

Carrie ran, or toddled, as fast as she could to the door. It was truly a blessing that there was still a crack in the door, meaning she need not trouble herself with the daunting task of trying to reach the handle. Her bladder ached for release, and Carrie intended to serve her body well, which is why she gave a few panicked looks in either direction, making absolutely sure that she was on no one's radar...

*Left...coast looks clear. Nanny Anna is busy showing a bunch of babies how a speak-and-say works... No trouble there. Right...the hall that leads into the kitchen.* She could hear noises, screams and cries, but given how the age of most visitors here were five and below, she didn't regard the noises with much weight.

She kept her legs crossed together, trying however she could to fight back against the oppressive padding taped between her legs. She lifted the frilly hem of her yellow polka-dotted dress, which already didn't cover the damn thing. Instead, all it did was block Carrie's personal view of it. Even if she could somehow forget about it, assuming she didn't hear the crinkles to it, smell the baby powder it was filled with, or feel the bulk between her legs, or experience any other sort of indication that didn't rely on visual sight, it was quite impossible to ignore the frequent cold hands that'd invite themselves into her underwear, rudely searching the state of her pants without a warrant...

Today she was accompanied by her friends from Sesame Street. Big Bird, Elmo, and the Cookie Monster were on watch for her, and thankfully they had nothing to report from downstairs. And it was going to stay that way, as she looked up to the bathroom sign. Taking both hands to the side of the door, she managed to swing it open enough to slip inside.

Her socked feet were the first to hit the tiles, as Carrie was embraced in a refreshing silence. The only times things were ever quiet at the daycare was during naptime, storytime, or end-of-the-day pickups. At any other given moment, she felt like her ears were going to bleed.

So comparing a constant hell like that to this desolate, quiet space; it was likely heaven itself. And heaven it was, once Carrie's eyes fell on it.

All in its white, plastic splendor, stood the overturned bowl printed with the five-letter label that gave Carrie hope again.

'POTTY'

"It has been too long, my sweet!" Giddily, Carrie moved closer to it. It felt like she'd only ever heard stories about this, given how long it's been. She didn't even try to entertain the thought of

using a normal toilet, which is why she didn't give it as wonderful a stare as she did for the training potty right next to it. She had no chance of reaching the porcelain throne anymore...given her size. That, and even if she did, with the lid on, the hole on it was simply too big for her... But she wasn't going to let that ruin her mood, because at least there was this toilet at her disposal. Childish? Yes. However, a thousand times better than using a diaper.

She'd been waiting for a shot at this all day, and here she was! Here *it* was! All that was left was to go for the tapes on her diaper... But of course, the damn dress was in the way. She was almost going to take it off, but thought even better of herself, taking the bundle of fabric and managing to stick it in the front of her diaper. Now while remaining clothed, she had perfect access to the tapes.

*Sometimes I really do out-do myself...* She smirked, filling the bathroom with the noise of a tearing adhesive.

And what made her heart sink was when she heard a voice getting louder and louder. Closer and closer.

"...I'm very proud of you Georgina for being so good with the potty! You're gonna be out of pull-ups before you know it..." If Carrie had thought it was just a staff member passing by, the subject-matter she heard was far too related to Carrie's current whereabouts to not be the same destination... She had nowhere to go, nowhere to hide. Even if she regarded the workers here with hatred, annoyance, and little respect; God, if being caught doing something bad didn't scare her... Not that she felt guilty, given this was all within good reason, but because of the punishment that might ensue...

A cold chill whispered along the back of her neck as she could see the tinge of a faded shadow loom through the crack in the doorway. "Hmm...whoever was last using the bathroom forgot to close the door, huh? And shut off the light, too...?" The door quite unfortunately swung open, and Carrie stared back at one of the nannies, Nanny Dawn, who was holding the hand of a much shorter Georgina, dressed in a skirt and tights. Needless to say, Dawn happened to look down and surprisingly find Carrie, struck with a dumbfounded look.

So much so that she jumped a little when she saw her.

"Whoa! Carrie? How did you get in here?" She looked concerned at first, but resigned to chuckling as she straightened out her apron before getting on her knees.

What was she supposed to do? Supposed to say? The thought both angered and terrified her, but she, on paper, had no reason for being here... She had no right.

Weakly, she tried to explain in a nervous voice. "I...I...needed to use the bathroom...?"

"Didja now, hmm?" Dawn smiled, using the sort of tone meant to humor a toddler, rather than actually hear someone out for real. What always caught Carrie off guard, and especially put her in a bad mood, was when Dawn cupped her hand on Carrie's front. Carrie's diaper, giving it an inspecting squeeze.

"Nope, still feels dry to me, sweetheart." Then, she looked a bit stern, which was what Carrie feared the most. "You know you don't belong in here, honey. We handle diaper business out there, remember?" she pointed over her shoulder, away from the dull gray tiles and white walls and away to a land of pastels, carpeting, changing tables, toys, and teachers.

"DaaAaaWwwwn!" The toddler beside her whined, hopping from foot to foot. Much like Carrie, she was reaching her bladder's limit, and all the physical signs were starting to show.

"That's right!" Dawn pretended a gasp, gently forcing Carrie to the side with an arm against her stomach. The woman ushered the impatient toddler ahead of the embarrassed girl left on the wayside. "Think you can show me how it's done?" Then she stole a glance at the sullen Carrie, who was trying her best to come to terms with her loss. "Actually, do you wanna show Carrie here how it's like to use the potty?"

The simple tease of adult responsibility clearly excited the girl as she eagerly nodded her head.

"I can do it! I can do it!" She declared, and Carrie tried not to seethe. It wasn't this girl's fault. It was everything around her. It was the people like Dawn that made things like this the way they were. Toddlers like this were just the unknowing, indoctrinated fools that perpetuated all the humiliation and belittlement without any of the realization to just how unfair this all was.

"Well alright, let's do it together then," Dawn carefully explained. "That way when Carrie starts potty training, she'll know exactly what she needs to do!" Kill her now. This wasn't worth watching. All it was, was a showcase of all the things Carrie *didn't* have. All the things she *couldn't* have.

"Okay Carrie, if you behave you can watch, alright?" Dawn spoke as if Carrie even *wanted* the opportunity of watching the privileges that she was unrightfully denied. Why bother seeing when she was just about to do the damn deed herself?! After Dawn's cheery look, it faltered the

moment she got a better look at the embarrassed woman. “Ou~, and what happened to your pretty dress, honey? Oh, your diaper, too...” With a furrowed brow her eyes fell on Carrie’s handiwork; a dress stuffed into her diaper with one of the tapes just barely hanging on.

They briefly looked at each other, but the staring contest quickly ended with Carrie’s eyes at the floor and her cheeks as red as the tint on the hem of her dress hiding inside her diaper. And while she may have caved, it didn’t stop the authoritative look from her physical superior. She looked at Carrie with an accusing stare. “Carrie... Were you playing with your diaper again?”

How...how could this woman not understand? Put the pieces together? Carrie used language like any other adult could. Announced herself clearly, used perfect pronunciation, so why did her explanations always seem to fall on deaf ears? More importantly, did she just not get finished saying that she was here to use the potty? All the signs were there! A dry, tampered diaper, and she was in the actual fucking bathroom! How could you not connect the dots for that?! And most importantly, she kept her emotions in check. She was mature, calm, and collected. She endured the babytalk, the mandatory recesses and playtimes, and *all* the countless, endless, painful diaper changes. Even on the worst of days she managed to keep it together...so...so...

Carrie suddenly hiccuped, feeling the warmth on her face. She sniffled, feeling the weight of everything she’d been trying to support with her shoulders totally and completely collapse. Why couldn’t she ever win? It was always a constant, downhill battle; one that never ended in a victory, or even the ones that did, were merely just illusions. “Victory” for Carrie meant finding a temporary foothold in the cliffside so she didn’t slip any further. The only favor she could do herself was buy time; prolong the inevitable.

“Victory” was getting to sleep on her naptime mat just for a few more minutes, serving as the golden few minutes that kept her oblivious to this horrid life she was now condemned to, and for no reason she knew why. But again, victory was an illusion. A falsehood. Victory was just being the last one the daycare workers shook awake...

“Oh, honey, don’t cry!” Dawn sympathized, pulling Carrie in close. She hated the embrace, as the need for it further confirmed her feelings. Her tears were welling up now as she sobbed into the nanny’s shoulder. “I promise I’m not mad at you, okay?” Her views were misguided, because even if that did affect Carrie, the root of her misfortune went far beyond what a single daycare worker thought of her. Though it certainly was a product of it.

“Look! Dawn! I’m doing it!” A gleeful voice cheered from over Carrie’s shoulder, and even despite being so sad, she still tortured herself further by picking up on the source of the noise.

With her leggings at her ankles and her papery, yet far thinner pull-up there too, Carrie was treated to the maddening noise of another person's pee hitting the toilet bowl.

Carrie still had the woman's warm hug, but her words of praise for someone else lashed right back at her like a double-edged sword. "Wow! That's really good, Georgina! I'm so proud of you, and I'm sure Mommy's gonna be too!"

In Carrie's eyes, she may as well have been told that her financial report must have been beyond stellar. Not a cent was missed and a year's worth of finances had been totally and completely accounted for. Like she was the pillar that kept the company afloat and she was a cornerstone to its multi-million dollar success. Imagining a kind of praise like that did make her feel good, but then she remembered that it was just her fleeting imagination. With how she was now, already expected to pee and poop her diapers, the most praise Carrie could expect is from scribbling with a crayon onto a piece of construction paper.

Dawn's words got the girl to giggle bashfully, whilst Carrie tried to steel herself, hoping the tears would stop soon enough.

"Hey, heeyYYYY!!" Georgina, the elated toddler, kept calling in their direction. What more could she want?

"What is it, honey?" Giving the girl the attention she was calling for, Dawn simultaneously tugged Carrie's dress out of her diaper, who didn't try to resist, lest her cruel mercy turn into malice, and whimpered just a little more when she was tugged a little by the re-fastening and smoothing of her diaper tape. "That should do..." she quietly complimented herself, looking back at her charge on the toilet.

"She didn't see! How is she gonna know now?"

If only this ignorant toddler knew of the accolades Carrie had boastfully carried... A whole *twenty years* of using the toilet, not in her pants, and especially not on such a silly training potty. Forget how to use the toilet? *Her?* The irony was crippling, largely because Carrie was the only one capable of realizing it and powerless to project it onto others.

Nevertheless, "learning" from watching was said by Dawn herself, but she was as fickle about it as was Carrie's "tempers." With a pat trying to be comforting on Carrie's head, the woman said "Well, I'm sure there will be plenty of other chances down the road, so how about we show her the next step instead. Sound good to you, Carrie, honey?"

Puffy-eyed, she didn't bother so much as a physical gesture, much less a vocal response. The only action she was making was the shuffling of her thighs, and unfortunately the responding crinkle of her diaper. While she'd just sprouted some waterworks, that didn't mean the tank was any more empty down below... She was hoping to expel it on her own terms, but it didn't seem to be heading that way anymore.

"Okay, Georgina, what do we do?" Dawn asked, but she still took the lead as she swiped a few squares of toilet paper. "First we lean forward...good! And then we...!"

"Wiiipe!" The actual little girl and grown woman jovially sang. Carrie watched with a warped sense of disgust and jealousy, seeing both what she wished to never have, yet wanted so badly. She didn't want "potty training," but if she didn't, all that was left was where she was now. Stuck in diapers that she had no dependency on...mostly.

"Good job!" Dawn complimented again, despite being the one that did all the work. Georgina just leaned forward, clenching her fists like she was about to score some kind of touchdown.

"When's Carrie gonna potty train?" Georgina loudly and rudely asked. It was like asking a woman her age, except for kids. But while Carrie wished to stay young, that didn't mean she hoped to be thought of as diaper-dependent to the rest of the world she had no escape from.

"Well, Georgina," Dawn calmly explained as she re-dressed the girl, "Sometimes that's not so easy to answer. Little girls and boys like you all grow at different speeds! Some just aren't ready as fast as others, and that's okay. Does that make sense?"

"So she still needs diapers?"

Carrie winced, clenching her fist and catching what was about to just come flying out her mouth.

"Uh-huh," Dawn sagely nodded. "But, once she's ready for potty training, she's gonna be on to pull-ups just like you are right now!"

"But what if she isn't ready?"

"W-well," Dawn paused, then chuckled, "I guess that means she'd need diapers for good, huh?"

Carrie's head shot up, watching her caretaker's back in horror. That was a joke, right? She was kidding?

“But that won’t happen!” Dawn finally cut the silence and suspense, admittedly making the woman behind her sigh with relief. “All you kiddos are gonna be using the big kid potty in no time!”

“Well *I’m* gonna be first!” Georgina loudly declared, and Dawn laughed. Carrie didn’t.

“Maybe, huh? How about we be the first to wash our hands too? Up-up!” She cheered, lifting the girl against the sink. And while they did their thing, Carrie sorely rubbed her arm, feeling like the cruel butt of a joke.

Fuck, she didn’t need to, but she *would* and *could* potty train. The moment she was allowed to use the toilet, she’d be back in grown-up— *panties* the very same day, fuck! *Panties. Panties*, she would be back in. Soon...very soon...

And in her moment of pensive thought, that level of concentration she had was mistakenly used there in place of somewhere else. She thought too hard and her newfound, inexplicable quirks took advantage of her limited motors. Suddenly she grunted and slouched, reflexively pulling a hand over her stomach, squatting to the floor.

“I think Carrie’s sick...” Georgina openly pondered, and the nanny looked down behind them.

“Oopsies! I think that explains the waterworks a second ago...” Dawn hummed. “*Maybe* Carrie’s not ready quite just yet...”

Carrie tried to stay quiet, but she grunted more as her lower body weirdly decided not to listen. The spurts of warmth inside her diaper were just byproducts for what was happening in the back end. Her muscles strained as she felt the squeeze and push, but her possessed self refused to let it be stopped. The discomfort in her gut and stomach was slowly unraveling until it came undone like a knot. She unloaded and the back of her diaper filled like a pouring mess of mud. It was hot, sticky, smothering and horrid. Her nose twitched and she hiccupped, ready to cry all over again.

Messes like this still made her upset, but given the circumstances, watching the plastic potty in front of her the whole way while she did it— it was cruelly poetic.

“Okay, Georgina, all set!” Dawn said chipperly and sent the toddler along with a pat on the back. “And now it’s your turn...” the woman sighed with no less smile as Carrie was lifted.

The smelling, mortified woman watched the plastic throne, somehow now far, far beyond her reach, much less an actual toilet now, and she turned away from it as the nanny did. They departed from the dull and boring room; a place Carrie longed for so dearly as Dawn held her like she was a bomb with her radioactive waste freely drooping between her legs.

“Excuse me, coming through!” Dawn chuckled, “Somebody’s made a stinky!”

And said stinky did her best to stay strong, but she shuddered as the seat of her diaper squished against her skin and she was laid on the mat, forced to face what she’d done. A shadow loomed over her, masking the lights and colorful ceiling as her captor smiled down at her, flipping up her short dress and tugging at the tapes she had no permission to touch.

“Potty training, huh...?” Dawn openly and quietly mused to herself, then the moment the diaper came down, her nose shriveled up.

And looking nothing short of bemused, the light left Carrie’s eye the same time Dawn shook her head.

“Nuh-uh, not for a bit.”