

## 7 - Errands

“F-First? What do you mean, Joyce?” Emily couldn’t do much to snuff out the nervousness in her voice. It was already taking every fiber of her being just to make this one trek; to even consider something beyond that was impossible. And as a cruel coincidence, she happened to shuffle her legs as well, emitting the faintest crinkle noise just loud enough for her to pick up on.

Joyce had finished raising the divider between them and the driver, valuing the time and privacy she could have with Emily. Nevertheless, she could almost feel the unease radiating from the poor girl. Part of Joyce hated herself for doing this, but unfortunately, this would have to happen at some point or later. Yes, she probably would have adjusted easier if they had a bit more *practice* at home, but doing this even sooner would help dispel those fears.

“Here,” Joyce unbuckled herself from her seat and slid across the leather seats to the trembling Emily. Wrapping an arm around her shoulders and waist, she gave Emily a comforting hug. “Let’s regroup for a moment. I know it’s scary, and you have every right to feel this way because it’s the first time.”

“Please Joyce...I think I want to go back...” Emily did need a new phone, but not if the circumstances were this dire. Even though she knew her fears were probably getting the best of her, there was no way she’d willingly put her pride on the line to test that. Emily returned her embrace as her head fell into the space between Joyce’s neck and shoulder.

“And that is why we’re doing this. Because after we do it once, you’ll see it’s not so scary after all. After the first time comes the second...then the third...and fourth...and by then, you’ll be as oblivious to what you’re wearing underneath like everyone else around you.” Her words seemed to be having some effect on Emily, but her intuition could still sense her unease.

“There was this one time when my parents took me and my brother to a waterpark back in California when we were just kids,” Joyce ran her hand up and down Emily’s shoulder. “And I *hated* heights with an everloving passion; especially if it was a waterslide. I can’t even remember why we went there in the first place anyways...” Joyce honestly pondered the thought for a small moment. “Regardless,” getting back on track, “there was this one slide I refused to go on. It was the tallest ride in the entire park, and believe me, it was taller than you could ever imagine.

There was no convincing me to go down that thing, and it already felt like my heart was going to stop just from looking at that monster.” She tried to rock Emily a little bit. “But little did I know, my feelings would come to change that day; for the slide, at least. My dad somehow convinced me that if I went on that slide right then and there he’d get me some new outfit I wanted.

Motivated by greed,” She couldn’t help but laugh at how selfish she sounded. “I got in line for the slide, and the string of people that wrapped around and up the stairs was getting shorter and shorter. I honestly thought I was going to die before I even got to the stairs!” Joyce let out a snicker. “But sure enough, I didn’t die; which I probably thought would have been a better end than dying from the waterslide...But with no turning back, I had to sit down on the slide and get moving. It was like when the rollercoaster slowly climbs to the top of a big drop, with the suspense as the water was carrying me into the dark tube...It all happened so fast, and as I picked up speed, and I twisted and turned,” She started making wavy gestures with her hands. “I was screaming for maybe like a solid five seconds! But after that, after I had reached top speed and could see everything moving a mile a minute, I was excited.

What scared me so much at first became probably the funnest thing I had ever done, funnily enough. But what my point is,” Joyce pulled Emily back a bit to meet her eye to eye. “Is that once you overcome your fears, you see the same exact things in a whole new light. To this day, I love going on waterslides now, even though I haven’t been to one in nearly two decades...” She started to dwell on the smaller bits again. “But what I’m trying to tell you though, is that once you get over your fears from this, you might discover something about yourself you never even thought was possible. We had fun together at home, didn’t we?”

Breaking from her motherly gaze, Emily nodded with an odd blush as she shuffled her legs. She did have fun, but that was different from being in the public eye; being in an overwhelmingly vulnerable position. She was convinced by the pleasure of being in someone else’s absolute care, but taking it to a public place put it on an entirely new level she was uncertain of.

“And what’s to stop us from having fun today? Don’t even think about yourself wearing a diaper in public. Believe it or not, people do it all the time, and no one notices. I know this is supposed to be mommy and her little girl, but if it helps, just think of it as us running errands; Emily and Joyce going out together to do some things.” Joyce was aware she might be hurting the atmosphere she’d worked to create this morning, but it was much more important to get Emily in the water before she even thought about turning up the heat. Yes, this is a big change for her, but they’d need to start small before beginning to move by leaps and bounds.

It once again felt wrong to rely on someone else so heavily as an adult, but this was something Joyce wanted and it was a form of comfort Emily wasn’t going to refuse at a time like this.

“Are you being serious when you say no one can see it?” Of course, she knew Joyce would likely never lie to her about something like this.

“Emily, you should know better by now,” Joyce pulled her back in for one last quick hug. “I will NEVER put you at risk. You’re simply too precious to even try!” She released her grasp from the smothered girl, who was unable to hide a telling smile.

“Only *you* will think it’s visible, and the only people who will know are you and me, especially because I’m the one that taped you in one!” The remark sparked smiles from both of them. And even if someone *did* find out, they’d have to have only half a brain to actually say something about it, lest they face Joyce’s wrath for even trying to cause harm to her little girl... But it shouldn’t even come to that, as Emily was only her baby girl in name. No one would be the wiser if they saw her in a regular medical diaper. They’d probably think she needs them. To Joyce, this was a healthy rationalization, but she wouldn’t bring it up to Emily. If that’d happen it would mean her cover being blown, and she’d already alarmed her enough.

“And in the midst of our little chit-chat, it would seem we have arrived at our destination!”

Emily’s soak in the loving atmosphere was disrupted as the side door opened; the cool breeze of reality striking her warm cheeks. Quickly remembering her fears, however, her heart started a jog as she could already see groups of people walking about from inside the car.

“Emmy-hon,” Joyce called to her attention with an outstretched hand. “Trust me?”

Emily returned the gesture and clasped her palm, stepping out of the car. Sure enough, the city was like it was most of the time; cold. Even while she wore a long-sleeve, it wasn’t much for the piercing chill. And with her thoughts in tune with her body language, Joyce already started to slip one of the jackets she brought on her.

“Sorry, I knew I should have probably put you in a thicker material...Better now?” Not bothering to consider if she were stepping over the line as far as public concern goes, Joyce finished the job with an audible zip from top to bottom.

“Um...” It still wasn’t easy openly appreciating these sorts of things. “Yeah, thanks.”

“Now let’s get moving. I don’t want to be out in the cold so much either...” Joyce took her by the hand and led her down the sidewalk and into the considerably warmer store. Emily could feel the thicker underwear make her initial steps a little awkward at first, but it was nothing she couldn’t adapt to. However, the fleeting thought of someone catching her in diapers never seemed to leave her mind, and the thought was terrifying. Thankfully, Joyce was here to prevent that from happening.

Phone displays lined across flat tables, and advertisements decorated the walls; plenty of people were inside for likely the same reason as them. The floor inside was carpeted; if you could even call it that though. In comparison to the carpets at Joyce's place they were certainly a far cry. They may as well have coated the ground in concrete and called it a day. Industrial carpeting was the worst, and it only made Emily think of home.

"See?" Joyce lowered her voice to a more personal level. "You're out in public right now? No one is the wiser, Emily." While she didn't like the thought being refreshed in her mind, Joyce was right; even if she had baseless doubts. "So?" Joyce looked at Emily expectantly, who didn't seem to pick up on what she was alluding towards.

"So...what?" Emily replied with a puzzled look.

"Well, why do you think we're here?" Joyce smirked, watching her face to see when it clicked. "What phone are we getting you?"

Right. Even Emily had to admit it was a little bit silly for not realizing that, but in her defense, it felt far too casual to just up and get a brand new phone. Getting something "new" happens maybe once or twice a year and after a fair deal of research beforehand, not one day after the next. Emily walked over to one of the empty tables, unintentionally looking over the latest set of smartphones.

"Jeez, why do these things jump in price so much every year?" She quietly muttered as she looked them over. She glanced at the price of a new Samsung phone, but apparently it was some kind of sale, because all she could see were two familiar fingers covering the space. She followed the hand and arm they were connected to, ending the search at the face of Joyce, who was playfully smiling.

"Joyce..." Emily slightly groaned, already knowing what she was getting at. But even still, this felt like she was going too far.

"Ah-ah! I'll have none of it. As I remember, *I'm* the one who holds the purse strings. And besides..." Joyce leaned in close to Emily's ear with a whisper. "Don't you remember what mommy said before we left the house? My little girl just needs to ask for anything she wants. *A-ny-thing!*"

On cue, Emily suddenly found her emotions were much too frazzled to keep still. She knew Joyce wasn't kidding, even though she felt terrible for taking advantage of an opportunity like this. But Joyce didn't see it that way, and that was the toughest part for Emily to stomach.

“Emmy, I like to kid, but I’m not lying. I don’t want you looking at any price tags. You need only ask and so it shall be. Don’t hold back and get what you like the most.”

After learning from past experiences to choose her battles wisely, Emily conceded early on this time, turning back to the displays. She only spent about ten minutes dwelling over a final decision; nothing here was exactly a downgrade. Despite what Joyce had told her, there was still no way she’d be picking out the most expensive thing; even if she was to be spoiled. But she also knew that Joyce would call her out on her own stinginess, so she settled on the second runner up from the latest line. And to be fair, almost anything on this table would beat her now broken smartphone; be it in almost every regard.

“I’ll get this one then.” Emily pointed out the device to Joyce. She looked at her for confirmation, seeing her raised eyebrow, likely deducing that Emily wasn’t being completely honest with herself.

“Okay, then we’ll get that one.” Joyce didn’t pry on her this time, trying in her own way to understand Emily’s feelings. Maybe it was good she was showing restraint? Still, Joyce would hope that at some point she could do away with being so reluctant. “Let’s go up to the counter so we can get your SIM card switched onto your new phone.” The pair walked up to the service desk at the other end of the store where another customer was already in front of them, much to Emily’s dismay.

Waiting was usually never an issue for the girl, but given the circumstances with what she was wearing, it was hard for her heart not to beat out of her chest in anticipation; each and every moment in the limelight being another opportunity to be exposed. Whenever she made the slightest shift in her posture, Emily could hear the faintest crinkle, with constant fear wondering which one would be her last.

“Home stretch, kiddo.” Joyce comforted, being the one who was consistently pulling Emily out of her pit of despair. “These sorts of things always take forever, you know what I mean?”

“Mm.” Emily somewhat mumbled as she was nearly completely focused on the task at hand.

“Don’t worry, the less you think about the clock, the faster time flies by. Keep your mind on getting back to the nice and warm car. It’s a bit too cold out here for my tastes, and I’m sure that goes for you too.” Joyce laughed. It would be a lie if Emily said she wasn’t looking forward to getting back in the car. Most certainly it would be warmer than in this store, but there she’d be

able to relish in her privacy--pseudo privacy--taking Joyce into account. But she was...an exception.

As reassurance to herself, Emily pulled the hem of her pants up every now and then, wondering when the person in front of them would finally be finished. The bulk around her legs made her feel completely and totally out of her element. There was certainly a truth to Joyce's earlier statement; stuff like this seemed to take forever..Finally though, the man had been dealt with and he was on his way, leading Emily and Joyce to the front of the line.

"Hi, how can I help you guys today?" The worker chirped from behind the desk.

"Hi, my friend's phone here broke recently, and we're looking to get her a new one and hopefully her SIM card switched over?" Joyce started, taking charge of the conversation without skipping a beat.

"Okay, that shouldn't be an issue. What phone are you looking to get?" He asked without expecting a reply from either one in particular. A moment of silence passed by for a second, until Emily who was taking a backseat realized Joyce was tagging her in.

Trying not to blush over her lack of social awareness, Emily was quick to say, "Oh! Uh, a Samsung Galaxy S..." the number seemed to have left her head as she was put on the spot so suddenly. "A...uhm, sorry I uh-"

"I think it was the eight, wasn't it?" Joyce jumped in to her rescue.

"Ah, right, that was the one. Sorry, I forgot..." Emily somewhat trailed off. Suddenly thinking to herself that it was the seven she intended to get, she'd just created the perfect opportunity for Joyce to further spoil the hesitant girl. And feeling like a child enough already, Emily couldn't find the courage to rebuttal, finding it easier to simply give in; some part inside of her busy, tingling over the fact that Joyce was taking charge.

"Awesome! If you can just put the old phone on the counter I can just pull up your account..." The man started to explain as he typed away on a computer. "Just to verify, could I get your first and last name, a birthdate, and your phone number?"

Tuned in on the conversation this time, Emily provided all the information in an orderly fashion, still chastising herself over her blunder not a few moments earlier. He probably thought she had a loose screw, or something. There'd be no question in his mind after he saw what she was wearing underneath...

“Yep, everything checks out and I’ve got you pulled up right here. By switching the SIM card you can keep your texts and contacts, but for your photos we’d need the damaged phone to be able to turn on if we were to do it today. Can you still get it on?”

“Ah, no. It doesn’t. But that’s fine though, really. I don’t need anything else other than my contacts and texts.” While there were some photos on her old phone, it’s not like any of them were of any importance. Anything that was would be in virtual storage so that something like this couldn’t jeopardize them.

“Okay, and how do you plan on paying for the phone? There’s a few different plans we could put you on to pay for the phone at a reduced price? If I could-”

“Actually,” Joyce politely interrupted, “We’ll be paying for the whole thing upfront.”

“That works too,” He seemed to pay no mind about his sales pitch being shot down. “Let me just head to the back and grab your new phone.” Leaving the front to his coworker, the man disappeared through a doorway further back while Emily and Joyce were left to wait.

“I thought I said the seven?” Emily said with a tinge of complaint in her voice, stressing over the few hundreds Joyce just added to the bill.

“Seven? Eight? What’s the difference?” Wouldn’t that logic work both ways? “Besides, when you’re given the opportunity to get a new toy, I *expect* you to get a good one sweetie.” The latter half of her statement came off only in earshot, reminding Emily of that ticklish feeling she got; being looked down on with such a loving gaze. Emily didn’t challenge her remark after that, as the man who had been helping them returned soon after with a white handheld box.

“Here it is,” he smiled as he typed something quickly on the computer. “Before I can do the transfer though you need to actually buy the phone first, so will that be with cash or a card?”

“Card.” The motherly one of the two already had a black card ready, redepositing it into her bag after a quick swipe. Without a hitch the payment went through, and the man was already using a blade on his keyring to slice the thin layer of plastic encasing the expensive piece of technology.

“Now if I could just see the other phone please?” Clearly well-versed in this type of thing, he already had the new phone unwrapped and its SIM card slot popped open. Joyce pulled out Emily’s damaged phone which she hadn’t seen since that fateful night, eyeing its cracked and

lifeless screen. The reflective face had clearly lost some of itself at some point, and one of the corners looked a little bit worse for wear too.

The worker popped it open, retrieving the tiny chip as he slipped it into the new phone and was already powering it up. After about ten minutes of setup, he placed the phone on the counter towards the two, almost as if he were unsure of who to hand it to...

“You should be good to go. Your contacts and texts are on there and your number will work with that phone. Is there anything else I can do for you today?”

“No thank you, that should be everything.” Emily picked up the phone for a moment, looking it over in all its new glory. She forgot what it was like to have a new phone...granted, the idea of “new” was starting to lose its novelty the more she stuck around Joyce, as she was consistently showered in gifts.

“Then have a good day and enjoy the new phone!” He happily bid them off as the two walked out of the store.

Sure enough, Charles, as Emily remembered, was waiting in the parked car as they had left it next to a running meter. Joyce pulled open the door for Emily as she slipped in, Joyce following suit, shutting the door behind her. The two were once more enveloped in an atmosphere of warmth.

“Brrrr! Ah! So much better in here, don’t you think?” Joyce gave Emily’s distant shoulder a rub as they soaked in the heated car.

“Yeah...” Was all Emily said as she laid back and was relieved to have been returned to her oasis, once again hidden from the public eye and safe.

“But see what I mean?”

“See what?”

“You, silly! You did just fine in there! My brave little girl! I’ll have to do something special for you for being so good in there.” Joyce’s brain was already turning gears, as Emily sat in disbelief; trying to process how a near-thousand dollar phone didn’t constitute a treat enough already.



“What did I tell you though; no one found out, right?” Emily couldn’t deny this, but it’s not like it made the sidewalks feel much safer to roam.

“No...no one did.” She admitted.

“And I know it was this time, but it’ll be even less scary the next.” For her own sake, Emily hoped this was true, and the less thought she put into it it would likely be the better.

“So can we go home now?” Emily pleaded as she looked towards Joyce with hopeful eyes. Sure, she was proud of her feat, going to the store, but that trip in itself already felt exhausting. Despite this, Emily’s stare was returned with a sad smile on Joyce’s face.

“Oh honey...” It pained Joyce to do this to her little girl, but with another important errand having to be run and more valuable experience for Emily, they couldn’t turn around just yet.

“There’s more?” She sounded almost as if her puppy died; already dreading what was to come. And admittedly, she felt foolish for only remembering now that Joyce already told her earlier.

“We have to make one more stop before we can call it quits today, then we can go home and relax. I promise.” What else could they have to do? Not that Emily wanted to be a wrench in Joyce’s plans, but for her first time outside doing something like this, it was already taxing enough.

“Okay...” Emily conceded as the car already kicked into motion, seeming to already know where they were already headed next. “Then can I at least stay in the car while you do what you need to do?”

“And leave my baby girl all by herself?” Joyce felt bad for denying her this as well. “Sorry, but I need to keep you close by at all times. That’d be irresponsible of mommy after all.”

Emily’s coming reply quickly melted at the mention of the word “mommy,” as it seemed to be her kryptonite; creating a mix of feelings within her that made her puddy in Joyce’s hands. And apparently Charles wasn’t a factor in the equation, as his hands were probably tied up enough watching the car, Emily reasoned. But she knew she herself was a grown adult, and this just fell under their roleplay. Yet, deep down...Emily couldn’t help but feel like a kid in this moment...

“Besides, this other important errand still very much involves you sweetie.” Joyce chuckled as she checked her phone for a brief moment.

It did? Suddenly, a new stir of emotions erupted within Emily, as she only grew more anxious over what else possibly needed to be done. And didn't she say it was for Joyce and not her? "Don't put so much thought into it silly," Joyce slid Emily across the seats and into her side. "Do me a favor and try to get some of your energy back while we drive there, okay?" A faint feeling of happiness to oblige, Emily ignored the use of a seatbelt as Joyce positioned her head to fall on her lap, gently stroking her hair.

Traveling through the city streets shouldn't pose a problem as they never reached a dangerous speed, what with near bumper to bumper traffic at times like these. Combined with that and the distance to drive, the two would have a little downtime to bond before they'd make it to Joyce's seamstress.

"Try and sleep a little for me. I know I may have woken you up a tad bit early today, so use this time to make up for that." In a faint and soft voice, Joyce began her melodic hum that Emily was almost like a recurring hypnosis. In this moment, her adult self seemed to shed away as the sound of music stripped her bare and left only a tiny piece of her behind; the smaller side of her that was everything which Joyce embraced.

While Emily quickly dozed off, Joyce grabbed the phone lying on the leather seat and slipped it into her bag for safe keeping; soaking in the moment herself as Joyce only grew evermore ecstatic over the moment she now shared with Emily. What they had was something special and likely becoming irreplaceable in Joyce's heart, wishing for this moment to last forever.

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"Wakey wakey, honey." Joyce cooed down towards Emily, who had done her job well, managing to sleep the entire ride. "You're like a little cat, aren't you?" She joked. "I always seem to catch you sleeping..." Joyce stared at her for a few moments, as Emily was still trying to fully wake up and collect herself.

"Morning..." Was all Emily could say as she rubbed her eyes, seeing part of Joyce's face above her just past her bosom; the sun emerging from the clouds. Emily could feel a slight tinge in her bladder, but she was too tired to really think anything of it.

"Can you sit up for me?" Joyce asked while she already started to guide Emily back up on her feet. "Let's head inside and get done what we need to do, okay?" Still few for words, Emily nodded as they hopped out of the car with her jacket back on, the sudden chill being a wakeup call to her recently finished nap.

“So where are we?” She found it in herself to speak again, looking at the store in front of them.

Certainly an extravagant-looking type of place, its exterior was decorated in carved wood and brick. As two large display windows showed off a few decorated mannequins. The way the front was designed almost made it look like a well-kept colonial era exterior.

“We’re here to see my seamstress.” Joyce said as she walked up the couple cement steps to the door and pulled it open for Emily. “Well, *our* seamstress now, I suppose.” She smiled.

“But I already have clothes, you know? Back at my ex’s apartment.” She’d almost forgotten about her old life before she met Joyce. She didn’t need Joyce spending even more money on her over something she already had; something she should go and get.

“A girl’s wardrobe never stops expanding, you know?” Joyce poked as they walked across the polished floor. The store had an awfully Victorian theme to its interior. A few couches made of dark red fabric proudly stood on the other side of the dividing wall in the entrance, pointed towards a stained wooden coffee table as the walls were decorated in wooden accents with dark green to fill in the gaps. Almost an entire wall was occupied by stored rolls of fabric, cloth, and other materials. While the store gave Emily vibes of an outdated setting, the place couldn’t help but feel new and well-kept at the same time.

“Amy? Hello?” Joyce called out to the quiet shop as they approached the unmanned wooden desk. On top of it was a lone call bell which she pressed down on, waiting to be serviced. Only a few moments went by until someone emerged from the room behind the desk, as a woman approached the two.

“Joyce! Back so soon?” Amy leaned over the counter to give her friend a hug.

“Good to see you Amy! I was hoping I could arrange a special order?”

“Bien sûr my friend!” Amy laughed as she turned her gaze over to Emily. While she eyed the girl, Emily did the same to her. Her black hair tied back in a bun, and she adjusted her rimmed glasses as she asked, “And who might this be? In all the years we’ve done business together Joyce I haven’t known you to be so social...” Her eyes were almost like a playful predator; inspecting its next meal.

“This is Emily,” Joyce introduced. “She was the one I had you make adjustments for last week?”

“Well now that I can see her in the flesh, I suppose she matches the estimates you gave me the first time around. But if we’re to do things properly I’ll need to take a closer look this time around. Where are my manners though? A pleasure to meet you, Emily.” Amy outstretched her hand and Emily politely returned the shake.

“Let me take you two into the back. We can get more comfy in there. I never really do much business out here, would you believe.” Amy lifted a panel on the side of her desk, allowing the pair to walk behind and follow her into the room she came out of.

The room was a bit more spacious and carpeted as they walked in. A light fixture hung from the high ceiling, as there was another set of couches and table in the corner of the room. Next to that was almost a pedestal raised off the ground, 180 degrees of it being exposed to mirrors; visible from as many angles as possible. There was a set of stairs leading upstairs, but Amy sat them down on the couches.

“Can I interest either of you in some coffee before we get started?” She offered while they slipped off their jackets.

“Sure, I could go for some. I’m sure Emily could too.” Joyce answered for them.

“Ah, yeah, thanks.” Emily awkwardly chimed in. For some baseless reason she felt it was almost better not to say anything.

“Emily, how do you take yours?” Amy asked. She took down the information, then walked up the stairs, leaving the two in the company of themselves.

“This store reminds me of...” Emily was trying to find the word.

“An antique?” Joyce offered, having known what it was like once trying to describe this place.

“Kinda, I suppose.” She still didn’t know if that entirely captured the atmosphere.

“I like it though,” Joyce said, looking the room over. “It feels very homey, I guess. Comfortable at the very least.”

Emily nodded in agreement. It actually made her think of that one painting; the room with all of the dogs playing poker. It was a silly comparison, but she had no other immediate thing to draw it to.

Suddenly, Emily felt another pang in her bladder, knowing that nature was calling. It wasn't pressing, but it would be soon enough.

"Uhm, Joyce?" Emily asked.

"What is it hon?"

"I...need to use the ba-"

"Sorry for the wait!" Amy interrupted as she returned with a platter of steaming mugs.

"Ah..." Joyce turned to Amy then back at Emily for a second who had just been cut off, yet the look on her face said she didn't feel like saying it anymore. Not with the extra company.

"Thank you." Joyce said as she was handed her cup and then Emily hers.

Between (mostly) Amy and Joyce, the two engaged in small talk while they drank, Emily occasionally jumping in, but mostly taking a backseat to their already well-developed chemistry. And while they talked, Emily suddenly became conflicted over what she said before Amy came back. What was she going to have done whether she told Joyce she needed to use the bathroom or not? She was wearing a...diaper, and was now having second thoughts about if Joyce's knowing could be any help to her or not.

Was she even *allowed* to take it off?

She wanted to go and use the toilet, but that would mean having nothing to wear underneath, probably. She figured the tapes were a one-time policy. Joyce likely didn't bring any extra changes with her, expecting her to never actually use the damn thing...Or was that was she wanted? Emily wasn't sure whether to trust in herself or in Joyce, and the thought of displeasing the woman she was already so indebted to was terrifying. Not because of the potential anger, but the slightest disappointment she might feel. After everything, she only wanted to make Joyce happy, and was stunned at how the feeling was mutual. That being said, it was still impossibly difficult to do; to defy second nature.

"Are we ready to get down to business then?" Amy set down her mostly finished mug, grabbing a small kit from her computer desk in the corner. "Let's start with your numbers so I can get them down in my book, please." Emily stood up from the couch and walked to the center of the room where Amy waited with her tape measure. "Could you slip off your shoes for me, please? Makes for a better reading on your height." Amy chuckled as Emily quickly slipped them off,

feeling stupid for not having realized herself. “And no need to take anything else off. Your clothes seem to be tight-fitting enough to get the gist of it...A small margin of error, if need be.” Emily couldn’t help but feel off at that last remark; doing her best to chalk it up as more senseless fear. While it did feel extremely uncomfortable to have someone so close with such a dark secret taped around her waist, she could only hope she was in safe hands.

“That should do it. Easy part’s over.” Amy rolled her measuring tape after getting the last measurement on her waist, writing the numbers down in her notebook.

“Now let’s really get down to brass tax,” Amy sat down and pulled out a large sketchbook. “What do we have in mind?” She looked at Emily expectantly.

“Er, actually I uh-”

“I’ll be the one submitting the order.” Joyce filled in for Emily.

“Oh? She won’t be deciding?” Amy raised a brow.

“Call it a...surprise.” Joyce said, trying to find the best words for it. “Actually, I was hoping we could have Emily wait somewhere to give us a bit more privacy?” She felt bad for dismissing Emily like this, but knew it would be in their best interests to do it this way.

“I wouldn’t mind if she stayed upstairs...?” Amy found the situation a bit strange herself, but maintained her all-business composure.

“You wouldn’t want to ruin the surprise, would you Emmy?” Joyce asked Emily with a look of confirmation; the kind that already knew what the answer would be.

Hearing her pet name made Emily gush a little bit, politely nodding as she stood up.

“Make yourself at home upstairs. A friend of Joyce’s is a friend of mine.” Amy smiled as Emily walked over to the stairs.

“I’ll come get you once we’re done.” Joyce gave her loving smile; enough to confidently send Emily off. Nodding in reply, she walked up the stairs and opened a wooden door into an apartment.

From first looks, it was in much contrast to what was below. Rather than the Victorian theme she was going for downstairs, Amy’s home was a much more industrial and modern looking type of

decor. Though the store was empty downstairs, clearly the woman did well for herself like Joyce, as her white couch splayed across the hardwood floor, parallel to a mounted tv. While not as big of a home as Joyce's, she worked with what she had as it was an open-concept type, being able to see from the kitchen to the living room. Curiously, Emily ran her hand across the exposed brick, marveling at the lights suspended from thick, dark, wooden beams.

Sitting on the couch, Emily picked up the nearby remote and turned the tv on. Coming to life with a higher volume than expected, she quickly lowered it in a small panic, lest she disturb Joyce and Amy's business downstairs. Speaking of which, curiosity seemed to be getting to her. While Joyce was likely having regular outfits be made for her, she never said why or what they'd be. She did know that she had clothes, right? Just that they weren't on her at the moment...She would have to go and get them soon; or have a friend do it.

Without any shoes on, she lounged out on the couch and quietly entertained herself, almost feeling as if she were at Joyce's place. Eyes focused on the moving pictures, Emily didn't pay much mind to the sudden movement she felt on the far end of the couch. Only until after a near minute did something compel her to look in the direction of whatever moved. Standing still as the two met eyes, she stared back into the gaze of a gray black-nosed cat, the fur on its paws that of charcoal as well; its tail only making a slight movement. Amy has a cat? She didn't remember hearing anything about one...not that she totally expected to, since she was more or less a stranger to her. As the two blankly eyed each other, Emily awkwardly gave some nod of confirmation, as if to try and communicate without scaring the tiny creature off.

Trying not to move a muscle for some reason, Emily watched as the cat crept its way closer to her, eventually getting as far as stepping over her legs, until they were about a foot from each other's faces, close enough to touch the cat's whiskers.

“Uhh...hi there?”

The cat slightly recoiled at the sudden reaction, taking a step back so as to flee at a moment's notice. But with another pause, it came back towards Emily yet slightly closer this time. The cat's nose twitched as it smelled Emily. After slightly more inspection, it seemed to scout the immediate area for a moment, then planted itself against her stomach.

“O...kay?” Emily quietly accepted the situation; unsure what to make of what was happening. Looking back at the tv and trying to adjust to her unexpected company, she calmly petted the silent creature as it let out a low purr with each and every stroke.

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Some time went by as the newly acquainted friends enjoyed their current positions, able to unwind and simply disconnect. Eyeing the nearby clock, Emily was wondering when they would be done. Not that she was completely bored, but she would like to get going soon. Her train of thought was interrupted though by a stronger pressure in her bladder, something this time she wouldn't be able to ignore.

“Damn...” Emily bit her bottom lip as she knew what was to come. Hesitantly, Emily politely excused herself from the couch without trying to disrupt her tiny friend, as she walked nearby the kitchen to search for a toilet. Turning around, she could see the cat had left its spot to follow her in tow; willing to give chase. The more she moved, the more she realized how badly she needed to pee. Having coffee probably wasn't such a good idea after all...but maybe it was because Joyce was planning for something like this...?

The lines were often so blurred, Emily never knew what was calculated or simple coincidence around Joyce. Soon her efforts paid off as she found the porcelain throne she was looking for, turning the light on and shutting out the cat for some privacy. She lifted the toilet seat and turned to sit her bottom down on it, only realizing her complete foolishness when her fingers made contact with the waistband of her diaper.

Freezing in place, mid squat, it became apparent how her entire plan came crashing down as her biggest oversight was that she was already wearing her bathroom. “Come on...!” Her voice started to whine as she pulled the front band of her pants forward to get a good look at what she was confined in. “Please Joyce...don't make me...!” Emily could feel herself on the verge of tears knowing what the inevitable would be. Almost every part of her wanted to rip the damn thing off and use the toilet like a normal person, yet that would mean she disobeyed Joyce, and she wanted to do anything she could to keep her happy.

At a crossroads, Emily was faced with the decision to either reaffirm her bond with Joyce, and wet herself in somebody else's home, or to give in to her adult desires and escape infancy; escape Joyce. The uncertainty was crippling as she didn't know what to do, and time was running out; fast.

“Joyce...” Was all she could moan.

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Amy and Joyce both looked towards the stairs Emily just finished walking up, and they both heard the click from the door both opening and closing.



“So how did you find yourself someone as cute as her?” Amy asked, taking a sip from her drink.

“It’s a bit interesting how we met, I suppose. Not your usual circumstances...” Joyce pondered the thought while she finished off her coffee as well. “But...she’s nice. She’s a good--” Joyce paused for the slightest moment, “friend.” suddenly finding the right word. Amy couldn’t help but raise a brow at the subtle misstep in her speech, but let it go for now.

“I’d love to know more about her later. She didn’t seem very social when she was down here?”

“Oh please, try and be in her shoes, won’t you? She’s still getting used to being with me, and I just introduced her to you today. Something like that can be intimidating for her--for anyone.” Joyce let the conversation flow so casually with her relaxed guard, she didn’t put too much thought into her choice of words around Amy, whose interest was only becoming more piqued by the second.

“Getting used to you?” Amy laughed, “And you almost speak about her like she’s a kid? Reel back the maternal instinct my friend!” Amy laughed some more, and quickly stopped herself once she could see from one friend to another Joyce suddenly tensed a bit. “Oh?” Amy curiously popped the bubble of silence in the room.

“I’m here for business, can we please get down to it?” Joyce seemed a bit more focused now, trying to make it clear she was ready to move things along.

“Of course, Joyce. And as you know we’re strictly about confidentiality here, for *all* intents and purposes.” She stressed a bit on the “all,” hoping to regain some of her trust. “Now I need to know, what are we looking to get done today? I’ll need you to at least tell me that.”

Joyce looked at Amy as if she were debating something in her mind; whether to speak or not.

“Amy, as both your friend and client, I need you to know how important it is that something like this doesn’t get out.”

“And like I already said, what goes on between me and my clients is behind closed doors. Be it for business, socializing, intimacy...or maybe something that falls into a more miscellaneous category. But for that to happen, I need you to trust me. I’d like to think we’re good friends, don’t you?” Joyce let out a deep sigh, as she finally found her resolve to come forward.

“Emily...and I have something special.” Joyce chose her words carefully. “What she’s doing for me is something so...genuine, that money could never hope to buy it; it’s priceless.” Amy sat

quietly listening on. “And for that reason I want to help deepen our bond by making the time we spend together more special...” Even she knew it herself that she was dancing around the real words she wanted to use.

“Are you two practicing something together that’s a bit more...off the deep end?”

“What? No! Why would you even...?” Joyce suddenly retorted as she realized her own outburst. It felt like Amy was suggesting some sexual kink they had for each other, and it almost felt insulting to have something as pure as they did be branded in such a fashion. Not that kinks were bad, just that Joyce would never want something like this to be misunderstood. Many moons ago she may have confessed to Emily about it being a fetish, but the time she’s had to truly explore this has only proved just how much more this means to her than just a strange interest.

“I care for Emily...like one of my own. And she’s been willing to let me,” She took a brief pause. “*Indulge myself*, in taking care of her. But I want to take it even further, and make it even more real and genuine; for the both of us.” Joyce kneaded her hands as she found the courage to get the point across. “I would have never come to you for something like this if I couldn’t have trusted you, you know.”

“I understand.” Amy smiled as she got the gist of what Joyce was trying to say. She’d never seen one of her longtime clients be so flustered like this before, and to make a request of this kind. She never figured Joyce to be the type...Though, no book can ever truly be judged by its cover. Case and point a few other clients she had in mind...

“Okay. But if you’ll allow me to, I just want to confirm the kind of clothes were looking to make for her here.” Joyce nodded. “We’re looking to start a more ‘infantile’ wardrobe for Emily?” Joyce almost thought not to, a small voice from inside trying to hide such crucial information, but nodded once more, feeling easier with each moment the secret lay out in the open. “And I would imagine we need to keep in mind that she won’t be wearing traditional underwear underneath? If you understand what I’m getting at?” Even more reluctantly, Joyce nodded her head again. “Okay...” Amy jotted down a few notes in a notebook. “And just so I can keep her measurements as accurate as possible, she *was* wearing a diaper earlier when I took down her numbers, correct? They come to be a bit thicker than normal panties, so it’d help if I knew whether or not to take off an inch.”

This seemed to be a tougher pill to swallow for Joyce. While it was one thing to speak about their relationship, it still felt like an even greater disservice to throw Emily under the bus like that. Without a response, Amy said blankly “I’ll take that as a yes then. It’s my job as a seamstress to pick up on these kinds of things, you know. Besides, I think she smells wonderful

anyways.” Amy alluded to the powdery scent from Emily’s nether regions, which Joyce felt a slight jab from the remark. She tried to take it in stride though, knowing there was no malice.

“But Joyce,” Amy set down her pen and clasped her friend’s hands. “I want to say this one last time so we can be on the same page: I need you to trust in me so we can make this the most fulfilling experience possible. If not for me, think about Emily. You’d want her to look her best, right? Be honest with me like you always have been, and with my pride as a seamstress on the line, let’s make Emily look adorable, okay?”

Feeling better with this in mind, Joyce’s internal conflict was washed over by a small smile, finally able to focus on the task at hand once more.

“So what are we looking to design for her exactly?” Amy asked.

“I was hoping to get a brief wardrobe...for starters.” Joyce spoke with a bit more ease.

“Alright, so some outfits for the day, and sleepwear for the night? We’ll keep it basic for now.”

“I want her to have outfits she can wear around the house and some pajamas. Nothing for outside.”

“Are you sure? I understand keeping her out of the public eye, but with you and your connections, I’m sure it’d be more than possible to pull a few strings to get her some privacy outside...”

“Maybe, but I don’t want to force something like that onto her...not for a bit, at least.” The thought of how Emily could and would progress admittedly excited Joyce.

“Mhm...” Amy nodded her head as she looked down at her growing list of notes. “How about a few onesies then? I’m sure those could work for her.”

Joyce agreed, jumping at the sound of her suggestion; at least Amy had the bravery to speak to them. “Definitely. That would be perfect.”

“And how do you want the flap to work? We could do snaps or buttons, on the front, back or bottom?”

“The back will work.” Joyce said, already with a vague image in mind. She knew it wasn’t as conventional, but she figured it’d be best to keep the buttons out of Emily’s line of sight for a better effect.

“And do you have any patterns or colors in mind?” Amy asked with her pen ready.

“Stripes. Possibly a pink-themed one and a light-green version?” The two colors didn’t mix very well together, but come separately and they would both complement the girl quite nicely.

“So I’ll draft up two onesies, and that should be enough of those to begin with, right? Is she like this every day?”

“No, she isn’t. That should be enough there.” Joyce couldn’t help but say that last bit somewhat longingly, as her fantasies only let her speculate the unlikely.

“Then let’s top it off with at least one more outfit; maybe something like a dress to move about in? A sundress?”

Joyce nodded in agreement, happy to know Amy was strangely onpoint with this sort of thing. It was just like this with her regular orders, only now under a different theme.

“We can go for the general design, but what I can do for her is add in a support for her? Kind of like how a onesie will support her bottom, only that the dress will do the same thing. It’ll cover whatever she’s wearing underneath, but depending on what you put her in and how short the skirt of the dress is, I can’t promise anything about a bulge.

“I understand, that should be fine.” Joyce kept reminding herself that she’d be the only one seeing Emily in her grand spectacle, which made the drafting process much more easy, and creative.

“And speaking of skirt length, how long do you want it to be?”

“Maybe a bit past the halfway point on her thighs. I don’t want it to get in the way too much. And I’ll leave the rest of the design up to you.”

“Okay, then that should finish off her playwear. Now what about something to sleep in? Onesies work both ways for play and sleep, but I’d imagine you want something a bit more?”

“Sleepers.” Joyce quickly said, already having it in mind.

“That was fast,” Amy couldn’t help but grin over the response time. “I take it we’ll do a zipper design?”

“Yes, a zipper should be fine. I want two sleepers, actually. One where she can reach the zipper on her own...and one where she can’t...”

“Oh?” Amy was slightly curious about the variation, but knew it wasn’t her place to ask for details.

“Not to punish her, of course. Just to...’help’ her be a little more dependent...” Joyce crossed her fingers, finding it a little difficult to be expressive about the topic again.

“And do you want them to cover her feet or hands?”

“No for both; it’d probably feel too restricting then.”

“I’d have to agree with that,” Amy blankly added as she wrote some more information down.

“She likes to get her shuteye a bit, almost like a cat.” Joyce openly laughed, stewing over all the moments she’d catch her sleeping.

“In that case I might as well give her sleepers a hood with little cat ears.” Amy laughed as she was happy to see Joyce finally be much less tense about the subject.

“Really? You could?” Unintentionally Amy realized she struck a chord with Joyce on that one, even though she wasn’t being completely serious.

“Well, I guess there wouldn’t be a problem with it, if you want me to?”

Joyce nodded again, failing a bit to hide the excitement and glimmer in her eyes.

“I’ll make them detachable, if you or she doesn’t want them on. And with everything here, I’ll make sure they’re adaptable in all the right places to keep a good fit on her. How about we stop there so I can work with what we have, regroup, make any changes that need to be done, and move from there?”

“Thank you, Amy! Really, I mean it.”

“Happy to help both a customer and a friend.”

The topic of business quickly derailed into more small talk about themselves and what kind of person Emily was like. Somewhat surprised at how Joyce could gush over someone like that, Amy was amused as she'd seen a totally new side to her friend. Sure, she'd always been upbeat, or at least normal, when they talked, but never had she been like...well, this. The sudden emotion, the passion in her expressions, words and actions seemed to carry a different sense of flare to them. Almost like she was inspired? Maybe that wasn't the right word...

Checking her watch though, Amy interrupted their talk as it had seemed to have gone on for long enough. “It's always fun chatting with you, but I think we've kept Emily waiting long enough?”

“You're right, I want to get her home. She wasn't exactly excited to come here after getting a new phone. It's her first day out wearing a...you know, and I'm trying to build up her confidence to be a bit more outgoing with them.” And then Joyce suddenly remembered what Emily was trying to ask her about a while earlier; connecting the dots to realize maybe it was a bathroom she meant? Now with a mental note to check on a certain something when she saw Emily, the two walked up the stairs into Amy's apartment, with the unattended tv playing and Amy's cat sitting by the bathroom door.

“Ashes? What are you doing sitting here?” It wasn't like him to sit out in the open unless without a reason, and then both Amy and Joyce looked at the closed door in front of them.

“Emily? You in there?” Joyce knocked.

She could hear a snuffle from the other side of the door.

“Mhm...just a second.”

It wasn't hard for Joyce to read the mood, taking an educated guess at what might've happened.

“Everything alright? We're gonna get going now.”

The knob turned as the door opened and Emily emerged, the area around her eyes slightly red from what were likely tears. Ashes, Amy's cat, seemed happy to be reunited with his friend as he rubbed against her leg with a purr.

“I’ve never seen Ashes be so social with someone, especially on the first day!” Amy tried to lighten the mood as she made an honest remark. “He wasn’t even like that with Joyce until after a while.”

“Maybe she’s already got my scent, then.” Joyce wrapped an arm around Emily’s shoulder. “Ready to go?”

Emily mutely nodded, as they took the lead out of Amy’s house and back downstairs.

“And you,” Amy tutted at her cat’ “can wait up here, mister.” Amy was careful not to let the cat out. As much as she was okay with letting him roam freely around the store, it’d be unbecoming of her professional attitude. “I’ll be getting back to you in a day or two on the details for you to give the no-or-go on,” She did her best to focus solely on Joyce, while Emily slipped her shoes and jacket back on. She wasn’t a mother, but given where the two found Emily, and after clarifying what she wore, only so much could be left to Amy’s imagination.

“Sounds good to me. We’ll be heading home and finally be able to relax, and also get ready for the workday tomorrow.” Joyce sighed, considering how long of a week it’d be. “Anyways, enjoy the rest of your day Amy, and thank you again.”

“Anytime Joyce, and Emily it was a pleasure!” Amy gave Emily a brief hug who had just joined the two.

“It was nice meeting you too, Amy.” Emily said as she weakly returned the hug. Amy was a nice person, but she didn’t want to be too affectionate with anyone right now.

“I look forward to seeing you again. And just know that Joyce thinks the world of you!” She exclaimed as she moved back to the stairs. “Now if you’ll forgive me, I’ll have you two see yourselves out. I can’t help but feel I’m bursting with inspiration for some reason!” She gave a smile that felt particularly directed at Joyce, and then she was quickly out of sight.

“Ready to go home?” Joyce looked over at Emily, who with a sense of fatigue nodded her head.

The two walked back into the main store from the back room and then around the desk, opening the entrance to see the car where it had been left, getting themselves inside. Charles, already having been instructed beforehand, kicked the car into gear shortly after they shut the door.

“I’m so proud of you,” Joyce spoke plainly; no syrup or sugar; nothing that may cause understanding. The lack of flavor to her words was refreshing in a way, because above all else it

came off as a statement. Her words could not have been any more genuine than they were now. As she hugged Emily, she continued speaking. “It must’ve been tough, wasn’t it?”

At the sound of her understanding, Emily could feel the sadness buried from what she’d done, resurface, only nodding her head, wet drops beginning to escape the corners of her eyes.

“That’s alright. It gets easier, I promise. We’ll get you changed when we go home. Just try and relax for now...” Emily could feel a slight whimper, as her emotional dam was breaking now. “You know it’s okay to cry, right sweetie?” Joyce pulled her deeper in as she rubbed her arm. “Remember, it doesn’t matter how you feel; I’m here to take care of you. There’s no need to act tough around me. If you can’t have a good cry around me, then who else is supposed to comfort you?”

Silently, Emily’s whimper turned into something a little more audible as she willingly buried herself into Joyce; arms wrapped tight.

“You can stay like this for as long as you need to,” Her voice rang as softly as the words before. Emily was held by sanctuary and safety itself.

“My special, little Emmy.”