lie there and breathe, watching the cow produce a small syringe.

“Don't worry dear, just relax and let those do their thing. A bit like bone conducting headphones, but a *wee bit* deeper. They'll soften things up a bit. Doesn't that sound nice?”

Finding herself nodding was.. weird. Brienne felt odd *everywhere* though, it was like her mind was just as dizzy and limp as her flesh. The cow's voice just rang through, bouncing around inside her head, making it impossible to hear her own thoughts. When the cow pulled her mouth gently open and held a *huge* baby bottle full of something that tasted like heavy cream she just let it happen and started drinking.

“Good girl! One thing at a time. The mist from earlier sinks in good and deep you see, it takes *months* to get out of your system and by the time it does you'll have forgotten all your muscle memory for speech and walking. The cream? Catastrophically fattening. Drink all of it dear, we'll get you another as soon as it's empty. We want you a *minimum* of four hundred pounds~”

Whimpering quietly, Brienne tried.. she didn't so much try to resist as tried to form the thought to make an attempt, and failed. Instead she just kept suckling, even as she felt her body start to swell. It was a cloudy, greasy feeling that began under the skin and kept spreading through her while the cow patted Brienne's belly – which was already thickening up visibly. It wasn't enough to get in the way of that needle though, the nanny spread Brienne's legs apart and brandished it.

“And this? Will loosen up some muscle. I wouldn't count on making it to the bathroom or standing up without help ever again dearie~”

Stopping just.. wasn't working. Brienne just kept drinking, even when she felt her thighs start to touch together and when her belly started to bloat up enough to form the first fat rolls. Her head

just refused to even *try* to think for itself. When the cow put that needle in her twice, on either side of her hips, the chinchilla just allowed it.. and immediately felt some things inside her go a bit weaker than before. With her hips slack and limp she'd never be able to support her weight *now*, let alone if she ended up almost three hundred pounds heavier – and then came the wave of relaxation that hit her bladder. The cow only just got something between Brienne's legs before *that* became a problem, thick white padding to go with how all the rest of her was getting thicker too.

Realizing just how far gone she already was, and how little she could do, Brienne felt tears start to bubble up. She shut her eyes, letting the cow strap her into a thick and puffy diaper and hand her a second bottle of the cream that was ruining her figure by the moment. Surrendering didn't really make it any easier, but what else could she do? Brienne jostled gently from the cow's touch, soft flab piling onto her frame a bit at a time, riding out her first 'accident' in decades as best she could while the nanny smiled at her.

“There! That's better, don't you think? Yes, you're going to be a good girl now. No more bad people going free because you said the right things to the wrong people. No more big words ever again. You'll be a much better source of happiness as a baby.”

The cow's voice burrowed into her again and Brienne couldn't stop it. That soft but firm tone replacing her own thoughts, making her think the same things. She **would** be a baby, and better because of it. There wasn't any choice in the matter. Lying there, fat and wet, that shirt she woke up in less big on her by the moment, Brienne felt the thing in her that was convinced she was supposed to be fighting back against this start to wither.

Right around when it did so the cow seemed to notice.. and smiled as she fed Brienne her third bottle. By now the chinchilla was *fat* already, close to double her old weight, not an inch of her that wasn't sporting at least another inch itself. The cow patted Brienne's cheeks and the chinchilla found herself smiling without meaning to. After that? Came the headphones.

It was the nanny's voice in them again, whispering quiet and soothing things to her. Promises. True things. About who and what she was now, about how she'd stay that way from now on, and that was for the best for everyone. She just had to keep drinking like a good little baby and get nice and big, babies were supposed to be plump and soft after all, and clumsy and silly and care free. No more big parties, no more court rooms, just diapers and playtime. That sounded like a heck of a vacation to Brienne.

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Brienne still felt nervous about a few things, but not very many. The other kids in the play room were nice and it didn't bother them too much that she was one of the kids who couldn't talk very well, or at all. It bugged *her* though, even though she couldn't entirely remember why. Still, she didn't want to just lay around and play alone all day, so that meant pushing up onto her hands and knees to go shuffle up to the others.

It *did* limit what she could play a little bit though. But that didn't mean she didn't have options, and friends. Brienne's crawling was sluggish and awkward even though she wasn't *quite* as fat as some of the other kids, possibly because she had a smaller frame to carry the weight with, possibly because she took to the injections a bit better than most. By the time she saw her best friend so far the chinchilla could tell she was wetting herself again.

That would probably happen a few more times in the near future, she'd had a big breakfast. Nanny would take care of it though. For now? She'd spotted the pig she remembered from before all this, at least a little bit, and was crawling as fast as she could and reaching her hand out every so often. Even if that mostly meant she kept falling on her face and her breasts when she did so.

“Bwah! Jabbm! Habwammah hlphhhmt-”

It was in a nest of stuffed animals that she found her friend, Jasmine had 'won' most of them by beating the other kids at board games and jealously guarded her hoard. Not from Brienne though. For her, the sow was welcoming, waving her over and seeming quite happy to let Brienne collapse half onto Jasmine's plump ham hock thigh. The sow promptly started patting Brienne's head, and the chinchilla just let out a happy little giggle while she reached for one of the plushies play around with.

Jasmine was good – she felt familiar. Not many things did that anymore, though they were starting to get easier. Bit by bit Brienne was accepting she didn't need to try to argue or fight *everything* despite feeling like she did. It wasn't like she actually *could*, so getting over that was a necessity. It was just going to take time, which she found herself with an abundance of anymore.

“Awwight newds, Bwie's pwayin too now. I can do it fow hehw doh, we can just take two tuwns an shawe pieces. Wight Bwie?”

While she couldn't really talk straight at all anymore, Brienne still *understood* just fine. Something Jasmine picked up on quickly and never questioned, which was.. comfortable. The

chinchilla nodded. Something about helping her friend win things felt *right*. It felt good, too.

Brienne bounced herself a bit, shaking the plush bunny she grabbed as she did, and letting herself get comfortable. This was what her whole day was like of late, and that was...

It was nice. She couldn't wait for her next feeding.