

Twilight Sparkle has a Nightmare

***A naughty story follows, in which there are diapers. And ponies. I know how much ponies freak you out, man, just thought I'd give you a heads up.**

"Twilight?" Spike asked as he looked over at the shivering mare.

Twilight didn't answer. She shivered a bit longer, her eyes darting about, looking for some phantasm that had clearly scared her.

"Twilight, snap out of it!" Spike threw a pillow, hitting Twilight in the face. The spooked pony turned her head about.

"Who, what, where, huh?"

"Hey, you're awake now! You were having a nightmare."

"Nightmare? It was just..." She gulped and smiled nervously. "Yeah, yeah, just a nightmare. Wow, what a doozy."

Spike yawned and stood up, reaching over to the nightstand and pulling out a book with a cloud on the cover. "Here's your journal. I guess I need to go make breakfast, huh?"

She blinked a few times before she looked outside. The sun was starting to rise.

"Was it morning a few seconds ago?"

"Uh, yeah," Spike grumbled. "It's six in the morning."

"But wasn't it just..." Twilight shook her head. "Nevermind, I guess I'm still kinda dreaming, huh?"

"Whatever." Spike toddled to the door, stretching and yawning once more. "French toast, ten minutes. You two better be there before it gets cold."

"Okay, Spike," Twilight said as she opened the journal and levitated a quill to her. Her eyes widened a second later. "Two?"

"Good morrow, little Twilight!" Luna proclaimed from her side of the bed.

Twilight let out a yelp and hopped out of bed. “Princess Luna? What the heck are you doing here?”

“What are you talking about?” Luna stood up out of bed, stretching her wings as she arched her back. “I’ve always been here.”

“Don’t lie to…” Twilight shook her head and rubbed her temple. Something about that rung frighteningly true and she knew it wasn’t supposed to.

“Little Twilight, you know Mommy would never lie to you, don’t you?”

“M-Mommy? Okay, now I know something is wrong.” She rubbed her eyes as Luna made her way closer, wrapping a wing around her.

“Hush now, sweetheart.” Luna brought a hoof to Twilight’s lips and shushed her. When she spoke next, it was in a tone that a mother might use when speaking to their foal. “We’ve got to get you ready for the day, don’t we? Yes we do, Twily’s got a big day ahead of her and she needs to be all dressed up!”

With a flash of light and a poof of smoke, Twilight warped from under Luna’s wing to the other side of the room. “Okay, that’s it, this isn’t right at all. Tell me what’s going on, now.”

Luna looked hurt for a few seconds before she frowned and pouted a bit. “Drat. I suppose I should have known you’d be perceptive enough to differentiate between reality and fiction.” Luna made her way back to the bed and laid herself down. “You’re a smart one, Twilight Sparkle, surely you can guess what’s happening.”

“You’re here and it’s the morning. That’s already pretty odd. And then there’s the fact I could have sworn it was the middle of the night a moment ago. I’m still dreaming, aren’t I?”

“‘Still’ is a bit of a stretch. You woke up for a moment and that’s when you saw it was still my night outside. Apparently what we were doing before was just a little too much for you.” The alicorn hugged one of Twilight’s pillows. “I love these modern day furnishings, they are *so* much softer than what we had to deal with in my time.”

“Wait, wait, before?” Twilight concentrated as hard as she could. “What were we doing before? Better yet, what the heck are you doing in my dream!?”

Luna huffed, her shimmering mane forming into a tendril and pulling Twilight closer. “Dreams are as fleeting as the passage of time, and you’re already in another one. You’re not going to remember it anytime soon, if at all. I would suppose that’s my fault, though. I should have waited until you had entered the, err, how is it referred to these days? That time when your eyes start moving rather quickly.”

Twilight tried to pull herself out of Luna’s mane, but couldn’t help herself but to answer the princess’s question. “REM?”

“That’s it!” Luna pulled Twilight closer and kissed her cheek. “Such a smart little pony I have.”

“Stop it!” Twilight shouted. She tried to magically warp herself away. Just as she called upon the magic, an object was placed onto the tip of her horn and her head felt like it was filling up with water. “Gah, my horn!”

“I’d be careful. Pressing too hard for too long while a magic nullifier is on your head is likely to cause nasty headaches for weeks to come.” Luna brushed Twilight’s mane away from her horn and tapped the little object. “To think, such a tiny thing could stop the all-powerful Princess Twilight Sparkle.”

Moans and groans escaped Twilight as she struggled against the magic blocker a bit more, trying to pull it off with her hooves, even. “This isn’t funny, Luna. Stop what you’re doing or else!”

Luna’s mane grabbed Twilight completely and threw her onto the bed. “I shall not be threatened by a whelp such as you. You are under my power and as such you will not speak to me in such a way.”

“Don’t make me tell Celestia what’s going on!”

“Bah, Celestia. She can do nothing to help you, especially not here. The night and dreams are my dominion. Make this easier on yourself and submit.”

“Submit to what? I don’t even know what you want!”

“What I want?” Luna snickered as though she had been told a joke. “What I want is simple; for you to be happy. After all, a naughty baby needs a mommy to control her, doesn’t she?”

Twilight blanked at that. “Baby? Are you serious?”

Luna turned Twilight so her head was hanging over the edge of the bed and looking down at the floor. The pressure in Twilight’s head lessened and her horn lit up with her own magic’s purple hue. But just out of the tip of her eye, Twilight could see a dark blue swirl mixed in, no doubt Luna’s magic influencing her in some way. From underneath Twilight’s bed a box slid out, and the contents made her gasp.

Inside were foalish items like diapers and pacifiers, foal powder and rash cream, even wipes. All of it was emblazoned with a familiar crescent moon and splotch of night-sky-blue.

“Perfectly organized and stacked, just as I would expect for Celestia’s perfect student,” Luna remarked. “And you even have Mommy’s cutie mark on all of it, how sweet of you.” She levitated a diaper up and rubbed against Twilight’s cheek. “Ahh, feel that soft cushion of plastic warmth. Doesn’t it feel good?”

Twilight pushed the diaper away and once again tried to wriggle away from Luna’s grip. She managed to slip through and almost tumbled to the ground, but was caught by Luna’s mane and the cycle started anew.

Luna giggled as Twilight struggled, catching her over and over again until she finally forced Twilight back onto the bed. “Little Twily, we can’t have you running around with that cute bottom showing. You’ll make a mess and Mommy will have to clean it up since you’re too little to do it yourself.”

“Stop it!” Twilight yelled, her wings flapping quickly the pressure in her head building as she tried to fight her way through, but the magical hold of the Night Princess’s mane only seemed to grow stronger. “Let me go, you crazy pony, I’m not your foal!”

With her hooves, which Twilight for some odd reason noticed lacked the royal garb the Night Princess normally wore, Luna picked up the diaper and proceeded to unfold it. The light blue color and the symbol emblazoned on the crotch seemed like a shroud that covered the sun to Twilight as it was slipped under her rear. With careful, gentle, and almost loving movements the Alicorn of the Night proceeded to wrap a diaper around the struggling pony. Had she not been shocked out of her wits, Twilight might have found the experience surreal.

Twilight didn’t stop her struggle, but found she could not look away and noticed every slight sensation as the soft and fluffy insides of the garment began to hug against her skin and coat. Luna, with clearly practiced movements, brought up one side of the diaper’s tapes and then the

other, sticking them to the plastic sides with perfect symmetry. Luna stepped back to admire her work, her mane receding.

“Doesn’t that feel so much better?” Luna asked with a sincere smile.

The much younger princess immediately began to try and remove the diaper. “What is wrong with you!? I’m a grown mare!”

Luna scoffed and walked around to the edge of the bed. “Grown mare, bah! Perhaps you are a grown mare by some standards, but by mine you are but a foal barely able to walk on her own hooves.”

Twilight’s first instinct to remove the offending diaper was to use magic. This backfired spectacularly as the pressure of her power being held back grew in strength. Immediately the diaper became covered in a purple and blue swirl of magic. Much to her horror, the diaper actually started to grow in size.

“If you want my opinion, Celestia definitely has the right idea.” Luna gently caressed the front of the diaper as it swelled between Twilight’s thighs. “Raising you to be a princess required exact timing and almost perfect control of the environments you were in. I plan to take that control up a bit.”

“She didn’t control everything!” Twilight bit back, trying to work her way around the inhibitor that was altering her magic. “Celestia gave me tests, and just you wait until she hears about this!”

“And what will you tell her, that I invaded your dreams and forced an undergarment meant for a foal onto your hindquarters? You’ll find that explanation won’t work as you intend it to. And by the way, in case you can’t tell, the more you use your magic the bigger your diaper is going to get.”

Twilight leapt out of her bed and ran. She immediately tripped, the unfamiliar thickness spreading her legs apart. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she got back up and was forced to mind her steps as her gait became wider and wider towards the path to the door. Again her natural reaction was to magically open the door of her room, but it was redirected into fueling her diaper’s growth, which by now had doubled in the amount of thickness it originally had. It pressed halfway down her thighs and the foreign feeling made her tingle in a way she dare not even give passing thought to.

“What the buck is wrong with you!?” Twilight screeched, to which a pacifier was promptly placed into her mouth.

“I shall not be spoken to in such a way!” Luna’s tone was firm, like a mother talking down to her misbehaving child. “Be thankful I don’t believe in too many old world punishments, else that mouth would be stuffed with soap!”

Twilight tried to spit the pacifier out, but her teeth clamped onto it against her will. Thinking she was being clever, Twilight tried to pull out the pacifier by using her hooves. Her horn reacted, however, and a strangled gasp escaped her as she felt the pacifier tingle. Interlocking plastic wires grew from the pacifier and crawled along her snout. Mouth shut by the muzzle-like pacifier, Twilight was barely able to mutter a pained, “Why?”

The Lunar Princess brushed Twilight’s mane from her eyes, her smile as gentle as ever. “There was some truth to what I said before. You are a young alicorn in need of some guidance, and Celestia has taught you well of the magic of friendship. However, you still have not learned temperance or weakness.”

As Luna spoke, the coils of the pacifier and the constraining diaper grew. A few plastic wires wrapped around her head and clicked together, the same happening around her jowl. She could open her lips enough to allow easy breathing through her teeth, but opening her mouth the slightest bit was a non-option. The diaper’s grew even longer, as she felt it start to crawl up her stomach. Her tail was also more and more wrapped in the diaper, to the point which she could barely wag it.

“Admittedly, you could also call it petty sibling rivalry of a sort.” Luna picked Twilight up and cradled her in a foreleg, kissing her nose. “Celestia gets to have you during the day, the studious, intelligent, submissive, obeying student. Why can’t I have the exact same thing at night?”

Twilight’s struggles came to a stop, as well as her magic. Eyes darting about, Twilight’s struggle became a shiver of fear as the implication came into her mind at full force. The pacifier actually managed to sooth her a bit as she quickly chewed and suckled on it, but the biggest problem presented itself and made her squirm.

Her scheduled morning bathroom break (which made little sense, since she knew she was dreaming) was now. She needed to pee. Badly.

“Come along, let’s get the baby some nummies,” Luna sang, carrying Twilight out of her

room and down the stairs.

“What was taking you guys so long?” Spike (or a dream interpretation of him, Twilight reasoned) complained, pointing his spatula at a plate of French toast and a bottle of milk next to it. “This stuff’s starting to get cold.”

“I know you’re just a dream, but if you’re anything like the real Spike you’ll save me from this madmare!” Twilight tried to scream. All that came out was a muffled, “Shpeek! Iner yrr ert a- ehghm erhet eet...”

Luna sat down at the table, sniffing at her meal. “It looks delicious, thank you, Spike. You’ll have to forgive little Twily, she’s been extra cranky this morning.”

Spike shrugged and sat down, starting to cut up his own toast. “She does get kinda whiny when she has nightmares, huh?”

Twilight shot dream-Spike a dirty look, but remained calm. If she just bided her time...

“Now, Twily,” Luna spoke. “If I remove your paci, do you promise you’ll be a good girl for Mommy and drink your baba?”

Twilight sighed through her nose and nodded begrudgingly. Luna plopped the younger Alicorn onto her well-padded bottom and a dark blue glow of magic unlatched the wires of the pacifier, allowing it to slip off.

Just as Luna picked up the bottle, Twilight jumped up and ran for the front door. It was a long shot, she knew, but maybe if she ran far enough away Luna’s magic would lose hold and she could force herself awake.

She would not even get to test the theory, though. Again her natural instincts betrayed her as she tried to teleport away. Too late she realized her mistake as something wrapped around her back legs, more specifically her ankles. The scene of her tripping replayed, falling onto the carpet and sliding a ways before she began to cry out in sorrow. Her legs wiggled but were now double constrained, the diaper holding her from the top and some sort of stiff metal bar holding her legs from the bottom. Twilight’s wings flapped uselessly, still new and unusual to her and no help in her frenzied state.

“Poor Twily,” Luna cooed, her mane reaching out to cradle Twilight and carry her back once more. “Some widdle pony twipped and gots hurted, hmm?” Twilight was once more placed in

Luna forelegs as she picked up the bottle and gave it a shake to make sure it was coming out.

“You knew I would try to teleport, that’s not fair!” Twilight whined just before Luna shoved the nipple of the bottle into her.

“I knew no such thing,” Luna countered, rocking Twilight to and fro. “I simply wanted to give you a chance to feed yourself like a big pony, but you can’t seem to sit still long enough. And assuming I did know and that was a clever chess-esque move on my part, it just proves that you do need to learn a few more things, don’t you think?”

Twilight wanted to retort, to stop herself from sucking, but the action of drinking from a bottle was too familiar, too comforting. Her thoughts clouded a bit and distant memories began to come to her (ironically) like a dream being recalled. This was a moment she had been in before many years ago. And the warm milk was so soothing, she couldn’t remember the last time she had tried drinking it heated up like this. It was relaxing and, for a moment, Twilight was content.

But then she got too relaxed. Twilight’s eyes widened as she just barely managed to stop herself from wetting the diaper she was wearing. As she unwillingly sucked down more milk, it felt as though her bladder instantly became fuller with each gulp. She tried to kick her legs, a natural reaction she, like any young pony, used when trying to hold her pee in. The metal rod clanged and the bands around her ankles uncomfortably rubbed, making so her back legs could barely move a few inches unless she raised them both at once.

Her front legs might as well have been chained up as well. Twilight tried to shove Luna away or pull the bottle out, but like the pacifier before her own teeth held it in place.

“Such a good baby!” Luna said. “You’ve already drank half your baba. Mommy knew you were hungry.”

Only halfway? Twilight felt ready to explode now. She briefly wondered if this was how water balloons felt when a little colt or filly refused to remove it from the faucet and let it grow out of control. She moaned between gulps as she wriggled in Luna’s hold, refusing to let herself fall into whatever game Luna was playing.

At last the bottle emptied of its contents, though that was only a small ease to Twilight. Luna pulled the bottle away and the smaller Alicorn began to rub her stomach, hoping to relax the full feeling but keep herself from leaking.

“All gone!” Luna declared, hanging Twilight over her shoulder and patting her back. “Is Twily full? I bet she is, and I bet she needs to let out some gas.”

“I don’t need to be burped!” Twilight yelled. After the fifth pat on her back, though, a rather loud belch escaped Twilight’s mouth. Her face turned red as she was held up, Luna smiling at her.

“Good girl,” Luna said as the pacifier was levitated up to her ‘baby’s’ face. Twilight yelled and tried to turn her head away, but the stronger princess easily plopped it into her mouth and latched the wires together again.

“Mmmmm,” Twilight moaned, trying to control her breathing. Her squirming did not stop, even though she realized she was doing something comparable to a potty dance.

“Now then,” Luna said, standing up and setting Twilight down on her hooves. “Rarity is waiting for us with a brand new outfit! Would precious love a new dress to match her poofy Woonia diapees?”

Eyes stinging from trying to hold back her tears, Twilight tried her best to operate her body with its various restraints. Even with her front legs free, she couldn’t move more than a few inches a second. Trying to run would be useless.

“Goodbye, Spike,” Luna called, the library door opening to her magic. “We’re off to visit Rarity. Please have Twilight’s crib ready when we get back. I have a feeling she will regress a great deal more by the end of the day. Come along, Twily.”

“Mnnn!” Twilight retorted, remaining firmly in place.

“Twilight,” Luna warned, “get that padded bottom over here this instant.”

“Nnnn!” If she couldn’t run away, Twilight reasoned, she just wouldn’t go anywhere. She wouldn’t put up with being treated like this. Her pupils dilated when her horn filled with the dreaded swirl of her own and Luna’s magic. Her diaper tingled and grew once again, but now had the added effect of rubbing against her aching nethers that begged to be relieved of their strain.

“Twilight, get over here now or else,” Luna said, a thick book being levitated close to her as she approached. “I only said I didn’t believe in *some* forms of punishment!”

Struggle continued, Twilight tried to back away from the imposing mare, which of course

was futile in her condition. The magic around her diaper intensified, as though the simplest action in defying Luna punished her in some way. So distracted by her near-bursting bladder, Twilight was, that Luna easily moved her closer to her.

“Such a misbehaved foal,” Luna said, the book she levitated brought down on Twilight’s rear with a loud smack that resonated throughout the library.

Twilight whined around her pacifier, but it was more from shock and embarrassment than anything else. Her diaper shielded her from any real pain she might have felt otherwise. Still, the demeaning action of a spanking only seemed to cement how powerless Twilight really was in this situation.

Another smack to her hindquarters and Twilight actually began to cry, truly feeling as though Luna had trapped her in the form of a naughty filly. A light trickle escaped her from the spanking’s shock to her system, a splotch of pee staining a bit of the diaper. From the outside one couldn’t tell it had happened, but to Twilight it felt as though she had been robbed of being a grown mare.

One more spanking and another splotch of pee, Luna let the book fall onto the table. The Princess of the Night picked Twilight up and hugged her, rubbing her back and rubbing her bottom as if it were sore. “I’m sorry, sweetie, but you gave Mommy no choice but to punish you.”

“Mmmmm...” Twilight moaned, still sniffing.

Luna set her back down. “Will you follow Mommy now, or do you need another spanking?”

Her will partially cracked, Twilight realized her attempts to resist were becoming increasingly more futile. With a nod, Twilight focused back on keeping herself from wetting. Now that she had released some, it was even more difficult.

“Good girl,” Luna said with a smile, once more walking to the door. Twilight followed as best as she could, hardly able to build up any momentum, but Luna didn’t seem to mind. “Goodbye, Spike!” She called out.

“Yep, whatever,” Spike said apathetically, flipping a page in the book Twilight had been spanked with.

Twilight sniffled a bit more as the sunlight outside shone down on her. It felt as if her diaper,

pacifier, and leg restraint all reflected the light of her predicament, shining obviously. She knew it was a dream, but that didn't stop the blush that formed as ponies looked at her. Their expressions ranged from mocking sneers and laughs to faces that showed how cute they thought she was. All of them made Twilight feel more like a foal and she found herself sucking her pacifier to sooth herself any way she could.

Luna walked along happily, clearly loving every second of this torture, of showing off her foal. She didn't seem to take notice of Twilight's struggle to keep up with her.

With a shiver, Twilight thought that maybe Luna did take notice. For a moment Twilight had considered asking Luna to be carried, but that would just give her another opportunity to declare how much of a foal Twilight had become. As they passed by the marketplace, clearly taking a scenic route to Rarity's boutique, the younger Alicorn's will to fight back returned somewhat as she felt the need to pee increase.

Thinking Luna was distracted, Twilight made her way to a cart that wasn't being watched. She brought her horn to the edge and tried to get the magic inhibitor caught, thinking she could pop it off like a sarsaparilla bottle cap. She applied pressure and tried to struggle the cap off.

Horror gripped her as the magic began to flow, jumping back. "Nnnn, nnn!" she moaned, sucking her pacifier harder. She stopped, so the magic should stop too, right? But it seemed that wasn't how her punishment would work. The diaper and consequently her nethers tingled as the diaper swelled.

"Oooh, om on!" she managed to get out. How much bigger could her diaper get!? It was already threatening to reach her knees and would soon surpass them if it kept up. But something else happened. A strange... thing formed between her buttocks, nestled into her privates. It was sooth and long. Some kind of stick? A rubber coated wire grew from the thing and snaked out the left legging of her diaper as a strange weight was added to her thigh.

She turned her head and gasped at a blue box, decorated with a crescent moon for a dial, which was strapped around her leg. The wire connected to the box just as her magic stopped flowing, her diaper just about pressing against her knees. But her even greater lack of movement was the least of her problems as Luna came up to her.

"And just what is going on here?" Luna asked with a raised brow. Her condescending expression changed to confusion as she glanced at the box thing on Twilight's leg. She reached out and adjusted the dial to its max number. "Curious. What kind of device is this?"

“Mmmm, nnnnnn!” Twilight yelped, crying once again as the box was set to its max level. Nothing, however, seemed to happen. Maybe her magic had forgotten to add batteries?

“No, really, what is this machine?” Luna said, her tone losing any semblance of the mare that had captured Twilight and forced her into this position. The larger Alicorn flipped spun the dial this way and that. “We have never seen a machine like this before. We would be most interested to know. Is it a machine meant to help foals relieve themselves or some such application?”

Twilight blinked and felt like her head was about to explode. Just as the thought of taking this moment of confusion to do *something* crossed her mind, Luna’s roguish smile returned. “Oh well. I am sure it’s use will be made clear when the time is appropriate. Come now, we can’t keep Miss Rarity waiting any longer.”

Twilight shook her head and moaned. There was no reasoning with an insane mare like Luna, Twilight believed.

“Hmm... you sure have been having a hard time keeping up with Mommy...” Luna trailed off. “Is baby sure she can make it the rest of the way on her tired widdle hoovsies?”

The smaller pony sighed. “Ahh oo eet...” Twilight said. What was the point? Luna seemed to have her restricted at every turn, from her pacifier to her diaper. With a defeated shake of her head, Twilight felt herself jolted up and placed into a carriage she was sure wasn’t there a second ago.

Luna looked down at her, making kissy faces. “Awww, poor widdle Twily needs a west, doesn’t she? Yes she does! Mommy Luna will take good care of you.” She rubbed the front of her diaper and giggled. “Isn’t that adorable? Your diaper sticks over the top of the carriage, how silly!”

Twilight moaned and covered her eyes with her front hooves whilst trying to kick her back legs, which was impossible. At least now she could rest and focus on not wetting her diaper as Luna pushed her.

With a few snuffles, Twilight realized she had come to think of it as *her* diaper, and the thing in her mouth was *her* pacifier. Twilight was getting accustomed to the situation, which in itself was worse than the situation itself. If she got used to it, she might accept it. Twilight couldn’t let that happen.

It wasn’t long until the two Alicorns were at the boutique, or at least it seemed that way to

Twilight. She dreaded seeing what dastardly creation Dream-Rarity had made her, so of course it would come about as soon as possible.

“Rarity?” Luna called out as she pushed the carriage inside. “Are you in? I would like to see if the dress we ordered was ready.”

“Princess Luna!” Rarity said cheerfully as she stepped out from behind a curtain and bowed. “It is a pleasure to do business with a pony of your stature.”

“Pish-posh,” Luna retorted. “You honor me with your designs. And besides, I’m just a mother buying clothing for her foal.” Twilight was levitated and placed onto her padded rump, looking almost brain-dead from concentration and sucking on her pacifier.

“Awww, the poor darling looks so stressed out,” Rarity said. “Is Celestia giving you too much homework again?”

“Mmph,” Twilight replied, furrowing her brow.

Rarity smiled and magically pinched Twilight’s cheek. “Don’t worry, darling, I have a new dress for you that’s sure to put a smile on your face.” A mannequin was scooted to them, Rarity smiling proudly, Luna gasping happily, and Twilight sucking to calm her once more frazzled nerves.

The dress was an elaborate Renaissance styled garment, complete with a poofy petticoat. It was frilly and bouncy all over, just as was Rarity’s style when taking things out of proportion. It was styled after Luna, just like everything else Twilight was doomed to wear, colored a dark-night-blue with the frills colored the same creamy blue of her diaper. It came complete with an equally ruffled saddle and moons in just the right places to remind Twilight that she was Luna’s foal. Despite how wide and huge the actual skirt part of the dress, it was clear it would do nothing to hide her diaper.

“It’s perfect!” Luna said, immediately pulling it off the mannequin and slipping Twilight into it by making her levitate into the dress. Twilight did little to resist. “Mmmm, I bet it’s so soft and cushy. Just like your diapees, hmmm, baby?”

Twilight didn’t even respond, just letting herself fall into the dress and sniffing once her legs slipped through the sleeves and her head popped out the collar. She was placed back onto the ground, hugged all over by the general poof. Her front legs were forced apart and made to slightly stick out at her sides. It came to her attention that now even her front legs were being

partially constrained now, but that just seemed par for the course at this point.

Luna planted a great big kiss on what of Twilight's cheek was exposed. "You look so precious! Like a big puffy stuffed toy filled with love." She chuckled.

A toy. That rang in Twilight's mind a moment, her sucking quickening with her heartbeat. That's what she was becoming, a toy for Luna to be played with at her leisure as Celestia would tease Twilight when she was a filly. It was at her disclosure, and there was nothing Twilight could do about it.

"It looks even more adorable than I imagined," Rarity declared. "Is it to your liking?"

"It is perfect!" Luna declared, getting up and leading Rarity off to the side. "Let us discuss your fee."

Twilight was left alone to herself, to suck and wobble unsteadily in place, hardly able to move of her own violation. She was trapped and powerless to do a thing except enjoy the plush feeling of her garments. She still was defiant, however, even though logic dictated there was no point in trying to fight back against Luna's power. One more attempt, one last escape attempt while Luna was distracted. Her horn flared with magic and her whole body tingled as the swirl of hers and Luna's power covered her, but she did not stop.

The diaper thickened as it did each time, but other things happened as Twilight tried to overpower the magical blocker on her horn. The petticoat grew more layers to accommodate her diaper, making sure more of it could be seen as it grew. The shoulders of her dress grew sleeves that slid down her forelegs. Leather straps and shiny buckles formed in various places.

She grunted as sweat ran down her forehead, trying to push her magic out and hold her bladder tight at the same time. It wasn't easy at all.

The spaces between the plastic straps began to disappear as they melted together, widening and covering more of her face. Twilight didn't stop sucking on the pacifier even as it became covered by plastic, even as a hard strip slinked up her head and wrapped around the base of her horn.

Twilight tilted backwards as her diaper poofed out even more under her, forcing her to roll onto her back. She tried to yell in frustration, but her mask prevented her from opening her mouth in the slightest. The sleeves of the petticoat grew to the point where they were far too long for her legs. This only made it easier to tie her up as she was forced to cross her forelegs over her

chest like a pony trapped in a straitjacket. The leather straps slinked around her, hugging her tight, even latching around her thickening diaper to press it even snuggler against her nethers. The sleeves were tangled in the impossible mess of straps.

As Twilight let the magic fade, she once more began to sob. That was it, then. She couldn't beat the power of a much stronger, much wiser princess. She lay on the ground, helpless as a newborn foal. Her front legs were tied up in the straitjacket accessories the dress now included while her back legs were simultaneously pushed apart and held together by her diaper and her shackles, respectively. The diaper pressed tenderly between her thighs, reaching down to her knees. The shackles almost seemed redundant at this point, but they kept her from moving her legs in separate directions.

Her magic was blocked tighter than a vault with the deepest pits of Canterlot, she could not even scream or 'mmph' because of the mask that latched to her face. She could squirm, she could wriggle, and her neck was still free to roam, but she could not obtain any motion on her own anymore. One more attempt at escape would probably leave her completely immobile, and she dare not risk it.

Her suckling on the pacifier was her only relief from the torture of being so trapped, but even that fed into the worst possible aspect of the situation, the part that truly made her break down in tears. She loved this treatment, the way she was trapped, Luna's promise to take care of her. Her magic, powerful and terrible without control, took Celestia many long days to temper, and even then Twilight felt she had to always remain vigilant lest it run wild, like her instance of using the dreaded 'want-it-need-it' spell. But now there was no chance of that, not chance of her running wild, causing chaos and harm.

She was safe. She was perfectly controlled. It was horrible, absolutely horrible that being so perfectly helpless and powerless made her happy, but it did. She cried for what an awful pony she was, but smiled underneath the mask and accepted her fate.

At last, with a sigh of relief escaping through her sobs, Twilight wet her diaper. Her body thanked her with a deep sense of satisfaction as she seemed to deflate into herself a bit. The diaper turning darker as she thoroughly soaked it, Luna's cutie mark upon it smearing to represent it had been used. Although it was clearly obvious she was soaked even without that feature, and Twilight had no way of knowing it happened.

The box on Twilight leg began to hum and her eyes widened. She tried to bend to see what was happening, but her dress restricted her. Her breathing quickened and the hum began to come in the form of light crinkling as her diaper shook. The stick pressed into her and her magic

reacted one more time to fit it in *just* right.

Twilight figured out what the box and stick were just moments before she experienced sensual overload.

“Mmmmmmmmm!” she moaned, wriggling and squirming in her confinement, sucking on her pacifier harder and harder, being driven slightly mad from the pleasure she was in.

“Aww, how cute,” Luna said, standing over the younger Alicorn and levitating her once again into the carriage. “Twilight loves her dress, doesn’t she? She loves wetting her diapers and being Mommy’s foal, yes?”

Twilight only moaned in ecstasy as more fluids left her body, not registering much else but her rumbling diaper. For the pleased mare who had been reduced to little else than a squealing foal, time seemed to melt together into a bleary mess not unlike her normal memories of dreams. As that got through to her were the wonderful sensations of release, her mushy diaper making both squishes and still crinkling in a delightfully contradictory way.

When Twilight finally got ahold of her senses again, her crotch throbbed with both an aching and a sense of wonderful tickling. The device still shook, though not as violently as before. The suckling of her pacifier had become constant, a rhythmic motion that was so soothing she never wanted to stop. As she looked about, she realized she was back in her room, resting in the crib Dream-Spike had no doubt set up. The restraints around her diaper unfastened and she turned her head to see Luna carrying a diaper that seemed to be just as big as the monstrosity she currently wore.

“I was worried you lost any semblance of recognition for a while there,” Luna said. “Would Mommy’s little foal like a fresh diaper?”

Twilight nodded, practically the only motion she could do in her state. Demeaning as it was, she could use a change, and stuck like this she might as well stay in diapers.

But Luna had one last trick to pull as she wrapped the fresh diaper over soiled one, tapping it on snug and refastening the straps after extending them. Luna gave a wink as Twilight tiredly moaned.

“I simply said I was putting you in a fresh diaper. I said nothing about changing it.” Luna brought a hoof up to stifle her snickers.

Twilight wasn't really able to do much except snuggle into the pillow she rested on.

Luna leaned over the crib and smiled down. "Hey, now, I know you enjoyed yourself tonight, but you can't really blame me for what's happened here."

Twilight managed to raise a brow.

"Certainly. You think this was all my doing, but it was yours. I rule over dreams the same as Celestia rules over the day. But just as daydreams and you are things my sister cannot truly control, dreams and things precious to a pony are not within my ability to manipulate."

Twilight's eyes widened.

"That's right. I may have been a catalyst to start this, but your dreams are your own. You are in control here, even as you lay there so helplessly. You wanted all this to happen, so it did."

The young Alicorn moaned.

"I had no idea you'd take it *this* far, though, but if this is how you like it." Luna leaned down and kissed Twilight in her ear, pretty much the only place her mask didn't cover. "I must bid you a good morning, Twilight, as the sun is coming up and you're about to wake up. I can't wait to play again tomorrow night."

"Mmmmmm..."

Luna gently walked out of the room, shutting all the curtains and blowing out candle, leaving Twilight in the dark. The encased pony felt her tired eyes droop, and in mere moments she fell awake.

Twilight Sparkle found herself suddenly wide awake, a large smile plastered on her lips. She blinked a few moments before sitting up, happily yawning and stretching the kinks out of her joints.

"Hey, Twilight," Spike said just as he climbed out of his own little bed. "You're looking well."

"I'm feeling better than well," Twilight replied. "I can hardly remember the last time I woke up so refreshed."

“Told you that book would help,” the little dragon said as he made his way to the door. “Nothing like a good dream to make the morning seem brighter, huh?”

Twilight was just about to remove the blanket covering her when she felt a wet sensation between her legs. She blushed when she realized she had wet the bed, and not because she had peed. “Err, right. Dream. Hey, can you go get started on breakfast? I’d like to record my dream.”

“Sure. French toast sound good?”

“Sounds fantastic, thank you.”

Spike waved and walked out of their room, closing the door behind him.

Twilight wiped her brow and levitated her dream journal over and getting ready to recount all the details she could remember of her dream. “Ahh, one night’s silly fun. Can’t wait to do it again, right ‘Luna’?” She giggled to herself and began to write. Before she could get far, though, a knock came from the door leading to the balcony.

Twilight felt her heart catch in her throat when she looked to see the princess of the night standing outside, looking less than pleased. Twilight stood up and gulped, taking the blanket with her to cover the indecency of her self-satisfaction. She gingerly opened the door.

“Princess Luna—” Twilight began. Before she could say anything, Luna shoved a box into Twilight’s hooves. Twilight looked inside and the color drained from her face. It was filled with familiar diapers, pacifiers, a pacifier-mask, and a box-and-stick device.

Luna huffed. “The next time thee feels it is acceptable to invade Our dreams and force Us to help you live out your lewd fantasies, *at least* have the decency to pick up your toys.”

Twilight remained blank faced for a long while, not making anything more than the slightest whine. At last she worked up the nerve to speak. “P-Princess Luna, I am *so* sorry. I’ve been stressed lately and Spike got me this book on lucid dreaming, and, and...” Twilight gulped and shivered a bit. “You’re not going to send me to the moon, are you?”

Luna cleared her throat. “No, We do not send ponies to the moon because their dreams get a tad out of hoof. Just, next time, try to keep your dreams under control, hmm?”

With a nod, Twilight shrunk back a bit while hiding the box under her makeshift cover. “I’ll

keep that in mind. I'm so, so sorry princess, it will never happen again."

Tapping her hoof, Luna looked about the room. "Hrrm, yes, well... Art thee sure it will *never* happen again? I mean, it wasn't an awful experience."

Twilight looked up, color returning as her face turned red. "Princess Luna?"

"Thee seemed to enjoy yourself, We enjoyed Ourselves even if We weren't being Ourselves. And there is always tomorrow night." Luna took another step inside, the balcony doors closing behind her. "And it does *just* so happen that We do not have anything of importance planned for the day. I mean..." Luna leaned down and took Twilight's hoof to pull the box into the open. "We do have many supplies here for curiously entertaining activities. Why limit Ourselves to only when We're dreaming?" She smiled, attempting to make it coy but failing as her nervousness clearly showed. "What do you say?"

Twilight's blush intensified and she opened her mouth to respond. Before she could say anything, though, a pacifier was plopped into her mouth.

"Though, if We did things the way thee desired, thee wouldn't have a say, would thee?" Luna's grin was a bit more sure as she plucked a diaper out of the box.

Twilight's blush intensified. She felt helpless already... just the way she liked it.