

The Big Baby Runway

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“The Big Baby Runway: Part I- LifeCycle

Jenna Cole had never considered herself a model. Sure, she had the legs for it, and her Instagram had taken off ever since she'd posted that one sunset beach photo in an oversized sweater. So when an email from an avant-garde fashion house called *ReBébé* invited her to walk in their exclusive “LifeCycle” runway show, she jumped at the chance.

She arrived at the warehouse venue in Brooklyn expecting dramatic fabrics and sculptural couture. Instead, she was greeted by a set designer dressed as a giant teddy bear and racks upon racks of... baby clothes?

Well, not exactly. They were *like* baby clothes—onesies, overalls, bibs, bonnets—but all sized for adults. Soft pastels, cartoon animal prints, and puffed fabrics everywhere. Jenna blinked as she was handed a powder blue onesie with snaps that went all the way from her collar to her ankles.

“This... is the look?” she asked the stylist, who was expertly fitting her into a massive adult-sized diaper cover with rhinestones on the butt.

“It’s not just fashion,” the stylist grinned. “It’s *regression couture*. Very big in Berlin right now.”

Jenna hesitated. The camera crews were setting up. Models strolled by wearing pacifier necklaces and velvet bibs, pushing oversized strollers like they were the height of chic. A tall, androgynous model gave her a wink as they crawled gracefully onto a rolling platform shaped like a crib, complete with bars.

“Wait, some of this stuff *locks*?” she whispered, noticing another model strapped into a pastel pink harness, arms slightly immobilized.

“Oh yeah,” the stylist said. “But don’t worry, they time the release mechanisms for the end of the walk. It’s part performance, part commentary.”

Jenna wanted to run. But then she caught her reflection in a mirror—snug in a cloud-soft onesie, bonnet tilted sassily, cheeks flushed with disbelief—and something clicked. It was ridiculous. It was absurd. But wasn’t fashion supposed to be about expression? About playing with identity?

She smiled—tentative at first, then bold.

The runway lights came up, and she strutted down the catwalk with exaggerated baby steps, each one more confident than the last. The crowd *loved* it. Cameras flashed. Critics nodded, murmuring about “post-modern vulnerability” and “infantilism as resistance.”

Halfway down, she was scooped gently into a giant stroller pushed by another model in a glittery romper. They twirled once, then posed. The audience erupted in cheers.

By the end of the show, Jenna had been zipped into a massive plush sleeping sack that slowly inflated around her as lullaby music played. The final look. The crowd gave a standing ovation.

Backstage, she laughed until she cried. Her cheeks hurt from smiling. The designer approached, their glasses perched on the tip of their nose.

“You were *perfect*,” they said. “You got it. You embraced the absurd. That’s real style.”

Jenna walked out of the venue still wearing her onesie, bonnet tossed jauntily over one shoulder. Her phone buzzed with new followers and requests.

Maybe this was weird.

Maybe it was brilliant.

Maybe it was her new niche.

“The Big Baby Runway: Part II – Cradle to Couture”

The *ReBébé* show was supposed to be a one-off—a quirky anecdote for Jenna’s next podcast appearance or a viral TikTok. But the response was overwhelming. Designers, artists, and even performance collectives reached out, intrigued by her comfort in vulnerability and her willingness to lean into the absurd.

One week later, Jenna was invited to a private salon hosted in a velvet-draped loft in SoHo. The theme? “Return to the Womb.”

There, models lounged in oversize bassinets sipping from adult-sized bottles of matcha and oat milk lattes. The fashion was no less bold: quilted footed pajamas in jewel tones, pacifier chokers made of blown glass, bonnets with LED underlighting. And amidst it all was a statuesque figure known only as Mother Aurelia—a mysterious former fashion editor turned lifestyle curator who had taken the whole regression-chic aesthetic and turned it into a living philosophy.

Jenna was captivated.

Aurelia wore a sweeping robe that looked like a cross between a maternity gown and a papal cloak. Her voice was soft but commanding.

“You don’t have to pretend to be small,” Aurelia told her. “You *are* allowed to be held. Cared for. Made gentle.”

It was weird. It was comforting. It was *true*.

From that night on, Jenna became a regular part of Aurelia’s circle. They called themselves The Nest, and they didn’t just dress the part—they lived it. Stylized nurseries became creative studios. Instead of desks, there were mobile high chairs with built-in sketchpads. Strollers were used to wheel each other around between photo shoots and design brainstorming. It was all theatrical, camp, and oddly nurturing.

Jenna began collaborating on her own line: Big Baby Energy, which combined vintage baby aesthetics with sharp, high-fashion silhouettes—think a leather bib worn over a silk romper, or a corseted onesie with Victorian lace. Her online following exploded.

But with the growing fame came a desire for something deeper than performance.

So one evening, after a particularly intense guided “toddler yoga” session (which involved rolling on oversized rugs and chanting in gibberish), Jenna turned to Aurelia and said half-jokingly:

“Would you be my... I don’t know. Mother?”

Aurelia’s eyes sparkled.

“Oh darling,” she said, wrapping her in a blanket like a swaddle. “You already are my little one.”

From that point forward, they weren’t just collaborators. They became a kind of chosen family—Aurelia guiding, nurturing, pushing Jenna into new realms of art and identity. It wasn’t about regressing to helplessness. It was about trust. Permission. The luxury of surrender.

Their next show, “Cradle to Couture,” made headlines for its blend of intimacy and spectacle. Models were “tucked in” at the end of the runway under heated blankets. The final moment was Jenna herself, wheeled out in a giant clear crib filled with satin pillows, holding a rattle that doubled as a perfume atomizer.

The audience didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

And Jenna? She finally felt free.

Not just styled—but *seen*.

“The Big Baby Runway: Part III – Swaddled in Silk, Bound in Lace”

At first, living under Mother Aurelia’s wing was liberating.

In Aurelia’s vast brownstone—nicknamed *The Nursery*—every room was an installation. The kitchen had high chairs for adults. The hallways were lined with plush-padded walls in powder pink. Bedrooms were cribs. It was surreal, artistic, performative.

But slowly, things shifted.

The outfits became more restrictive. What had once been fashion statements—oversized onesies, pastel harnesses, padded rompers—began incorporating subtle locking mechanisms. Snaps were replaced with clasps that clicked shut and required keys. The “playpens” had high walls now, with little latches *just out of reach*.

Aurelia’s tone changed, too.

“You don’t need all that stress anymore,” she would murmur as she brushed Jenna’s hair, gently but insistently. “No more adult worries. You’re better when you’re soft.”

Jenna tried to brush it off. Maybe this was just a phase of the art project. Maybe it was commentary. *Maybe she was imagining it.*

But then came the *Quiet Week*.

Aurelia told the Nest it was a “re-centering” ritual. For seven days, no one was allowed to speak. Communication was done via giggles, cries, and body language—“pre-verbal expression,” as Aurelia called it.

During this week, Jenna was fitted into a full-body footed onesie—lavender silk, custom-tailored, gorgeous. It zipped up the back, all the way up to a soft collar that cupped her jaw. But the zipper locked, and the mittens were sewn shut. It was beautiful, but immobilizing.

She was placed in a wheeled crib and gently pushed from room to room, laid beneath mobiles, spoon-fed by attendants wearing stylized nurse caps. Each night, her harness was clipped to the crib's sides "for safety." At first, she told herself it was part of the show. Part of the world.

But on the fourth day, Jenna tried to unzip the suit.

She couldn't.

She asked—muffled under the Quiet Week rules—for help. A model just giggled and patted her on the head.

That night, she whispered, "Aurelia... this has gone too far."

Aurelia leaned over the crib bars, looking down at her like a mother with a misbehaving child. "Oh, sweetheart," she whispered, "you said you wanted to be cared for. To be free. You asked for this."

"I didn't ask to be *trapped*," Jenna said.

But Aurelia's gaze was unreadable. "Trapped? No, darling. You're safe. You're *loved*."

Jenna began to panic in small ways—asking to skip events, asking for privacy, asking for normal clothes.

Requests were dismissed.

"You're overwhelmed. It's part of the transition," someone told her as they strapped on a bib with a locking clasp.

One morning, she woke up to find a new "design": a high-collar onesie with subtle padding and integrated mitts *without any seams*. No visible way out. A tag inside read: *For our most devoted Little One – A*.

That was the moment Jenna knew she had to leave.

But her clothes were no longer just clothes. They were costumes of control—each piece, each fastener, each locking mechanism making it harder to *become Jenna* again. Aurelia had turned fashion into a gilded cage.

The Big Baby Runway: Part IV – The Nursery Below

The longer Jenna stayed in *The Nursery*, the more it seemed to rearrange itself.

She couldn't tell if the changes were real or imagined—if the pastel walls were closing in, if the lullaby music playing in loops had grown slower, slightly distorted, like an old cassette wearing out. The others in the Nest—models, artists, creators—had all become eerily compliant. They giggled easily, obeyed silently. They moved slowly, as if underwater, dressed in increasingly elaborate, impractical designs: bonnets with sound-dampening foam, gloves that reduced dexterity, pacifiers affixed with elegant leather straps to keep mouths occupied.

Jenna kept her thoughts hidden. She smiled when expected. She wore what she was told. She complied—but inside, she observed.

She noticed how time disappeared. There were no clocks in the Nursery. Her phone had been replaced with a toy version, the kind with big colorful buttons that made cartoon sounds. When she

asked for her things back, Aurelia would gently cup her face and say, “The world outside is so cruel, darling. You don’t belong in it anymore.”

Each week, a new "milestone ceremony" was held. The Nest would gather in a plush amphitheater made to look like an upscale daycare. There were slides, plush animal seats, even a velvet rocking horse. Jenna, dressed in a satin bibbed dress that crinkled with every move, was presented with a "certificate" for being "*our most obedient blossom*."

Everyone clapped. Jenna smiled for the cameras. But behind her eyes, she was already mapping escape.

Then, came *The Nursery Below*.

She hadn't even known it existed.

It was introduced as a “deep rest retreat.” Just for a few days, Aurelia said. To help Jenna recover from her “grown-up tendencies.” The elevator was hidden behind a wall panel, and it led to a level under the house that smelled like powdered milk and rosewater.

There were no windows.

The rooms were soundproofed.

Jenna was undressed, bathed, and fitted into what Aurelia called *The Chrysalis*—a padded, seamless suit with no zippers, just a smooth exterior of peach velvet. Her arms were snug at her sides, legs wrapped together like a sleeping infant. They slid her into a glass-walled crib and dimmed the lights.

“You’re safe now,” Aurelia whispered. “You don’t need to make choices anymore.”

In the silence of the Nursery Below, Jenna drifted.

At first, her mind protested—screaming internally, running scenarios—but over the days (or was it weeks?), her thoughts dulled. The lack of movement, the lullabies, the warm swaddling—it quieted her.

And then something *snapped*.

A moment. A crack.

She heard a voice in her head, her *own* voice: *This is not peace. This is erasure.*

In a moment of clarity, Jenna focused everything on one goal: *Move*.

Her fingers twitched. She found a seam where the inner padding didn’t fully align with the outer fabric. It was barely anything—but it was *hers*. A sliver of agency.

She began to work it loose, night after night, with patient, tiny movements. She feigned calm when attendants came. She hummed when expected. Smiled when cooed at.

Inside, she sharpened.

The Night of Breakage

It came unexpectedly.

She managed to rip a single line of thread. The moment she did, it triggered a cascade—like undoing a corset from the inside. The suit slackened. Her body unfolded awkwardly, numb but free.

Jenna slid from the crib and crawled, trembling, to the corner of the room. She found the emergency panel—the only modern feature in the otherwise saccharine space. She slammed it.

An alarm blared.

Aurelia arrived seconds later, shocked, breathless, still in her ceremonial robe. Her expression flickered—not fury, but betrayal. Deep, maternal pain.

“Jenna,” she whispered. “You were supposed to be *mine*.”

“No,” Jenna said. Her voice was hoarse. “I was supposed to be *me*.”

Aurelia reached out a hand.

Jenna stepped back.

And then she ran.

Up the elevator, past the silent attendants, through the plush halls that once felt like home. Out into the night—barefoot, half-wrapped in silk, blinking under real streetlights for the first time in what felt like years.

Aftermath

Jenna never told the full story. She reemerged into the world quietly. Her fashion line went dark. Her socials vanished. Some whispered she’d had a breakdown. Others claimed it was all a performance art stunt that had gone too far.

But those who saw her afterward noted one thing: she never wore soft fabrics again.

Only denim. Zippers. Laces.

Things that did not lock.

The Big Baby Runway: Part V – Daddy’s Rules, Jenna’s Peace

In the months that followed her escape, Jenna tried to return to normal life.

She moved into a minimalist loft in the city. Clean lines. Hard floors. Blank walls. Her wardrobe was filled with zippers, leather, and buckles that *opened*. She drank bitter coffee instead of warm milk. She wore boots instead of booties. She worked freelance styling jobs, but avoided anything too soft, too nostalgic, too... *Aurelia*.

But something gnawed at her.

Not the aesthetic. Not the nursery pastels or cutesy rituals. But *the feeling*—that strange, structured containment that had once unnerved her... and comforted her.

It wasn’t just fashion. It had been safety. Focus. Discipline. A loss of control that paradoxically let her breathe.

Late at night, she'd lie awake, craving the hug of restrictive fabric, the calm of not being asked to choose. Not being asked to perform. To excel. To lead.

She tried to recreate it in small ways—tying her hands under a weighted blanket, slipping into an oversized hoodie and curling up in her closet. But it wasn't the same. Not without the presence, the *watchful care*.

She didn't miss Aurelia. But she missed the *structure*. The *container*. The *power exchanged*.

That's when she met Miles.

It was at a niche fashion-tech gallery—Miles was tall, quiet, with a soft voice and an eye for detail. He'd designed wearable sculptures that monitored heartbeat and tension levels, reacting by tightening or loosening like a second skin. One of his mannequins wore an adult-sized swaddle pod that pulsed with the rhythm of a hug.

Jenna stared at it for a long time.

"You can get inside it if you want," Miles offered.

She did.

It held her gently, firmly. Like it *knew* her limits better than she did.

When she stepped out, her eyes were wet.

Miles didn't ask. He just smiled and said, "Some people need to be wrapped, not for helplessness—but for *wholeness*."

They started seeing each other.

It was slow. Careful. No titles at first. No games.

Until one evening, curled up in his studio, Jenna shyly asked, "Have you ever... done a *Daddy/little* dynamic?"

He blinked. Then nodded. "Yes," he said. "But only when she asks for it."

Jenna exhaled.

"I think I'm ready to ask."

Their New World

With Miles, it was different. There were rules—but they were agreed upon. Outfits that zipped, buckled, wrapped—but only when she gave the nod. Harnesses designed like art pieces—soft leather and pastel suede, strong enough to hold her, but always with a safe word, always with consent.

He made her custom pieces: a tailored romper that locked in the back but had a hidden release she could activate. A weighted collar that whispered calming sounds. A pacifier she could wear *or not*, depending on her mood.

They played. They structured. They unstructured. She laughed more. She let herself be little—not regressed, not erased—but *held*.

Miles never told her who to be.

But he was always there to say:

“Good girl.”

“Time for bed.”

“You're safe now.”

Jenna found peace not in surrendering herself completely, but in choosing when and how to let go. Not in escaping responsibility, but in creating rituals that allowed her to soften without fear.

And finally, she did the unthinkable:

She launched a new fashion line.

“Softbound” – A collection designed for adults who want to play with power, restraint, vulnerability, and identity—ethically, artistically, beautifully.

The debut show ended not with a dramatic escape or a crib, but with Jenna walking out in a silk harness of her own design, smiling, hand in hand with Miles—her Daddy, her collaborator, her anchor.

This time, she wasn't locked in.

She had the key.

And she *chose* to stay.