

16 - Messy Milestone

A small, crestfallen whimper escaped Emily when she could feel a hot spurt escape her bladder, and soak into the inviting, thirsty pad taped around her hips. Trying the best she could to relax her breathing, the pitter-patter expanded into a river, as she started to flood her diaper. She stared off into space as the tingly feeling trickled in her nether regions, acutely aware of the raging battle in her pants; the struggle of her pee trying to pool whilst the diaper absorbed it. Strangely enough, she imagined it like pouring a bucket of water in the sand. At first there would be a tiny pool, but the dry, dry sand would eventually drink it all away. And in its place would be a much heavier, squisher form.

Without even realizing it, the corner of a crustless sandwich nudged the edge of her mouth. She looked over to the culprit, and of course it was the only other person in the kitchen.

“There she is!” Joyce cooed like it was a game of peekaboo. “I was afraid my little Emmy was petrified!”

“S...sorry...I...I just...-”

“Didn’t you ask for half of my sandwich?” Obviously jumping over Emily’s words, Joyce interjected with a stern voice. “This little guy still has two more bites to it, and I expect them to be coming from you.”

Emily, blinded by her own embarrassment, didn’t notice Joyce’s tactness and tried to press again.

“But I just...” The words kept failing her, and her verbal shortcomings frustrated her even more as she shifted in her seat and felt the diaper squish.

“There’s no need to talk about it, silly,” Joyce spoke soothingly; not to express her own annoyance; far from it. It was all to calm Emily’s nerves. “We’ll take care of it when we need to. What happens down there is my business when *I* decide it needs to be addressed.” It was never a tone to belittle Emily, but to help shift any responsibility she might unnecessarily feel was hers. It was Joyce’s job to shoulder all the negativity, and in return for Emily to be her cute little self.

“Besides, what kind of mommy would I be if I needed my baby girl to tell me whenever she needed to be changed?”

As her role was further defined, and responsibility for her bladder relieved, Emily blushed harder, muttering, “Then how will you know...?”

“Mommy’s intuition, naturally,” she spoke in a matter-of-fact voice, figuring the sixth sense was a given. Though, truthfully, it wasn’t like any of Emily’s diaper habits were discrete. Joyce hated to exploit them, but even if Emily didn’t tell her what was going on, the muffled gasp or minor whimper was often plenty enough to tell what was happening. Whenever Emily seemed visibly distraught out of nowhere, it was likely the state of her diaper that was contributing to it. And now that Emily wouldn’t be directly helping her out anymore, Joyce’s eyes briefly trailed to the crotch of Emily’s diaper. She’d have the liberty of conducting some real diaper checks, now.

“So now let’s review,” Joyce ruffled the top of Emily’s head. “Who’s in charge of your diapers?”

“...You are,” Emily meekly replied, her mouth contorting into an awkward, flustered smile.

“And when you use it, you...?”

“Do...do nothing?” Emily answered with a slight bit of uncertainty.

“Bzzz,” Joyce sounded her error and crossed her fingers into an ‘X.’ “Wrong, my baby girl. You’re supposed to keep having fun!” Emily technically was right, but Joyce considered it another chance to reinforce positive feelings. “The only thing you need to worry about it having fun, and enjoying Mommy’s snuggles and love!” she eagerly rubbed their noses together, and sparked embarrassed giggles from the girl.

“Oh, but, I guess you do have an important job...” Joyce spoke with a sudden look of realization, like she’d forgotten something important.

“What’s that?” Emily answered with mild, yet genuine curiosity. It was conflicting to seek that sort of stimulation; legitimate responsibility while still trying to act like a baby...

But, it was pretty obvious the two weren’t on the same wavelength when Joyce finally revealed, “Mommy needs affection, too, you know?” With an exaggerated expression, she looked to be someone in desperate need of love herself, and though she was joking, Emily still started to feel a new sense of frustration as she couldn’t free herself from the chair to hug Joyce. Annoyed, she swung her legs, trying to at least fire her love like projectiles to the matronly figure instead.

Joyce then closed the distance again, but while staring Emily in the eyes, grabbed her fidgety ankles until they stopped moving. “Eat your lunch, then we can talk about getting you out of there.” Not waiting for a response, Joyce picked up the crustless sandwich and slipped the better part of it into Emily’s mouth.

And as if she had to instruct the process every step of the way, Joyce continued to jokingly explain as she motioned, “And then we chew...” she lightly tickled the bottom of Emily’s chin, nearly causing the girl to choke in a giggle fit, clearly infectious as Joyce fought hard to look serious too.

“T, then swallow,” she muttered, as if trying to hide the laughter on her face. The rolling ball in Emily’s throat announced a successful, and blissful bite, and there was only one more to go. A small amount of fruit remained too; all of which was Emily’s portion, but Joyce was finally feeling merciful as she stole another cube for herself too.

With enough coaxing, Emily did finish her food, and the rest of her juice. Satisfied, Joyce unlocked the tray after cleaning her up. And right before Emily could scamper off, Joyce halted her with a quick, “Just a second, hon.” Walking over to her confused girl, considering she’d already wiped her face clean, Emily’s heart skipped an awkward beat as the crotch of her diaper, hidden by her onesie was suddenly pressed closer to her groin, namely because Joyce’s hand was in the middle of feeling it.

Emily had moved her mouth, but no words came.

“You’re so cute when you’re embarrassed, you know?” It wasn’t something Joyce wanted to see in particular, because truthfully Emily was even cuter when she wasn’t and just falling into the natural flow of things. And as she pulled her hand away from the warm diaper, her face was filled with tenderness and compassion, and the diaper slightly crinkled as the heavy bulk of it suddenly sunk back to the ground, though stopped partway by the onesie.

“Maybe in a little bit,” Joyce answered the silent question gleaming in Emily’s eyes, turning back to the sink while she wiped her hands with a dish towel. And given that she’d just been told not to, Emily didn’t make as much as a comment. Not spokenly, at least.

The final step to Joyce’s cleanup was refilling Emily’s bottle, and she walked back into the living room to find the girl lounging about the couch, seemingly with little regard for the diaper around her hips; happily displayed for whoever might sneak a glance.

“Okay, so what are you feeling up to now?” passively, she tickled the bottom of Emily’s exposed and lazy foot; a mistake Emily would regret right then as it shot away from Joyce’s reach. “We can go back to coloring, playing games, stuffies?”

None of it sounded too exciting to Emily right now. Stuffed animals called for more creativity than she had at the moment, and such a high level of coloring like she did before was too draining. Really. Being a toddler wasn't easy.

Joyce could read what was going through Emily's head as it translated to her face, so she asked, "Maybe some tv? A movie? We could always get bath time out of the way..." Her last suggestion lingered as if she were thinking about it right then. "But, I think it'd be better to do that after dinner."

"Uhm...tv?" Emily asked for confirmation, but Joyce snickered when she slipped the bottle into her mouth, as if a sign that negotiations were finished.

"Tv it is." Joyce walked by the couch where the playmat used to be, grabbing one of the few puzzles she left out. Scooting Emily closer to the edge of the couch, she assumed her position as the bigger spoon and held her charge close. "But we're not gonna watch too much, got it? Too much tv is bad for you."

Emily almost groaned, but the whole scenario was too wonderful to disobey over something so tiny and insignificant. Curiously, she also eyed the puzzle in Joyce's hands, who looked to be fiddling with it herself. Joyce turned her eyes from the puzzle to the staring girl, smirking.

"Think you can be my special helper?"

Quietly, but with childish confidence, Emily nodded her head assuringly.

It was certainly a struggle not to smother Emily constantly. Her forming mannerisms and overall attitude as the Emmy Joyce loved equally as much as her more grown-up counterpart were slowly taking shape, and they were all such encouraging signs. It told her everything they had done, and likely were going to do would be magical, and nothing but sweet, pure ecstasy for both of them.

With one arm wrapped around Emily's waist, Joyce used the other to keep herself propped up; giving herself the perfect view of the tv, and her little tinkerer trying to crack the code.

Unfortunately, it was feeling a whole lot like last time, and Emily could feel herself wanting to defer to Joyce's aid already. It was a mess of metal rods with balls fused into them, looking so intricately assembled, yet upon closer inspection finding just how much of a mess the combination was. Simple and pretty from a distance, challenging and intimidating up close.

The longer she spent on it, the less calculated and logical her attempts became. Before she'd inspect how a part was threaded into the rest of the jumble, but now she was just giving everything random tugs in whichever direction possible. And she knew that as soon as she gave it to Joyce, she'd make it look so easy; do the things Emily could not so effortlessly. Her power was limitless, and Emily's own paled in comparison. But with that in mind...it was all the more reason why she should be confiding in Joyce...

"Now come on," Joyce coaxed in a lightly disapproving voice. "I know my little girl is smarter than that," she leaned back up so she could fit one of Emily's hands into each of hers.

"But I don't know what to do!" Emily explained, slightly annoyed once more by being told she could do something she knew she couldn't. Then again, wasn't she able to meet Joyce's expectations last time? Coloring suddenly felt like eons ago. That's what a nap and lunch could do to a person...

"Okay, come on," Joyce gave her a quick kiss on the head. "No more pouting. Now with all these puzzles, there's a pattern," she started to pull her hands apart, and by extension, so did Emily's which were holding a part. Of course nothing budged.

"See? I told you-" Emily started to ramble, but was politely silenced, though she didn't expect to be muffled by her pacifier. The banana taste was nice, but she was a little ashamed to admit that she had forgotten where it went... Another factor she needn't consider...

"And I told you," Joyce chuckled, "give me a minute, okay? I'll admit, sometimes for these puzzles I try randomly too. But, it works the same way as the last one, remember?"

Trying to recall their first time doing this, Emily envisioned herself sitting between Joyce's legs, tinkering with an older logic puzzle, and then of course deferring to Joyce for help. But how did she do it? Why did it matter? They were both totally two different puzzles. Maybe even different manufacturers.

Taking Emily's silence behind the pacifier as an answer, Joyce continued her explanation.

"You're half right. Yes, you pull, but what you really need to do is," letting her hands do the talking, they pulled again, only with a bit more rotation this time. Twisting. Pull *and* twist. "Pull and twist." Suddenly, there was much more give to one of the complex metal pieces. It didn't come out, but it certainly felt like a significant step was taken, and Emily felt like a fool for not realizing the trick any sooner. These puzzles made her feel dumb, and she suddenly didn't like looking bad in front of Joyce.

Seeing this entire venture as a whole new avenue to express her stupidity, Emily dropped the puzzle to the floor and nuzzled back into Joyce.

Slightly frowning, Joyce called Emily's attention when the pacifier was slipped from her mouth and she no longer had an excuse to not use her words. "Why did you stop?" She didn't sound angry, or expectant for Emily to continue, just concerned about the reason.

"B...because it stopped being fun..." Emily answered in a way that made her to be a terrible liar, because even she knew that those words were hard to believe.

"And why did it stop being fun?" she rubbed Emily's shoulder, who seemed to be choking on yet another bitter pill.

Although meekly, it was almost strange how easily Emily could let the truth flow out of her. When answering to Joyce, at least. She truly was her rock. Nothing slipped past her, and she made everything better. "Stuff like that makes me feel dumb...and, and I don't wanna look dumb to you..."

"Honey," Joyce spoke in a neutral voice; caught between mommy-mode and Joyce the tender lover. "Do you really think I'd judge you over a single puzzle?" The silence lingered for a moment. "Do you?"

"N...no..." The answer was obvious, but irrational thought still reigned supreme. "I just don't want to feel inferior."

It was a difficult, and complex desire. She couldn't exactly be Joyce's peer when she was having her diapers checked and drinking from a bottle. Not that Joyce minded, and hopefully Emily too. This was a specific kind of inferiority Emily was feeling, and it was in the intellectual sphere.

"You're *not* inferior," Joyce stressed. "If anything, you're the one with all the power!"

The claim bewildered Emily, and truly did confuse her. Where were they right now? Doing what? Everything within sight was all on Joyce's dime! The only thing Emily could call her own was the few cubic inches inside of her head, and even then she was practically leasing it out to Joyce at this point...

"Remember what I said? Your happiness is *my* happiness. When you're sad, I'm sad. And when you feel troubled," as if to match the mood of the word, Joyce said somberly, "then so do I."

“But...” desperate to find a counterexample, Emily it was conflicting to find her well of thoughts turning up dry.

“But what? When we have adult conversations, you’re more than mature, respectful, kind, funny, and loving. What about that is inferior?” The question she ended it on was partly genuine. “And when you’re able to become a sweet, baby girl like this for me? That’s nothing but to show how *strong* you are.”

“S...strong?” What an oxymoron it was.

“Yes,” Joyce confirmed, “strong. Being able to recline yourself into such a wonderful mindset and enjoy such...*different* things from the norm. And to do it all for me? I’m the one who’s grateful to you, Emily. You’re willing to show me the most vulnerable parts about yourself, and I’m willing to do the same for you. So when we expose ourselves like this, how does that make either one of us inferior? Does it make me lesser to be your mommy instead of your girlfriend?”

“No...” Her logic never seemed to fail, and the coming conclusion did make sense. It nearly put a smile on Emily’s face. Joyce always knew how to make things better.

“So then why would it be any different for you to be my baby? It’s a sign of mutual trust, Emily. We love each other enough to drop our guard; be ourselves. Why should we feel worse because of it?”

“Because...” then she realized, she had nothing meaningful to say. Nothing that’d be sunk in mere moments by Joyce and her limitless arsenal. “I’m sorry...”

“For what?” Joyce lightly rubbed her back. “It’s important to talk about these things, because now we can make them better. Whenever you want to talk or share what’s on your mind, I’ll always be here, okay?”

With a small noise of satisfaction, Emily nodded her head.

“Good. Now,” Joyce leaned over, picking up the puzzle Emily once discarded. “Let’s do this one together. Mommy doesn’t remember the instructions on this one too clearly, so I think we’ll both be struggling...” To her pleasure, it earned a giggle from Emily.

For the next two hours it’d be the noises of a tv in the background, small talk, and small clinks and clacks of metal.

“Hey Joyce, how big is your office at work?”

“Hmm... Well, I suppose it’s somewhat like the office we have here, but maybe a little bit bigger. Why?”

“I dunno...” Emily’s voice trailed as she worked on the puzzle. It was just simple and baseless curiosity. Joyce was left with lingering ideas though.

It made her giddy to think about bringing Emily into work; being able to show her off to everyone. Under what lens though? Obviously as her partner, but...she’d be lying if she said she didn’t wish she could show off her adorable side, too. The company did have a bring your daughter to work day. Maybe then it’d be a good excuse to show her around? Then she chuckled, imagining the confusion they’d cause. Everyone would think that she was bending the rules, and they would be correct, but wrong at the same time.

“Speaking of work,” Joyce added, “have you heard from yours at all?”

“Sort of...” Emily glumly replied. “They said we’d be receiving some news either tomorrow or Sunday. I don’t know what to expect...” Sure, the unofficial vacation was nice, but being out of work for so long, longer than even last time wasn’t sitting well with her.

“It’ll be fine. Everything will work out in the end.” Joyce continued to soothe her, though, tried to keep her personal opinions on the reserved side. She already had certain ideas about what “temporarily” closing an entire department might entail. For Emily’s sake, though, she would stay optimistic. And she meant it when she said that everything would work out, one way or another.

Emily stayed quiet, watching the tv for a few moments, then visible shock crept on her face when she felt it. A pressure. A force. A small movement, or rather, a push. It was coming from the last place she wanted it to. The one forbidden spot; even worse than the bladder. Her bowels.

She was just about to excuse herself, but then she realized where she was, what she was wearing, and who she was with. It was a helpless cause, yet the thought of what Joyce would inevitably force on her scared her to no end.

Joyce could already pick up on her slight and awkward shuffles, though, asking, “What’s wrong?”

Emily's mind raced a mile a minute, thinking how she could answer such a dangerous question. It potentially defined life or death. Her mind must have been solving quadratic equations in rapid succession, whilst deciphering the ancient texts known as Joyce's personality while she computed a suitable answer; mentally reviewing all their past exchanges to have her personality figured out down to a 'T.' She had probably skipped over discovering the meaning of life itself just to find what words might keep Joyce at bay. And then it came to her. A godsend, words of wisdom, and divine will comprised into the vocal form. Intellectually enriched, and enlightened, she had discovered her profound words which Joyce could not bear to disobey, defy, or question.

"Uh...uhm...nothing." After the slight crinkle and squish from standing up, she excused herself. "I...I need to check on something."

Truly profound words.

"Emmy...?" Joyce leaned over in her spot, watching the girl disappear into the hallway. She was more perplexed than anything else for the first few seconds, seeing how unusual this was, but a sneaking suspicion was growing on her. She stood up and followed.

Meanwhile, Emily clasped her hands on the knob of the bathroom door, and as she twisted, the knob did not. Stunned, and trying to save herself from a breakdown, she helplessly turned the metal knob over and over, hoping that the locking mechanism would show mercy and let her through. Panicked whimpers escaped her as the sense of worry and distress only seemed to make the pressure on her bottom feel worse.

The worst part was she already expected this. She knew Joyce like always had taken the necessary precautions, and this time would be no different than the last. Well, it would, though the only thing different would be what she was doing in her diaper. It was the worst imaginable scenario possible.

A hand reached from behind Emily and it sought out her own. Knowing full well who it belonged to, Emily became sorrowfully limp as it handled her.

"Please..."

All she got as a response was a hug.

"I'm sorry, honey, but not this time."

“But...!” Emily spoke with desperation; stuck in a frenzy with what time she had left. There was nothing she felt capable of doing other than skipping straight to the inevitable. Why torture yourself and watch the water rise than just drown yourself from the start? Tension certainly wasn’t good for the muscles, because she was feeling the strain grow on her by the second. It could have very likely all been in her head, but that didn’t discount from how real it felt right now. The need to go. Maybe it was but a second later and Emily was back to tasting synthetic fruit. It didn’t exactly clear the clouds and chase the storm away, but it at least gave Emily a roof to put her head under.

There wasn’t much Joyce could do other than employ all the comfort techniques she knew for Emily. This wasn’t going to be easy, and she knew that, but she could at least try and soften the blow.

Emily slowly sunk to the floor, still supported by Joyce’s arms whilst she tried her best to come to terms with an absolute fate.

“I know, I know...” Joyce cooed, even if she really didn’t, but she took a fair guess that Emily was too distraught to really call her out on that.

“The first time is always hard, but I know you’ve made it through to the other side each and every time. This is no different.” While she spoke, Joyce had turned Emily to face her. Emily had moved to take the pacifier out of her mouth, but she was stopped. “Hang on, I want you to be nice and comfy, okay?”

Genuinely frustrated, Emily looked at the ground with a sense of bitterness. This was the last thing she wanted! It was *her* birthday! So why did this need to happen?

It all came as a package. There wouldn’t be any cuddling and kisses without the messy parts too... She hated how literal the saying started to seem now...

Keeping in mind what Joyce said, she did try her best to stay comfortable. She was being comforted by someone she deeply cherished, was dressed in a soft fabric, and...and was tasting the pleasant flavor of banana...

“You know, it helps to have a friend, too?” Suggestively, Joyce added while behind her back she produced a familiar face.

“Pihp?” behind the pacifier, Emily questioned. The ovular mochi shape was unmistakable, as generic and nondescript as it was. Granted, that was exactly what made him so unique. His

synthetic smile stared back at Emily, and although reluctant, she was suddenly warming up to Joyce's comfort strategy. Trying not to wince as her diaper squished, she leaned forward to take Pip from Joyce's hands. Suddenly holding him tight, all she could do was look at Joyce, standing over her with rays of affection.

Joyce rested her cheek on her hand, trying her best not to fawn too much over the sight. There she was, her little girl sitting on her knees, sucking on her pacifier, dressed in a onesie and holding her new, fluffy friend. It pained her to know that this was all for something even more significant though. She looked all buckled up for something that would certainly be more intense...

"N...Now whaht?"

The worst was that there wasn't any magic Joyce could use to make what was to come any less worse. The sweet, relatively unperturbed innocence on her face wouldn't last forever, and Joyce was the reason because of it. It was in times like these when it felt like she was kicking a puppy. The way Emily stared at her, it was complete, genuine trust, and Joyce was about to drag her through the mud. Like she told Emily: the first was always the worst.

"...Now you do what you need to do."

It went easy through the ears, but not down the throat. Again, a window of freedom. She had complete control over her fate, and the only way she was going to pass her bowels was if she did it of her own accord. There was something oddly reassuring about something bad being done to yourself by someone else's hand. At least then you had an excuse to claim no wrongdoing. You played nothing more than an involuntary role in the deed. But this was different. This was all done by Emily. It rocked her core to an uncomfortable point knowing she'd have no one to blame but herself.

How was she even supposed to start? In a strange, strange, very strange way, it almost felt like she was coloring again... No matter what comparison she tried to make, it was as confusing as it was jarring. It was like peeing...but out the back? It was like she was on death's door; pushed to a brink where she suddenly had a sixth sense. She could feel it inside of her; this mass, waste, demanding to be released. Waiting to be caught and contained by her diaper... She hugged Pip tighter, and her breaths started to pick up the pace.

The gravity was setting in fast, and tears started to roll down her cheeks.

"P-please, d-dohn't mahk me!" Her pleas muffled and slightly slurred around the teat.

“I need you to trust me, sweetie, okay?” Looking emotionally pained herself, Joyce leaned close next to her.

Emily continued to quiver, and suddenly shake as the answer she was desperately searching for wasn't anywhere to be found. “B-b-but, but...”

“Once you're done, we'll get you changed right away, okay? Like it never happened,” she ended it on a content beat, and smiled a smile with the utmost confidence.

Emily could already think of a few ways to continue the verbal gymnastics, but they knew who would win in the end. There was nothing she could do. Nothing. Nothing other than push.

How she could even push herself this far was one of science's greatest mysteries, or at least one of her own greatest conundrums. Joyce was the much better one at reading these things, but she'd certainly come far...

It felt wrong.

It felt like she was doing something she wasn't supposed to be doing. Something irreversible. Like she was ripping a steel beam right out of a skyscraper. Everything about this had no objective logic. She was tearing herself down for the sake of someone else. Yet even with that in mind she still wanted to follow through? It pushed against her backside like a rude and intrusive guest. The shift in gear was obviously far too much for her body, seeing as her bowels were having just as tough of a time as she was accepting what was going to happen.

She grunted, and her face felt hot. From Joyce's perspective it was red. Not the embarrassed kind of red, though. Clearly she was physically strained. She stood slightly off her knees, whether it was out of necessity or to prevent squishing from the aftermath...

She couldn't do it. She tried and tried, but her body seemed dead-set on refusing her selfish desires. And that made her feel horribly conflicted. Feeling a bountiful joy that both she and her body were like-minded in their adulthood, but also downright terrible for not being able to meet Joyce's expectations. The idea of disappointment was enough to suddenly pop a screw, because she nearly gasped when she could feel just the smallest bit slip between the barrier defining what was inside her body, and what was the outside world.

No! No, no, no, no, no, no! There wasn't a porcelain toilet waiting to receive her mess, and that's what scared her the most. It was inconceivable to think it was going anywhere else, in her pants no less.

To her own dismay, she didn't stop, but she stared either intently at Joyce for some form of support, or off into endless space. She probably was shredding through the pacifier with how hard she was biting into it, and Pip must have been two pieces by now with how hard she hugged him. Her cheeks were wet, and they were only becoming more damp by the second. It was all a jumbled mess of confusion as she kept pushing on her bowels, and more and more the mess was starting to poke through. She had already crossed the threshold. There was no turning back now. It was all or nothing.

And suddenly, the raging fire within her was rained upon by a heavy, yet wonderful shower. It tickled her ears in the most euphoric way possible. Arms wrapped around her shoulders, and she was pressed into the soft, familiar bosom of her dearest. The hums sang like the melodies of a goddess through her ears, and the sweet, gentle smells reminded her of peace and serenity. It was so sudden and so powerful, she forgot what had her so strained for just a moment. To forget how her bottom shook, fighting to release something so vile and disturbing. Something that tarnished and corrupted her mentality as an adult and grown woman.

The best way to explain the feeling is like pushing a big boulder up and down a hill. On the way up, the process is tiring, straining, exhausting, and taxing. It takes everything you have to just set the ball into motion, but once you reach the top, all control leaves you. Gravity takes care of the rest and it slips from your grasp, whether you like it or not. It picks up in speed, and the momentum accelerates to a frightening pace. So fast that it's over before you can even realize it.

A long, uninterrupted gasp mixed into a sigh left Emily's chest once it hit her. Rather, once it left her. She had stretched her sphincter to such a point that her body squeezed the rest out unaided. The poo left her so fast she nearly had a double-take. Even if she wasn't proud, the relief she felt from finishing the grueling task was wonderful. Her diaper though felt dreadfully heavy, and her bum felt hot, like there was something close to it radiating heat. Probably because there was... What bothered her in a still shock-induced state however was the size of it all. Of course she couldn't tell how big it really was, but it was enough to just creep between her legs, feeling the muck shift around inside of her.

In unintelligible murmurs she trembled all over, as the smell reaching her nose suddenly reminded her why she should feel so mortified right now. She'd finally done it. The one last thing she never thought she'd ever do, and she'd done it. She truly was a baby. If anyone thought

otherwise, they need only refer to the current state of her diaper. It made her feel awful, clearly outshining the tiniest bit of pleasure from satisfying Joyce. Speaking of which, what was she--

Emily's head slightly reeled back once Joyce's lips with such force pressed against hers. It was so powerful that Emily's weakened thighs finally gave up, and her lower half collapsed. This was the last thing she wanted to happen, because she was forcibly sat on the ground. Her eyes widened once her bottom hit the ground--correction, her messy diaper. It squished and squelched, and Emily was there every step of the way to feel it all creep and smooch. The kiss was wonderful, but the consequences not so much. Joyce looked a tad bit shocked too, but she was still clearly riddled with enthusiasm and pride. Once again, she derived so much joy and pleasure from Emily's infantileness, but the girl was beyond overwhelmed.

She didn't know how to fully react, other than regard herself with complete and utter disgust. But once she found the words, she was suddenly a quivering mess, both literally and metaphorically. Her mind started to waver heavily, and her body all over felt extremely drained. Part of her could almost slump over on the floor and fall asleep right then. She wanted nothing more than to lean into a nice, big, soft cloud. And yet the sensation of a wet and messy diaper was too much to handle. Her lack of total expression was probably to express just how broken she was right now. She felt disconnected in some way. She was present, sentient, and capable of comprehending things, yet she wasn't capable of any more than that.

"Ch-change?" With only one word in mind, Emily look desperately at Joyce.

"O-of course!" Hurriedly, Joyce stood Emily up and took extreme caution to help the wobbly girl back to the nursery. Each step was shaky, and she could feel the mess hang in her diaper heavily. Each step seemed to have charged some consciousness back into her, because she grew more upset with each and every footfall. By the time she was walking on the carpet, she was using Joyce for more than just physical support.

The whole way, Joyce was sure not to skip out on the positive reinforcement, because lord if she needed it more than ever now.

Before she even set Emily on the table, she undid the snaps to her crotch, and the diaper now unrestrained slumped a little bit lower. Emily could only whimper as it happened, and her nostrils contorted and squinched from the unbearable odor. Joyce was probably bothered by it too, but she gave no indication whatsoever.

"I want you to know how proud I am of you," Joyce stole another kiss from her, then pulled her in for one more hug.

“W-w-wait,” tearily, in a thick voice Emily tried to stop her. She didn’t want to be smothered when she felt like this. She’d only feel worse. Joyce ignored her pleas though.

“No, I don’t want to hear a word of it,” Joyce spoke firmly, yet looked just as supportive. “Emmy, I’ll love you no matter what. Whether you’re messy, wet, clean, sad, angry, embarrassed, or happy, that’s not going to change how I feel. You can tell me whatever you want, but that’s still not going to stop me from cheering you up.”

Emily’s vision grew blurry as she was helped onto the table. She nearly gagged when the mess was spread once more upon sitting down.

“Besides, you did the hardest part!” Joyce spoke with an upbeat, encouraging tone. “If you need to cry, I want you to do what feels right. Whatever makes you feel better. But just keep in mind two things. One: it only gets easier. It won’t be as hard as it was this time,” and maybe she could passively work on making it easier, too. Anything to ease the stress on Emily’s part. “And I will never, ever, ever, ever judge you for what happens. You might think that this is your fault, but I promise it isn’t,” she spoke as if it hurt her to think Emily felt that way, which she did. “It’s what’s natural. I wouldn’t expect anything else, okay? It may sound strange right now, but I want you to find comfort with all of this. I want to grow closer to you Emily, as your partner and your mommy.”

Emily tried her best to smile and nod, but it was difficult when she was sitting in her own mess. The request was certainly strange indeed, but the idea of growing closer was almost always an immediate yes. Still, she wasn’t sure how she could get used to messing herself... That seemed like a definite no. Something impossible. And yet, Joyce always seemed to prove the exact opposite...

She could only let out a sigh, the first unashamed one all day, namely because it had nothing to do with expelling something from her body. Instead, it was Joyce undoing the tapes and pulling back the front of her diaper; allowing the cool air to touch her skin. It felt like centuries had gone by before she could feel the rest of the surrounding atmosphere once again. Even with the strap over her, she could lean forward the slightest bit to see what was going on, and unfortunately she caught a glimpse, and a whiff. If she thought it was bad when it was contained, it was pure liquidated hell now. She couldn’t understand how toilet water masked a smell so well compared to poop being just on its own, but the odor was downright unbearable. What had her nearly faint was seeing just the smallest amount of brown tinge in the diaper snaked between her legs.

She did that. It was her mess she made. A grown woman. Messing herself when she was perfectly capable of using the toilet. Before she could look any longer though, Joyce pushed her gently back down.

“I don’t want you looking down there one bit, missy,” Joyce tutted disapprovingly. “Only Mommy gets to work down there, got it?”

Her dominant assertion over Emily’s private parts actually made her giggle, surprisingly, considering how much turmoil she’d just been put through. She knew it was probably to protect her own sanity, and she was willing to go along with it.

“Just lean back on your comfy cushion, okay?” Joyce brushed a lock of Emily’s hair. “Look at Mommy instead of the silly old diapie.” She shined her pearly whites with a gleeful smile. “Don’t I look pretty? Huh?” Before Emily could clearly react, a rush of tickles attacked her left foot.

Squeals escaped her as she tried to wiggle, but it only made the mess she was sitting in worse. Thankfully Joyce realized that too, and the tickles stopped much faster than they usually would.

“Ready to be clean?”

Meekly, Emily nodded her head.

During the change, Joyce’s nose had an involuntary twitch here and there, because truthfully the smell wasn’t so pleasant to her either. But it was all part of the package. She wanted Emily at her best times, as well as her worst. She’d be there every step of the way to make it all pleasant, and if not that, then bearable. Besides, someone had to keep her baby pretty.

Wipes were applied liberally and even when Joyce was sure not a speck was left on her bottom, she ran through the motions once more.

“A..Are you sure it’s clean?” Emily asked nervously. She’d hate to be trapped in a new diaper just to get it dirty again... She felt clean, but it’s not like she could say for certain. Then she suddenly yelped when the cold hand using the wipes took a playful squeeze as her bare bottom.

“Clean as a whistle, and cute as a button!” Joyce snickered. “Anyways, I’ve been keeping that tush waiting long enough. Let’s get you into something clean.” A new, clean diaper was suddenly produced, and Emily was actually thankful to smell the powder rather than her own poop once

again. She could for the moment regard her diaper simply as cushy and soft underwear. Nothing else. The strap to the table was undone and she'd been set back on the ground.

“Alrighty, free to go!” Joyce clapped her hands together, as if she were to send the horses off to the races.

“H...huh?” Awkwardly, Emily's eyes gestured to her near-naked self. All she was wearing was a diaper, and Joyce planned to send her off?

Joyce either didn't see what she was getting at, or tactfully played dumb.

“What's wrong?”

“Can't I wear something? Maybe the onesie again?” She started to grow sheepish, asking for such childish clothing.

“I think I want you to get used to just your diaper,” Joyce spoke simply, not so much as disturbing Emily, but throwing her into a senseless stupor.

“What do you mean? I don't wanna be naked!”

“Remember you said you wanted me to have more control? I think this is what's best for you right now,” she gave a reassuring kiss. “Besides, dinner might be messy, and I think you look cute right now?” Her casual tone made Emily's heart skip a beat. Not only had she exercised the absolute rule Emily extended to her, but she so nonchalantly put Emily in her place. Put Emmy in her place.

Unwilling to protest any further, looking intently at the ground, finding the puffed crotch of her diaper impossible to notice, she nodded her head.

“Attagirl.” Emily with red cheeks looked back to Joyce, and suddenly felt caught off guard. It was the same look as before. Joyce's eyes had narrowed, and her eyelids had lowered, as if she were trying to focus her view on her prey alone. She took a seductive approach; the steps of a creeping cougar rather than an affectionate mommy. Emily nearly gulped, and she was strangely excitedly ready for an intense and passionate kiss. Then what shattered such an intimate moment was when her diaper crinkled heavily, as Joyce gave it a fun squeeze. Looking back to her, the fire in her eyes had died, and Emily felt off-puttingly cheated, as well as embarrassed.

Emily puffed her cheeks annoyingly, and Joyce merely giggled and spun her out the room.

“Mommy’s a meanie, huh?” Her teasing even earned a smirk from Emily. “First she won’t let Emmy wear her clothes, and now she won’t give her kisses.” A finger tracing her spine then sent shivers down Emily’s naked back all over as the nail just touched the surface.

“You go have some free time, okay? I’ll only be a little bit. I need to make sure there’s a ride for mom and dad tomorrow.”

Walking down the hall, Emily yet again felt another need to cover up her chest, but the notion felt so useless around Joyce. She’d seen her naked time and time again. The efforts at this point seemed wasted. There wasn’t anything left to protect, and maybe it made Joyce happy seeing her like this... Emily was trying to find a way to enjoy this all, and in many degrees she really was, but she also wanted to please Joyce too.

Alone in her office, Joyce picked up the phone, already dialing the number in mind. Again, she hated bothering staff near or during the weekend, but it was an unfortunate necessity. She sighed not out of annoyance of others, but precisely because of herself. To anyone other than Emily and family, it was just business, but she respected timely boundaries as well. Work should overflow as little as possible. Being a CEO may cause those rules to bend a little, but she made up for it in the countless other benefits along with it.

The phone beeped silently for a few moments.

“Charles? I’m fine, and you? That’s good to hear,” during the brief pause, she slightly pivoted in her chair, moving the mouse to her business computer, bringing the tower to life.

“I’m sorry for calling you at a time like this, but would you be available tomorrow for a few hours?” Of course he’d say yes, but honestly Joyce wish he’d refuse. Charles was one of few workers she held with high regard. Probably because he worked so closely with her. She didn’t like to impose.

“You will? Perfect. I’m sorry about taking up your time like this, you’ll be compensated, of course.” A sudden smile crept on her face. Not from Charles’ compliance, but something else. Something far more adorable. From the angle the camera was facing, her monitor gave her a live feed of the next room over. Propped on the couch, A practically naked Emily occupied herself with the ongoing tv. The light from the monitor slightly brightened Joyce’s own face, and her joyful expression.

What really tied it all together though was her posture. Laying across the cushions, she laid her bare chest on top of her stuffed toy, Pip, and looked mildly content with what she was doing. It was everything Joyce wanted, and hoped it would someday be so for Emily too.

There would be such a wonderful mix of both adult and infantile moments. It wasn't even Joyce's birthday, but it might as well have been. She felt so selfish, deriving pleasure from Emily's big day. The only thing that kept her happy was knowing that it was mutual. And besides, she knew Emily would never let her feel sad.

If only it could go on like this for longer... Her brief moment of thought was chased by the reminder of why she was calling. Why this moment couldn't carry on into tomorrow.

"Thank you again, Charles. I'll send you the details soon. It's an airport pickup for my parents. Have a good night. Bye." The phone beeped, and Joyce set it back into the receiver. She had to call her mom one last time to verify the details, but other than that her business would be finished. She happily watched Emily for a few moments longer, only able to pry herself from it by reasoning that the faster she worked, the sooner she could stop being a spectator and become a participant. She was already wanting to cuddle with her little Emmy again!

The emotional frustration though only made her heart flutter even more. Quickly, she dialed the last few digits.

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"Mom? Is that you? Hi, so I just wanted to..."