

The inside of the secondary building revealed a large nursery, the single room taking up the entire building – much larger than a normal child’s nursery, though there was much more to set it apart than just that. Pastel pink walls brightened up the room, lit by natural sunlight from the many large windows looking out onto both the back and front yards, none of them covered by blinds or curtains. The entire room was split into sections, each with their own purpose, though no walls separated any of them, making the entire area feel very open – though also without much privacy to be found at all. Especially with the clear view in that anyone on the outside would have of anyone staying in the nursery. The cameras in the corners and center of each wall ensured a full view of the entire nursery was kept recorded at all times, for the caretaker to keep, and for the mechanical aspects to keep an eye on their charge, with compartments inset across all of the walls for mechanical arms to easily ensure that everything stayed in order with or without a caretaker present. Of course, the recording was always streamed to a kinky website, keeping a 24/7 feed of the nursery, both inside and outside, always available to see, making sure anyone wanting to watch (or maybe donate as well) would get to see the little sissy’s predicament on full display. Any screen in the room could easily be changed to show the stream as well, making sure those inside got to see themselves being shown off to the world.

The main space focused directly ahead at the changing table – the most prominent feature of the room. Positioned just below a large window so that it would be on full display, the pastel pink and white table was covered with a comfortable topper to lay on, which had pink straps and belts crisscrossing the length of it, set up to tie down arms, legs, lay across the torso, stomach, and even an adjustable section to hold down larger tails that might get in the way of changes. Below the topper it held various shelves and drawers, each of them prominently displaying their own embarrassing accent. A stack of pink diapers of various designs, from butterflies to magical sparkles; a drawer full of all size and manner of chastity devices, with a cage for every size and shape of sheath and slit; a vibrating wand set aside for anyone deserving of a reward, differently colored and sized mitts and booties for any species, and plenty more. The table housed a large number of the mechanical arms, ready to make diaper changes a breeze for any little sissy staying here should their caretaker not be around to change them personally, or if they just wanted to watch the arms work for them. Hanging just to the side of the table was a potty chart calendar, with a container full of raincloud stickers and nothing else.

Off to the left of the space was a tiled area that made up the kitchen, with all the appliances a cook could need to craft dishes made with love, though with the size of those appliances, it’s unlikely they would be used by any little ones staying here, instead for the use of their caretaker, or to be used by the expert arms of the nursery, always ready and willing to put together a new meal to feed their charge, or just to give them a bottle feeding while strapped into their chair. A refrigerator was stocked with already poured bottles of milk, ready to be microwaved to heat them right up – each of them already pre-spiked with diuretics taken from the cabinet of concoctions just above the countertop, a few prepared with aphrodisiacs as well for some extra fun. A drawer full of big plastic utensils and a cabinet of colorful plastic plates and sippy cups ensured that the little one or ones in the nursery always had age-appropriate dinnerware to use, and the cabinet next to the refrigerator was stocked with snacks to keep their energy up.

In the back of the kitchen sat a big high chair, complete with plenty of straps to ensure that anyone set down in it to eat wouldn't be getting out without assistance from their caretaker or the arms, keeping their legs against the chair's legs, wrists kept against the tray, a harness going over the shoulders and between the legs, and a cuff in the back for long tails to slide into. It came with an extra function as well – two attachments that could easily be hooked up to a sissy's sensitive areas, one of them a milker to fit over their dick if they happened to be unlocked, and the other a small tube that could connect to a cage and vibrate it if they were locked up as they should be. Either way, once attached and turned on by a caretaker, the machine would relentlessly stimulate the sissy trapped in the highchair until the caretaker chose to turn it off, collecting their "milk" the whole time. The tubes ran into a collection jar for storing their cum, which could easily be taken and poured into extra baby bottles and kept in the fridge for the future, either as milk for them to drink later, or as an extra ingredient to spice up a delicious meal – always liberally applied whenever the arms might be cooking for them, as a very important ingredient for growing little sissies.

The back right corner consisted of another tiled area, this one set up to be the space's bathroom, though very clearly missing any toilet, with only a diaper chute in its place. It's not like a sissy staying here would need one of those, after all. Instead, a large bathtub was set up on the tiles, with pink bottles of baby shampoo set on the rim next to a sponge for their caretaker to use or for the arms to make use of, making sure their little ones are nice and clean. Of course, whenever a caretaker couldn't be around to wash them and they needed a bath, there was a useful system in place as well. With a collar attached to the lip of the tub to ensure they weren't getting out until bathtime was officially over, mechanical arm assisted bathtime was easily enforced with the gentle sounds of a hypnotic lullaby playing through little speakers just outside the tub, a voice speaking to her about how to be a wonderful sissy, and a screen pointing down from above with a gentle spiral that occasionally flashed words and images that never quite stuck in the conscious mind for more than a moment, but rested deep within the subconscious instead. Only let out by the arms once it had been enough time for those messages to truly sink in, often feeling quite a bit drowsier than they were when they were put into the bath.

Most of the remaining room was taken up by space for little ones to play, with some kind of playmat taking up the entire front right area of the nursery. It was split into three somewhat distinct sections, with the area on the front wall just in front of the entrance mostly dedicated to tame and cutesy baby toys, with a normal puzzle piece playmat underfoot. Tons and tons of plushies sat around the space, smiling faces looking lovingly at any little ones enticed to play with them – from small ones that could easily be carried between mittened paws to massive ones that would tower over smaller guests being kept in the nursery. Building blocks, coloring books, crayons, and other toys were scattered across the floor, with plenty more kept inside the little drawers of a colorful shelf. It looked perfectly tame, and almost like a normal baby's play space, if not for what it was connected to.

The second area, set against the right wall, consisted of significantly less tame toys for sissies of a different disposition, with the floor instead consisting of soft latex ground beneath. A locked toy chest contained all kinds of toys for rewarding good little ones, primarily vibrating wands and other vibrating

toys for little girls that had earned some buzzy pleasure from their diapers. The rest of the area was more dedicated to making use of a convenient hole in the back of their diapers – from a rocking horse with a dildo on the saddle to a bouncer attached to the ceiling over a dildo to keep them bouncing up and down on it. It's important to keep little sissies well trained to take just about anything, after all! Of course, if one hadn't earned a reward in the special playplace and happened to wander in anyways, that could be swiftly corrected by a set of mechanical arms escorting them out to the punishment area.

Finally, the third section, set up in the corner of the room, held useful contraptions and mechanisms for the naughty little ones who were in need of a punishment. A large baby swing was bolted down into the ground, its plush pillowy surface comfortable for a little one to stay in for as long as they needed to, and little toys hanging down from the bar that ran over it. Straps all across it connected to one another, going over a sissy's shoulders, around her sides, between her legs, and even attaching to a collar to ensure that they wouldn't be getting out until their timeout was over. And of course, special outfits were to be worn when in timeout as well, making sure they couldn't move an inch, those outfits kept over in the dressing area. Next to the bolted down baby swing was a similar baby walker with all the same straps to keep a little one in timeout if they needed to be, while still being mobile. That is, so long as their booties weren't too slick, or the studs in them too spiky to actually walk around in.

Lastly stood a simple chair sitting in the corner, which could certainly be used for a much more tame time-out if a caretaker was feeling merciful, though the mechanical arms preferred to use it for a different purpose – setting a poorly behaved sissy's stomach down on the seat, pulling down their diaper, and making use of either their hands or any of the convenient paddles lining the wall just above to give them a surely deserved spanking before sending them on their way. A nearby hook held an additional element that a caretaker might choose to use on a sissy that needed a much stronger timeout – a little mask consisting of a gag and a set of goggles to be placed over a sissy's eyes and locked around her head, which when switched on, would play a hypnotic spiral until switched off. The effects were mild at first – relaxing, calming down, ending thoughts of whatever tantrum had gotten them into timeout in the first place, but the longer it was left on, the stronger it became. Injected thoughts of obedience, of listening to her caretaker, not questioning them after a few hours of watching the hypnosis, becoming even stronger with each passing hour. Eventually tinkering with memories in their head, rewriting them, removing them, changing their thoughts and wants and needs, turning them into a much better sissy than they were when they came in. With the arms set to not pick up any little one left in this seat until the caretaker comes to pick them up, it can last only a few hours to even a day or two, and surely by then they'll be very happy to be picked up and changed by their caretaker with their new mind.

The front left of the nursery held the bedtime area, set up with a large pink crib with one section of bars that could be lowered to let a little one in and out when it was time to sleep or time for a nap, locking in the up position to make sure they wouldn't be getting out on their own. The crib was plenty comfortable for good sissies, though anyone naughty would end up having the crib's straps used to keep them down when it was time to sleep, arms, legs, and potentially tail kept locked down spread eagle for bedtime, and a screen mounted to the ceiling for any additional hypnosis to be done at night. With the sheer size

of it, it wouldn't be hard for multiple little ones to have a nice sleepover in the same crib, though they'll have to keep from being naughty about sharing a bed or the arms might end up leaving one or both of them in the punishment corner instead.

Next to the bed stood an area for the clothes, both with a large fancy pink wardrobe always with no doors, and a set of shelves and a hanging clothes rack always visible for all kinds of outfits to make use of, from cutesy and infantile to extremely naughty and binding. Pretty onesies, skirts, and dresses of all colors hung up, some of the skirts and dresses merciful enough to at least almost completely cover an unused diaper, while others merely stuck out horizontally leaving their diaper on full display. Pacifiers of tons of colors and designs sat in a little tub, with matching clips to keep them attached to whatever clothes she may be wearing, and stacks upon stacks of diaper cases sat in the very corner, ensuring they wouldn't need to worry about running out any time soon, even if it took a while for their caretaker to restock. Pretty bows for hair or horns lined up on a shelf, just above mittens and booties to keep anyone from getting into any trouble that they shouldn't be getting in to.

Of course, tame and cutesy clothes weren't the only ones set up, and certainly weren't the only ones a sissy staying here would be placed into. Just next to the rest of the pacifiers were ones attached to bands, able to stretch around their head and muzzle and lock into place, making sure the little sissy wouldn't be saying anything naughty. Booties could easily be swapped out for ones with a rounded bottom, or even ones with little studs in the bottom to make sure they wouldn't be standing up if they were in trouble. Collars for the neck, and harnesses that could wrap around their body and keep their diaper held up even if it was plenty soggy, with rings that could easily have anything attached, including the matching rings on the wrists of every set of mittens.

Next to that hung straightjackets for little ones who were extra naughty and couldn't be trusted with the use of their arms at all, even with mittens on, and even some with attached muzzles and masks to ensure they wouldn't be getting into any more problems. If that wasn't enough, they could easily be slid into a one piece latex suit, going all the way from their studded booties, wrapping around a massively poofy diaper that wouldn't need to be changed for a while, mittens attaching to a d-ring on the chest for a very limited range of motion, and finally ending at a built in pacimuzzle halfway up their face to keep them nice and quiet. Of course, for a different kind of fun, bitchesuits were set up to be worn as well, keeping a little one's legs bent so that they walked on either their hands and knees, or their elbows and knees if they were put into an even more restrictive one a collar and harness going around the outside of it, whether it fully covered their body or not, some of them with a plush exterior of a cutesy animal for going out on walks.

The backyard was fenced in with a tall privacy fence, with a glorious playground set up, all kinds of wonderful places for a little one to play. A giant play house was set up, ladders for climbing up into the colorful interior, with slides of different types exiting from it. A set of monkey bars stretched out from it, though any mittened littles might find some trouble using it. A set of swings with both normal and baby

swings was next to that, and a seesaw sat next to a set of colorful spring riders. A sand pit sat off to one side, with a small kiddie pool on the other end of the playground, not going deep at all but allowing little ones to play in the water, so long as they had a set of swim diapers on. Finally, a treehouse stood at the top of a ladder, containing tons of fun board games and even some video games for little ones to play if they'd earned the removal of their mittens.

Of course, access to the backyard was only for those who were well behaved, while the front yard was a completely different story. In full view of the outside, the space was set up for sissies who had misbehaved and needed a proper place for their time outside. A doghouse set up in the front yard was large enough for a little one to be kept inside, their leash attached to a ring in the entrance of it so that they didn't go too far. With a dog bed in the doghouse and a few squeaky chew toys that they couldn't make any use of with the muzzle wrapped around their head, they'd be perfectly set up to stay there for a while. Meanwhile, any ponies could instead be tied to the hitching post underneath an awning to stay instead making sure they have some shade. A few dog course sets were set up in the front yard that a bitchsuited pup might have trouble making use of, though being guided by the leash in their owner's hand, they wouldn't have much a choice but to learn how to navigate it.