

45 - Something Leaks in the Night

Being upset about something made it impossible to appreciate any possible alternative. Frankly, Isabelle had shocked her system that night, to the point where she was scared straight, if only for now.

It was that same person Joyce did not want to interact with anymore, hence why it aggravated her being the one to reach back out to her, if nothing else but for ending things amicably. But why was she the one having to make the call? Isabelle wronged her? Isabelle surprised and embarrassed the secret, but not so secret Mommy? If Joyce had been on the receiving end of cruelty, apologies and efforts should be going the same way. And yet, had Isabelle been the one calling her, then the narrative would shift to be about this woman having the audacity to stir the hornet's nest more than she already had.

It was a lose-lose situation.

And Joyce just primed the streak to continue once she finally dialed the number and gave in.

Maybe she wouldn't pick up, or miss the call completely? That'd be nice. Very nice. Plausible deniability was probably the best gift this stranger could give to Joyce. A clear conscience from making the honest effort to reconnect, but without any of the actual work that went into being the bigger person.

One buzz. Two buzz? Three...? Four...!--

"Hello?" It'd been more than a bit since that night and they only spoke once, but Joyce's lingering grin flatlined completely once she recognized her voice.

"...Isabelle? This is Joyce," she answered formally.

Because it was just a phone call, they could have been lightyears apart, yet the tiny gasp from Isabelle on the other line sent all the same chills over Joyce as if they were sharing a booth together all over again. "Joyce?! I almost thought you weren't going to call!"

Probably because I wasn't planning on it...

"Well, when I heard from a friend that you were trying to reach me..." against her better judgment, "I figured I would at least hear you out."

“I’m glad my message got through! I spoke with the host of the event and tried to get your contact information. I’ve had some time to think about what I did, and...I definitely got carried away.”

“I would agree.”

“Even though it was *that* kind of event, I asked you some personal questions that made things uncomfortable...”

“Yes, you did.”

“I owe you an apology; I’m very sorry about that night!”

Isabelle was apologizing, and Joyce was annoyed over having to contemplate. Did thanking her for it create the implication that all was well again? It certainly wouldn’t be. So what, ‘thanks for the apology, but that doesn’t undo all the stress you’ve caused?’ Is that an appropriate answer?

Ultimately, an apology hardly did much, but it was enough of a bandage to close the chapter on this and just forget. Not to mention, with her treat waiting on her out in the living room, likely half-asleep by now in her jammies, being kept from that didn’t exactly ease the tension over the phone.

“Well, I appreciate it.” She appreciated it as much as the script told her to.

“I can tell that you’re still upset,” Isabelle mentioned so tactlessly, and Joyce tried not to make an aggravated noise.

Of course I’m still angry! And don’t just call that out! Don’t you get how stupid that is?! It just makes this even more awkward...!

“I would be too!” Isabelle ushered in not more than a second later, like it somehow made things better. “You have every right to be mad at me, but I’ve been so excited since I first saw you!” Whatever supposed remorse Isabelle had been carrying herself to show, on a dime it felt like she was no longer cognisant of any committed wrongdoing whatsoever.

Fascination? Excitement? For what? A sight that was seldom seen? A person with a reputation on the line, sticking themselves out for once so willingly and so foolishly jumping straight into the shark pit? It was all entertainment to this woman. Watching Joyce squirm, picking her brain just because, and this phone call now was just to get one last kick at rubbing it in a dull wound.

“Isabelle, thank you for calling.” Hardly. “But respectfully, please do not call me—”

And in a sudden outburst, one that slipped right by Joyce’s radar, Isabelle interrupted with a gleeful laugh, “--I’m a mommy *too!*” It slipped right by Joyce. Right by, then back around and struck her squarely in the back of her head. The imaginary blow was so strong that it transcended into reality by slightly forcing Joyce’s back off the behind of her seat.

She heard what she heard, but...was that *actually* what was said? “E...excuse me?”

“I should’ve opened up with that...!” Isabelle groaned, openly lamenting over a silly blunder, one that shifted Joyce from pure anger to partially confused. “Joyce, are you still there?”

Was she? Physically and digitally, she was, but the mental battlefield was a place Joyce had been suffering continuous losses as of late. “Yes...” cautiously, she answered, “I am.”

“Did you hear what I said? I said I’m—”

“Yes, I heard you!” Joyce stammered right back. Was this just a trick? Just to get back in Joyce’s good graces? “A...and?”

“And?” Isabelle repeated right back. “And...it’s the whole reason why I wanted to speak with you! I was certainly excited when we first met; I’ve been involved in that sphere for so long that I tend to be a bit more casual about things that others might find a bit more sensitive, so I’m sorry for that as well...”

Isabelle was all energy and burning fuel. She had the spirit of a child that couldn’t stop running their mouth. All the spunk and glamor Joyce would love to see in Emily, only in this case it was channeled into an adult that was seriously pressing boundaries. But Joyce was a skeptic by nature, even when she was knocked off her game. Isabelle, a complete stranger that could be so forthcoming and invasive, disrespecting limits and making matters uncomfortable, was now claiming to be like *Joyce*?

“If I’m being completely honest, I think I had you figured out a little after we started chatting,” Isabelle added nonchalantly, and thankfully Joyce in the privacy of herself was allowed to make a perturbed face.

“You had me *figured* out?” Maybe in work she could get a read on people and their intentions, but discerning their interests?

“It’s nothing to be worried about!” Isabelle laughed with herself, and Joyce was trying not to scream. What about this was funny? And Christ...! Why wasn’t she just hanging up already?! “Joyce, hon, I know this must be new for you, so please hear me out!”

“This...I’m fine, alright? Stuff like this doesn’t bother me. You’re just...you’re being very forward right now.”

“Hmm? Ah! So that means at the restaurant, those animal tails that go up the—”

“*Stop!*” Joyce cried the spiel into silence, only for a new wave of laughs to boil right over it, all at Joyce’s expense yet again. Her trembling hands held the phone away just to hear her bully’s laughter less. So much for putting on a front. Despite it making her look weak, Joyce hoped for an objective reminder as to *why* Isabelle thought that they were in any way alike?

“See? You *are* new to this! Joyce, Joyce! I’m not trying to tease you! I’m being honest with you, so do the same with me!”

Finally with some backbone, Joyce spoke up. “Honest? What are you talking about? You’ve done nothing but terrorize me, try to contact me through someone else, and now you’re just trying to get closer to me to laugh some more? You *do* know that I can hang up this call, right?”

“Aye! Okay, okay! I’m sorry! I lost track again!” And after a pause, she sounded a bit more grounded. “Joyce, I just wanted you to know that I wanted to get closer to you because we like the same things?”

“Joyce...?” Suddenly, a distant voice behind a door called.

Briefly, she muttered to Isabelle, “I need a minute.” And having lived the horror once already, Joyce didn’t make the same mistake as last time by putting the call on hold. She huffed, trying to cool down before standing up from her chair, then strolled over to the door.

“What’s up, cupcake?” Joyce smiled down at Emily from the half-open door.

Emily wasn’t smiling, partly because it felt like she was putting herself out on a limb that hadn’t been ventured before. For all she knew, Joyce was having a work discussion. Or was it still with that Isabelle person? Was she allowed to interrupt that? Would Joyce be angry? “Is...everything okay?”

Joyce, however, didn't stop smiling as she caressed Emily's cheek then adjusted the collar on her sleeper. "Sorry; Mommy was being a bit noisy, huh?" Now she was bothering Emily? Splendid, another reason to be pissy with Isabelle.

"No, I mean...I just wanted to make sure everything was okay." And just for good measure, Emily's hand drifted over for Joyce's.

After squeezing her five digits right back, Joyce said, "Yes, it is. I'm just...letting someone know that I didn't like something that they did."

"Uh-huh..." Emily nodded, accepting it for what it was. *Mhm. She's angry.*

"Did you need some more milk?" Joyce leaned on her toes, peering past Emily's head to somehow spot an empty bottle.

"No, not yet," Emily said right back, and Joyce smirked.

"Yet?"

And Emily's face spasmed once she realized what she said.

"N-no, I don't need more!" Emily huffed, pressing on Joyce's stomach and forcing her back into the office. "Just hurry up already!"

"Okay, okay..." her Mommy laughed as she let herself slide inside. "Oh, wait! One more thing!" Joyce begged as she spun around, and Emily dropped her hands, waiting for what she wanted.

And Joyce lunged forward with her hands, snatching Emily by her sides and gripping the fabric of her pajamas. Then with a look of pure satisfaction, she tugged and lifted, stretching Emily's cuddly bodysuit until the crotch was as taught as could be, treating her to a wonderful bulge.

"*J-Joyce!*" Emily slipped back, or tried to.

"Sorry, you're just too cute!" she laughed, sneaking one last swat on Emily's blind spot as she ran away, retreating to her fortress of pillows, cushions and blankets. "*Behave~!*" she jovially warned once the black head of hair whiplashed around the corner. Then she shut the door again, now a bit more tempered.

"Hello? Isabelle?" Joyce opened up the line again.

Isabelle was ready and prompt. “Hey there again! Am I interrupting something?”

“Yes. You are,” Joyce spoke much less kindly, and Isabelle took it in stride with another chuckle.

“Mm, well, I don’t want to be an enemy, Joyce! I just wanted to be able to meet again?”

“And meet for what? I accept your apology, Isabelle. There, can we leave it at that?”

“Did you forget where we met? I *do* have projects, Joyce. I was scouting is all, and I think you’d be perfect!”

“I somehow don’t think I’d be...” Given that their energy levels seemed to be in diametrically opposed places, nothing Isabelle seemed to say could be received without some form of skepticism.

“And you won’t be thinking that once we have some more time to talk! Fine! It doesn’t even have to be about business, okay? Can’t I treat you to something as a formal apology? You and a special someone, maybe?”

“Are we finished now?”

“Okay, okay! Just you!” Isabelle cried, back to playing up her emotions. “Gosh, you must be one of those stern types...”

“I appreciate the offer with trying to meet, but I don’t live in the same state as where we met,” and thank goodness for that.

“And that’s fine! Just let me know where and I’ll make it happen!” Or in other words, location and cost was seemingly of no issue. Joyce was quietly raising her brow.

“Isabelle, look, really, I appreciate you wanting to make amends, but I really don’t think—”

“You’ll be interested, I promise! What’s the harm? I just want an hour of your time, and I’m willing to pay for all the expenses? If you really weren’t interested, wouldn’t you have hung up by now?”

And calling her out like that certainly gave her reason to. But foolishly, she didn’t.

She didn’t bother hiding her sigh from the woman on the other end. “How...how soon?”

“Oh, nothing immediate? I think we might both be a bit busy... How about this: I’ll figure something out, and you just let me know if that works! Thank you for hearing me out, Joyce! I promise you won’t regret it!”

“Uh-huh...” already regretting it, Joyce answered. Isabelle had made the grand reveal that she was a “mommy,” and as revolutionary as that normally may have been, the woman had just about squandered every spec of shock it could’ve given. Her personality had just about ruined it all. By all accounts Joyce should’ve been intrigued and over the moon, yet that was the least seemingly “real” thing she was taking stock in right now.

“And don’t forget; if you want, you can bring your partner!--”

And quite deftly, Joyce’s phone beeped as she hung up the call.

“Nope. Told you I’d do it...” Joyce kicked back from her desk and sprung from her chair.

Somehow she was still involved with Isabelle. Great. Great? Not so great. Who knows. Joyce could only exhale and try to ignore whatever doubts she was having, no matter how likely they were. But at least for now she was allowed to forget about some of it. She could tune out the madness for a little bit longer and focus on what she wanted to.

“Emily!” Joyce sang down the hall. “Mommy needs cuddles!”

“Ugh...I wish I didn’t have to go to work tomorrow...” Joyce sighed, taking the lead and sitting on the bed. Emily was paused by the doorway, fidgeting uncomfortably as she closed her eyes, fumbling with her hands.

“It’s safe to go pee-pee on the bed, you know?” Joyce chuckled, enjoying the sight.

“I-I know...!” Emily hissed just when the hissing noise stopped coming from her diaper. “Ugh...” and she pouted as she spun her head around her back, noting the fabric of her sleeper expanding and rounding out of her protection. “Why does it have to be so snug?”

“So it brings out all your cute curves?” Joyce explained normally for a second, then she couldn’t help but laugh once Emily gave her a death glare. “What? I’m not lying!”

“I don’t like your idea of curves...” Emily kept it at that, stealing a glance at the curves she liked on Joyce, then frowning at the ones around her own crotch. Luckily the apartment was well-ventilated, otherwise the inside of her diaper would’ve been a sauna. “What happens if I need to pee tonight and I know I’m gonna leak?” she went on the grunt, pulling at the back of her pajamas. “I won’t be able to take this thing off!”

“You won’t leak,” Joyce casually dismissed her concern, “and the pajamas are meant to be Emily-proofed, honey. Keeps tykes like you from trying to play with the potty. Kinda like this morning?”

“I was gonna do it in my...! In my you-know-what!” Emily puffed with some air in her chest, marching over with a dampened crinkle and leaping on the bed. Luckily a diapered behind made for a perfect place for a hand to push her the full way on the mattress. Courtesy of Mommy, of course.

“Your you-know-what definitely got used,” Joyce remarked with a giggle. “Are you sure we didn’t watch a scary movie?” Though, her hand did press a tiny bit.

Maybe a change wouldn’t be the worst idea...

“*You* would know,” Emily grunted from behind Pip. “I know you like them, so why can’t we watch them? I can handle it!”

“And yet each time that somehow leads to nightmares,” Joyce sighed, also remembering her as quite the cuddle bug, for better and worse. “Didn’t we talk about dropping this whole ‘big kid’ business? I’m not gonna pretend like I magically forgot all your quirks, sweetie.”

“Nope. Forgot,” Emily said as her waist took a weighty swing, thick wet diaper and all just to get on her back.

“Forgot?” Joyce gasped with faux surprise. “Then I guess I should remind you?”

“No...that’s okay.”

“Ah– See? That’s why I can’t leave you alone for so long!” Joyce tutted. “See, the good girl I know and love *always* knew that she should follow Mommy’s rules. Where did my good girl go?”

“She never existed,” Emily deflected, reaching up for the sky and finding Joyce’s hands smothering them.

“Oh I know she did, and I know she still does! Secondly, my good girl *knew* she shouldn’t be watching scary movies. Frankly, you’re tempting me to make it a taboo subject altogether?”

“Nooo! It’s fine! I’m being serious!”

“And I’m not?” Joyce reeled back with a hand against her chest. “The good, cute little girl that I know wouldn’t fuss with Mommy when she said something? The adorable Emily that I know wouldn’t go playing with the potty. And my cute, irresistibly adorable baby girl,” she pressed on Emily’s thick, fortified front, “wouldn’t care one bit on what’s happening in their diaper?”

And Emily gave Joyce a hard look, one which Joyce was being oppositely as soft and receiving toward. Emily just wasn’t landing her hits and was being exploited with each and every dodge or misfire.

“Oh, how was your phone call with Isabelle?”

It was an instant frown from Joyce, like getting splashed with cold water. Joyce stood up from the bed and started rolling Emily like a ball over to the pillows.

“H-h-H-h-hey!” Emily giggled with each tumble and roll, finally crashing into the cushions.

Joyce turned and disappeared strutting away. “And my cute baby wouldn’t bring up boring things Mommy didn’t like talking about...!” she shouted from halfway down the hall.

Soon she was back with a bottle of milk, forcing it on Emily before she could bring up anything unpleasant again.

“Cahn I ask about it later?” Emily mumbled from behind the nipple.

“Mm...” Joyce contemplated. “Maybe. But not now. Drink. And only talk about cute stuff. That’s an order.”

“From big bossy Joyce?” Emily giggled, pulling the bottle out.

“From big bossy Mommy,” Joyce stuck out her lip, pushing the bottle right back in. “New rule: if you don’t have anything cute to say, then don’t say it at all.”

Emily freed her mouth once again. Took a deep breath, and then...!

“PFFFTBBBBB...!” she flapped with her wet tongue in a buzzy noise.

“And you are so...so lucky those pajamas are protecting you...” Joyce looked down on Emily with pure pretend disdain; the smaller girl fighting a fit of laughter.

Had her stomach been bare and accessible, she would’ve shown Emily just what a real raspberry sounded like. God help the poor girl if Joyce didn’t forget about it this time come tomorrow.

“Well, now that you’ve just about broken every rule imaginable, how about we hop off to bed?”

“Mmm...okay,” Emily hummed, acting like she had a choice.

And off to bed they went.

For...only so long.

Late in the night Emily was awake, but not comfortably or willingly so. She quietly moaned with an all too familiar ache in her bladder.

Stupid milk...! She looked down at the bottle with still a quarter of contents left in it, but the other three were apparently looking to leave her body now.

Joyce, expectedly, was slumbering away, close against Emily with her arm over her like a safety rail. And while she may have been quiet, asleep and oblivious, that didn’t excuse her from the trouble and turmoil she was causing Emily right then. Peeing in the middle of the night was never fun, and unfortunately it was starting to be something that picked up in frequency as of late. Maybe she had so many continuous baby days to thank for that...

But this was her situation, and now she had to deal with it. And regretfully, deal with it she would. Without a way of taking off her own pajamas, holding her diaper to her skin like a prison, she had no other choice than to deal if it meant getting back to sleep.

She slightly stretched, feeling the snug gatherers on her ankles slide up her skin, bringing the butt of her diaper closer and closer as it compressed her padding just to maintain shape. Carefully she snaked her leg out of the grip between Joyce’s thighs, who in her sleep managed to roll partially the other way, unperturbed. Emily did the same, now staring up at the ceiling.

Sighing again, she lifted her knees for the easiest position she could manage, and surely, not so slowly, she coaxed out a trickle and quickly into a stream. Exhaling for a whole other reason, the warmth spread like any liquid would fill a container, and with Emily’s skin as the surface, she

could feel every inch of it spread around her. Some was quickly absorbed, and some took a bit longer, left freely to roam around her hips and underneath her bum as the mess reached as far as it could before being swallowed by the sponge surrounding it.

And it was...relaxing. Sort of. Almost like flipping a pillow over just to feel the cool side. It was a knot of stress she could unwind and immediately reap the rewards of comfort once again, like a sweet reminder for the pleasure that there was in slumber.

The warmth was nice, and spreading. And spreading...and...spreading...?

Emily laid still, though she slightly stretched out her legs, bringing them close to the mattress. Yet the moment she did, her thighs touched the back legs of her pajamas, and the feeling was warm. Warm and wet. Half asleep and experiencing a whole new sensation, Emily's hand drifted down below, lightly touching where it felt strange.

Wet. Very wet, but not where it should be. She lifted her hand up to her nose, hesitant, but inspecting it, and once she smelled it she—

“J-Joyce...?” Emily murmured, whispered, stuttered and clammered. She was laying on her side now like her life depended on it, hugging against Joyce desperately close, just so she didn't fall back where it'd been... “J-Joyce...?” she whispered urgently, trying to stay calm. “P-please? Please wake up? Joyce?”

And finally, Joyce moaned with her eyes still closed.

“Hnnn... Emily...?” she whispered tiredly, reaching out and finding Emily's face by pure coincidence.

“J-Joyce...I...I had a...” She had a snuffle, though that wasn't what she was hoping to report.

“Baby...? What's wrong?” she mumbled with a hush and pulled Emily's head in, finally opening her eyes. “Is everything okay? What...what was that? Did you have a nightmare?”

If only it was just a simple bad dream. Instead she was living a reality that was wet and gross, and she had to be the one that owned up to it. But Joyce's hand that always liked to situate itself on her back drifted a little too low, finding the shift from Emily's diaper to her legs, then paused the moment her hand left dry shores.

“Emily...?” she tiredly mumbled, “I...I think you leaked...?”

And sniffing, she felt the poor girl nod against her shoulder.

As tired as Joyce was, somehow that didn't seem to deter her protocol. "Okay...shh...okay. Hey, it's alright?" she shushed and cooed, and Emily fought the tears of shame.

"I...I told you I was gonna leak...!" she quietly sobbed, and Joyce swung her legs out and off the bed so she could stand. Right after she dragged Emily over to the safe side and stood her up.

"Shh...it's okay. It happens, alright?" Joyce tried to soothe her as Emily continued to suffer, now feeling the wet clothing against her legs much more clearly now. That brief moment of warmth beyond her diaper was gone now, whisked away by the room temperature and already feeling cool and cold to the touch.

"I feel gross...!" Emily continued to cry, and Joyce pulled her in for a hug, managing to multitask at the same time as she flicked off the cloth flap hiding Emily's confining zipper.

She'd certainly ruined it. Amy's wonderful clothing. How would they explain that? Asking for a new set of pajamas because Emily peed all over her last set? It made her stomach ache from just imagining the embarrassment on top of trying to digest the very real stuff she was going through now.

"I bet it feels yucky..." Joyce agreed, but moved Emily along and into the bathroom. She was feeling more awake, but her eyes certainly were not ready for the flashbang. "Okay, close your eyes for me, okay?" Emily did, but it still wasn't invincible against the bright light assaulting her eyelids.

Joyce was squinting as she rested her backside against the countertop, clearly seeing the dark patches that'd crept down Emily's legs. She certainly had leaked, and not by a very small margin.

"I-is it bad?" Emily hiccupped, already starting to turn her head, but Joyce's clean hand directed her by the cheek to keep on staring into the shower.

"No, it's fine...shh... It's not that bad, okay? It feels a lot worse than it looks..." Probably not, though. It probably felt just about one-to-one, but Emily didn't need to know about the aftermath. Now Joyce was slightly concerned about how the bed was going to look...

"I-I'm sorry...!" Emily whimpered, despite being the one that warned, and Joyce ignored.

“Baby, it’s not your fault...?” Joyce squeezed her for a hug, kissing her. “I know you feel yucky, but if you wanna blame anyone, just blame me? Now don’t worry; you’re gonna feel great again in just a few minutes. Let Mommy work her magic, okay?”

And while Emily was trembling, she sort of nodded. She felt Joyce’s hand on her back as the zipper revved with a buzz as it traveled down the tracks, parting the fabric once held together and trapping Emily inside.

“Were you having any good dreams?” Joyce asked, doing her best to play the distraction game.

“I...I dunno...” Was she? Probably not. It was going to sleep, waking up needing to pee, and now this.

“Mhm...?” Joyce hummed, listening attentively. Whether Emily had little or a lot to say, every word mattered. “Can I tell you about a dream I was having?” Joyce was careful in rolling down the pajamas, spreading them as far as she could just to hide the wet material from Emily’s skin. “Step out for me?”

The lack of an undercarriage support now meant Emily had to endure the weight of her own waste all on her own now. Her diaper felt swollen and heavy. The wings on her waist laid snugly against her skin as the thick crotch hung weightily between her legs. While she couldn’t see it, the slight discoloration was beginning to bleed through the white spots on her diaper.

“Step out?” Joyce asked, and with one shaky foot after the other, Emily naked for the most part was clutching her chest in tears.

“I had this really funny dream!” Joyce chuckled, and after enough whispering coos, she stepped Emily over the rim and into the tub. “You remember those cute sea otters we saw at the zoo? Gosh, that feels so long ago...!”

“Y-yeah...” Emily sulked, feeling the uncomfy, raw sort of feeling on the back of her thighs.

“Well, of all people, *Pip* was the queen of them! Or...wait, I guess the king,” she paused to deliberate, but ultimately laughing. “You get the point! The lord, or whatever, of them! He had a big crown and everything...” Joyce said as she turned on the faucet. “Now Emily,” she knelt by the edge of the tub, touching Emily’s shoulder where she was squatting. “Do you need to go any more? Did you get it all out?” More pee was probably the last thing she wanted to discuss, but for the sake of keeping things dry, it was a fair and important question.

“I...I think...” Was she all done?

“It’s okay if you do?” Joyce whispered in her ear, “In fact, if you do, that’s even better. I’m gonna go check on the bed real quick, but if you need to pee, you can do it right here, okay? That way, when I change you in just a minute, you’re gonna feel nice and dry the whole rest of the night!”

More diapers? Had Emily not been frowning already, she certainly would’ve been now. “Wh-what if I leak again?” The fear and logic made her almost certain that she would.

Joyce loudly patted the tub. “Good thing you’re someplace where you’re supposed to get wet, right? And Emily: don’t be sorry, okay? You didn’t do anything wrong...” and she stood as she scratched her little girl’s scalp.

With the flick of the lights, Joyce had thankfully adjusted mostly to being out of the dark, but she was able to see the bed now, particularly Emily’s side.

“Shoot...” Joyce whispered, staring down at a clear wet patch on the sheets. It wasn’t the entire bed, obviously, but it was far from a small droplet too... She certainly did leak, and Joyce only had herself to thank for it. Emily was crying because of her own negligence, and rightfully so.

“Miss me?” Joyce came back in smiling, holding something in her hand. “Hey, look up at me?”

Emily did, and something went in her mouth.

“Perfect,” Joyce beamed down at her, smiling to see the pacifier fit so perfectly between her lips. “Would you mind hanging on to that for me? I like it when you have it the most!” and she whispered tenderly again, “Just get it all out of your system, okay? You won’t make a mess. Promise.”

Without any words, Emily leaned out, grabbing for Joyce before she could leave. With a sudden surprise, Joyce leaned back in for the hug, rubbing her back. Emily for a few reasons wasn’t much for saying anything right then, but luckily a warm, pure hug said more than enough.

“Sweetie, it’s my job to take care of this stuff, you know?” Joyce hummed contently. “You know what you can do for me? Think of a way I can make it up to you for being such a careless Mommy, okay?” Then she lifted her head, looking around the bathroom. “It’s a little chilly, huh?” She stood back up, filling the quiet bathroom with a warm hum from the heater hiding in the ceiling. “Be right back. Don’t forget to go pee!” Still reminding Emily to smile with her own, she half-closed the door on the way out.

Joyce re-entered the room like a sweeping storm, stripping something off the bed with each pass she made, glancing blows and saving what she could. Pillows and blankets, comforters and the like— Pip too, of course, all came off, leaving nothing but sheets darker and wetter in places they should normally be.

With her hands posed on her hips, she frowned at the inanimate objects, somewhat glaring at the offenses which put Emily to tears.

“Okay...” Joyce sufficed quickly before gathering the final remains needing more than just some air and whisking them off to the distant washing machine. After her short trip there and back, she snuck back into the bedroom bathroom.

“Is it warm in here?” Joyce peered inside, and Emily was rubbing her eyes, sniffing again. “Awh, sweetie...” Joyce started to say, nearly following up, but then she could see that Emily had moved from one end of the tub to the other. In her last place now a small puddle remained.

Like a poor puppy cognizant of the mess they’d made, Emily from her arms looked up at Joyce guiltily. Only after Joyce gently plucked the pacifier from her lips, she spoke. “Sorry...”

“Emily...” Joyce smiled, and then a gushing spurt made Emily yelp as she nearly fell.

“J-Joyce...! Wh-what’re you doing?!” Emily cried as she tried to stumble out of the tub, slowly filling with water.

“Ah-ah!” Joyce held her by the shoulders to keep her from stepping out. “Don’t you wanna get clean?”

“B-but it’s late...!” Emily tried to reason, yet Joyce with her will alone was enough to keep Emily in place, squatting in just her diaper in the tub.

“Yes, and most definitely past your bedtime. but given the circumstances, Mommy’s willing to bend the rules a little?” Joyce grinned, tickling the underside of her chin. “We didn’t have much time today to get you in the shower or have a bath, did we?”

And Emily looked into her girlfriend’s eyes, tired in just the moment, but energized and unyielding as always. Beyond the noise of the gushing faucet and humming heater from above, Emily leaned her head on Joyce’s shoulder, too tired to think anymore.

“Think you’re up for a bath if I do all the work?” Joyce chuckled, rubbing the back of her head.

“Can I help...?” Emily moaned back. She didn’t want a bath. She didn’t want anything. Nothing that made Joyce do anymore than she’d already done. Anything to keep the load she always hogged on her shoulders, and the burdens she always carried.

“Hmm...” Joyce’s eyes wandered, still giving the same affections from the start. “No.”

“No? Why not?” Emily whined. “You always do so much...! Can’t I just help? I wanna do something for *you* for once! Let me—!” But she wasn’t allowed to continue when the pacifier went right back to her.

“Emily, I appreciate the offer. Really, I do,” Joyce giggled, “but it’s too hard to coordinate with someone too busy sucking on their pacifier? We want to get this quick, don’t we?”

Emily tried to talk back, but the immovable seal on her mouth just wouldn’t let her. She tried, but she failed.

“You already do *so* much for me, Emily, and I’m getting a little tired of having to repeat myself?” Joyce grinned. “Guess I should have also mentioned that before we went to bed...” They were both tired and emotions were fickle. It wasn’t a serious moment like they’d been through multiple times before, but it was tender enough.

Emily gave her a look telling Joyce she wanted to say something, but her Mommy wasn’t having any of it.

“No, Emily!” Joyce quite sternly, but awfully playfully laughed. “You’re getting your bath and you’re going to behave! Now no more butts, or your butt is getting a reminder to behave, got it?”

“Mmm...!” Emily mumbled again.

“It’s too late— or, too early?” Joyce paused to guess the time, “It’s too *soon* to be doing this. Now be a good girl and sit in the tub!” she commanded, pressuring Emily’s shoulders until she dropped into the shin-deep water with a noisy splash. Joyce was rolling up her sleeves, but Emily looked downright mortified.

“What? What’s wrong? Emily, if this is about you being naked—” she stopped as the pacifier propelled from Emily’s mouth, dropping in Joyce’s lap.

“Th-that’s not it...!” Emily whimpered, gritting her teeth, overwhelmed by a weird, gross feeling. Sitting there on her bottom, feeling the water wash through the parts of her sitting on the floor of the tub, she grimaced. “You...you forgot to take my diaper off...!”

“H-huh?” Joyce blinked, finally done away with the last of her tiredness the moment she looked down. Half submerged and half exposed was the wet plastic and four tapes, smiling friends and all on Emily’s crotch, pulp and thick with pee and now bath water. “O-oh...!” she frowned, but sputtered.

“Y-you...you think it’s funny...?!” Emily whined, watching the corners on Joyce’s mouth rise.

“Y...yes...maybe a little...!” Joyce held up a hand to hide her mouth, but it couldn’t block the noise. “O-okay...maybe a lot!”

“*Joyce...!*” Emily groaned and reached for her crotch, but the curse even in these circumstances couldn’t be lifted. “*Joyce!*” she cried again, deflected by her partner’s hands.

“I’ll take it off, I’ll take it off...!” Joyce chuckled, standing her up from the tub, but her underwear had much more weight to it. Her truly swollen diaper now dripped an endless amount of drops into the water, precipitating between her legs like a rainstorm.

“Goodness...” Joyce marveled, prying off the tapes, watching to see how it all reacted to gravity with each adhesive. “You really *did* have to go, didn’t you?”

And finally the teasing had reached a point where Emily was restless. Some retaliation was needed, and it was certainly delivered. Standing in place with Joyce still kneeling on the floor, she raised her foot and sent it crashing back down, sending shockwaves throughout the water. But most importantly, a small splash of water and drops fell on Joyce’s shirt and pants.

“Uhm...” Joyce stuttered, looking down at herself.

Crossing her arms, Emily turned in place with half her diaper removed and sagging down her leg. “...Hmmp!”

Joyce carefully grabbed her by the hips and turned her back, stripping the last two tapes and carefully lifting the plump diaper off and away; especially so no more splashes could be made.

“I...may have deserved that.”

“You did...” Emily pouted, crouching herself in the tub. “...The water’s cold.”

“I can tell...” Joyce said as she grabbed a towel for her lap. “Take this back for me?” she asked with the pacifier held out.

And reluctantly, Emily took it and popped it in her mouth, quickly before another trick could manifest. Spinning her on her bottom, Joyce started on her hair. If they were going to give her a bath, they may as well give her the works.

“Cahn we still use the bed...?” Emily sort of asked, though it was lisped by her pacifier.

“Mm...probably not tonight. We’ll be comfy on the couch though,” Joyce started wetting a washcloth, and it wasn’t a joke when she asked, “but you’re more than welcome to use your crib tonight?”

A great wave of water was splashed again, only perpendicular to both women like it was a warning shot. Emily’s hand fell back into her lap. While her back was turned, the message had been made.

“You’re lucky you’re so cute...” Joyce rubbed her back. “My little Herculean labor...”

In the dead of night, a brief bathtime ensued.