

Small Frosty

by: Sophie & Pudding

Premise: Wendy and Remy are happily engaged, until a friend from Remy's work starts to interfere. Ginger, a mysterious force with a background in hypnosis, decides to take their relationship into her own hands. Are Wendy and Remy really so happy that they can overcome any obstacle? Or are there more problems than either of them are willing to admit?

Disclaimers: regression, slow, forced, bedwetting, hypnosis, manipulation, pull-ups, diapers, wetting, messing

PART 1:

1.)

I sat quietly at the kitchen table, playing with the ring on my finger. Remy was working late again - he always worked late on Fridays. I just thought maybe tonight would be different. He would get home and there would be a huge surprise dinner for him! I started preparations at noon. But as I played with the ring on my finger - a ring he'd given me no more than a year ago - I knew it was all for nothing. I licked the tip of my finger and squeezed the flame out of the candle. Maybe he would have some free time this weekend, I thought. We could go to the aquarium, like we used to.

Wednesday had wasted so much money on that meal, money that had been earmarked for other, more important things. What had possessed her to be so compulsive? I'd told her long in advance about last night, I'd told her and all she ever cared to remember was what suited her and her fairy tale narrative. Ugh. I was still in my work suit at five in the morning, washing dishes and throwing away food she couldn't even have the good sense to put in the fridge for leftovers, while the love of my life was sleeping on the sofa, drooling on the fabric again. "**Wake up.**" I nudged her gently, my tone warm and soft as it always was. "**Come on, up to bed with you.**"

Don't ask me to carry you, don't ask me to carry you, don't ask me to carry you... why was I even fighting it in my head? It was her trademark move.

It was morning? The sun was just barely poking through the windows, which I'd forgotten to close. I looked up at Remy with a small, sleepy smile. He was still in his work clothes, though? When had he gotten home? Had he worked all night? Was it Saturday? Too many questions... too sleepy... **"Carry me?"** I asked with a little pout. I was impossible to refuse.

It was hard to mount any kind of protest against Ginger's insinuations that I was engaged to a child in an adult's body when she went and did things like that. Ever diplomatic and warm, kind even when I was annoyed with her, I leaned down and scooped her up into my arms the same way I always had. It was easy when she barely bristled 5'1. **"You know you're not allowed to sleep on the couch, you goofball."**

"I was waiting up for you." He picked me up under the legs and I wrapped my arms around his neck. He looked tired. He really had worked all night, hadn't he? **"Sleep with me for a while? And I thought today we could go to the aquarium, or we could see a movie?"** It felt like I hadn't seen Remy in years!

"We'll see, Frosty." Because one of us hadn't already slept the whole night. Honestly she should have been asking what she could do during the day while I slept, but expecting that much level of adult initiative of Wednesday was naive of me. Ginger was right about her. I mean, she wasn't. I was just tired and irritated. Wednesday was my fiancée and I needed to be more understanding about her personality. But sometimes she made it hard.

He had to shower. I told him I could shower with him! But the second he put me down on the bed, I was out like a light. When I woke up, it was two in the afternoon and Remy wasn't in bed with me. I rubbed my eyes and scrambled for my phone. He'd always text me if he went somewhere, but there weren't any texts. He must be around here somewhere... oh, I was still in my day clothes from yesterday.

There was laughter coming from the living room when she came down the hall. The woman with hair the color of a fire hydrant that my fiancée was

none too much a fan of was setting stuff on the table for an english afternoon tea, crustless sandwiches and all. Ginger noticed we weren't alone first. **"Oh heeeey Wendy, you're finally awake, and before the sun went to sleep, too! I guess I lost that bet. Go wash your hands, princess, and sit at the table."** Ginger worked with children, she told me. As her night job. She wasn't intentionally condescending - it was just how she was. **"Well go on, you hear what Ginger said."**

I opened my mouth in frustration and decided against it. Ginger was one of Remy's work friends. She worked two floors above him, in a different department. How they'd gotten so chummy, I didn't understand. But I hated her. I knew she didn't mean to talk down to people, but that didn't make her any easier to deal with. And she spent too much time with Remy... **"Be right back,"** I said under my breath and went into the bathroom to wash my hands.

"Make sure to get under your nails, Wendy~" **"She's in a bad mood, I'm sorry. She slept on the sofa and then overslept, you know how she is."** **"She just needs some discipline, Jeremy."** Ginger was the only one who called me by my full name, and it made me feel... masculine. I liked that. **"Girls like her, her Daddy spoiled her growing up and now she thinks the world is her sandbox."** **"Come on Ging, she's not like that, she's just... idealistic, that's all."** **"You mean childish, right?"**

I came out of the bathroom at the tail of the conversation. Childish? I gave her a harsh glare. **"Are you here for something?"** **"I just brought some tea and cakes over."** **"Thanks for stopping by."** I walked past her and took a cake off the tray, popping it in my mouth. Remy knew I didn't like her. He kept telling me I had to "get to know her better". Why do people always say that? Why would I want to get to know someone better if I already hate them?

"Be polite, Wednesday, Ginger is our guest. She even cut the crusts off the sandwiches, just for you." Not because it was tradition or anything. But sometimes being engaged meant understanding when the truth was not always the best option of what to say. **"Would you like some tea? Go on, sit down alright, we're doing afternoon tea, it's like what they do in England."** Somewhere Wendy desperately wanted to visit, once we had the money.

"Fine," I relented, and went to sit down at the coffee table in the living room. I looked up at the two of them, working the kettle together. Like it was a two person fucking job. Whatever. I knew Remy wouldn't cheat on me. I trusted him. I just... I sighed and leaned back on the sofa. I wanted to go to the aquarium today... I wanted to spend time alone with him.

The sandwiches had cucumber and cream cheese, which Wednesday hated. Sprouts and butter, which Wednesday hated. And Nutella and banana, which Wednesday loved. Ginger gave me a wry smile across the living room and I rolled my eyes. **"Okay, so having tea hot, that's new, right? Isn't it Wednesday? How do we take it, Ginger? Is it like coffee?"** I knew, of course. Ginger and I had done this before, but I wanted my pouty faced fiancée to be involved in this.

"Not quite." The woman poured the tea and I ate one of the little sandwiches. My fingers were sticky from the tiny cake I'd eaten, but I soon licked them clean. Ginger passed me a teacup and the little sugar cube. **"You'll like it more with this."** Begrudgingly, I took the cup and dropped the cube into it. It made the tea a little milky. And it tasted pretty good, too! Huh...

"See? Isn't this fun?" "This is what we grown-ups do on Saturday afternoons, you know, instead of sleeping in all day." "What's this?" "It's a sticky bun." "What's it got in it?" "It's a sticky bun, just try it, Jeremy." Sometimes she even made me feel like a kid, but she did so playfully. Ginger was much more pointed when it came to my fiancée.

Jeremy. Ugh. She was so fucking pretentious. I took another sip of tea and bit into my sandwich. When was she going to leave? **"So. Ginger. Does this project thing keep you busy all the time too? Remy's been working crazy hours."** What did I want her to say? Yes? And she was alone with my fiancé every night? I shuffled uncomfortably on the sofa.

"Oh it's such a bear, Wendy, you simply have no idea. I have another project in the evening, and then there with your boy working on the project until the sun shows its pretty face. Sometimes when you grow up, you work two jobs, though. Don't worry too much about it, though, Jeremy's in line for promotion, so you not working won't be a

big deal." "Oh, yeah." I hadn't told Wednesday about that yet. "It looks like I'm getting a promotion, doll, isn't that great?"

"...a promotion?" I tried to ignore Ginger's rude comments; she had worked with kids for most of her life, so the condescension came naturally. It wasn't my fault I didn't work! I got laid off, and... and well I just hadn't gotten around to getting a new job yet. It was a tough market out there! **"Does that mean you'll be working less? You already work so much..."**

"It could mean a little more hours, but..." "If you pick up the slack around here, then he won't need to come home and clean and tidy up after you, and you'll get more time together." Yeah, I'd vented to Ginger about this morning, which was probably a mistake, but her and I were becoming really close friends.

What? What had she said? I just stared at her, my mouth open wide, and then I looked up at Remy in frustration. **"What are you telling her?! I don't pull my weight around here? You're always working! Always! And I'm here alone and..."** Suddenly, and very unexpectedly, I felt tears in my eyes. Damn it. Fuck. **"Fine. Whatever."** I got up off the sofa and went to grab my jacket. I'd just get a fucking job. Fuck this.

"Wait." Surprising maybe everybody, it was Ginger who grabbed Wednesday by the wrist, and she immediately pulled the crying girl into her arms like she'd done that a thousand times. I watched, gobsmacked, as she played with my fiancée's hair and cooed gently to her, speaking too quiet for me to hear. **"Nobody thinks you don't do enough, nobody thinks you're not good enough. Working isn't something for a pretty fiancée to be doing, why work for someone else? Work for your man, because he loves you. You're his princess. And you're beautiful. You're beautiful and it's okay. You're not in any trouble."**

I didn't expect that. I didn't expect her to stop me or to hold me or to... to make sense. More than anything, I didn't expect to hug her back. The top of my head only came up to her shoulders and I pushed my face into her neck. She was warm. She was a good hugger. I still hated Ginger, I did. But she really knew how to make a girl feel better...

"Nobody is cross with you, just try to be good going forward, okay? Will you do that? For Jeremy? He's so kinda and gentle, isn't he? He's very clever, and he loves you very much." I didn't know what happened. How my fiancée had gone from explosion to peaceful calm, her puffy red eyes the only sign once she sat back down that anything had happened. Quietly, she ate another finger sandwich.

I didn't like that I wasn't working. I didn't like that I was stuck inside alone all day. And I did make him dinner! He just wasn't home to eat it. That wasn't my fault. But I guess I could clean up a little bit. And maybe I could ask Lala if she knew of any part time jobs in the area... or if they had an opening at her work. I sighed. I was over reacting...

2.)

"You just need to be firm with her, and remind her of the fact that she's loved. It's her duty to take care of your needs, just like it's your duty to protect her." Ginger kissed my cheek outside on the front stoop before leaving, and I went back inside to the kitchen where my fiancée was tidying up from afternoon tea. She seemed calmer, quieter, since her outburst. And I put my hand on her hip and kissed her forehead. **"I'm proud of you."**

"I don't like that woman," I said flatly, clearly annoyed. Quiet, reserved, and annoyed. Unlike me. I rinsed the teacups and sighed. **"She just... always acts like she's right. And dropping by unannounced like that? What if I was still in my pajamas? Tea. Ugh. She's so..."** But my complaining had turned to mumbling softly under my breath.

"You don't like her? That's strange, she thinks the world of you." I think if I'd told her something about Ginger not liking her either, Wednesday would have handled it better. But the reply I gave her made her stop mumbling altogether, and I wondered what she was thinking. Did she feel bad for not liking Ginger? Petty, maybe? Or was her jealousy still locked in a knot.

"Whatever," I said flatly. She thinks the world of me? Sounded like her words, not Remy's. The world of me. Too flourishy for my fiancé. She probably told him to tell me that or something. But my jealousy of Ginger was well known. I had always been the jealous type when we were dating...

"Let's go see a movie tonight, alright? Does that sound like something fun?" It had been Ginger's idea to reward her, but I couldn't quite figure out how to weave the words together and not sound awkward. **"You were really grown up earlier, when you came back instead of storming off. And I'm proud of you, and want to reward you. Okay?"** See, that wasn't too bad.

I gave him a flat glare, then finished washing the dishes. Proud of me? Whatever. But a night out with Remy... alone. I sighed and turned off the water. **"Yeah... alright. A movie. That sounds really nice."** It wasn't the aquarium, but it would do.

Before we even got to the theater, I'd picked the movie; not an arthouse sci-fi flick like I'd have chosen, or a romantic comedy like my fiancée would have chosen. I picked a kid's film. Ginger thought that it would mean neither of us felt like we were being slighted, and I thought that was a pretty good idea. **"I said you can have a candy box too, but we're going to share a popcorn and a drink, alright? You'll be up and down the entire movie if you get a drink all to yourself and we both know it, Wednesday."**

"Whatever," I said with the rolling of my eyes, but my voice was bright and chipper. I was excited! I wore a gorgeous dress, even though the movies wasn't really a huge night out or anything. He wore jeans, which was so sexy, because all I saw him in anymore was his work clothes. I clung to his arm with a wide smile. I didn't even care what movie we were seeing! At least, not until he'd bought the tickets. **"Isn't that a cartoon?"**

"I think so. The reviews said fun for the whole family, and you're my family Wednesday so it seemed like the right choice." And it would prevent another bout of Wednesdays dramatics, too, which I was all about. **"Don't overthink it, thinking is for executives, not pretty housewives."**

I kissed her forehead and squeezed her behind through her dress. **"Are you going to get Mike & Ikes?"**

"Like hell." He loved Mike and Ikes. They were terrible. I ordered cookie dough bites and we shared a pop and popcorn. I pulled into the seat next to him and looked up at the big screen. The place was pretty crowded with families and kids and stuff. It made me think... **"Hey. Uh. You still wanna do the whole kid thing right? After we're married?"** We'd talked about it before.

"I think about having a kid around the house more and more every day," was my reply, meant to be a tease at her expense, but she didn't seem to take it as such. She smiled and hunkered down against my side, getting cozy and comfortable, and I thought about us. Her. What Ginger said; that she was basically more my daughter than my fiancée. Yeah that was a weird thought, huh?

I never really wanted kids. I mean, I did. But down the road, you know? I didn't want to have them right away. If anything, I was the one postponing the wedding all the time! Not because I didn't love Remy - I just was worried what it meant. Once we were married, we'd start a family, and... I sighed. I already saw so little of him. What was wrong with wanting some time just him and me? A couple years? Five?

Ginger had been right. That girl was always right, wasn't she? Wednesday and I didn't fight over a movie, I just picked one. She loved it. I enjoyed it. It was nice, it was calm. I took charge "the way that men used to" and we had a good night. We even went out for ice cream after. **"See, that's why you get a small, my little Frosty, you couldn't even finish all of it."** And she'd wanted a large!

"I think I filled up on popcorn," I said with a pout, looking down at the cup. It was almost gone. I could finish it if I tried, but my stomach was already hurting. I set the cup aside and looked up at the sky. It was starting to get cold again, summer having only just ended. **"What did you think of the movie? I liked it. I swear, kids' movies get more grown up every year."**

"I think it was a pretty good movie. Maybe kids are just getting smarter, so the movies are getting a little more grown-up as well, right?" Or maybe she really was just a kid at heart. **"We should try and do this every Saturday night, what do you think?"**

My eyes lit up at the thought. Every single Saturday night?! One night a week when we could actually go out and do something together, just the two of us? I felt my stomach fill with butterflies. **"Yes! Yes, absolutely!"** It would make the lonely weeks worth it. And until Saturdays, I could hang out with Lala and try to get a job or something. My head was swimming with ideas.

"Okay kiddo, don't get too bouncy and excited over it, it's just a movie. But it might be nice, maybe we can pick a kids' movie every week to help us get in touch with our parenting instincts?" And prevent us from fighting, that would be nice too. **"But I think we can agree no more ice cream after, 'cause my little Frosty has a tummy ache, doesn't she?"** Talk to her like a kid to diffuse her. That's what Ginger had said.

I gave him a hard look and pushed the cup of mostly-eaten ice cream into his hands. **"Why are you talking to me like that?" "Like what?" "Little Frosty?" "I always call you Frosty."** A pun off my name, something from a million years ago. **"But not Little. And what's with the baby talk?"** Was this about wanting kids? Ugh, we weren't even married yet! I couldn't handle this right now.

Okay, so she was upset. What now? Did I just abort, fight with her the way we so often did nowadays? Or did I commit to Ginger's advice? I reached across the table and took her by the chin. Firm, but not hard. And I looked into her eyes with a serious gaze. **"Wendy. You're not going to talk to me with that attitude in public, am I clear? I am your fiancé, and you will show me the respect that entails. If that's too difficult for you, then perhaps I'll need to set some more serious rules."** Wow. That was interesting.

...I was frozen. I was speechless. I just looked up at him, my chin cupped in his hand, and a blush filled up my cheeks. What...? What was he...? I... I finally pulled away, shaking my head and crossing my arms over my

chest. **"L-Listen... I'm... I'm not ready for kids yet and you know that. And maybe if you weren't working all the time I'd be ready sooner. But you made your choice. So whatever..."** But all the passion and fire I'd had in my words was already gone.

"It sounds to me like you don't want me to take time out of my schedule every week to take you to the movies. It sounds like you're being a brat, Frosty. Are you being a brat? Because I'm sure we can think of other ways to spend our Saturday nights. I have a lot of work to do, an awful lot of work." Ginger was right... she was just a kid.

"No! I..." What had gotten into him? Was it that movie? Was that what this was about? Next time we definitely wouldn't see a kids' movie... **"I'm sorry, okay? I'm just... on edge. I dunno. Our day is almost over and Monday you're back to work and..."** I sighed and shrugged my shoulders. **"I'm being a jerk. I just don't like when you talk down to me like that. Okay?"** He nodded his head and I forced a smile. **"Come on, let's get home."**

3.)

"Wendy!" There was a pretty sour look on Wendys face when she saw that Ginger was in the living room when she woke up the next morning. **"Jeremy went to the store, but he won't be very long, why don't you go do your morning business and freshen up and then we can have a little talk together? We'll be the best of friends."**

Yesterday was wonderful. After the movie, after ice cream, we had a home cooked dinner together, a very long shower, and a passionate night. Everything about it was perfect. And then the following morning - Sunday morning - I was met with that evil witch in my living room. **"Whatever,"** I told her simply and walked back into my bedroom. A talk? What did she want to talk about?

"Jeremy asked me let him know if you were surly this morning, and I wouldn't want to have to tell him that you were. So go brush your teeth and your hair, put on some coffee, and come back and talk with

me." Ginger had a pretty firm way about her, but her tones this morning seemed especially pointed, like she was working to an agenda. And particularly like she was hard to say no to.

I slammed my bedroom door and took a deep breath. Whatever. She doesn't mean to act that way. And I knew I was being unfair toward her. I knew I was being jealous and petty. I just hated how she talked to me... how she looked at Remy. Jeremy. What right did she have to call him that? I brushed my hair and went about my morning as normal, and when I went back into the kitchen to put some coffee on, Ginger was still sitting in the living room. I guess now was as good a time as any to come clean... **"Hey."** I stood in front of her with my mug in my hand, dressed in pajamas. **"I'm really protective over Remy and... well I'm taking it out on you. I know you're just co-workers. And you don't mean to act like you do. It just... gets at me."**

"Oh, babydoll, I know that. If I thought for a second that you meant any of what you said, then I wouldn't be trying so hard to be your friend." Be her friend. There was an idea she floated out in the water. **"I know you're just worried about other women in Jeremy's life, but trust me when I tell you that you are his one and only princess, and you're both unique and irreplaceable."**

See. That didn't really sound like a reassurance. But in her own silly way, maybe it was. I sighed and took a sip of my coffee. **"Friends then,"** I resigned. Whatever. Better to have her on my side than against me. **"Is that it?"**

"Of course that's not it, sit down with me, tell me about that show you like; the one with the girls who fight vampire bears?" VampBearSquad16 was absolutely in every way for children, but Remy had mentioned his fiancée's affection for the cheaply animated show more than a few times. It made Ginger wonder what other childish things Wendy liked.

She was trying. That was something. So we talked about a few of my interests. Some TV shows I liked. What kind of job I wanted. The usual getting-to-know-you crap. But I found out a little bit about her too. **"You're a therapist?"** **"Back in England. I'm not licensed here. I actually really**

enjoy my work in marketing now." "Sounds boring. Did you ever treat any crazy people?"

"The only truly crazy people are those who think they're beyond needing help, Wendy. Therefore it would be a paradox for me to have treated anybody crazy, because by them admitting they need help they're automatically not crazy, now are they?" Ginger had this peculiar but not unpleasant laugh, not traditionally pretty, but endearing in its own right. "Everybody needs help with something, Wendy. It's just a fact of life."

"So what. You just talk to people and suddenly they are all better? Sounds stupid to me." "There are different techniques." "I dunno. I don't think that would really help anyone. You've gotta solve your problems - not just talk about them."

"It's like when you buy a piece of Ikea furniture. You have all the pieces to put it together, but without the instructions, how much of a chance to you have to get it right? You can guess, but you might also do it completely wrong, and then what? In my experience, most people are little furniture flatpacks, without instructions. Talking is a great way of getting the directions all figured out. That makes sense doesn't it?" She'd used an adult example first, intentionally, and then jumped to; "or like those Lego toys you like to collect!"

Oh. Hm. Well, in a way, that made sense... "Well like. What do you talk to them about? You said there are techniques or whatever?" I'd never seen a therapist. I'd never even thought about it.

"It depends on the person. Sometimes I mostly listen, sometimes I mostly talk. Occasionally, hypnosis works best. Like if somebody keeps being destructive to the ones they love, or not acting the way they want to act... hypnosis can be very effective there, for example."

"Hypnosis? Like that stage magic crap? Yeah that's not real." I had never heard of someone using hypnosis for therapy. Or at all professionally. "Must be an England thing." I knew she had lived there since college. It was only last year she moved back to the US.

"Yes, Wendy, because there are vast differences in the heads of English and American people, didn't you know? It's well established that only English people can be hypnotized," Ginger laughed that dorky little laugh of hers, and then she did something... she put her hand on Wendy's collarbone and ran fingers up behind her ear to touch her hair. **"You're cute when you're silly."**

"Uh... y-yeah..." I got up from my place on the sofa and almost fell over. **"I'm gonna... run to the bathroom. Be right back."** Why did she touch me like that? That felt weird. That felt... personal. I shut the bathroom door behind me and sighed. Weird...

Ginger smirked and sipped the coffee her new little friend had made her, and soon enough the door opened to herald the return of the master of the house. **"Hey Ginger, where's Wednesday? Is she still in bed? I swear, that girl is never going to grow up." "You shouldn't be in such a hurry to make her; maybe her childish heart is what you like most? Maybe you should be encouraging that?" "Maybe. I guess I'll go see if she's awake."**

When I came back out of the bathroom I almost bumped right into Remy. My cheeks were still a little warm, but it was so nice to see him. I put my arm around his waist and leaned into his chest. I hated waking up without him, and more and more it seemed like I did just that. **"I missed you."**

Encourage her childish nature, right? I could do that, that was easy. She leaned into my chest and instead of being stern with her, I ran my hand up her lower back and nestled it at the base of her neck, squeezing her in close to me. **"I missed you, too, my little Frosty. You slept in a while, huh? I hope you didn't have any problems with Ginger?"**

"No. Things seem pretty good." I hated to admit it, but Remy was right. All I needed to do was get to know her. She was pretty interesting, actually. And there's that saying about keeping your enemies close. She had made a pretty bad first impression, but maybe I misjudged her.

"I'm proud of you, Frosty. Would you like to invite her to stay for dinner? You could cook? I've told Ginger all about how good you are"

at cooking, and the meals you make. Would you like that?" I had work to do with Ginger anyway, so this would be convenient.

"Yeah I guess. I thought I'd go see Lala this afternoon though. Will you guys be okay here alone?" I trusted him. I did! But the suggestion still made me nervous. I bit my lip and forced a smile.

"We're just going to be doing work. You know that if I had any time at all for relaxing, I'd be spending it with you: you're my best girl, you know that?" I kissed her on the line of her part and ruffled the back of her hair. **"Make sure you shower before you head out, squirt."** It was something that no adult said to another adult, not in good social grace anyway. More like something a parent said to a child.

Squirt? I gave him a weird look and he walked away. Squirt. What the hell had gotten into him? I shrugged the thought from my mind and went to take a shower. Lala and I had lunch plans - asking Remy was merely a formality. I had a lot to tell my best friend.

4.)

"Yeah I think you're right, that sounds fake." Lala had listened patiently to her best friend regaling her of the woman she'd only ever spoken venom of, as if the two of them had suddenly become very chummy overnight. Lala was, if nothing else, a good listener, although she had a pretty bemused smirk on her face when it came to the subject of hypnotism.

"I dunno. If she got paid for it then good for her. But it's just a silly gimmick." I stirred my coffee with the little spoon. **"Anyway she seems to just loove marketing now, so."** I sounded very sarcastic. Even if Ginger and I were friends now, it didn't mean I believed everything she said.

"I don't buy it. She's probably looking for other work, just using Remy's firm as a stepping stone to get what she wants. Presuming that Remy isn't the thing she wants~" She trailed off with a little smile.

"Shut up," I said flatly, already filled with annoyance. Lala knew how insecure I was about this new woman. I pouted and sipped my coffee. **"Speaking of work, can you get me a job? Just something part time at your office?"**

"I guess I can, but you're not exactly qualified." Don't be too clever. Don't worry about your career. Marry up. Wednesday had that same mantra for as long as Lala had known her, but it did leave the poor girl with a checkered work history at best.

"Listen, I can be a secretary or an assistant or a coffee maker or something. I just want to get a job and get out of the house a bit." Plus... **"And I wanna start saving for my wedding. I don't have a lot of savings and I want it to be beautiful. Please?"** Lala sighed and nodded her head. Victory!

"Weren't you the one who said that you didn't have to pay for your own wedding? That it was the groom's parents responsibility or something?" It was weird for Lala to see her friend so insecure over something she was once so certain about.

"I thought we had a fund for it, but I guess it's not as much as I thought, and..." I shrugged and kicked my feet. **"We haven't even picked a date yet. Or where it's going to be. Or any of that. Remy's working all the time. I just want to make progress on something, you know? So it feels real."** Of course it was real. I had a ring on my finger that showed me how real it was. It was expensive, too. Almost ten grand. It caught the light like a rainbow. When he proposed, three months ago, it was the happiest day of my life.

"I can ask around, I guess, but its a doggy dog world in business, even our PA's have four year degrees." And worked full time hours for very little pay, too, but that was the working environment nowadays. **"Does Remy want you working? Maybe he'd prefer you just hanging around the house like a good waifu?"**

I shrugged my shoulders and stirred my coffee again. **"I just feel bad 'cause I'm not contributing..."** **"Well I'll do my best."** I finished my coffee and leaned back in my chair. The sky was cloudy today. I wondered if it

was going to rain. **"You wanna come over for dinner tonight? I think Ginger's gonna be there and I could really use a buffer."** We were, after all, just starting to get along. I doubted it would last.

"I'm not sure about that. I don't know this girl and you kind of make me feel like she's the worst person in the whole wide world, so I'm not sure I really wanna hang out with her." Lala grinned lopsidedly and shrugged her shoulders. **"Naw, I got a date tonight with Ko', after like weeks of asking, so I don't really wanna stand them up. Sorry, chica."**

"Yeah yeah, I understand..." I sighed and leaned forward in the chair. **"She's not a bad person. She isn't. I just hate her!"** **"Well you are a pretty good judge of character."** I rolled my eyes and smiled all the same. Having a best friend was pretty great. I don't know what I would do without Lala. **"Alright, I'll see you then. Call me about the job thing."** I got up and grabbed my purse, waving goodbye.

5.)

"Come in here, Frosty, I'm in the den." I'd heard her come home - I knew it was Wednesday and not Ginger by the sound of her dozen or so key charms chiming off each other when she pulled the keys out of the lock. The den was just our spare bedroom, but I'd taken to using it as an at-home office when I needed the extra work time. I was going to try something new with my fiancée at the suggestion of Ginger.

"Ginger's not here?" That was a surprise. I had left the two of them alone - I assumed Ginger would use all the time she could to spend with my fiancé. Maybe that was just my jealousy talking. I sighed and put down my purse on his desk, wrapping my arms around his neck. **"Is she coming back for dinner or did something come up?"** Something come up. Please something come up.

"I'm not sure, actually." I didn't look up from my computer when she hugged me, but I did put one hand out to a pair of headphones, big over the ear ones, attached to a little MP3 player. **"This is a product one of my clients is working on, do you want to help me out and test it? It's just**

ocean sounds, but it goes for like two hours and I don't have time for that right now. You can bring the beanbag chair in and listen to it, spend a little quiet time with me?"

I looked at the little MP3 player with a pout. Did I want to listen to ocean waves for two hours? God no. But that last line... spend a little quiet time with him. I let out a sigh and shrugged my shoulders. **"Sure I guess... what exactly am I listening for? Static or something?"** I knew a little bit about audio stuff - I liked music a lot so it paid to know about equipment.

"It's a high frequency response thing, for better noise cancellation." Or something. Heck if I knew about audio. Ginger had provided the equipment; she told me it would help for Wednesday to better accept herself, and that it might make her tired. I'd have asked if it were hypnosis, if I believed in any of that nonsense. **"You just put it on, get comfortable, and listen."**

"Can I use my good headphones?" He looked it over, like he was thinking, and shook his head. I groaned and left the room to find the bean bag chair. I hated using crappy headphones like this. I plopped down beside my future husband in the bean bag chair and kicked his ankles. He was just in reach of me. I slid the headphones over my ears and played the audio file. 2:04:18. I groaned. This was going to take forever...

"Wendy?" I looked up at Remy with a dizzy look and rubbed my eyes. I'd fallen asleep? I pushed the headphones off my head and blinked hard against the light. I checked the timer on the MP3. 1:59:55. I hit pause. **"Um... sorry. I fell asleep."** The last time I checked the little screen, it said twelve minutes in.

I hadn't expected her to fall asleep, although I hadn't noticed her doing it. Her eyes were open, she was restless, then she wasn't. Her eyes were closed. She didn't move, not the entire time. And I knew my fiancée, I knew she was a restless sleeper. Huh. **"Is it finished? Please mix me a brandy up on the rocks and come tell me about it, alright?"** Ginger had said it would help to make her calmer, more accepting. She didn't like me drinking at home, so I guess the instruction was a test.

"...um. **Sure.**" I got up from my place on the bean bag chair and went into the kitchen. Was he mad that I fell asleep? He didn't sound mad. I poured the brandy over the ice and brought it back to the den, setting it down on the desk. Then, like an afterthought, I remembered. **"You know you shouldn't drink right now. It's almost dinnertime."** Wow, it was already almost dinner time.

"It helps me with my work, you know that." I didn't snap at her, I was as warm and comforting as could be, and I did something I hadn't ever done: I put my arm around her lower back, and pulled her down onto my lap. With my other hand, I still worked over my proposal on the laptop screen, between sips of my brandy.

Oh... alright. I mean, usually when he was working, I was hardly even allowed in the room. And today I sat in here with him and now I was on his lap? This was sort of weird. But at the same time, it was really nice too. I put my head against his and watched him work for a few minutes, even though I had no idea what he was doing. **"Should I get dinner started?"** I asked. I loved to cook for him. I always made dinner on the weekends.

"You don't need to cook tonight, we're ordering in." I had one hand running fingers up and down her back while I worked. **"But it'll be about two more hours, because Ginger might come back to eat with us. How about you listen to your headphones again? You can stay on my lap this time if you like."** Ginger didn't say she could do it more than once, but what was the harm, right?

"I really should clean up the house or something," I said with a sigh. I liked sitting with him like this. I liked being close to him. But that sound file was boring as hell. I climbed up off his lap and had another thought. With a smile and leaned down and kissed his ear, then whispered, **"I can think of something else we can do for two hours..."**

"If you're a good girl, Frosty, we can do that after dinner." Did I want her to listen to it again? Maybe. I mean, I didn't know what it had done, but it kept her quiet for two hours and out of my hair, so that was always a benefit. **"You can go tidy, but if you change your mind and want to help me test a different file, come on back."** Or listen to the same one again.

The problem was, the house was already pretty damn clean. It wasn't that I was meticulous or anything - I just didn't have a lot to do. I finished the dishes, I organized the pillows, I vacuumed the bedroom... and after all that time it had only been twenty five minutes. I groaned and laid down on the bed, looking up at the ceiling. Maybe if I looked sexier. So I got out of bed and changed into my bra and panties - a nice matching set - and went back into the den to find Remy.

"Is that what you want to be wearing when company arrives?" I didn't mean to chide her like a child, but she knew we were having company and she didn't even think about that first. **"You're a reflection of me, Frosty, you want me to look good, don't you? So do you think being in your undies when we have company coming is the best way to do that?"** Undies. Not bra and panties. Not undergarments.

I opened my mouth and shut it again. He was still sitting, and that meant I was taller. But I didn't feel taller. I bit my lip and crossed my arms over my chest. My very nice B cup chest, in a very sexy bra! **"Whatever,"** I mumbled. **"Excuse me?"** **"I just thought...! Ugh, nevermind! Forget it!"** Why was he acting like this?!

"You wanted to be in your undies, then you can stay in your undies." Giving her options was clearly not working. I handed her the headphones pointedly. **"There's a new file on here. Sit in the beanbag, listen to it, and be useful for me. You can change before company gets here if you're a good girl, Frosty."** She paused. Looked at me incredulously. **"Did I stutter?"**

"Y-you can't talk to me like--" "Sit," he repeated, sternly, and I felt an ache in my chest. A weird feeling. I swallowed hard and looked at the headphones in my hands. This was stupid! This was so fucking stupid! **"I was trying to be sexy--" "Sit,"** he said again, and I finally did. I stormed right past him and sat down in the beanbag chair, wearing only my underclothes. Fucking asshole, I thought, and put the headphones on.

I tried not to watch her. Tried to avoid it. It was hard, though, seeing that look in her eye melt from resistant pouting to a blank glossiness and then finally her lids closing and her body going still. What has Ginger given me?

I didn't believe in that hypnosis stuff despite her prior profession. But looking at my fiancée as she listened for the second time. I thought about how she's obeyed me earlier. How she'd done as she was told. It was quite... alluring.

6.)

I fell asleep again. I didn't even make it twelve minutes into the file this time. By the time the track ended, when it clicked off, it was late into the evening and I could hear chattering in the air. Remy was gone. I rubbed my eyes; it sure was dark in here. I got up from the beanbag and made my way out into the hall and realized I was wearing only my underwear. I heard voices. I listened in. Was that Ginger?

"...glad she's doing okay, I'm worried about her." "She's fine, really, she was really sweet all afternoon." "Is she going to sleep thru dinner?" "No, I'll go wake her in a minute. She needs her rest." We both used wholesome caring tones when we talked.

I pouted and sulked off to my bedroom, closing the door quietly behind me. Everything was the way I left it, with my clothes folded on the dresser. I pulled my shirt over my head and looked in the mirror. I thought I looked sexy. And he just turned me down? And now I slept the whole stupid day away and... I sighed. But the second Ginger came over he's all social all of a sudden. Jealousy was really doing a number on me...

"Hey there, Wendy." Ginger leaned in to hug the girl, and kissed her on the cheek. She'd let herself into the bedroom on her own, and it was just the two of them. **"Jeremy tells me you've been having some focusing issues, and food is a little while away still, so how about you talk to me? Just us girls, alright? Sit on the edge of the bed, super informal."**

"I'm fine," I said flatly and pulled my leggings up over my panties. Seriously, who just lets themselves into someone's bedroom? What if I was naked? Two minutes ago I basically was! I grabbed the hair brush off my vanity and brushed my hair in the mirror. She sat down on the edge of my bed and my grip tightened on the hairbrush. Ugh!

Ginger waited a moment before standing up and walking back to the girl, and with one hand, relieving her on the hairbrush. **"You'll be bald by thirty if you brush like that, and you're *far* too pretty to let that happen. Here, let me show you."** And just like that, Ginger was brushing Wednesday's hair for her, standing behind her in the mirror.

When she touched my hair, I swatted her hand away and knocked the hairbrush to the floor. I turned around with marked frustration and looked up at the woman. She was so tall... at least half a foot taller than me. **"I can do it myself! Stop treating me like a kid! Stop acting like you know what's good for me! You don't even know me!"**

"I know you love Jeremy, and he loves you. I know he's worried about this attitude you seem to have developed, this resentful jealousy? It makes him feel like you don't trust him, and if you don't trust him, then you don't love him. He's worried he's going to lose you, and I've been through something similar when I was your age. I'm not your rival, I'm your friend." She paused, thoughtfully. **"Now please would you be a *good girl* and pick up the brush?"**

I hesitated. He was worried about losing me? But he was the one with the sexy new work friend! I didn't even have guy friends! He had no right! Of course I trusted him, I just didn't trust her! We weren't friends. We were... begrudgingly in each others' lives. She may have sounded innocent, but... I pouted and bent down to pick up the hair brush. **"I can do it myself,"** I mumbled and went back to brushing my hair. Annoying... so annoying...

"And you can reassure your fiancé that things are okay on your own, too, right? You don't need my help? You don't need a friend who's constantly reassuring him that things are going to be okay with you two?" There was some level of smugness to the way she talked, but it wasn't catty either, she actually sounded helpful.

"...fuck off," I mumbled, but her words had found their way into my head. Constantly reassuring him that things were okay? That I wasn't capable of handling this on my own... but I was, wasn't I? I bit my lip and looked at my feet while I brushed my hair. She wasn't my friend. I didn't need her to be my friend...

"Be a good girl and let me help, okay? What's worth more to you? Jeremy's happiness or your own pride and ego?" There was a pause and she held her hand out. She wanted the brush. She wanted the concession, the small surrender.

"...I... I can do it," I said quietly, but I suddenly wasn't so sure. My stomach started to do flips. I swallowed hard and avoided eye contact with Ginger, who stared at me in the mirror. I didn't need her to help me! It was just brushing my hair! And I was basically done, and... I closed my eyes and tried to center myself. Why was I so up in arms...? Wasn't she tryin to help...?

It was easy to take the brush from her this time. It was easy to start brushing her hair. It wasn't the complete surrender she'd hoped for, but it was symbolic of a step take. Not so much a surrender, as a ceasefire, perhaps. **"See? Isn't that better? I'm proud of you when you're good."**

7.)

That night, when Remy and I were in bed, I couldn't sleep. I looked up at the ceiling. For some reason, the words that Ginger said were still stuck in my head. Was I believing her? What reason did she have to lie about this? Anyway, it was better just to ask. So I broke the quiet midnight silence with my soft voice. **"Hey Remy..."** I heard him groan something under his breath. **"Um. Are you afraid of losing me...? 'Cause of how jealous I get?"**

It took a little while for me to reply, mostly because I was half asleep when she asked the question, but also because it was an odd question to have been asked in the first place. With carefully chosen words, I gave her the honest truth. **"I think you're going to write yourself out of my life at this rate, because you don't trust me. And trust is a very important part of love and life. You should just let me take care of you, and trust me that I'll always act in your best interests."**

"I... I know. But you know I always get jealous. Of everyone. You remember your old girlfriend? And then there was that girl at the bank? I don't mean to be. I just... I can't help it sometimes. I love you so much. And I don't want to lose you." **"You think I'll just leave you for Ginger?"** "...well, no..." I pouted and closed my eyes. I knew I didn't have a leg to stand on in this argument.

"I would never leave you behind, I promise. Where I go, you go." I opened my eyes to tell her that, too. Though the way she looked at me was less like a fiancée. She looked back with raptured admiration and adoration. Like... a child.

"I love you, you know," I said with a pout. He kissed my forehead. I sighed into the bed and wrapped my arm around him. I was being silly, wasn't I? **"You're right... I'm sorry. I'll try not to get jealous of Ginger. She's just your friend. Guys can have female friends. Right?"** I didn't sound certain, but I was determined. I didn't have to be jealous, not if it was worrying Remy.

"Now put your headphones on, you can help me test my product in your sleep, and it'll help you rest without getting stressed out." After all, it had put her to sleep before, right? And I'd put the little player on the dresser on her side of the bed, too. Ginger had suggested that I be direct with her, and not ask her things, but give her directions. That she'd have less anxiety when given instructions. I could do that.

I sulked into the bed and pulled the stupid headphones over my head. They were small and cheap and that still bothered me. I turned on the sound of ocean waves and closed my eyes. I wasn't tired, not really, but before I knew it, I was sound asleep.

8.)

"What do the headphones do, anyway?" **"It's just relaxation stuff, mostly. Just to help her with perspective."** **"She seemed really calm this morning when she woke up."** **"Oh you had her listen when she went to sleep?"** **"I put it on loop, I figured it would help."** Ginger looked

concerned for a second, sipping her tea while contemplating, and nodded her head. **"Did she seem like she wanted your approval? Your praise, even?"** **"Like a little kid."** **"Well, Jeremy, you and I both know she's a little underdeveloped, maybe with the stress of life removed, this is who she truly is? I'll get you a new file for her."** **"What, why?"** **"Something experimental, that's all. To help her."** **"Alright. I gotta get home, I promised her a McMuffin when I got back, and she's waiting, so..."**

When Remy came back in with McDonald's breakfast, I was kicking my feet on the edge of the bed excitedly. He had taken the morning off work for me! I had gotten a text from Lala about a job interview this afternoon, too. Honestly, everything was coming up aces. I unwrapped the McMuffin and checked the clock. **"Hey. After breakfast, I bet we've got time for... you know."** I grinned. If there was one thing I was good at, it was sex.

Wendy smiled with mischief and I decided to push my bounds - she loved to have sex, but found oral sex degrading, and one sided: it made me wonder if that was her own opinion, or just her getting in the way of herself. **"You know, my little Frosty, it would make me really happy and proud of you, if you took me in your mouth. I know it's not your favorite thing, but I like it a lot and I bet you could learn to like it because I do, couldn't you?"**

I opened my mouth in protest, and then... no words. He'd asked tons of times. I'd done it a few times. But honestly, I just didn't like it. It felt like I was beneath him, and not in a sexy way. In an actual way. Like I was here to serve him or something and I shouldn't get any pleasure. That wasn't fair at all! But with him smiling down at me... knowing it would make him happy... **"I... dunno. I really thought we could just have sex. You know. Baby making."** It was a joke, that last bit. I really didn't want kids yet, but he did. **"We could pretend you're getting me pregnant?"**

"If you like..." I let my words trail off. I didn't mean to be manipulative about it, but that tone, that cadence and inflection, it spelled only one single emotional response: disappointment. I thought about that, about how poorly she ever responded to that kind of thing in the past, and I was about to reword things as a formal direction, as Ginger had suggested, but there was a look of something on her face... conflict, maybe? Sadness? Was she actually reconsidering?

"...I don't want to make a habit out of it," I said flatly, almost annoyed, but more... nervous. There were so many layers to my words. **"But... if it's just once, and if that's what you really want..."** I pouted a little and kicked my feet. I wanted to get off too! Ugh, blowjobs were so unfair... I never asked him to eat me out! But it would make him happy...

"It would make me really happy. And seeing me happy, makes you happy." A direction, right? Like Ginger said? **"And proud of you."** Whatever was helping with that relaxation loop seemed to effective, though, and I was eager to see what the follow up would do. Ginger really did have a great habit of improving our lives, didn't she?

Proud of me? I felt a bit of color on my cheeks and my tummy filled with butterflies. Proud of me... **"I... I guess..."** He smiled and came over to me, dressed in his work-clothes already. With how I was sitting on the bed, my face was only just above his waist. He reached down and played with my hair while I let my hands run up his thighs, to the belt. Proud of me, I reminded myself, and undid his black pants.

If she were reluctant, it didn't show. If she were nervous or anxious about this, she hid it remarkably well. My little fiancée worked like a pro, and every time I encouraged her, every time I praised her, and every time especially that I groaned that I was proud of her, she just got more and more into it. I didn't know when it was that I told her this aroused her, when I told her how much it turned her on to make me proud like this. But she was moaning around my cock before too long. And I didn't know how much longer I could hold back.

He was lying on his back on the bed and I was on my knees between his legs. I had never really gotten into the whole blowjob thing, but this time... it felt different. I thought about how good he felt. That I was causing that. And just as I was sure this was the right thing to do, his cum shot up into the back of my throat. I held my mouth against his tip softly while it filled me up and I quickly moved to get off the bed and hurry to the bathroom. Ugh, I hated this part... between his orgasm and spitting it in the sink.

"Swallow it." I managed to shout that out to her between heaving breaths just as she got to the bathroom door. I didn't know if she would, but I

wanted her to, and I wanted her to like this. **"I worked hard to make that for you, so you swallow it and come show me your empty mouth and make me proud, little Frosty."** Where had that even come from.

I stared at him with glossy eyes from the bathroom door and wavered from foot to foot. Make him proud... I shook myself out of the daze and went into the bathroom anyway, but as I stepped up to the sink, I hesitated. I could swallow... I mean, it wasn't like I could get pregnant or whatever. And so what? Most people swallowed, right? I just never thought... I looked up at the mirror, at the strings of cum dripping down the corner of my mouth, at the blush on my cheeks. Suddenly, I was very embarrassed. I spit it out in the sink and washed it down the drain. This was... a really weird morning.

I let her cuddle me anyway. I let her lay in bed next to me and cuddle up to my chest, with my pants still down, and I played with her hair. Ginger was so helpful, wasn't she? She helped me a lot, just by talking. And now she was helping my fiancée to understand the way things were. We were lucky to have her. **"You did good, Little Frosty... but next time you'll do better for me."** Praise. Direction. Encouragement.

Next time. Better. Those words hardly even phased me, like they were the most normal ones in the world. Like I hadn't said I didn't want to make a routine out of this. Like I hadn't gone to the bathroom and disobeyed him. It really was a weird morning, wasn't it? But soon this sort of thing wouldn't be weird at all.

9.)

I sipped my coffee and put my head down on the table. That interview could have gone better. I knew I'd been out of the work force for almost a year, but jeeze... when did things get so competitive? It was just an assistant position in Lala's building. I shouldn't have had to answer so many questions about my background. Finally, twenty minutes late, Lala sat across from me. **"That bad, huh?"** **"I don't think I'll get the job,"** I mumbled.

"Well, you live and learn, right?" Lala had her travel mug of coffee in her hand, freshly refilled before she'd left work, and she reached across the table with her other hand to play with Wendy's hair. Truthfully, she hadn't expected her best friend to get the job, not with her inexperience, but it was difficult to up and out say that to someone you cared about.

"Maybe you could get me an interview for a different position?" She shook her head with a little fake smile. **"That's the only one I know about that's hiring."** I pouted and sipped my coffee again as my best friend played with my hair. **"Well. Water under the bridge, right? I'll find something else... how are you doing? How was your date?"**

"Water under the bridge," Lala countered, on the question of her date. **"How about things with you and your little homewrecker friend, the hypnotist?"** She used that term mockingly and with exaggeration, doing her best to make her best friend grin in amusement.

I shrugged my shoulders. Ginger was a constant source of worry for me, but I was starting to realize how terrible that was for me. For Remy. So I forced my own smile and sipped my coffee again. **"I'm trying not to be so jealous of her. I trust Remy. That's that."** I looked down at the ring on my finger. We were engaged. We were basically married.

"Well that's a very mature outlook on it, I'm proud of you." Especially coming from a girl who would interrogate her other half if he so much as had a female bank teller; Wendy really was growing up some, it seemed. **"Just focus on home life, alright? You grew up wanting to be a housewife, right? Don't worry about this work stuff, it's just gonna stress you out."**

"I want to help contribute though," I mumbled, thinking back to what Ginger had said about me not working. She didn't mean it menacingly, though. It was more a comment on how I could do more around the house since I wasn't working. But I made him dinner all the time! I pouted a little and kicked my feet. **"I want to start planning our wedding and we just don't have the money..."**

"Have you tried talking to him about that? Maybe he's got some plans. And how do you know, anyway?" Famously, Wendy has no access to

the primary bank accounts because she and Remy had agreed early on that there was no need for her to access them. Instead, she had a bespoke credit card for spending on incidentals, and Remy footed the bill.

"Because I'm not an idiot," I mumbled and finished my cup of coffee. **"I know when we have money. Remy acts different. And I know that things are better, but he's working all the time, and..."** I sighed and closed my eyes. **"Listen. I just want to help. I just want to have a really nice wedding... preferably in the next year."** I had wanted it this year, but it was already early autumn. **"Just... if you hear anything about a job, keep me in mind."**

Lala nodded her head and retracted her hand from her best friend's hair. **"You know, uh, Ginger worked in psych stuff in the UK, right? Maybe she knows some doctors offices that need secretaries or something here? I bet you could get a job there, they're way less competitive."**

I glared at Lala and she raised her hands in her defense. **"You're the one that said you wanted to be less jealous."** Well, I did say that... I pouted again and crossed my arms over my chest. Three days ago I hated that woman and now I was going to ask her for a job? Damn it... **"Yeah, I guess it wouldn't hurt to ask..."**

"You're doing it for Remy, right? Just remind yourself of that, and you'd be surprised what you can accomplish I bet." Little did Lala know just how much damage those words and that ethos would cause her best friend in the very near future.

10.)

Things were going well again. Remy and I were getting along better than ever. Though he didn't take the mornings off, he always came home from work at the usual time. It wasn't until Wednesday that I suggested having Ginger over for dinner on Friday. Though it seemed like an olive branch, the mention was entirely selfish. I could get a job, and more importantly, it would guarantee Remy was home on time. No late Friday night. I invited

Lala too, but of course she had a date. She had a new date every weekend.

"Would you check the potatoes?" It wasn't my intention to help with the cooking, but I'd gotten home early on Friday evening, and my fiancée was running late with finishing up dinner. She seemed to get things together when I gave her directions though, and soon we were almost ready to plate up. Ginger wasn't here yet, though.

The potatoes were done. I'd had everything in the oven and on the stove by the time Remy got home, but managing a main dish of roasted ham and sides of potatoes, stuffing, and broccoli was a lot more work than I anticipated. If Remy hadn't come home when he did, I would have ruined the ham. I turned off the burners and sat down on the bar stool by the counter. **"You got plans this weekend? I thought we could finally go to the aquarium. And you promised me a movie tomorrow, don't forget that!"**

"Don't worry your pretty head, my little Frosty, I'll handle it. I'm proud of you for wanting to invite Ginger over, honestly, that's very grown-up of you." I wondered when I'd started praising my fiancée's maturity levels as a boon of encouragement. Had I always done that?

"Yeah, well. It's gonna be fine, you know? I worried myself over nothing. And she's not that bad - just a little annoying sometimes." "I don't think she's annoying." "Of course you don't," I mumbled under my breath. I finished setting the table and watched the door. Was Ginger late? Ha. Something I could finally tease her about!

"Why do you think she's annoying? She's been very helpful at work, and she's been trying to help you at home, too. Hasn't she been helpful? Honestly, I can't see how you'd find her annoying." I didn't mean to lecture or stay stuck on the topic. I just felt... protective, over Ginger.

"...I dunno, she still talks down to me. Like I'm a kid." She had explained that away before though. She worked with kids. She treated everyone like that. But she definitely didn't treat Remy that way! Couldn't

she be courteous to me too? I guess that was just asking too much. **"Nevermind,"** I mumbled and put the bread rolls in a bowl.

"I think she's very patient with you, given you've been pretty rude to her in the past." I didn't want to end up in the middle of a war, though, and there was a knock at the door. So I kissed her forehead and casually swatted her behind. **"That'll be Ginger, go let her in princess."**

When I opened the door Ginger was standing there with a nice sundress and a small bag. I checked the clock. Damn it, right on time... **"Hey, uh. Come in. We're just getting dinner ready now, so feel free to help yourself."**

"Why thank you, Wendy. Would you mind finishing up? I need to let Jeremy know some results from our work project, and then we'll be right on out for dinner." Right there, right then; arrive in place and take over. That was Ginger in a nutshell.

"Yeah, no problem." I was the one cooking anyway. Remy was just helping out. I went back into the kitchen and I watched the tall woman take my fiancé away into the back rooms. Back rooms.... our bedroom? No, probably the den. I pouted and played nervously with the wooden spoon as I started to scoop all the food into separate plastic bowls for the table.

"This is for her tonight, and you can use it for all future nights, while she sleeps." Ginger put a pink thumb drive sized MP3 player on the dresser, before continuing, **"and this one is for next time you're working at home. Make sure she doesn't listen to this one on loop at night, okay?"** **"I don't know how to thank you for this, Ginger. She's been so much better."** **"Let's not keep her waiting, Jeremy~"**

It wasn't five minutes into dinner that I asked. I'd just finished my potatoes and started in on my ham. **"So. Uh. Ginger?" "Hm?" "I was wondering if you knew any job openings. I asked Lala if I could get a job at her office, but I didn't really have a lot of luck with the interview, so... anyway, I really want to get our wedding plans started and we definitely need more money for all that."**

"Wedding plans? Jeremy mentioned you two had postponed for a little while, I didn't know the wedding was still on so urgently?"
Pssshhhhhboom. Strategic launch detected. **"I might be able to swing something, I have some contacts. Your education is very lacking, though, so you'd be working for minimum, if I can make it happen. And of course, if Jeremy says its okay for you to work."**

I opened my mouth to argue, color filling my cheeks and frustration filling my head. **"I don't care,"** I said a little too harshly. **"My education is fine - I got an associates in human services! And we didn't postpone anything!"** What as Remy telling her? Why would he say we postponed our wedding? I glared at him across the table and shoved a fork full of ham into my mouth.

"I think for a *girl your age*, it's important to focus on a happy and healthy home life. But I'm not your fiancée, so it's not up to me. But if you're determined to work, I can help you out, yes." And then, like a strike of lightning, she got an idea. **"I have a project for you, if you like. I'll pay \$10 an hour, and you can work part time."**

...ten dollars an hour? It wasn't a lot, but it was something. And I could work part time, which meant I wouldn't be losing any time with Remy. He looked across the table at me apologetically, but I was more mad at him than at Ginger. **"...what's the job?"**

"I need some paper records digitized. It'll be sitting at a computer entering forms of data from paper into my database." The kind of job that would usually expect a minimum results per hour, but that in this case would literally be the definition of 'Mommys Little Helper'. **"Do you think you can handle that?" "That sounds right up your alley, kiddo."**

Digitizing records? I'd done that at my last job. It wasn't fun, but with some good music it wasn't that bad either. And it was a job. I couldn't in good conscience say no... **"Alright then,"** I said simply and went back to eating my food. Obviously I was still cold toward Remy, but the prospect of a job... well it was pretty thrilling. If I worked enough, maybe we could get married in the spring!

"I'd also like to have some music made up for you to listen to during your work hours; think of it as a project of mine to see how audio feedback can help with productivity. I'll pay you \$2 per hour more for any day you listen to my music, deal?" That came toward the end of the meal, and it was really the most appealing aspect of this.

"Aren't there already studies on that?" There were. Productivity and music. I think classical had the highest rating for increased productivity... didn't it? I knew a lot about it because of my interest in music. I used a lot of music to get me through my last year of college too. But for two bucks an hour... **"Sure, you've got yourself a deal."** It was weird that technically Remy's friend would be my employer, but it was a voluntary position wasn't it? If things got too weird I'd just quit. Until then, I'd keep looking for other jobs.

11.)

"We have company, would you please calm down?" She'd ambushed me when I went to the bathroom, slammed the door shut after she stormed in, and I was still standing there peeing. **"What's the matter, little Frosty?"**

"Where do you get off telling Ginger that our wedding is postponed?! It's not postponed! You never talked to me about this! I know we're having money problems but you're getting that promotion and you're working like 60 hours a week and I'm getting this new job, and you know, Remy, it was just a really shitting thing to do! I can't believe you'd go behind my back like that, after you asked me to trust you!" Anger didn't begin to cover how I was feeling.

"Excuse me, young lady, don't take that tone with me, it's very disappointing to hear you yelling like that." Weirdly paternal, given my dick was in my hand. **"I told her how much I needed the promotion, because I was worried we'd have to postpone our wedding if I didn't get it. She must have misunderstood me."**

...disappointed. I hesitated and he flushed the toilet. I leaned against the wall and looked down at my feet. She misunderstood. Was that all this was? A misunderstanding? I still wasn't happy about it, but his reasons made sense... **"Whatever."** My annoyance clearly hadn't gone away.

"You can come out when you're ready to apologize for your outburst. I'll be making dessert with Ginger, as it seems like you need some time out." Affectionally, I kissed the part in her hair as she leaned against the wall, and left her alone in the bathroom.

Time out? I wasn't a kid damnit! And he was treating me like Ginger was. I didn't like this. I didn't like that she was rubbing off on him. I didn't like that everyone thought they could act like I was a child. But I stayed in the bathroom anyway. I stayed until I realized I was staying in there because I was told to. That was when I went outside into the living room and sat down on the sofa without saying a word. He wasn't the boss of me.

"Are you going to come have some dessert? Ginger is making English custard." I didn't reprimand her, because she was acting exactly as I expected she would: as a child. At first I'd pushed back on Ginger for painting my fiancée in that light, but it was so clear to me now.

"I don't want any," I said flatly and changed the channel. Of course I wanted some, but I wasn't going to let them treat me like that. I wouldn't let my future husband talk down to me. And I sure as hell wasn't going to apologize. **"Leave me alone."**

"Well, suit yourself, little Frosty. I'd be proud of you for coming to eat with us, but you don't have to." Sometimes with pouty bratty children, it was best just to let things run their course and let them tire out. I went back to the kitchen and busied myself talking with Ginger while she stirred the custard.

It wasn't even ten minutes later that I was standing in the hall, looking up at the both of them, talking, laughing... I felt a little sick at the sight. That was supposed to be me. I was his fiancée, not her. I walked up to the both of them and crossed my arms over my chest. I didn't believe this apology for a second. **"Sorry for being rude at dinner,"** I said quietly to Ginger.

"Good girl." I praised her, and Ginger smiled knowingly, putting her hand on my fiancée's cheek. **"That was very brave of you, Wendy, and I'm glad you'll be joining us for dessert. Have you had plum pudding with custard before? Would you like your custard hot or cold?"** Usually children preferred theirs chilled.

"I..." I felt my cheek heat up under her touch, but this time she pulled away before I could. She twirled the end of my hair and went back to cooking. I looked up at my fiancé for answers, but he hardly reacted at all. Like that was a normal thing for one woman to do to another. But it wasn't! And it was the second time she'd done that! I'd have to ask Lala about it...
"Wendy, honey?" "...I'm sorry, what?" "Hot or cold?" "I... don't care..."

"Could you set the table for dessert please? We all need one dessert spoon, and a glass for some wine." Because Ginger had brought dessert wine with her, as that was the norm for her I guess. **"Go on, little Frosty, take care of that, okay? Ginger is dishing up dessert."**

I walked back to the dining room with three spoons and three glasses. Every time I thought I understood what was going on with this Ginger woman, I was thrown into a tizzy of confusion. At first I thought she was interested in Remy, but then she started fixing our relationship. And despite her constant condescension, she was usually pretty damn nice to me. And now this? Touching me that softly? Twirling my hair? Once was coincidence, but twice... maybe she wasn't crushing on Remy. Maybe she was crushing on me...

12.)

"I have a new thing for you to listen to to help you sleep. Can you listen to it and tell me how you feel compared to the other one?" We were in the bedroom, getting ready for sleep. Ginger had gone home. I didn't know what was on this player, I didn't know how it differed from the first. But Ginger had promised me that it would help with my fiancée's bolder, more prideful behaviors.

"It's pink." I held the little MP3 player in my hand. It was different to the other one. It wasn't Remy's MP3 player... **"Where did you get this stuff anyway? Why am I even listening to these things?"** I'd been listening to them every night because they helped me get to sleep, but I still wasn't even sure why I was doing it. And now this pink one shows up?

"It's a product for a client, remember? I told you that it was and you said you wanted to help. And it helps me, and you want to help me." Directions and statements. I couldn't put my finger on how she'd changed or the degree of change itself. But it was certainly nice to see her here like this, not arguing with everything I said.

"I know, but how does it help? I'm just listening to ocean waves? And who is this client anyway? And what's this stuff even for?"

Questioning things. I hadn't done that in a while. But it certainly was my usual way of handling things. How had I gone so long listening to this stuff without questioning it? **"And whose MP3 player is this?"**

"It's just one from work, we get sponsored stuff all the time, big bags of pens, and USB hubs, MP3 players." She was starting to argue with me, and I turned to her and used a sterner tone, putting my hand behind her head to gently play with her hair as I looked down into her big wide eyes. **"It helps me, and that's what matters,. I can have Ginger listen to it instead of you prefer? She likes to help me; I thought you did too."**

That struck a chord. I looked up at him with building frustration and shoved him away from me. **"I didn't say I wouldn't do it! I will! I was just... wondering..."** I stormed off to the bed with the MP3 player in my hand and grabbed my good headphones out of the bedside table. This one didn't have its own headphones with it so I figured I could use whatever ones I wanted. Before my fiancé could bring up Ginger's name again, I already had the headphones on and the file playing.

Well that was easier than expected. She laid down on the bed and I went to brush my teeth. By the time I got back, she was looking far away with her eyelids hooded, and I wondered just what was on the player this time. Soft sounds of nature, I imagined, but I wasn't dumb - I knew by now that there was something else to the files that Ginger wasn't telling me. The worry and

concern went away quickly, though, as I watched my fiancée close her eyes.

13.)

Saturday was spent getting ice cream and seeing a movie, just like the week before. It seemed Remy really was going to keep up on that promise! But in the evening he worked. I listened to a different file on the MP3 player, but it made me fall asleep just like the other two. Honestly, I didn't see why Remy wanted me to listen to these things if they just made me fall asleep, but he insisted it was "helping". Whatever. It made him happy - that was what mattered. But Sunday afternoon, half an hour before I was supposed to meet Lala, I hesitated at the front door. I didn't know why. I just did. I put my hand on the handle, but it felt... wrong. Weird. I stepped back and crossed my arms. **"Remy? Hey Remy, can you come here?"**

"What's the matter, little Frosty?" I'd been in the living room anyway, working on my laptop with soft music in the background. She looked nervous and anxious, and I stood up and went over to the front door where she was standing. **"What is it? Is there a bug or something?"** I put my arm around her lower back reassuringly and squeezed.

"No, nothing like that... I..." I looked at the door again and frowned. I didn't know what was wrong, to be honest. **"Um. I'm gonna go meet Lala at the coffee shop. Is that okay?"** He gave me a weird look and nodded his head. I wasn't sure why, but I felt a lot better after that. I went out in the hall, but I stopped short before closing the door. I turned back to him with that same nervous expression. **"And you think I look okay? I couldn't decide what to wear this morning, so..."**

"I think you should wear that cardigan with the long sleeves that come down over your fingers, you really like that one. And you seem nervous today, so it's something to fidget with could help?" Plus it made her look super youthful and adorable, and I loved when she wore stuff like that.

"Oh. Right! Yeah, I didn't even think of that." I came back inside long enough to change out of my jacket and into the cardigan and hurried out the door. This felt right. These were the right clothes for today. I was going to the right place. I had a lot to talk to Lala about, but most importantly was the crush Ginger might have on me. Lala was going to flip.

"Wait wait. I thought you thought that she wanted to sleep with Remy? What do you mean she has a crush on you?" It took a lot to shock Lala, but she was thoroughly shocked at this point. There was no way that her best friend was being serious with that accusation, right? Ginger having a crush on Wendy?

"She puts her hand on my cheek, like this." I scooted closer to Lala and put my hand against her cheek, around her neck, and played with her hair the way Ginger had played with mine. **"See? She does stuff like that all the time! I mean, I thought she was into Remy, but maybe it was me? I mean, I'm not gay, but it's so flattering."** Though I tended to flatter myself quite a lot. Lala knew it better than anyone - I had quite the ego when it came to my appearance.

"It seems more of an English thing if you want my opinion. You're probably reading too much into it." Lala smirked and watched her best friend pout childishly, and then fuss over one of the buttons on her cardigan, the too-long sleeves hampering her efforts. **"I'm glad you and her are getting along well, though. How are you and Remy?"**

"Great, actually. I dunno what's different, but something I'm doing is definitely working." I was being more accommodating with a lot of things. Sex. Drinking. Stuff he liked. And he would take me on dates, like how we went to the movies yesterday. I hadn't even seen Ginger in a few days. Maybe she was on a different project now - maybe I wouldn't be seeing a lot of her now. Then again... **"Ginger gave me a job, though. It pays pretty well, so I can save for the wedding. If only Remy would show any interest."** I rolled my eyes.

"Well you know how he is, he always feels like he's your Dad. Taking care of business, doing important things like paying the bills. Just remind him every now and then to remember the wedding - he wont mind I bet, he's a pretty easygoing guy."

"I know you're right," I said with a sigh and leaned back in my chair, sipping my hot chocolate. And then, out of nowhere, my phone rang. My phone almost never rang unless it was Lala. I looked at the number - familiar, but not added to my contacts. **"Hello?"** I answered, looking at Lala with a shrug. **"Oh. Oh hey, Ginger."** I gave Lala a look. **"I can come to the office if you want. You work in the same building as Remy, don't you?"**

It was interesting to Lala to listen to her best friend talking to Ginger, like she didn't outright hate the girl or something. When she got off the phone, Lala seemed glum. **"Are you cutting our date short for another woman, Wendy?"** Lala mock-pouted.

"No, nothing like that. She wants me to start working tomorrow."
"What are you doing for her, again?" **"Digitizing some files. Super easy stuff. It's a little tedious but I have music."** Then I remembered. **"Oh, but I think she said if I listened to some of her music she would give me a two dollar raise? Sounds like a good deal to me."**

"Huh." Why would she do that? **"That seems like a weird thing to pay someone extra for. I mean, it's her money, and you love to do as little as possible so sitting around listening to music and getting paid seems right up your alley, I guess."**

"Remy said the same thing." I finished my hot chocolate and checked my phone again. Ginger was going to have me in her office with her for the afternoon tomorrow, which was just fine with me. That meant I could spend some time with Remy at work, specifically at lunch time! Maybe I could make us a picnic!

"Looks like everything is coming up Wendy for you lately, huh? Figured out your relationship, conquered a rival, got a job, your luck seems to be turning around! That or you have someone looking out for you." Lala pondered that part out loud.

"Maybe I'm just really lucky," I said with a smile, but Lala seemed a little less convinced. That evening, I made my fiancé and I both sandwiches - ham and cheese - and packed a spare quilt from the guest room in a

basket I had under the cabinet. I crawled into bed next to my boyfriend, feeling proud of myself. **"I love you, Remy. How was your day?"**

"Long." I groaned, expecting the off-handed comment to maybe spark up a fight or something. Instead, when I rolled over to look at her, she looked... pained. Like she was longing to help. **"C'mere you, give me a hug."**

I curled my arms around him and kissed him on the lips, soft at first, and then a little bit harder. I ran my fingers up his sides, against his bare chest, and smiled to myself. "You know... if you have time..." "I work tomorrow. We both work tomorrow." I pouted and pushed my face into his chest. It had been over a week since I had an orgasm, and I was feeling a little needy...

"Another time, my little Frosty, when we have more time. I want to give you all the time you need to make me happy." I referred to sex for the first time in that manner, curious how she'd react, curious if she'd get flustered and annoyed with me for making it focused on me. She didn't, though, or she didn't seem to. She just looked at me, blankly.

I shuffled under the covers and pushed my face into the pillow. Stupid work. Stupid time. It was my first day at my new job tomorrow and already I was regretting it. When I got up in the morning, Remy was already gone. I checked my phone and pulled myself out of bed and into the shower. At noon I had to be downtown to start work with Ginger. Just data entry, I reminded myself. But money was money.

14.)

"This is going to be where you work, you can call it your office if you like." it wasn't an office though. It was an old bathroom off Ginger's office, converted with a tiny desk and an even smaller chair. **"Have you done this kinda work before?"**

"Yes," I said flatly, already annoyed. And it wasn't even lunch time yet. I sat down at the small desk and pulled the chair in. It looked like it might

have been a bathroom at one point or a storage closet. Ginger's office, on the other hand, was quite ornate. I knew she worked in marketing, but I didn't think she was so high up on the corporate ladder... **"Are these the papers you need added?"** There was a file cabinet and a huge stack of papers on the side of the room.

"Yes let me uh..." Ginger thought for a moment. **"Let me get us some herbal tea and then I'll show you the software package."** Before Wendy could assert whether or not she actually wanted tea, Ginger had left to go back to her office. She had to be careful to give her friend the right cup.

I fiddled with the software on the computer. It was a little outdated but it fit well with my previous computer experience. There were little speakers beside the computer monitor and I remembered what Ginger had said about sampling some sound files to help with work output. Honestly, this job was incredibly standard. Actually, it was boring. But every day I worked was a day closer to our wedding. I still hadn't talked to Remy about it like Lala had suggested. In time, I reminded myself. When Ginger came back with tea, I shrugged it off. **"I'm not a tea person. American through and through."**

"Well, you don't have to drink it, but I'd like to share some of my culture with you. I figured that you could drink tea with me, and I'd let you pick out lunch. We eat in the office mostly, but our delivery boy can go anywhere. There's a lot of American foods I've never touched. Like ranch dressing with pizza?" She made a gagging motion, and then offered forward the tea again. **"Think of it as a cultural exchange? To help us get closer?"** The medicine in the tea would certainly help with that.

I sighed and took the warm teacup from Ginger and sipped it with a fake smile. Last week, I was sure she was trying to steal away my almost husband. Now I was in her office closet, doing clerical work. The thought rolled around in my head - "maybe she really did like me" - despite what Lala had told me. **"Let me show you the program and I'll let you get to work,"** she said with a smile. Maybe it was the small, cramped room, but Ginger seemed awfully close to me.

For the next hour, Ginger stayed close. She first leaned adjacent to Wendy, and then once she'd outlined the software, she leaned over her shoulder,

hands eventually resting on them, to show her the basic functions while she practiced putting in data. **"Good girl!"** Those words had become pretty solidified in the praise codex in the past hour, it seemed.

There was no music. I was still learning the system, after all. I wondered if I'd get paid those extra two dollars, but that probably wasn't fair. I thought Ginger would be busier - I thought this was a solo project. But she stayed close by my side, hovering, looking over my shoulder, and praising me when I figured out each set of data. I wanted to say it was annoying, but... well, I sort of liked having her there with me. I felt... closer to her. More than just physically.

Ginger stayed in the little room with her up until it was time to order lunch, and she took her charge by the hand to lead her out of the tiny space and into her office proper, smiling pridefully. **"You seem to have it handled, Wendy! I'm proud of you. As promised, I'll let you order lunch for us, and then after lunch you can get back on the work and maybe fly solo for a bit, listen to some music, see how you go, okay?"**

"Uh huh!" I smiled happily up at the woman, and then the realization dawned on me. **"Oh. I... I brought a picnic for Remy and me. Uh. I'm sorry."** I forced a smile and played with the edges of my hair. **"Is it already one-thirty? Ugh, I'm late too... um. Thanks for helping with stuff. I'll be back right after lunch time! Promise!"** Was I actually enjoying my time with Ginger?

"Take your time, little one." Ginger was overt with that, and even more overt when she leaned down and kissed the girl on the forehead. **"Make certain not to be late coming back to work, understand? You have a lot to do when you get back."** There was something to her tone, something warm, kind, reassuring. Utterly and absolutely maternal.

I sat down on the blanket on the floor in Remy's office. It was a stupid idea to have an indoor picnic, but I was an over-the-top kind of romantic. He didn't have a lot of time to eat, but when I mentioned his ham and cheese sub I made for him, his tune changed. **"How's work?"** he asked. **"It's nice having you in the building."** He warmed my heart. **"It's going really well! Data entry is easy and Ginger is being so sweet to me..."** I felt a shy smile fill out my lips.

I couldn't help but smile. **"See? I told you that you had nothing to worry about, she's a lovely girl, and I knew you two could be friends if you just gave it a chance."** After all, Ginger was single-handedly fixing my relationship, and her work, whatever it was she did, had paid off immensely in the behaviors of my little fiancée.

"I think I was really harsh toward her," I finally admitted, more to myself than to Remy. **"She was just trying to help. And I think it was stupid to assume she was hitting on you just because she's a girl and you're a guy. I mean, that's so hypocritical, 'cause she could like me just the same way and I'm a girl. I was just being so stupid."** She *did* like me like that. But why worry Remy? I didn't love Ginger. She was just a friend. Plus, I was straight. **"Thanks for putting up with me."**

"You silly goose, I'm not putting up with you, I love you." I don't know why, but I reached over and ruffled her hair and instead of pulling away, she smiled sheepishly and leaned into me with a happy little grin on her face. **"I'm glad you're working, just remember to leave time to take care of your duties at home too, won't you?"**

"Uh huh, of course!" And then I thought about what Lala had said. I should have been more careful with bringing it up, but everything was going so well today. It seemed like a good time. **"I wanna set a date. I wanna get married. I want to be with you forever! Please can we?"** Please? That was sort of a weird thing to say...

It caught me off guard, but not in the way that I thought it would - it caught me off-guard because it felt as though I were having to explain patience to a child. **"How about we set a season, and work down from there, so we're not disappointed if we don't have the money on the exact day we want to?"***

"I don't care about the money," I pouted. **"I want to be with you. I want to spend my life with you! The wedding only matters a little bit next to that."** I leaned in and pushed my lips to his. He tasted like mustard and ham. **"Please? In the Spring? Six months. I am so tired of waiting."** And then I said something I shouldn't have said: a cheap shot. **"And the sooner we get married maybe the sooner I'll want kids?"**

There were a lot of things that Wendy did when she wanted something, but being emotionally manipulative like that wasn't something I was all that used to. It caught me off guard, and I looked away from her, frowning a little bit. **"You shouldn't try to manipulate me, Wednesday..."** My tone was... not cold. Not harsh. But more... scolding. Like a disappointed parent.

"I... no, I didn't mean it like that. Remy, it was just a joke, honest. I didn't mean it." But he got up from the blanket and went back to his computer. **"I have work to do,"** he told me, and unlocked the computer. I looked at him for a minute, for a long minute, before I packed up my picnic basket and left the room. I really hadn't meant to say that, I really hadn't...

15.)

"Sometimes things like that just slip out." Wendy had come to Ginger in tears, and Ginger had received her with open arms, cuddling the girl's head against her chest while she played fingers through her hair reassuringly. **"You didn't mean it, you just wanted him to understand how important it was, didn't you?"**

"I know he wants to have kids, Ginger... I know it means a lot to him." I pushed my face into her shoulder. It was strange. The absolute second I stepped into her room, I had to hug her. I needed her to comfort me. I felt sick and uncomfortable and I knew she could make it better. **"I want kids too! Not now, maybe not soon, but I wasn't lying... if we get married, that's one step closer, isn't it? Maybe I'll want them sooner..."**

"Well you spent a long time telling him that they weren't that important to you, didn't you? I wonder if it seems insincere to him for you to have a different opinion so suddenly? Men have complicated emotions, Wendy. Sometimes they're not good at sharing what's truly wrong. Jeremy was an only child, he grew up lonely. He wants a big household, he wants a big family. You know that, I know you do. And he's not getting to have that for a long time now."

That was the therapist showing through. Ginger had a way of making sense of a series of seemingly unrelated bits of information and forming a huge woven tapestry. I followed her train of thought, and nodded quietly until she let me go. **"Y-you're right... I just have to show him I'm serious. That I didn't mean to be insincere..."** Of course, I had no idea how to do that. I rubbed my wet eyes. **"I should get to work..."**

"How about you have a little rest before you do?" Ginger could see the hesitation in her friend's eyes and she smiled, putting a finger to her lips. **"I have an audio file you can listen to while you nap, so you still feel like you're earning your wage, and I'll wake you up right after? I bet you'll feel a lot better for it, too, won't you?"**

"...I guess so," I mumbled, looking down at my feet. Crying always made me so tired. **"You don't mind?" "Not at all. You can lay on my sofa right there and I'll get you a blanket."** I sat down on the edge of the couch and looked at the front door of Ginger's office. **"I won't be bothering you? What if someone comes in?"**

"I'll tell them that I'm your Mom and that you need some rest." Ginger handed her an MP3 player, a yellow one this time. Wendy gave her a hard glare and Ginger laughed it off. **"I'm just kidding!"**

I thought I'd have trouble getting to sleep, but I was out like a light before the audio file even kicked into gear. I was having a dream. A dream about Ginger and me. About her playing with my hair and her telling me a story about something. Then we were in my bed. Was it a sex dream? It sure didn't feel like one. And then I felt uncomfortable. But the dream was so nice. And finally, I woke up with a start and the ear buds fell out of my ears. How long had I been asleep? A minute? An hour? And oh my God I had to pee. I scrambled to my feet and looked at Ginger nervously. **"Bathroom?" "Down the hall, on the left."** I bolted out the door.

Ginger watched the display in amusement and went back to doing her work, even as she heard the stumbling and crashing in the hall outside. Wendy needed to be humbled. She needed to accept that she needed to be taken care of, it was for her own good. And a little bit of a physical setback like that would have long and far-reaching implications in her training and development. Ginger smiled and sipped her tea, tapping out the next script on her computer while she hummed.

16.)

I only worked Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Tuesday I cleaned the house. Thursday I made plans for the weekend - picked out what movie I wanted to see, tried to figure out what to wear during our weekly night together. Friday, though, was different. Friday I had to be awake at eleven and be into work by noon. I was having a lovely dream and my phone alarm only played into it. It auto-slept after two minutes of ringing, and it wasn't until after 11:30 that it finally woke me up. I sat up and immediately knew something was wrong. Ten minutes before noon, Ginger's phone rang. **"Hey... I... uh... I can't come in today..."**

"Is something wrong?" It was only really a matter of time before things stepped up a gear for Wendy, but Ginger played it calmly on the phone. **"You know you can tell me anything at all, Wendy, what's the matter? Do you need me to come over? I'm not that busy, I can come over for a little bit and Make Things Better for you?"**

I hesitated on the other line and nervously shifted from foot to foot. I'd finally gotten all my clothes and bedsheets into the washing machine. I was humiliated. I didn't want anyone to know... **"I... n-no, I'm okay... I just forgot I have some chores I have to finish, and... and I can work an extra day next week if you want? I'm sorry, I don't mean to be such short notice."**

"Wendy, you're hiding something from me. It's alright, you know? I'm not cross with you, it's just important that you're honest with me, even if the truth seems scary. I won't be cross. Honesty is always the best policy when it comes to friendships, don't you think? Let me Make Things Better. Let Gingie help."

I felt my bottom lip quiver. Fresh tears filled up my eyes. I didn't know what to do. I hadn't wet the bed in years. Not since I was five or six years old. And now I was getting married! I was twenty-two! I fumbled for my words. **"I... w-well I just... g-gotta finish up some stuff, I promise I'm okay. I'm**

okay..." She couldn't know. No one could ever know. **"S-see you for dinner maybe?"** She always came for dinner on Fridays.

"I'll come over." It was a statement of fact and not a question, just like saying 'the sun will rise', mostly. **"I'll come over and Make Things Better. I'll see you soon."** Ginger hung up the phone and leaned back on her chair with a little smile. So. It was finally happening? Honestly, Wendy had taken so much longer to start truly responding than her fiancé had. But no matter, things were going pretty much as planned!

When I opened the front door, it was nearly 12:30. My hair was still wet from the shower and the washing machine was running quietly in the background, but the spare sheets were on the bed and everything was cleaned up and taken care of. I felt stupid. I'd over-reacted. It was just one accident. I was just glad Remy wasn't home. Ginger smiled down at me and I waved her in. **"I'm really alright now. I just woke up late and I remembered I had so much to do. You didn't have to leave work for me."**

"You're worth taking care of, Wendy." As she turned away, Ginger put her hand on her cheek and leaned down to kiss her forehead again. **"Sometimes things happen that you're shy about, but that's what best friends are for, right?"** She had a bag in her hand; a little ornate tea set from her office. **"I'm going to make us tea, and we can sit and relax. That sounds good, doesn't it?"**

"Yeah, alright." I still wasn't a huge fan of tea, but Ginger seemed to really like the stuff. Probably from all of her time over in England. I finished tidying the kitchen while she got the tea set up and then I took a seat on the sofa. I sighed and looked out the window. It was a beautiful October day.

As always, Ginger handed one particular teacup to Wendy and made sure to keep the other for herself. When Wendy had asked about it midweek, Ginger had explained that she made hers sweeter because Americans tended to not like the taste of tea, so it was important to keep them distinct from one another. Which was a workable explanation. **"Don't worry, you'll get used to tea in time. It just takes a little while, Wendums."**

Wendums? I gave her a sharp look, but it fell flat. She'd been calling me cute names the whole week. She'd been kissing my forehead and hugging me. I knew it was all because she had a crush on me, and... well, it wasn't annoying. I thought it was sort of endearing, actually. So I let it slide. I took a sip of my tea. **"You sure you can pull yourself away from work at this time of day?" "It's Friday - we aren't doing much."** I pouted. **"Remy always works late Fridays..."** Though last week he was off work on time.

"Well we work on a lot of different projects. We share a few, too, but he has a much bigger workload than I do because he's trying to save money for your future. And also because he wants that promotion when it becomes available, so he wants to be noticed." Previously, the two of them would have sat opposite one another on different sofas. Today, they sat adjacent, and Ginger ran her hand up and down Wendy's back while she drank her tea. **"How have things been with Jeremy, by the way? How have you two been?"**

I shrugged my shoulders. **"He's busy a lot, but it's fine."** Without thinking, I leaned into her, almost resting my head on her shoulder. This sort of behavior had become normal over the past week. And so what if it fed her affections? I wasn't gay anyway. **"We have our date tomorrow. Movie and ice cream."** And sex. Last week we hadn't made it to the last part, but this week I was very much ready.

"Oh, you must be excited for that? I know how much you love him, so it must be exciting to think about that. A movie he wants to see, and letting him order you ice-cream, and well... you know the rest, I'm sure." Ginger was sure, too, because she knew for a fact that Wendy knew the rest. She'd made sure that she did. **"Do you have something cute to wear? You know, Jeremy told me that he's always hoped you'd wear... oh, nevermind, I shouldn't gossip."**

I blinked. Something I should wear? I remembered last time, with my cute bra and panties. He rebuffed me so easily. I knew my sexy clothes were a little outdated, truth be told, but if I bought more it would just set our wedding back further and further. But now there was an opportunity of something to make him happy? I perked up. **"No, no, wait. What does he want?"**

Ginger bit her lip and grinned and looked away coyly. **"Alright, but you have to promise not to tell him I told you, alright?"** Eagerly, Wendy nodded. **"He wants you to wear gingham. It's this dream he had like... two years ago, and he's too shy to bring it up to you because he thinks you'll just shoot him down. But we were at the store over lunch last week and they had this mint green gingham dress and when he saw it, I could tell he was just imagining you wearing it."**

"Gingham...?" I tried to figure out what that was, but nothing came to mind. I reached for my phone but Ginger beat me to it. She typed something in and flashed me a picture. Oh. It looked like a school-girl uniform. I smiled shyly to myself. **"Okay, I can see how that would be sexy..."** It was a pretty common fantasy, right?

"Here let me show you the dress we saw." It was a few more seconds before Ginger turned the phone back around and showed off the mint green dress, just the picture loaded, fullscreen. **"I bet it would make him so happy to see you in that, and you -know- how stressful his job is. And now that you have a little bit of your own income, it could be a surprise too."**

"...is it expensive?" "Not really." The dress looked particularly silly. It had a collar around the neck with rounded corners and I thought it looked like something a private school elementary kid would wear. But if it made Remy happy... then Remy would make me happy! And I really needed it. **"Mm... I guess a surprise would be pretty cute."**

"Do you feel up to coming to the store with me now? We could go get it, and you could try it on with me so we can make sure it looks as cute on you as it should, then you can surprise him with it tomorrow?" Marriage counseling: Ginger style.

"Alright! Let's do it!" I smiled widely up at Ginger. A week ago, I hated her. Now we were going shopping together! Maybe it was a good thing I had her on my side - she knew the ins and outs of people, didn't she? Wasn't that what a therapist was for? And she obviously could read Remy's mind, though I could too if he was ever around. A new dress. That would really get everything back to normal, I was sure of it! The memories of the accident this morning were put behind me as we walked out the front door.

17.)

It wasn't a regular store that had the dress; it was a speciality store with more of an adult-tinge to it than Ginger had let on. Adjacent to the risqué-lingerie ensembles either side of it, and the walls of sex toys, the dress seemed so... out of place. So innocent! Like it needed to be rescued from this sinful place and draped over Wendys body. **"What do you think?"**

"...y-yeah, I guess it's cute..." The store obviously made me uncomfortable, that much was obvious. Ginger would reach around and pat my shoulder or pull me into a short hug every now and again, but it didn't help long-term. The truth of the matter: sex was normal. Sex wasn't weird! But I'd never needed vibrating penises to fulfill an orgasm. I'd only masturbated a few times when I was much, much younger. And then there were toys called "anal beads" and I just wanted to get out as soon as possible. I kept my eyes on my feet while I walked, nervous and embarrassed.

"You're so cute when you're shy~" Ginger praised in sing-song with a little smile. **"It's like you've never been in a place like this before!"** And the silence filled in that gap. **"Wait, you've never been in a sex store before? Well, wait, where did you get your vibrator?"** Because Ginger assumed with absolute certainty that Wendy must have owned one of those.

I looked up at her with scarlet cheeks and an obvious pout. I wanted to leave! I wanted to get the stupid dress and I wanted to leave! But now that I was here, now that I knew where the dress came from, I didn't even want it anymore. **"I don't need a..."** I wouldn't say the word and I felt color flood my cheeks. I swear, I could be the light bulb for this store! **"I have Remy."**

"Not always you don't, he's busy with work a lot and he has less time to spend making love, doesn't he? So if you owned a vibrator, you could take care of yourself during the week and make date night with Jeremy all about tending to *his* needs. Doesn't that make sense?"

Ginger had the dress in her arms, and she'd even front up the cash for it, too, just to get Wendy wearing it.

"I don't need one," I said quietly, under my breath. It wasn't that I really wanted to talk sex-stuff with Ginger in the middle of an adult store, but it didn't sound like she was going to let it go. **"I think sex is supposed to be equal... we both get what we want out of it and neither of us have to do anything by ourselves."** But this conversation was getting to be too much for me. I played with my fingers in front of me and shied into myself. I wanted to get out of here...

"How about you wait outside, I'll take care of this, okay? I'm really proud of you for doing your best and coming in with me, Wendums." Hand on cheek. Kiss on forehead. And a new addition; encouraging swat on the behind, to send her on her way. Ginger was absolutely going to get the girl a vibrator.

I waited outside the store - or rather, the store next door - and looked at my feet. I was so embarrassed. I couldn't believe I had to go in a place like that! I went from wetting the bed that morning to buying a slutty dress from a sex shop. Of course, the dress didn't seem that slutty. And I hadn't even given Ginger my purse. When Ginger finally came out of the store, I climbed into the passenger seat without saying a word.

"This is an innocent dress. You rescued it from a naughty place." Ginger put the dress in the girl's lap for her to hold, tucking the plastic bag with the other purchase onto the backseat discretely. **"It's just hard to find gingham in the US, because its more of a British-slash-old-world thing. Jeremy is going to be thrilled to see you in that."**

"If you say so," I mumbled, sinking further into the seat. By the time we got back to my house, it was already late in the afternoon and I needed to start getting dinner ready. Then I got a phone call just as Ginger was starting to get her things together. **"You are? But I was making dinner..."** I waited. **"But Ginger's here you know? I thought the three of us--"** I sighed and nodded my head **"Right, I understand... love you."** And then I hung up. Great...

"Has he been kept late again?" Ginger pouted, emulating the dismay in her little project, and wrapping an arm around her lower back reassuringly with a squeeze. **"I'm sorry, Wendygirl, you know he can't help it when that happens. Maybe you and I can just have dinner tonight? A girls' night in, right?"**

"Yeah," I mumbled, shuffling my feet on the tile. I really missed Remy. But I remembered tomorrow - our date day. A movie, ice cream, and now that new gingham dress. I took a deep breath. Things would be alright - I just had to be patient. I put on some fresh chicken breast and went to the dryer, taking out my sheets and tumbling them into my laundry hamper. A night with Ginger instead, huh? We did have a pretty fun afternoon together.

"Try it on! Come on, I know you want to, and if it's not a good fit this gives us time for me to take it in or exchange it." That was a trait that Ginger had - she was very good at making a point, very good at coercing people, and very good at getting exactly what it was that she wanted. **"You can take it straight off, but I wanna see you in it."** The gingham dress, of course.

I looked at the dress on the hanger, my laundry hamper on my hip. Well, it couldn't hurt, right? I still thought it looked rather silly, though. **"Alright, hold on. I'll be right back."** And it was like Ginger said - if it didn't fit she could fix it or return it. I went into my bedroom and folded the laundry first, putting my now-dry pajama pants in the drawer and putting the bedsheets in the linen closet. By the time I came back out, dressed like a young schoolgirl from a TV sitcom, it was fifteen minutes later. **"You sure this is sexy? It doesn't feel sexy."**

Ginger clapped her hands with a little grin, giggling a little bit in her upper-class-accented way, and her smile spread further from ear to ear. **"It's not about being sexy, it's about building on your strengths, Wendy, and this is what your man wants you to wear. So you need to build on that."** She looked super cute, and about 12 years old too. It was enticing in its own way, a kind of corrupting-the-innocent kinda thing, maybe?

"I feel like a kid," I pouted. **"Nonsense,"** she told me, and stood up to fuss over my dress. It definitely didn't help me feel less like a kid, let me

say. Finally, she dubbed the whole purchase a success. **"Can I change now?"** It wasn't that outfit was uncomfortable - I'd just never be caught debt in it outside.

Asking permission was a new thing, and it made Ginger smile to see it happening in real time, especially when she'd been at the receiving end of some hostilities only a week ago. She nodded with a warm smile and thought for a moment. **"You could wear one of your nightgowns, you have really cute hips and look best in nightgowns. And that way if Jeremy comes home early, you'll be at your cutest. Make certain to hang up your dress."**

I hung the dress in the back of my closet, something to surprise Remy for tomorrow, and pulled on one of my nightgowns. Usually I only wore nighties in the summer, but recently I found myself wearing them a little more frequently. The sun was already on its way down, so it didn't feel weird that I was in my pajamas at seven in the evening. That was just October. When I got back out into the living room, Ginger was already setting up a movie on the TV.

It was a stark contrast between the defiant young firecracker that she'd been before, and the pleasant and obedient girl she was now - this was probably why men got their wives lobotomies back in the 50's, Ginger thought idly to herself with a little grin. Well, she wasn't quite so barbaric, this was far more of a kindness. **"I'm glad we're friends now, Wendy, aren't you?"**

"Yeah, I suppose." **"Come now, let's watch a movie. I will put some popcorn in the microwave."** **"I can do it."** **"Nonsense."** And like that, I was sitting on the sofa with a blanket over my lap and Ginger was organizing dinner. It started with popcorn, then it turned into ordering pizza. To think, none of this would have happened if I'd gone into work today.

That evening gave Ginger some amazing ideas; getting this kind of hands-on contact with her project was going to set things forward in motion by an order of magnitude. Like the fact that Wendy could so easily be affectionate, given the right directions. Ginger wanted her to be affectionate, she wanted her to cuddle up on the sofa. Or the fact she bit the tip of her thumb when watching the movie, Ginger could so easily manipulate that into a nervous tick, and then into a habit, and then into...

well. Tonight, when she went home eventually, Ginger was going to have a lot of recording to do...

18.)

I fell asleep on the sofa again, but it wasn't Ginger that woke me up. Remy hovered over me with a sigh and moved my bangs out of my face. **"What did I tell you about sleeping on the couch?"** he asked. I smiled sleepily and raised my arms. **"Carry me?"** It was early in the morning, but my fears were sated. I'd spent most of my night with Ginger. He wasn't cheating on me. Especially not with the woman who had a crush on me.

I noticed two things when I picked up my fiancée. The first was that she clung to me like a child, and put her head on my shoulder, almost falling asleep before I'd even gotten my balance with her weight in my arms. And the second was that she'd wet herself, that there was a dark patch on the sofa, and that her behind was damp and clammy. I felt like a proper reaction would have been annoyance, maybe. We'd have a fight, things would be bad for a while, we'd be distant until we weren't. What I actually felt, though, was.... satisfaction. She needed me, she needed to be taken care of. **"Come on, let's get you ready for bed, Little Frosty..."**

I didn't even notice. My fiancé picked me up and put me against his hip and helped me into the bedroom. But when he started to strip me of my nightgown, I sat up in confusion. If he wanted sex, that was fine. I was eager, after two long weeks without. But he never wanted to do that stuff after work. I rubbed my eyes. **"What? What's up?"** When he reached for my panties next, I slapped his hands and shoved him away. **"Hey, what are you doing?"**

"You had an accident, baby. Don't worry I'm gonna get you changed and in bed and I'll be back to lay with you before you know it." I found myself using tones I didn't recognize - warm, sincere, and loving tones - the way I imagined I might have spoken to my children should we ever had had them.

"I... what?" And sure enough, though the nightgown had been removed from me, the wet panties hadn't. They were damp. Damp like... I thought about this morning. About the bedsheets I'd had to wash. I shook my head. I was dreaming. I was, right? I had to be? **"I didn't... I spilled something. Lemme up..."** I pushed him away and went into the bathroom, closing the door behind me.

I didn't know why she was being so difficult; this wasn't a big deal. I should have stopped to consider why I thought this wasn't a big deal, perhaps, but I was more concerned about Wednesday in that moment. **"I'll take care of the sofa, my angel, don't be too long in there."**

I showered. I had to. I'd already showered earlier that day, but... I didn't know what else to do. I didn't know what to even say! How was I supposed to explain this? What would Remy think of me? I crossed my arms over my chest and stayed under the warm water for as long as it took to run cold. It was one accident. He didn't have to know about the other one. I had some wine before going to bed. It wouldn't happen again. That's what I'd say.

"Quiet." I could see that look in her eyes, that little pout of petulance, my little Frosty ready to make an excuse, to provide answers to questions unasked. I put my finger to her lips, then followed with a kiss. **"It's taken care of, there's no need to talk about it, it's late. Let's get into bed."**

I looked up at him with a bit of awe and followed him quietly into the bedroom. I should have talked about it anyway, but honestly... who wants to talk about wetting the bed? Actually, Remy was being... well, pretty damn sweet. So I changed into a fresh nightgown and climbed into bed with my almost-husband. We didn't talk about it. the next day, through the movie, when we went for ice cream, we still didn't talk about it. I actually started to forget. **"Vanilla with sprinkles please,"** I asked the woman through the window.

It might have been the end of it, if she hadn't asked for a lemonade as well - when she did, I piped up with 'small, please' as an addendum to her order. Like a parent. Also like somebody concerned about her having wet the bed, perhaps. Thusly, she was sour when we sat down to enjoy our ice-cream. **"Whats on your mind, Little Frosty?"**

"Nothing." "You're lying." "I can order my own food." I was sour, sure. I was irritated. He was doing that thing where he treated me like a kid. And after last night, I was especially sensitive... not to mention the children's movie we watched. That was the third kid movie in a row.

"You've been really good recently, Wednesday. I'm really proud of you. Don't you feel like we're closer now than we've been in a long time? You've been fun and playful, and less stressed, and that makes me look forward to coming home in the evening. You like that, don't you?" I wasn't so much asking her that she liked it, though - I was reminding her that she did.

"...I guess." "Then you shouldn't cause trouble. Everything is going well." I hated to admit it, but it really was. Ever since I recognized Ginger wasn't trying to steal Remy away from me, it felt like... well, like everything was falling into place. I let out a sigh and nodded. I was picking fights. There wasn't any reason for it. "Come on, I'm not that hungry. Let's go home." Sex. That would make me feel like an adult again. That's what I needed.

19.)

When we got home, there was a note on the front door written on cute stationary, and a little MP3 player in an envelope attached behind it. From Ginger? Huh. "I guess she must have come by when we were in the movie?" The note was addressed to Wednesday, though, so I let her read it.

Dearest Wendy,

Please give this a listen as soon as you get it, it's a breakthrough for a new client and if you could listen-test for me tonight before nine, I can give you a bonus. It would also mean the world to me, and I know you're a good girl.

Love,
Ginger

The time now was 8:12pm. And with the notion of going inside and having sex, or making Ginger proud, it seemed like Wendy was at an impasse.

"What does the note say?"

"Um..." I looked down at the paper and bit my lip. Something for a client? I knew a lot of her work was time-sensitive but it was a Saturday! What could she possibly need this for before nine? I played with the MP3 player in my hand. **"Can I see your phone?"** I didn't have Ginger's number. Now was as good a time as any to get it. I copied it from Remy's phone as we went inside and sent a text. "I can listen to it later tonight," I sent.

"I'd like to have your feedback to the client tonight, could you be a good girl and do it for me now? It should only take you around a half hour my luvly." came back the reply, along with a string of emoji because that was apparently how Ginger typed.

I groaned and checked the time at the top of my phone. Mm... "Half hour? Alright.." I sent the text and sat down on the sofa. **"Remy, can you get my headphones? Ginger needs me to make sure this file is okay. Not like I know what's "okay" and what "isn't", but whatever..."** I was obviously pouty, but what could I do? She needed help. Honestly, I didn't know why Ginger had me listening to these sounds. What was the point? But at the same time, it seemed perfectly normal for me to do it. Like it wasn't worth asking about.

I went to take a shower, because by this point in my life it was just simple nature for my fiancée to be listening to these files when provided to her. So I didn't see her eyes go glossy, I didn't see her body go limp, I didn't hear what she heard.

"Frosty?" I blinked, looking up at my fiancé. I rubbed the sleep from my eyes. My head felt foggy. **"Um... sorry, what?" "You fell asleep again." "Mm... yeah."** I pulled out my phone and texted back. "Seems fine." Send. Then I looked up at Remy, who was still wet from showering, with a towel around his waist. I bit my lip. **"You're way overdressed,"** I smiled. **"Come on, let's go to our room."**

The truth of the matter was, I rarely had time for sex. Not the long drawn-out love-making that my fiancée wanted, at any rate, but she took my hand in hers and lead us to the bedroom with this coy little skip in her step. She could be so charming when she wanted to be...

I pulled him onto the bed and kissed his lips. It took literally zero seconds for him to lose the towel. He wasn't hard yet, but he would be very soon. Kiss, kiss, kiss. My fingers running up his side, down to his hip. I fumbled for the blankets while we worked our way into the bed. I had been waiting weeks for this!

"I loved it when you went down on me, my little Frosty, you're really good at it." My fingers played through her hair, and I thought about how she never liked it, how she found it unfair, how she hated it being one-sided, especially because I'd never gone down on her.

"Yeah? Well. I'm glad! I mean, it's not really my thing, so..." I kissed him again. He was in position on the bed and I wiggled the top off over my head, flashing my bra. I shuffled out of my leggings. Matching purple bra and panties. Sexy. Attractive. And I kissed him again.

"I want you to go down on me, and I want you to show me your pretty face the entire time, I want to see you with me between your lips..." Wow. Where had that come from? **"Do I need to ask again?"** That was unlike me, I guess. Right? Wasn't it? Hmm. It was hard to tell.

I looked up at him in bewilderment, stunned, and I felt a heat come over my cheeks. Frustration? Or embarrassment? **"I... Remy."** Deep breath. Focus. **"That's not fair and you know it. I did it once because you wanted me to, but I haven't... we haven't..."** Two weeks was too long! I was so needy! Ugh, couldn't he take a hint?!

She was so pent up, so flustered, so frustrated so.... cute. Damn. **"Don't you want to make me happy?"** That was an odd question, because I wasn't so often given to selfishness like that, but right now, in that moment... it didn't feel selfish, it felt... proper.

I fumbled for words. I shook my head. I didn't want to make him happy? No, of course I did! I just... this wasn't fair and he knew it! I could make

him happy and be happy too, couldn't I? Wasn't I sexy? And then I remembered something. I climbed up from the bed in a hurry and went over to the walk-in closet. Remy didn't know why, not until I came back two minutes later wearing the silly childish gingham dress. I expected him to fawn. I expected his cock to get hard in a second. But he didn't. He just stared at me blankly, like he was missing something. I started to get nervous. **"Well?"** I asked.

I didn't want to have sex with her anymore. I didn't want her to suck me off. The feelings I felt were... so much stronger than that, so much different. I felt indecent being naked in front of her, like I was taking away her innocence or something. And I pulled the covers over me. **"You're beautiful, Frosty. C'mere, give Daddy a hug."** Daddy?

I stared blankly at him. What had he just said? What did he call himself? I stood there, completely taken aback. And it looked like he was just as nervous as I was. I put on the dress because that's what he liked. And he said... and I felt so stupid. I bit my lip and shook my head. **"I... I'm gonna... um... I'm sorry. I'm gonna stay at Lala's."** I left the room and grabbed my coat out of the hall closet, fumbling to dress myself, to hide this humiliating outfit before I started to cry. But when I got to the door, I hesitated. I stopped. I couldn't turn the handle. I almost broke down right there. But right when I thought I might, I managed to find the strength to open the door and leave.

20.)

I was shivering when I knocked on Lala's door, my cheeks red from the cold October air and the dawning realization that I still had the stupid gingham dress on under my buttoned up winter coat. I was so upset. Remy had upset me. Remy hadn't upset me like this in years. Maybe not ever. But when he called himself Daddy? Was he trying to be sexy? I thought about the accident I'd had on the sofa. We hadn't talked about it. Did he think I was a kid? I banged harder on the door.

"Jesus, hold your horses..." Lala's voice came from the other side of the door as she unlocked one, then two, then three locks, to open the heavy

wooden mass between her and her friend. Lala had experienced a break-in earlier in the year, and had been quite security conscious since then. **"Oh, hey Wendy, what's up?"** Red-rimmed puffy teary eyes, that's what was up.

I pushed my way inside and Lala closed the door behind me. And suddenly and uncontrollably, I started to cry. I really started to cry. I didn't know what was wrong with me. This whole day was a mess. This whole weekend! Two accidents in two days, and now my fiancé called himself Daddy, and... and... I felt like I had no one. No one but Lala. And... and Ginger. What a fucked up thought...

Lala put her arms around her friend pretty quickly, because it had been a long time since she'd seen Wendy cry. Like really cry, in the way that she was now; Wendy's usual go-to was to whine and bitch about things, so this was pretty major. **"Woah now, woah, hey, what's up? Who died?"**

I wrapped my arms around my best friend and pushed my head into her shoulder. I felt so useless. I felt so lost. I just wanted her to tell me what to do. I wanted her to tell me what was right. Lala sat me down on her couch and I pulled the blanket off the back and up over the bottom edge of my dress. **"Want me to take your coat?"** Lala asked, but I shook my head. The last thing I needed was her to see me in this stupid outfit... **"I... I don't know what's wrong with me. I don't know why Remy is acting like this, and... and..."** I felt fresh tears pour down my cheeks.

"Oh no, no no, did he sleep with that slut Ginger? Were you right this whole time? Oh baby, c'mere, men are pigs, you don't need that assface." Besides someone dying, it seemed to be the only other reasonable explanation for the behavior, for Wendy crying so openly, for her being so distraught.

"...what? No, he..." I felt my cheeks burn, choosing instead to cuddle into my best friend's chest. It was embarrassing even to talk about! It was humiliating to relive in my head... **"He's just... treating me weird... treating me... not like me. And he's saying weird things and..."** Weird. That was all I could say. I'd have to elaborate. I knew I would... but I didn't want to.

"Well what's that mean?" Because Lala sure couldn't infer whatever vagueness that was, not from whatever kind of response she'd received. Treating me weird? What did that even mean? And did it warrant the waterworks? Lala was sympathetic, but it was late at night and there were limits. **"What's going on?"**

I shuffled down on her sofa and pulled the blanket around my neck, looking at her TV screen, which was off. I could see the reflection of my face. My tear-stained cheeks. My hair a mess from the wind outside. Lala knew a lot about this stuff. Sex stuff. Maybe she knew what was going on... **"I... w-well..."** I bit my lip. **"Ginger... recommended I get this dress at the store. For Remy. She said it was something he liked..."** Lala gave me a hard look. Ginger knew what Remy liked? That struck her as weird, but to me, it seemed normal.

"Alright, so the girl from work that you were worried about seducing your fiancé, recommend a dress that he'd like. So you got it, and then Remy did...?" Did he love it? Did he hate it? Hmm. Lala was curious here, because Ginger didn't seem to be a threat, but now this...?

"I..." I pulled at the edges of the blanket, looking quietly at my feet. I always talked to Lala about sex stuff. I mean, she was my best friend. So I swallowed my pride. **"W-well we haven't been... doing things lately. And last week he wanted me to give him a blowjob, which you know I'm really against. But I was like, okay, maybe one right? Well then tonight he wanted one again, and it's been like, two weeks since I..."** I shuffled on the sofa. **"A-anyway. I figured... Ginger said this dress was something he was into, so if I put it on, he'd like... wanna..."** I shrugged and bit my lip. It was just dawning on Lala that I was wearing the dress now, under my coat.

"This dress..." Penny in the air... and... drop. **"You're wearing it now, right? Show me, c'mon, I wanna see what gets your boy's rocks off."** Some levity might have helped the situation, especially from Lala, but Wendy didn't seem like she was acting much like herself tonight.

"He didn't like it anyway," I said flatly, but Lala wasn't having any of it. She tugged the blanket off me and I sighed in defeat. Whatever. If she saw it, maybe she'd understand a little better. And it was for Remy anyway

- it's not like I wanted to wear this stupid thing. So I unbuttoned my coat and showed Lala the gingham dress.

"Well damn..." What more was there to say than that? It was an underage girls dress, which seemed completely contrary to what she knew about Remy. He was a tits and ass man, and would have had no interest in the kind of girl this dress was made for. Not that Wendy was even that endowed, but this didn't seem right. **"Ginger recommended that?"**

I nodded quietly and looked down at my feet. **"He... just acted weird about it. I thought he'd get excited, right? But he just..."** I shuffled my feet. I couldn't look up at my best friend. This was so humiliating. It should have been humiliating for Remy! But it felt humiliating for me... **"He called himself 'Daddy'... is that normal?"**

"Uh..." Well if that didn't fill in some gaps. **"Yeah, actually, I mean, if he's into you wearing stuff like this? That's normal, yeah, for sure. It's just a thing, like, a relationship dynamic? Lots of girls and guys are into it online, maybe that's why he's been lukewarm? Maybe that's his thing?"**

"I have been dating him for four years! You think this would have come up!" I yelled at Lala, like it was her fault. But it wasn't. I was burning up. I felt so embarrassed, and anyone who saw me could tell, especially my best friend. **"I don't want him to think I'm... I'm a kid or something. I'm not! I'm really sexy and mature and... I know I'm small but that's not my fault!"** I thought about the bedwetting. Was that what started this? Did he start feeling this way because he saw me have an accident? Had he been hiding it this whole time? But there was still the fact that all this was Ginger's idea, which was certainly not lost on Lala.

"Maybe he's just been embarrassed to tell you." Or... "Or maybe Ginger put the idea in his head, or she's trying to make you look like an idiot." One or the other, right? The problem was, those were very very polar opposite options, and siding with one over the other would have far-reaching consequences.

"Ginger?" I looked at her with a bit of surprise. **"Why would Ginger do that?" "...uh. To get with Remy?" "No, she likes me, not him. We've**

been getting along great. We're hanging out like every week, even outside of work. And she got me a job! I mean, I don't like her like that obviously. But she's a lot nicer than I thought."

"Well, if you're so sure about that, then you'll have no problem at all accepting the fact that Remy is *into* this stuff and you running off when he asked you to call him "Daddy" probably humiliated him..." Lala didn't like to consider that as an option, but it was right there on the table.

Well, that sure made me feel guilty. I pulled the blanket back on, even though I was far too warm for it. "He didn't ask. He just did it. And he didn't talk to me! We talk about everything... if he didn't talk to me about it, that's his fault. But he can't just say that and expect me to roll with it." I bit my lip. Was it that normal? I guess, if I thought about it, I wasn't really *against* the idea...

"I think it's probably Gingers fault that he did it like that. She seems like she's pretty meddlesome. Even if she thinks she's helping, that doesn't give her the right to poke around in your relationship, y'know?" It was pretty clear that Lala didn't think the world of Ginger, that was for sure.

"...you think? I dunno. Maybe if she pushed him to do it, she did it for a good reason? If Remy really didn't trust me enough to tell me about this for all these years, maybe this was the best way..." I didn't really believe that, but I could see how he might. I sighed and put my head on Lala's shoulder. "Can I stay here tonight? I just don't know what to do about this right now."

"Yeah I think it's better if you stay here tonight, anyway, you can clear your head and maybe ask Ginger to explain herself in the morning. Get her to step back a few paces you know?" If nothing else, Lala tried to be a good friend.

"Wanna sleep in my bed?" She volunteered. It was weird, because it was a Saturday night and Lala usually had a girl or a guy over. But it looked like she was alone. "No, it's okay. I'll take the sofa. Some pajamas would be nice though." "Coming right up." I looked up at the ceiling in the dark

living room, wondering about the day. If there was a part of Remy I didn't know about, it was important to be supportive. Because I loved him. Because I wanted him to be happy, no matter what. I just wished he was a little less blunt about it. Sigh. Oh well. Tomorrow was a new day.

21.)

"Didn't go so well, huh?" Not that Ginger had heard from Remy yet, but given it was 11am and the first text she got that morning was from Wendy asking to be picked up, it made a lot of sense that things had gone poorly. Not that big a deal, to be truthful, but a setback nonetheless.

It was pouring rain. Cold, October rain. I had walked to Lala's because she's only about fifteen minutes down the street and I really needed the fresh air last night. I had the dress in a plastic bag at my feet and I was still wearing Lala's pajamas. I sat quietly in Ginger's car. **"Mm... guess not."**

"Tell me about it, Wendy? Maybe we can figure out just what went wrong and where?" That accent of hers made it seem like everything she said was genuine, like it was important, like she should be listened to. Her hand on the back of Wendy's neck didn't hurt things either.

The car was parked on the side of the street. I felt my head slip down onto her shoulder and she played with my hair. This wasn't so bad. It was more attention than I was used to from a friend, and I had to keep in mind that Ginger was interested in me in other ways. But the way she played with my hair... well... it couldn't hurt to stay like this a minute longer. **"Can I ask you something...?"**

"Anything, we're friends, and that's what friends are for." Well, to Ginger things were a little more muddled than that - she had plans going forward, and stories to keep straight. But for now, things could be categorized as "we're friends" and that would do.

"...he said something I don't really understand." I pouted, mumbling. I almost wasn't audible in the little car, but Ginger heard me just fine. **"He called himself... uh... Daddy. When I was wearing that dress. And**

uh... I just... wanted to know if you knew anything about it. Lala said you might, so..."

"Is that something you think you wanna talk to me about? Or something you should talk to him about?" Her hand was soft and playful, and her words were polite and melodic, friendly and trustworthy all at the same time.

This time I sat up. I sat up and looked at Ginger with frustration and exhaustion. This whole night had been a disaster, and I needed answers damnit! **"You told me to buy that dress! You knew he likes it! What else does he like?! Why didn't he tell me?! Tell me right now!"**

"I don't know anything for certain, it's just a guess really. But his personality type, Wendy, he's very caring. Think about recently, haven't things been quite good? You've been honoring him I think, and he's been responding well. Right? I'm just not sure that he's ready to talk about it."

"I don't know what you are talking about! What personality type? Honoring him? I don't understand any of this! And you aren't making sense!" Upset didn't begin to describe me. I was exactly halfway between miserable and furious. I was dangerously unstable and my eyes started to water. **"If he didn't want to talk about it he shouldn't have called himself that!"**

"Quiet." Her hand moved from the girls neck to her cheek, and she held her firmly. **"You're not going to throw a tantrum over this, Wendy. You're a big girl and you're going to be good, and you're going to listen."** That came out of... well... nowhere. **"If your fiancé asked you to call him *Daddy*, isn't that him talking about it? Think carefully now."**

I opened my mouth to protest and I felt her finger push up against it. Immediately, I fell quiet. I looked up at her with wide, wet eyes, but soon they faded into a quiet resignation. My lips closed. Daddy... I tried to shake the word. Ginger's phrases felt heavy, though. They almost made me feel guilty. **"I just... don't get it,"** I mumbled. **"It's weird..."**

"Is it? Or are you being judgmental? I think that you're above that, Wendy, I think you're beyond being judgmental, especially when it makes you happy. Doesn't it? Thinking about this Daddy stuff. He takes care of things, doesn't he? He'd never let any harm come to you, he'd never let anything hurt you, would he?" She stared into the girls eyes. **"Think before you answer."**

"Of course not! He's... he's my fiance! Obviously we... we take care of each other." **"How do you take care of him?"** she asked me. **"W-well, I... I make dinner, and-"** **"When was the last time you made him dinner?"** **"Friday!"** **"I believe I ordered you dinner that night."** I tried to think about it. He worked late... when was the last time I made him dinner?

"You like it, Wendy, you like it when you're taken care of. Why are you so ashamed of that? What's wrong with a man taking care of his princess? You're all so backwards in this country, why are you fighting what you clearly want?" Because apparently it was what she wanted, according to the circumstances!

"I didn't say I didn't want it! I..." I wasn't fighting anything! I wasn't. He took care of me, so what? So I liked it, so what? That was fine. That was normal. Wasn't it? But the Daddy stuff? That was different! That was weird! But the word sounded warm in my head. Like it had been waiting there for a long time. I felt a blush on my cheeks. **"I... dun wanna talk about this anymore,"** I mumbled.

"That's your choice, but if you don't talk to me about it, you're going to be talking to him about it without having had any chance to figure out what you'd like to say. And that didn't go so well last night now, did it? Would you like for things to go okay with your fiancé? With your Daddy? Or would you just like to wing it?"

"He isn't my Daddy!" I snapped, glaring at Ginger in the driver's seat. But the word brought another blush. I felt stupid. I felt so silly. And still, I couldn't help but feel warm over the word. I couldn't help feel like it was... okay. But I knew it wasn't. Ugh. I put my head in my arms.

"Who cares if he is or isn't? It's a thing between you two, I'm just your friend and trying to help, and I think you need to relax some and just

stop over-thinking things. You're gonna end up so unhappy if you don't."

"**I don't need your advice,**" I said harshly and stepped out of the car and into the rain. We were most of the way back to my house anyway. "**This is all your fault anyway.**" And with that, I slammed the car door and walked back home. I thought Ginger might follow me, but she didn't. By the time I opened the door to my entryway, I was dripping wet with rain water and thoroughly exhausted. Everything sucked.

22.)

"**Hello you.**" I was home, which was unexpected, and I was in the living room, which was even less expected; an array of papers spread out on the ottoman and two laptops positioned on either side of the paperwork. For reasons unclear, I wasn't in my office. "**I was so worried about you.**" I got up, and went over to her, but not angrily. I actually looked worried.

I looked up at him in my soaking wet clothes and then looked down at my feet, pushing past my fiancé and heading right for our room. I didn't care that his papers were all over the living room. I didn't care that he wasn't in his office. I just wanted to change out of these clothes and not talk to him. I shouldn't have come home...

"**Have I upset you?**" I didn't know if it was the soft tone, or the fact I didn't seem angry at all, but she hesitated at the door to our room, just for a second. "**Hey now, come talk to me Little Frosty, I don't want your heart hurting any longer than it already has... let me take care of you.**"

I turned on my heel and looked up at Remy at the end of the hall, a small smile on his face. Damn it... why was he so cute like that? "**Why are you so calm about this? Do you remember what you said yesterday?**" He gave me a look, then quietly he nodded. He was nervous now. As nervous as I was... "**What the hell, Remy?**" I asked. I actually asked. I wanted an answer. I wanted to make sense of this.

"I've just been thinking about us a lot, lately, Frosty. About our dynamic, about... why I love you." And truthfully, I didn't know why it was now of all times, but I couldn't help the way I felt. **"I love you, Frosty, and I love... taking care of you. And you love it too, so don't even pretend you don't, alright?"** I wasn't even firm in what I said, it was almost... playful.

I looked up at him and crossed my arms over my chest, and in a quiet admission, I looked down at my feet. So what? So what if I liked when he took care of me? He was always working, and... and I liked spending time with him. I liked feeling loved. Where was the harm in that? **"It doesn't mean I want to call you Daddy. It doesn't mean you can just drop that in my lap without even talking to me!"**

"It's not as though it's something I planned out. You were just wearing that cute as holy moly heck dress, and I couldn't hold it back anymore." I didn't know how long I'd thought about it. It seemed like forever.

"...so you... like that stuff then?" It was all the confirmation I needed. Did he want me to call him Daddy now in the bedroom? Ugh, this was so weird. This was so confusing! But the more important question: **"Why didn't you tell me before? If you'd told me, maybe I... I dunno. We've been together for four years, Remy..."**

"Why didn't you wear a dress like that earlier?" I shrugged almost sheepishly and then took charge - I caught up with her in five steps and put my hands on her cheeks and kissed her right there, on the lips, not rudely but... well, like I owned her.

I was still soaked from head to toe by the rain outside, but he didn't care. He took my cheeks in his hands and kissed me like he used to kiss me. I melted into him. Why didn't I wear a dress like that earlier? Well, Ginger hadn't told me to, I supposed... Finally, I pulled off him and exhaled, trying to catch my breath. **"We... should talk..."**

"Should we? Or should you put that dress back on and we'll discuss your punishment for running off in the middle of the night like that

without permission and without telling me where you were? I was worried sick, Little Frosty!" Just like that: stern daddy Jeremy.

"I said I was going to Lala's." I gave him a hard look, but his was harder. I bit my lip and turned around, leading the way into our room. I swallowed hard and put the bag with the dress on the bed and starting to undress from my wet clothes. I wondered if he would push the issue. If he would make me wear that silly dress. Did I want him to? I felt warm...

"I think you should wear that dress for me, and then you can tell me what you did wrong, Little Frosty. That sounds like the right thing to do, doesn't it?" When she went to protest, I put my hand on her chin, and directed her gaze to me. **"Doesn't it?"**

It felt weird. Like saying no didn't make sense. I was always in support of equality. Everything I did with Remy, we did as equals. Even sex was equal. But this wasn't. This was very one-sided. And still, I nodded my head. I pulled the gingham dress out of the bag and looked down at it, dressed still in my wet bra and underwear. It looked so stupid... and I remembered yesterday. I blushed. **"Can't we talk about this...?"**

"Talking is for good girls, and you've not been a very good girl recently, have you? You left without permission." Why did she need permission again? **"You made me worry, and you came home and didn't even apologize, did you?"** Jeez. Where was this even coming from?

I looked up at Remy and looked back at my feet. But he felt right. I felt wrong. It was a very, very, very unfamiliar feeling. I stripped of my panties and bra and pulled new ones on. But when I went to fasten my bra, Remy stopped me. I didn't have very big boobs and they didn't hold shape well in heavy clothes. It made me self-conscious.

"You don't need that, try the dress on without it." Wow. Why? **"I want you to wear the dress, and I want you not to wear a bra. That's what I want."** She was weird, like she was on autopilot, like she knew she'd done bad and she wanted to fix it. I was hard as a rock...

I went back to the bed with a blush. This whole situation was wrong. It wasn't like me at all! This wasn't like us. We talked about things. We worked them out together. But this was... different. I pulled the dress on and my cheeks were crimson. I looked like a stupid kid. And the second Remy looked at me, his demeanor changed. Before, he was demanding and dominant. Now, he was... soft looking.

"Come here, little one, I know you didn't mean it, but Daddy wants to make sure it doesn't happen again." I felt... drunk, maybe. Intoxicated in some way or another, it was hard to pinpoint the feelings flushing through my brain right now. But my arms wrapped around her and I held her head to my chest, and ran fingers through her hair nurturally.

I felt water fill my eyes. I thought about last night. I thought about the words he said then, and the words he said now. Then, I ran away. But now? Now I let him hold me. And I wished beyond wished I had let him hold me yesterday too. I started to cry and he shushed me, playing with my hair. This was so pathetic. I never cried. But he was making me feel better for it. I held him as tight as I could.

"Get it all out, little princess, Daddy knows you didn't mean it. And we're going to make it right, yes we are, and you'll never want to make those silly mistakes again. I know you want to make me proud, don't you? You want to make Daddy happy?" She was so beautiful...

I cried for a long time. It was humiliating. But it was Remy. He was my everything. I loved him with everything I had and I knew better than to be humiliated with him. He loved me no matter what. I curled up against his chest for a good hour while he played with my hair, while I calmed down. And before I knew it, I was asleep against him in the middle of the day. Daddy... I guess that wasn't such a bad word, was it?

23.)

I was going to punish her, discipline her, put her in her place and teach her a lesson in the best and most loving possible way, but in the time it took her to burn herself out, she fell asleep, and by the time she woke up, we had a

much bigger issue on our hands: she'd wet herself, right there, leaned up against me. And as she came to and started to realize it, I took control of the situation. **"We're gonna go take a shower together, Little Frosty, don't think, just listen."**

"...uh... uh huh..." He helped me out of bed, still in my sleepy delirium, and pulled the dress up over my head. I rubbed my eyes sleepily as he ushered me into the bathroom. What time was it? Did I fall asleep? I always fell asleep after crying - that was so typical of me. Remy finished stripping me and turned on the shower. I checked the clock on the wall. 3:30. We had some time before dinner, but I hadn't eaten yet.

I wasn't going to tell her that she'd wet herself, because there was little voice in my head that said it was completely normal and natural for her to have accidents. She had accidents. I was Daddy. So what? My head swam and I stood into the shower with her, but I had no inclination to be sexual. This was... paternal.

I smiled quietly at him as I washed my hair. Honestly, after such a rough night and a long morning, the shower felt amazing. I was starting to finally relax. But then I caught his smile and I couldn't keep my mind off him. Remy. When was the last time we'd showered together? At least a month, if not longer. I leaned in and pushed my lips to his, having to stand on my toes to do so. **"You're so sexy,"** I mumbled, kissing his neck.

"Mhm." I flashed an amused little smirk. She tried to kiss me again and I put the washcloth to her shoulder and began to soap her up, holding her in place gently, fatherly, between my body and the wall.

I pouted a little bit and leaned up to kiss him again. He let me, but it felt different. **"Come on, kiss me for real,"** I smiled, running my hand down his chest and between his legs. I took hold of his cock, still soft, and worked it between my fingers. I hadn't had sex in weeks and I was starting to really feel it. Shower sex. We hadn't done that since before we got engaged!

"Well, you did make quite a mess of the bedsheets, my lovely, so we shouldn't waste too much time." There was a look in her eyes, confusion

at first, and then it faded to a frown. She didn't remember, did she? I'd ushered her into the shower so quickly.

"What are you talking about?" I said harshly, my hand falling from his cock. A mess of the bedsheets? I tried to remember, but waking up the way I had... ushered out of bed, and the dress pulled over my head. I didn't make the bed, maybe? But I hadn't had time! **"I said kiss me! You're acting weird!"**

"Frosty. You had an accident in your sleep, and it's okay, but I really need to clean up the sheets." I turned the faucet off and stepped out of the shower stall, pulling a towel around my waist. She'd been having accidents since... well... huh. I mean. It must have been a normal occurrence, right? Yeah. Yeah it felt normal.

"I... what?" I followed him out of the shower, annoyed and frustrated. An accident? **"No I didn't."** He wrapped himself in a towel and left the bathroom and I grabbed a towel out of the closet and rushed after him. **"I did not have an accident! You're just avoiding me! Is this because I cried? Because I was trying to be vulnerable, and you're so annoyingly stoic sometimes. People have emotions, Remy! Remy, are you listening to me?"** We were in our room again and sure enough, in the center of the bed, was a huge wet patch. I didn't understand...

"You had an accident when you were laying on my chest and sleeping." I didn't even need to explain it to her, because confusion aside, she knew what had happened. She knew what she'd done. And I left her in the doorway to think about that while I pulled the sheets back off the bed like I'd done it a thousand times before.

"I... I didn't do that..." But he didn't have to argue with me. After having two other accidents, I knew I was lying. It was me. I'd done that. But I didn't wet the bed! I didn't! But this weekend alone, since Friday, I'd done it three times. I felt tears in my eyes. I shook my head and stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind me.

I didn't chase her, because there was no reason to chase after a girl her age throwing a tantrum, and I had laundry to do. And a mattress to powder.

Which... we owned. We owned baby powder, because Ginger said it was good to have around the house. I guess I'd have to thank her!

I sat on the chair in the living room, across from the kitchen, and covered myself with a blanket. I didn't know what to do. That was my third accident. I thought about Lala's house this morning. What if I'd wet myself there too? I felt tears in my eyes. I never cried, and now I couldn't seem to stop. I wanted to run to Remy to make it all better, but he was the problem. He didn't understand how this felt...

Once the sheets were in the dryer, once the mattress was being soaked up by the powder, I went down the hall to the living room and leaned down over Wendy. In one smooth, clean motion, I pulled my fiancée into my arms and held her against my hip. Just like I'd done it before. Which I had right? Hmm. Regardless, I held her and hugged her.

I curled my face into Remy's neck and let him hold me. He'd carried me before. He took me to bed. He carried me in theme parks. But this was different. This time I was on his hip and he rocked me softly. The worst part? It was working. **"I dunno why this is happening,"** I admitted. **"It keeps happening and I don't understand..."**

"Don't worry about it, it's nothing we can't handle. I think it's pretty cute, actually, it gives me a chance to take care of you and dote over you. I kinda like that, my tiny Frosty girl." It was a weird admission, or I should have felt like it was, but it felt...normal. Honest, sincere, and truthful.

"It's not cute. It's not okay. It's disgusting. It's stupid! It's--" He kissed my forehead and I melted back into Remy's arms. Finally, finally, he put me down on my feet, but they felt shaky and uncertain. Remy patted my head. **"Anything that gives me an excuse to dote over you, Frosty, I am happy about."** But how could he really be happy about it? He was lying, trying to make me feel better. I looked down at my feet in shame. I was supposed to be twenty-two, not two...

"It takes no time at all for me clean it up, and then when you're sad like now, I get to make you a microwave mug brownie with a big scoop of ice-cream. That sounds pretty good, right, Little Frosty?" I used to make mug cakes for her back when we first met.

"...I guess," I said softly, but I didn't look up. Remy left me for the kitchen and I looked up to watch him walking away. He really was doting on me, wasn't he? I looked over at the sofa where, on the ottoman, papers were spread all over. A month ago, he would never have left his work for me, let alone to console me, to help me dress, to take a nap with me, or to shower. And now he was making me a brownie, like when we met? I bit my lip. Maybe... this wasn't so bad. Maybe I could get used to this...

I felt happy. Not like that cheesy kind of photo-smile happy, but pretty content with how things were. She trusted me, and I got to take care of her, and we didn't fight at all. I wish I'd known we could have worked this way years ago; it felt like so many wasted nights of fighting and worrying we could have avoided. Finally, we were happy.

24.)

Sunday night, I wet the bed again, but this time it was before Remy had gone to work. I was visibly upset, but he assured me it was okay. He helped me change out of my wet nightgown and into something suitable for the day. He picked it out - a nice sundress even though the October winds were growing colder. He washed the sheets and went off to work. I watched TV instead of cleaning all morning and was at Ginger's office by noon. I knew the last time we talked had been a little rough, but I was over it.

"Hey girlie, how're you doing?" Ginger was perky with a cup of coffee in her hands and a corporate smile on her lips. Today she was in a suit with a skirt, obviously trying to impress someone higher up. She looked super attractive.

"Oh, uh. Hi." Wow, she cleaned up nice. Ginger always had a homey look about her, the kind of woman you knew would be a sweetheart at the office. But today she looked sharp and direct, the kind of person you didn't want to mess with. It caught me a little off guard. **"I'm alright. I guess. It's Monday."** I went into the office and booted up my computer in the little walk-in closet I worked out of.

"It's Monday and that means it's the best day to get the most work done!" She grinned, handing the girl a new MP3 player with headphones and ruffling her hair playfully. **"The more you do on a Monday, the easier the rest of the week becomes."**

I looked at the little MP3 player with a tilt of my head. Then I remembered the MP3 player Ginger had left outside my front door, and something occurred to me. **"I have things like this at home. Remy uses them for work."** Ginger worked with Remy sometimes, but she was on a different floor. One up. I sat down in my chair and unwound the headphones. **"Is this for the same project? I listen to his all the time."** Though, admittedly... not much recently. **"But it's been a few days."**

"Something like that," Ginger smiled. To be honest, she was so pleased with how things were proceeding, and she didn't need to provide too much in the way of explanations, especially not after today's session.

It was easy to multitask for the first ten minutes. The ocean waves and the wind in the headphones made it easy to work on autopilot. But later that afternoon, I woke up slowly with my head on the keyboard. But when I saw the time on the computer, I panicked. 3:35. I'd been asleep for three hours?! And I barely got any work done! Had Ginger noticed I fell asleep? No, she would have woken me up, right? I got up from my seat and went over to the door. Ginger wasn't even in the room. I exhaled and went back to my seat, starting my work on the data. I was so far behind...

"I got you a sandwich from the sandwich cart." She almost jumped out of her seat when Ginger spoke, but the British woman smiled and waved her hand, sandwich and all. **"Hey don't worry about it, I know you had that fight with Jeremy and all, so I bet you're pretty distracted now, huh? Wanna talk about it?"**

"Oh... uh. I mean..." I looked at the data set and minimized it. I was so far behind, so so so far behind... I couldn't tell Ginger I fell asleep. But I must have looked sleepy. **"Um. Sure. Uh. Why not."** I followed her out of the little closet and into her office, sitting down on the sofa against the wall and unwrapping my sandwich. **"Things are better, I think. At least, they are getting better."**

"Oh, they are? Did he apologize or something?" Ginger reached out and rubbed the girl's thigh with a smile. **"What happened? Tell me, I'm dying to know. You're my two favorite people after all."**

She touched my thigh and I bit my lip. How did I ever think she was into Remy? **"Uh. Well, no, not exactly. We just talked."** Okay, that wasn't true. **"I mean... we... worked it out."** So vague. She'd want more than that. So I sighed. **"I think you were probably right. I think I was over reacting."** I hated to admit that I was taking Ginger's advice, but it was good advice. **"I know it's weird to think he's *actually* my Daddy. I don't think that. But he takes care of me now... I feel so special all the time."**

"Oh wow, is that so?" Ginger didn't have to act surprised, because even though she knew exactly what had happened, to hear it so candidly from her little charge here, so openly, so... plainly and all-but-proudly? That was truly surprising! **"I'm so happy to hear that, Wednesday!"**

"I dunno. It's still weird. But hey, if he wants to help me pick out clothes and make me dinner every night, and if I don't have to clean the house? Why would I argue with that? And he's always paying attention to me. I forgot what that was like." I sighed and smiled, taking a bite of my sandwich. **"Anyway. I think it's probably fine. If he wants to call himself Daddy and do everything for me, more power to him."**

"If he wants to call -himself- Daddy, you know, he'd probably prefer it if *you* called him Daddy, too." Ginger floated that idea as if the daft young girl hadn't already had it on her mind. **"You could wear that cute dress, and be like 'Daddyyyy.... can we go out to get iiiceeee creeeeaaamm?' just like that, and he would absolutely melt like putty in your hands. It would be an excellent way to show him appreciation, too."**

"...you think?" I'd completely overlooked Ginger's over the top baby talk. The gears in my head were turning. Show appreciation... yeah, I wanted to do that. I wanted him to know how much I cared about him and how much I loved everything he did for me. But I had ulterior motives too. Putty in my hands. I smiled widely. **"Alright I'll give it a shot!"**

"There's my girl." My girl. Those words were precise and chosen for a very good and apt reason, and her hand ran through the girl's hair immediately following the praise, an affectionate show of physical bonding. **"You're the cutest little princess, you know that?"**

I smiled shyly up at Ginger and took another bite of my sandwich. A princess. I liked that idea! At the end of the day, I barely had any work done, but I didn't care. My mind was on other things and I still had two days left this week to finish it. I had to rush out ten minutes early to beat Remy home, but I did. I changed into the gingham dress and checked my phone. As long as he didn't get stuck at work, he'd be home any second!

25.)

Recently, things had actually been really good! And I'd come home from work as soon as I was able; no excuses, no reasons to stay, and I was pretty damn pleased when I got there. **"Hey Little Frosty, are you home? You're not here at the door to hug me, I'm worried about you!"**

I came out from the bedroom wearing the gingham dress with blonde hair pulled up in pigtails. I didn't know if he was into that, but I didn't care. I would make him into it! I had been planning what to say since Ginger mentioned it, but when I said it, I was surprised at how natural and simple it felt. **"Hi Daddy... I missed you soooo much!"**

My heart fell through my toes and I felt so many feelings welling up inside of me, feelings I didn't know I had, feelings I didn't know even existed! **"Oh my baby girl..."** I swooped her up in my arms and literally twirled her around right there in the middle of the living room, pulling her in for a cuddle in my arms at the climax of the spin. **"Here comes the kissy monster, baby, watch out!"** I kissed her approximately one hundred times.

...alright so. I didn't expect that. I didn't expect I would have to struggle to walk afterward. I didn't expect his words or his lips to be so powerful. I had to hold his hand so I didn't fall over and I couldn't stop blushing. **"I... w-was**

wondering if you'd come with me?" I tried to lead the way back to our room but I was having trouble walking. His kisses made me feel like Jell-O.

"Oh, and where are we going little one? Are we going on an adventure? Oh, I bet we're going somewhere super exciting, right?" When we got into the bedroom, I sat down on the bed and handily pulled her up into my arms, plopping her down on my lap. **"If we're going on an adventure, you're going to need a horse to get there, I bet."** And with her on my lap, I started to bounce her.

I kissed him. I kissed him fiercely. I pushed him back on the bed and climbed on top of him and ran my hands up his chest. I unbuttoned his shirt and pulled off his tie. I was so aroused. I was so eager. I hadn't cum in weeks and he was right here, and sure this was a little weird, but if it's what he wanted... but the way he looked up at me, the way he kissed me back. I pouted. He wasn't into it? Fine. I'd try hard. **"Please Daddy... please for your little girl...? I'll even keep my dress on..."**

The thing was... I didn't want to have sex with her. I didn't see her that way, not right now. But at the same time, I knew she was an adult, and I knew she wasn't an actual child. So where did that leave me? I put my hand up on her cheek and stroked the warmth with a little smile. **"Keep calling me that, and I'll reward you."** So what if I didn't wanna have sex with her? I thought about her bouncing on my knee a few moments later and got an idea...

I grinned widely. So Ginger was right after all! **"Please Daddy... you're all I want. Daddy, please kiss me, please make me your little girl..."** I knew a few things about dominance and submissiveness. Lala talked endlessly about all the junk she'd done, and damn had she done a lot. I was never into it - I liked being an equal to my fiancé. But he wasn't letting me. He wasn't giving me what I wanted, so I had to manipulate him into it. But we would both win in the end, I was sure of it!

I pushed her back up and pulled her down on my knee, legs akimbo, and began to bounce her. **"Who's little girl are you, Wendy? Who's little baby girl are you? Tell Daddy who you are."** I didn't want to fuck her, but I did want to reward her, I really did; she'd been really good. So I bounced her. I bounced her on my knee and I did it hard.

At first I didn't really understand, but after a minute or two of bouncing on Remy's lap, of my body rubbing against his thigh, and the pressure of coming down onto his lap... well, I started to understand a little bit better. It had to have been the weirdest way I had ever gotten off, but I didn't care right now. I was on edge, and he was turning me on. In a weird, backwards way... the things he was asking me? They... they weren't really that weird. And if I answered, I'd get more. **"D-Daddy... y-you're Daddy. I'm your little girl..."** Some part of me knew that was strange to say, but that part of me was down for a nap. In that moment, I think even I wanted to be his little girl.

Her breathing was deep at first, but shallowed out pretty quickly, and I could feel the dampness of her panties through my work pants, I could feel that she was getting wetter as she spoke, I could tell she wanted it. And she'd been such a good girl, she'd been so well behaved, she deserved a reward, right?

He was a fast learner and I was easy. I knew how to move and he knew when I liked something. We'd been together for years - these feelings came easy to us. But no matter how much I pushed against him, I couldn't bring myself to orgasm. And I was so desperate. This wouldn't work. I needed more. I needed him... **"Daddy..."** Beg him? Plead? It was humiliating. It was so unlike me. But right now, I just didn't care. **"Daddy please fuck me... lay me down on my back and fuck me Daddy please..."**

I didn't now why I objected to her swearing like that. She was never the most clean-spoken girl in the first place, but something about it... something about that, about her swearing... I was so disappointed. **"Wednesday! You will not use such disgusting language!"** I'd stopped bouncing her, I'd stopped fully, and I was seething! I pulled her up under the arms and shoved her down on her stomach, pulled her dress up... and then started to spank her behind.

...what? I just stared at him, and the next second, my face was pushed into the bedsheets. The dress came up, showing the seat of my panties and the damp crotch. What just happened? He liked that stuff! He liked when I was crass in bed. It was like, the one weird thing we did! But then, all of a

sudden, his hand came down on my ass and I yelped in surprise. And what was worse: it hurt! Was this... was this part of his Daddy thing?

"I will not have my little princess using such foul, disgusting language!" I'd never spanked her before. Never ever. And certainly not in a way that was actual punishment, not like this! But it upset me, it disappointed me, it infuriated me... how could she speak like that?!

Okay, this wasn't fun. Actually, it was annoying. After the first three spankings, I was done playing. I didn't care about the sex anymore. This was humiliating. This was degrading! And I was twenty-two fucking years old! I was his fiancée, not his child! **"Remy! Stop it now! Let me up!"** But he spanked me again. **"Remy! I'm not play--"** Again. I winced. **"R-Remy, let me--"** Again. I whimpered and wiggled on his lap. **"It hurts..."**

"And hearing you talk that way hurts me, too, and I thought you were better than that, little lady. I thought Daddy's feelings mattered to you. I am so disappointed in you, Frosty." I finished out ten spankings, pausing to breathe.

I ached. It wasn't fun. I wasn't enjoying this. I wiggled and shuffled to get off his lap, but he held me in place. **"Remy... stop. Stop this right now. I don't want to play anymore. I don't like this anymore. You don't have any right to do this to me and you know it! I'm your fiancée!"** He knew this was a game, right? He knew this was fake, right?

"I'm going out." I got up off the bed and left her there, my hand aching. I didn't even know why I was upset. She'd sworn all the time! And just this once I was pissy about it? Fuck if I understood. I closed the bedroom door behind me, still in my work clothes, and left.

This was a turning point in my life. It's like one of those stories where you're driving a car and you have to pick which way to turn: left to a job interview, or right to your lover's front door. One decision that will change everything. This was that moment. I had my phone in my hand, shivering on the bed and brushing tears off my cheeks. My thumb hovered between two contacts. Lala, who would validate me. She would be furious. He hit me! He spanked me! She would help me see it was wrong. Or Ginger, who would comfort me. She would talk kindly. She would explain it. She

would help me make things better with Remy. I wiped the last of my tears away and made my decision.

26.)

"How does it make you feel?" Ginger had come and picked up her little project upon receipt of the call, and taken her home. Home being Ginger's house. Home being an immaculate apartment that Ginger referred to as her flat, adorned in decor from all around the world, but ever-tasteful. The tea set was Chinese, the tea inside? English, and the kotatsu she'd sat the girl down at was decidedly Japanese.

Her place was weird. But right now I didn't care about furniture. I sat under the blanket table and sipped the cup of tea. I was over my crying spell - I was feeling sick and uncomfortable. I was feeling stupid. I didn't know what to feel... **"I just... I don't understand what I did wrong. He said I used disgusting language... because I swore? He loves that stuff..."** I bit my lip. Dirty talk had always been his thing. I was actually pretty good at it over the years...

"Well, sometimes people change over time. Sometimes... there are circumstances. Like, if I were to dress up as a proper English Maid for some curious boy or girl, I'm sure that they wouldn't want to hear me talking in a way that didn't match up to that, would they? Wouldn't it ruin the moment?" Ginger was remarkably good at making points like that.

"I don't understand," I said quietly, looking at her with a pout. Talking different? Like a different language? But then there was something else she said that was interesting. Other than the 'dressing up like a maid' thing, which I thought was much sexier than dressing up like a kid. **"You said boy or girl? So you...?"** Obviously she was gay. Or bi. Or something. Because she liked me!

"Let's keep the focus on you for now, Wednesday," Coyly, she smiled and sipped her tea. **"It's all about congruence, it's about what fits. Perhaps Jeremy likes you to talk filthy sometimes, but when he's**

playing Daddy, he wants you to fit his image of you in that context. You don't think he'd want his little princess to be cursing, do you?"

"Oh." Hm... well I guess she had a point, didn't she? I bit my lip and looked down into my tea. So I had to do more than dress like a little girl - I had to act like one? I really didn't understand how any of that was supposed to be sexy though. I wished Remy would just talk to me about it! We always talked about everything. But for over a week now, it felt like we couldn't discuss things anymore. Like he made the decisions. It wasn't so bad, but at times like this... it really could be annoying. **"He shouldn't have spanked me."**

"I think it's easy to jump to that conclusion, because you're an adult woman and he's your husband to be." There was always a but, tho. **"But in the context of you being his little girl, don't you think maybe, just maybe, and only in that context, that it may have been appropriate?"**

"It wasn't fair! And I didn't say he could. And it hurt! And..." I shuffled awkwardly in place under the warm blanket. I suddenly wasn't so thirsty anymore. **"He just stormed out, like... like I'd messed up. But he didn't even talk to me! And he won't tell me what he wants, so how am I supposed to know? I messed up but I didn't even know!"**

"Well, communicating is important. Let's see... you and he had the dispute when you were being his little girl, so maybe you should approach it in that context? I have some colored pencils, maybe you could draw him something cute, and write a little note that says how sorry you are for disappointing him?" Somehow Ginger made the notion of all that sound completely normal.

"...that sounds stupid," I said more to myself than to Ginger. **"I'll go get some in case you change your mind,"** she told me, and got up from the table. Honestly, I didn't understand any of this. I didn't know why it was sexy that I acted like a kid? Was he into kids or something? No, Remy wasn't like that. But he always did want kids... when Ginger came back, she put down a coloring book in front of me. I finished my tea. **"Um. Do you understand this dressing like a kid thing? And acting like one? I just think... maybe he should see a therapist or something?"** Oh wait,

wasn't Ginger a therapist? **"I mean, you know psychology and stuff, right?"**

"I am, yes." She chuckled a little bit under her breath as she sat back down. **"There's nothing harmful about what he likes, and it's actually a very common dynamic. Polled in 2011, women in the US listed Daddy-play as a Top 10 fantasy interest almost consistently. So you're pretty lucky, wouldn't you say?"**

"I guess so..." I didn't even know if she was telling the truth, but I sort of believed her anyway. I picked up a crayon and started to color because I had nothing else to do anyway. **"So it's normal? Does it mean he finds kids sexy? Or what? I don't really understand..."**

"It's not really the same thing. You're an adult, and he knows that. You aren't a child. But it's exciting for men to have so much control. It manifests differently in different people: sometimes bondage, or treating girls as pets. Sometimes as children. It has nothing to do with real kids. And haven't you been better off?"

"Hardly," I said flatly, a little annoyed. **"I haven't had..."** I looked up at Ginger and felt a little blush on my cheeks. Jeez, I couldn't believe I was about to talk to Ginger about my sex life... **"It's been like... almost three weeks since..."** I really didn't want to talk about this, though. Since our talk at the sex shop, this line of conversation hadn't come up.

"Well, how has the little surprise I got you been?" When Wendy looked at her blankly, Ginger frowned and sighed. **"You did look in your top drawer, right? I got you something to help with your issues."** Actually, it would probably benefit more when Jeremy had introduced Wendy to her new undergarments, but it would be pretty fun even before that.

"...what are you talking about?" "From the adult shop, Wendy?" I stared blankly at her. **"The... dress?"** But she sighed, dismissively. I blushed. **"I really have no idea what you're talking about!"** A surprise? I had gone in my top drawer to get some underwear this morning, but I wasn't paying attention.

"Look... you're exploring something new with Remy, and that's going to take some time, it's going to take some... adjusting. So I got you something to help you out, sometimes to take the edge off your..."
Slutty neediness, maybe?

And then I remembered the conversation we'd had in the store, about how I didn't own any sex toys. My blush deepened and I slammed my crayon down on the table. **"I don't need one of those! I have a fiancé! And it's his responsibility to make sure I'm satisfied, or he doesn't get satisfied! That's how it works!"** That was how it has always worked! **"I don't need a toy!"**

"That's how it works?" Ginger smiled thoughtfully. **"So it sounds like you hold all the cards, then? I wonder if that's very in line with the fantasy notions Jeremy has about you being his little girl. Shouldn't Daddy hold the cards? Isn't that more fun?"**

"I..." I hesitated and shook my head, crossing my arms over my chest. **"I don't have the cards! We both have the cards... we just... we have balance. That's fair! That's how it's supposed to be!"** Right? The fact that she called Remy Daddy in common conversation didn't even register. **"I'm just trying to keep things fair..."**

"Fair doesn't have to mean symmetrical, though, does it? You do as you're told by your Daddy, and in return, he takes care of you, he makes time for you, he makes the bad things in your life go away. He offers you safety and security, and you offer him beauty and obedience. That sounds pretty fair to me, doesn't it sound fair to you?" Leading questions were certainly a strong suit here.

"I... I don't want to talk about this anymore," I said quietly, picking up my crayon again. I was so annoyed. I was annoyed because... well, because she was making sense. I hated that. I hated it! **"I'm not using your stupid sex toy,"** I said as a finishing thought and changed the subject. **"So you're bi?"**

27.)

"I'm not bi." Which was the truth, because bisexuality was a pretty limited concept of strict definition, and Ginger didn't see herself falling under that very narrow umbrella. **"Why do you ask? Do you have a crush on me, Wednesday?"**

I blinked, completely taken aback by the question. What? Did I have a crush on her? I looked up at her with my mouth open, in shock, and shook my head very quickly. **"Of course not! You just said, if... a boy or a girl, so..."** I knew she had a crush on me! Was she lying to me now? **"Then are you gay?" "Nope."** I pouted. She was lying to me, I knew she was. That was so annoying.

"You seem awfully fixated on my sexuality, Wendy, are you sure you're not casing me? I am single and available, but you're in a pretty committed relationship. And I'm not sure a Mommy would be as appealing to you as a Daddy." Mommy. A swirly, messy, emotional word.

I stared at her, then darted my eyes back down to the coloring. I felt a little queasy, but mostly I felt... butterflies. Like when I was with Remy. I closed my eyes tight and shook my head. Wow... um... **"Y-you know what? Nevermind. I don't care. I was just asking. Forget it..."**

"I don't mind talking about it, Wendy, I really don't." She reached across the table and put her hand on her friends, squeezing it reassuringly. **"Hey now, look into my eyes, okay? You're safe with me, and you feel that, don't you? You feel safe with me?"**

I looked up at her, then down again. She was the one that was acting weird, not me! She was the one that was lying and then saying I had a crush on her! But the frustration didn't feel the same. I wasn't angry. I was nervous. I tried to collect myself. **"I don't care who you like or whatever... or what gender you like. Just like whoever you want. But you don't have to hide it either."**

"I have nothing to hide, Wendy." Her hand squeezed the girl's and smiled. **"You're blushing, you know? I wonder if the idea of calling me**

Mommy has woken something up inside that pretty little head of yours?"

"**Shut up,**" I said flatly and took my hand back. "**You're really annoying you know that?**" But she wasn't put off by my comment. She just smiled. For the next hour, Ginger did something on her phone and I colored. In the end, I took her advice. I wrote sorry on the paper and signed it - Frosty. I wasn't home until late that night, after 10pm. Ginger drove me, but no more talk about her sexuality or sex toys came up. I think she knew she hit my bullshit limit for the day. The reprieve was nice. But when I got home, Remy still wasn't there. Where was he...?

"I'll come in and wait with you until he gets home, I'm sure he's not far off. " It was more like a statement than an offer or a question, though. Curiously, Ginger didn't actually know where he was; but he was probably at work. That's how he calmed down.

I sat on the edge of the sofa and kicked my feet. Ginger sat beside me. I had the colored drawing in my hands. Everything was where I had left it. So that meant he hadn't been home. But it was a Monday night! He had already come home from work! There was no way he was busy. Was he drinking? My hands clenched around the paper, frustration building inside me.

"Now, hey, listen." Her accent was always so somehow calming. "**There's no reason to get worked up, Wendy, he's just cooling off. Do you need some help cooling off, too? I have some coolers in the trunk of my car."**

"**I'm fine,**" I said harshly, and I realized I probably wasn't fine. I sighed and put the paper down on the coffee table, looking at the door every few seconds. This was pathetic. I was waiting for him to come home. So fucking pathetic. So I put a show on TV. Whatever. I didn't need to wait up for him. But the hour ticked by. Ginger and I talked about something, but I didn't remember. It was a stressful day. I felt myself nodding off and I put my head on Ginger's shoulder. I was so comfy...

28.)

"Wendy?" I heard. I whimpered and rolled onto my side. **"Wendy, hun..."** It wasn't Remy's voice. It was familiar, though. Very familiar. I was dreaming, I decided. But then I felt a hand shaking me. I pouted and rubbed my eyes. Everything was so dark... **"Huh...?"** Ginger was standing over me with a small, worried smile on her face. I was still on the sofa. Where was Remy...?

"You had an accident, don't worry, though... Mommy is going to get you cleaned up." When Wendy blinked and cocked her head to one side, Ginger repeated herself. **"I said I'm going to get you cleaned up. Come on, up you get, you're not in any trouble, it happens with girls your age."**

"I... what...?" She took me by the hands and helped me sit up, then stand. And I saw. I saw the sofa, wet. This wasn't the first time. Immediately, I was much more awake. Panic rose in my chest. I felt like I was sinking. **"I... I didnt,"** I argued, trying to get in front of this. Ginger was here. Ginger saw. No. No no no no! **"I can do this, just... just go home. Go."**

"Stop." Her tone was both firm and loving; tender in the 'I'll take care of it' kind of way. **"You're going to work yourself up, and I'm not going to let you upset yourself. Now stand over here and be good."** Then something happened, something new. Ginger reached into her pocket and pushed something between Wendys lips, something she'd find immediately familiar and normal, despite never having used it before: a blue binky.

I felt the pacifier push past my lips, and my fit... subsided. I felt calmer. I felt heavy. I sucked softly on the bulb and my breathing started to slow. I didn't understand, not really. The pacifier... it was big. Bigger than I expected. Bigger than a real pacifier. Was it real? Was I dreaming? The next thing I knew, I was in my bedroom and Ginger had taken my top off over my head. I swatted her hands away and the pacifier fell from my mouth. Ten minutes had passed and it felt like it had only been a moment. **"Stop,"** I said, with all the force of sleeping kitten.

"Be good." Like she hadn't said a word in protest, like it didn't matter at all in-fact, Ginger snatched the pacifier back up and pressed it between her

charge's lips, then kissed her on the nose. **"If you make a fuss, Daddy might come home before I have you cleaned up and re-dressed, so don't make a fuss. Am I clear?"**

It was all a dream. It had to have been a dream. Right? The next morning, the sofa was dry. The house was ordinary. I was in my pajamas, the ones I usually wore to bed, even though I thought I fell asleep on the couch. And Remy still wasn't home. And notably, neither was Ginger. I looked everywhere for any sign of what had happened, but I couldn't prove it, not for sure. I checked the time. Remy would be at work, wouldn't he? Today was my day off. Would Remy come home from work today? I sent a text around lunch time. "Miss you. Come home soon."

"Miss you, too, little one." Came back the reply, and fairly quickly as well. But despite her best efforts, despite her best attempts, she got no more replies after that. In-fact, she didn't hear from me until I got home later in the evening, just after dinner. I was still pretty sour at her for what she'd done, but we also hadn't yet talked about it.

I ate alone. I hated it. I hated that I just sat around and waited for him, but what else could I do? Lala was working. I sent a text to Ginger - "Hey so what happened yesterday? When did you leave?" - but I hadn't gotten a reply. But the second Remy came in through the door - after seven - I jumped up from the sofa and snatched up the coloring I'd done. **"Hi! Welcome home!"**

There was a bubbiness to her mood, a cheerful, happy excitement, and it was hard to be sour when she ran up to me and threw her arms around me like a little girl, cuddling tight as could be. I put my bag down and put one arm behind her and the other on her butt, and then lifted her up into my arms. **"There's my princess."**

Oh. Uh. Okay... I mean. Remy was pretty strong and he was obviously a lot bigger than me. But I hadn't been picked up like that since... maybe since I was drunk at Lala's birthday last year. But it... well, it felt alright. Sort of nice. He finally let me down and I handed him the drawing. **"I'm sorry about... swearing. I still don't understand all the rules of this new... thing you like. So I'm... I'm trying. Maybe we could talk about it?"**

I looked at the colored picture, creased like it had been carried around for a long time by a child, with the note written on it. And my heart just about melted. **"Absolutely. Let me put this on the fridge, Little Frosty, and we'll talk. I'm really proud of you, and this was so sweet. This was exactly what I wanted to see."** Gosh she was cute...

29.)

Both of us had eaten. He had dinner at his office and I ordered Chinese. I sat across from him, on a chair closer to the TV, and he sat on the sofa where I'd been in my dream. I was nervous. I didn't know what to expect... but I had to start with the obvious. **"You didn't come home last night... where were you?"**

"Ah, I went back to work, and fell asleep on my desk I'm afraid. I hadn't meant to stay out all night, little one, I'm sorry to have worried you. Do you want to talk about what happened? About why I was cross with you?" I used the kind of words Ginger would use.

Cross. He'd never said that word before, not like that. But it seemed to go over my head. **"Um. No, I think I understand. We were doing your... thing you like. And I guess it's more than just the clothes, right? It's like... I have to act like I'm a kid?"** But I still didn't understand. I sighed. Maybe I did need an explanation. **"I don't get it, Remy. I don't know why you like that stuff. Do you think... kids are sexy? Or..."**

"You know the answer to that." I replied, almost as though I were scolding her. Maybe I was. **"And you should know better than to think that of me."** Why did I like it, then? **"I like it because I do, and that's enough for me. Seeing you small, and dependent on me, it makes me feel... warm. Not like arousal directly, but similar. When you gave me that coloring in page when I got home? That felt better than finishing does, little Frosty, do you understand?"**

"No," I said honestly. I had no idea what he was talking about. **"So what does any of that have to do with acting like a kid?" "Kids are... dependent. They need someone." "So?" "So I like feeling needed." "I**

make you feel needed." He laughed a little bit and I crossed my arms in frustration. "I do!"

"Yeah, you do? So when you have accidents, you're happy to let me take care of you? Or how about giving you baths? How about trusting me to help you stay dry at night? You've been asking me what you should wear a lot more, and that's a really good effort and direction, Frosty, but I know you can do more. I know deep down you want it, too. You want to be dependent on me, you want to need Daddy." Huh. I didn't expect to gush like that.

"I..." I didn't know what to say. I didn't know how to explain this to him. But in a way, he was right. In a weird, messed up way... "Listen. I... I enjoy how things have been the past few weeks. Going on dates. Going to the movies. Getting ice cream. You're cleaning the house and making me meals and you're always home for dinner..." I sighed and looked down at my feet. "So I like it. Depending on you. It means you're actually around... and that is so wonderful..."

"And I want more..." I reached across the table and took her hand. "I want to dress you up cute and bring you to work, buy you some legos and watch you build them all morning in the corner of my office. I want to pick you out things, I want you to trust me to make your decisions. I don't want kids, I want you. I want you, my little Frosty."

Kids had always been a sensitive topic for us. I never really wanted them, but I knew Remy did. I finally gave in and said we could have children after we were married for a few years, but we both knew I was making a compromise. For him. If he really didn't want kids, if he just wanted to take care of me like one... this opportunity seemed too good to pass up.

"Alright," I said quietly. "Okay..."

"You need to trust me, little Frosty. I want this, and I know you want it, too. So just... think about... trusting me, and being the best little girl you can be. And little girls don't curse, do they? They don't beg for wanton things, right? They just enjoy being bounced on Daddy's lap." And I had been giving her arousal, anyway!

"Wanton...?" I looked at him strangely. I felt like I heard the word before, but I couldn't remember where. **"I don't know what that means." "...uh. Perverted." "Oh."** I didn't understand, though. What did he mean by that? **"I understand the swearing thing, but... I mean, I am an adult. Like... we can still have sex. Right?"** Obviously. I mean. This wasn't a 100% of the time thing. It was just a sometimes thing...

"It's different." Maybe it was better not to explain it to her, maybe it was better to show her. I just couldn't think about how to demonstrate adequately to her the ideas I had in my head. Hm. **"You're a good girl, and you're innocent, you're beautiful... sometimes I want to be lewd with you, sometimes I don't. Sometimes I just want to see your pretty eyes looking up at me while I play with your hair and you go down on me. It's different."**

"But what about me?" I said with a pout. I had my arms crossed over my chest. **"We haven't had sex in almost three weeks, and... well I am sort of needy you know! And every time I try something always comes up and..."** I looked at my feet. Sex talk wasn't really something I was good at. I learned how to talk dirty over the years because Remy was into that, but I was a very conventional person when it came to sex.

"Well be sweet, and innocent, and coy. Appeal to my sense of Daddy...ness, I guess. Make yourself irresistible, while being innocent and sweet. And I'll have no choice but to pick you up and pin you to the shower wall..." Wow, I was getting warm under the collar there, huh?

"But I don't know how to do that!" This was stupid. He wanted to make my decisions but he wanted me to manipulate sex out of him? I just wanted to get laid! Like, once a week! Is it that hard? **"Listen. I'll do this... dependent thing. But I want something too. I want you. And me. Like we used to! Right now. And every week. Deal?"** See, fairness! Ginger didn't know what she was talking about.

I'd gone over around the table and I picked her up and I put my lips on hers and pushed her back against the fridge, still suspended in my arms. And I whispered in her ear. **"When Daddy wants you to have cummies, hunny, you'll have them. But you don't choose when that is, because you're**

my little girl. You're my little baby princess, and you're mine, and I'm charge. Say it back to me, say Daddy's the Boss."

It had been way too long. Honestly. Yesterday I was willing to put on that stupid dress and call him Daddy just to get some. I didn't care what he wanted. As long as he had his lips on mine. **"Daddy's the boss,"** I mumbled as he kissed me again. I had never been kissed like this before, suspended, with my back to something. It was... very interesting.

30.)

It was time, it was time to do what I should have done a week ago, when I'd thought about it. When the bedwetting had started. I was going to dress her in something very special, very... age appropriate. I carried her from the kitchen to the bedroom, and I sat her on the counter in our private bathroom, sat her up there like an actual child. **"You've had some trouble keeping the bed dry, little one. It's been hard to stop from having accidents, isn't it? Yes Daddy, that's the answer. Say it for me."**

I stared at him for a second, a quiet second, before answering. **"Yes Daddy,"** I mumbled. Why had he brought that up? I wanted to have sex and the bedwetting was the least sexy thing I could think of. I kicked my feet and leaned in for another kiss, but Da- er... Remy had already stepped away. I pouted. **"Can we talk about something else?"**

"If you question me again, young lady, there'll be no cummies for you tonight." I took her by the chin. **"Am I clear?"** I felt... fuzzy in my head, warm and pleasant, and I leaned down to open the counter beneath where she was sitting. She wasn't going to like it, not when I stood up with the pull-up in my hand, but arguing or questioning me would be her giving up her chances of finishing.

He fumbled around beneath the sink, then stood up with something in his hand. A cloth? Or something. It looked sort of like one of my pads. But when he started to unfold it, I recognized what it was. A pull-up. A *children's* pull-up no less, with butterfly designs all over it. **"Ohhhh no no no no!"** I slid down off the counter and regretted it. Remy was a lot taller

when I was on my feet. **"I am not wearing that, and I am not a baby. There is zero chance. You're being an idiot."**

"And you're not going to get cummies tonight." I ruffled her hair nonchalantly, and walked out of the bathroom. If I were right, if I were reading the situation correctly, she'd chase after me and do just about anything to undo what she'd just done.

I opened my mouth in frustration, but Remy had already walked out of the bathroom. I exhaled sharply and stormed after him, into our bedroom. **"Remy! You are being stupid! I am twenty-two years old - I don't need a goddamn diaper and you know it!" "If you want cummies--"** **"And stop calling it that! I am trying to do your stupid little kid fetish thing and you're treating me like..."** Like a little kid? No. It was more than that. **"You're being... disrespectful. I'm your fiancée. I'm your future wife Remy! And I'll play make believe if you want but I am not a child!"**

I watched her rant, and I let her get everything out that she wanted to say, smiling a little bit like a patient parent, with my arms crossed, before I raised my eyebrows. **"Are you done?"** She was being such a brat, but I kinda liked that right now...

"Forget this," I mumbled under my breath and turned to walk out, but Remy grabbed me by the wrist and pushed me up against the wall. I felt my feet lift up off the ground and his lips crash on mine. Again, and again, and again. I wrapped my legs around him and started to move my hips, only to be dropped to the floor again. I was so out of breath...

"Daddy asked you a question, little Frosty. Are you done with your temper tantrum now? Are you going to be a good girl, or do I need to wait a little longer? I don't mind waiting, maybe I'll go take a shower and leave you out here all on your own." I had all this confidence in my tone, the likes of which would usually have made her so annoyed. But now she was just blushing...

"I... I'm not wearing that. I'm having... trouble. And you said... you said it was fine. You said you didn't mind cleaning up..." His lips were close to mine. His breath brushed my forehead. I was having trouble

thinking. **"You said you didn't mind, so why... I shouldn't have to. And I'm not..."** I wasn't sure why, but the bedwetting didn't seem like an issue anymore. Sure, it happened. But Remy cleaned it up. He *wanted* to clean it up. He wanted to take care of me, didn't he?

"Because I want you to tug on my sleeve on the way to work, I want you to look down shyly, swing from foot to foot with your sleeves just a little too long and hanging over your hands, and mumble that you need to be changed. I want you to depend on me, I want you to sit on my lap when we go to the movies and get too worked up to remember to go to the bathroom... I think when you have your accidents... I think that's so cute, Frosty..." Yup. I just admitted that.

...oh. Well. Alright. This was officially weird. I mean, it was weird before. But it was weirder now. It was a lot weirder. I looked at the pull-up on the bed, where Remy had left it, and then at my feet. **"I don't wanna do that,"** I mumbled. **"It's gross, and--" "Any worse than waking up in wet sheets?"** I pouted. Damn it... **"I just..." "Why are you so against it?" "Because. I'm twenty-two." "But you're okay wetting the bed?" "Well, no, I just..."**

"But you like it, don't you? Like it when I take care of you, clean you up, soothe you, bake you garlic bread and put some juice in a little lidded cup while I tend to it? There's no real difference, Frosty. it's just another way you can need me, and depend on me... don't you want to be able to give me more?"

"...I wanna have sex," I said plainly, annoyed, but... embarrassed. Embarrassed because I was considering it. Because, I guess, it was better than waking up in a wet bed. Ugh... **"Bedtime only... only until I stop having accidents. And no one ever knows! And never outside of this bedroom! And... and sex. Right now."** Selling my soul for Remy's dick. Ugh, I was so desperate...

The thing is? I would have given her that deal, too, if both my work phones didn't start ringing at once. She looked at me desperately, needy, and I leaned in and kissed her forehead. **"You know I have to get that, Frosty. I'll be right back."**

I sat on the edge of the bed for fifteen minutes, staring awkwardly at the pull-up next to me. It was so stupid. So childish. But it was just like any other underwear, wasn't it? And adults have bedwetting trouble too, don't they? They make adult diapers. Better to be in a pull-up than a diaper, I reminded myself. After fifteen minutes, I was annoyed. I went out to the living room to find Remy, but he was on his computer in the den. Damn it. I waved to try to get his attention, but he put a finger up at me. I sulked back to the bedroom, feeling dejected. I was so turned on. I was going to start wearing pull-ups to bed and I was *still* so turned on! Then I looked over at my dresser and I thought about what Ginger had said. How she left me a present. I bit my lip. Remy would be busy for hours at this rate...

31.)

I didn't recognize the wand massager on the bed when I finally finished my work and went to go lay down, but it seemed like my fiancée was already long asleep... and her skirt was hiked up, and her panties were around her knees. Huh. Predictably, the bed was damp beneath her bottom, too.

"Frosty..."

"Mm...." I was having a very, very, very nice dream. My head was swimming even as Remy shook me awake. I looked up at him with a wide smile. He was in my dream. Oh boy, he was the star of it. I leaned up to kiss him, but he stopped me short. I didn't realize why.

"You laid down and went to sleep just after our talk, and you didn't dress properly?" My fiancée was dazed when she looked up at me, but came to her senses pretty quickly when I took her hand and pressed it to the dampness of our sheets. I think I might have realized at that stage that it wasn't pee, but arousal, staining the sheets, but it didn't matter at this point. **"You're in big trouble, little girl, you disappointed Daddy a lot."**

"...huh?" I looked down between my legs. The bed was wet. But the patch was so small. When I saw my panties at my ankles and the vibrating toy on the side of the bed, I remembered. I touched myself. I used a vibrator. Ugh, I hadn't masturbated since I was like, fifteen. This was his fault! **"I'm not in trouble - I didn't have an accident."**

"Oh you didn't? So you soaked the sheets intentionally then? Was that it? Was it just to get Daddy's attention, I wonder?" Stern were my words, but my touches were soft. **"Maybe you have a condition?"**

...I had absolutely no idea what he was talking about. His fingers ran up between my legs, against my thigh. I pushed his hand away. **"This is your fault if anything. You have an obligation as my fiancé you know? And you always take your work calls. You want me to be dependent, but you aren't very dependable."** I pushed him off me and got up off the bed. It was just past nine.

"You're right." I guess she didn't expect that, because she froze in her place. **"I should be more dependable for you, if I want you to trust me. This is a learning experience for us both, right?"** I could have pushed her to get my way, but it seemed right to talk about it.

Alright... so I didn't expect that. Remy wasn't usually the type to admit his mistakes, at least not right away. I hesitated at the edge of the bed, looking over at him with skepticism. The spot on the bed was barely wet anymore and my panties were on the floor at my feet. **"Yeah,"** I agreed. **"A learning experience..."** It almost sounded like he was treating me like an equal again.

I picked her up, naked from the waist down, and I carried her wordlessly into the bathroom where I put her down on the counter and then began to draw a bath. This time when I leaned under the counter beneath her, it was to fish out the bubble bath we kept for when my niece would come to visit, and I squirted a good deal of that into the running water before putting it back in its place. I still hadn't said a word.

"...I'm sorry. About taking care of things on my own." I wasn't sure if Remy was actually upset or not about that. In all our time together, I'd never touched myself. Not once. Remy on the other hand, probably had. Guys did it more than girls, didn't they? I guess, in retrospect, it didn't upset me if he masturbated. So why should he be upset if I did? But it still felt weird. It felt weird because it was new.

"You should have asked permission, and you should have worn one of your Goodnites." Lecturing tone, not angry tone. **"Next time, you'll do both of those things because you're a good girl."** I began to undress her right there, sitting on the edge of the countertop, as the water filled the tub.

"If I'm asking permission, you might as well do it yourself," I said plainly, a little annoyed with him for the suggestion. **"And I'm not touching myself in a pull-up. If you want to decide how I cum, then you can make me cum yourself."** Strong words from a girl who had masturbated for the first time in seven years.

"We'll put away those absolutes and demands, little Frosty, or you'll get yourself in more trouble. Daddy knows best here, and you're going to listen." Daddy knows best. I didn't even notice her stiffen up at those words, or her blush spread. **"So be good, understand?"** I lifted her up and deposited her into the bubbles.

I shuffled down into the bubbles. This whole part of things: him bathing me, dressing me, taking care of me... it was normal now. Like this was always how it had been. It felt natural. And as he worked the shampoo into my hair, I started to relax into the water. It was very soothing...

32.)

We didn't talk much, not deep conversation anyway; I told her how pretty she was, how proud I was of her, how perfect a little girl she was and all of that. But it was shallow talk, chit-chat to pass the time before the bath was finished. And when the bath was finished, I was going to put her in a Goodnite and pick out a nightgown for her to wear, and then I was going to sit her on my lap and brush her hair. This was our normal now, somehow.

"You didn't follow your end of the bargain," I said flatly as he held out the pull-up, opened and at my feet. **"Part of it was having sex. We didn't have sex."** **"Would you rather wet the bed?" "Than wear a diaper?"** **"They aren't diapers - they are Goodnites."** **"Whatever. I don't want to wear it."**

"Come on now, Daddy knows best, don't be difficult, because difficult girls miss out on sitting on Daddy's lap and having their hair brushed. You don't want to miss out now, do you, princess? Maybe some other little girl wants to sit in my lap even more, and I bet she'd wear her special undies..."

I pouted. Princess. Daddy knows best. Some other girl? I shook my head and took a step forward, putting my foot, then the other, inside the pull-up. Remy pulled it up between my legs and I felt my face get hot. Oh, this was so humiliating... **"I want my pajamas now,"** I muttered.

"Daddy has something in mind." My grandmother had gotten it for her for our first Christmas together, an exaggeratedly cute nightgown with a strawberry on the chest and ruffled over-the-top detailing on the shoulder straps, in pink and red, with ruffles at the bottom hem.

"I don't want to wear that." My arms were crossed over my bare chest, looking at the horrible nightgown and then at my feet. **"I thought we threw that thing out."** **"It was from my grandma."** **"So? It's ugly."** **"It's cute."** **"It looks like she got it on some frilly boy-in-girls-clothes fetish website."** I only knew so much because of Lala.

"Try it on, I think it's cute and it'll look cute on you too, don't I always guide you in the right direction with clothes, Frosty?" Truthfully, I'd been picking her outfits out now for a while, as long as I could remember. **"And I don't want you looking at lewd websites at your age."**

"I am twenty-two." But he didn't seem to care. He was right about the clothes - he'd been picking out my outfits for over a week now. I raised my arms and Remy pulled the nightgown down over my head. It looked just as stupid as I thought it would - in the mirror on the closet door, I saw my reflection. Frilly, stupid... babyish. Not even childish. Downright infantile. And my cheeks were as red as the strawberries on the dress.

While she was blushing, I was positively beaming! Like a proud as punch father, honestly. **"Oh my little strawberry Frosty, thank you for wearing that, you look more beautiful than you ever ever have before, and I do**

not want to share you with anybody else, not when you look this fricking cute."

"Whatever," I mumbled, pulling away from Remy and heading to the bed. My hair was still wet, but I didn't care. I just wanted to cover up and sleep and pretend none of this was happening. Maybe I'd wake up dry in the morning and I wouldn't have to wear these stupid pull-ups anymore.

"Where are you going?" She didn't want to answer me, because she was in a puffy huffy mood, but I wasn't ready to be ignored either. "Don't you want Daddy to brush your hair and put it up? It'll be all sorts of tangles in the morning if you lay down like that."

"I'm tired," I told Remy, but he sat down next to me on the bed, running his fingers along my back. "Why are you fighting this?" he asked. "You admitted earlier today that you wanted it too. You want me to take care of you. You want to be dependent on me. And I'm trying to be more dependable, like you said." I didn't answer, but he got me thinking. I did want this, didn't I? Why was I being such a jerk?

"If you don't want me to push you, I won't, but I think sometimes you need to be pushed a little, don't you? You want this, too, but you'd never have admitted it without putting your faith in me and letting me push you a little. And I think you know how cute you look right now, but you're being contrary, aren't you? Can you tell me why that is?"

"Contrary?" "You're being difficult," he explained. Honestly, I had never needed to ask about his word choice before, but today I'd had to do it twice. It made me feel... well, a little dumb. A little... childish. I sat up and shrugged my shoulders. "I feel stupid. I look stupid. I'm dressed stupid... I know I agreed to do this. I know I want it, sort of. But... looking like this? Why do you even want me to look like this? This isn't sexy! This is... dumb."

"Do you think that? Or is that just what you think you should think? What you think you'd have thought back in school? Because this..." I ran my fingertip under the shoulder strap of the nightgown, "is darling. This is what you would have begged to wear a kid, and I think you know that, don't you?"

"...maybe if I was like, two years old, and understood fashion..." Or didn't understand fashion, I thought. I sighed. "I guess it's sort of cute. It's just... not cute on a twenty-two year old." **"Well you're not twenty-two right now,"** he said simply, like it was the easiest thing in the world. **"You're my little girl, remember?"** **"Right, but I'm still twenty-two. I'm still your fiancée. And... you seeing me like this is just humiliating."**

"Is it humiliating to be seen by your Daddy when you're just a sweet little girl? Wearing this is what gets Daddy's attention, right? I'd say having to wear skimpy low cut tops and short skirts, tacky lingerie... that seems much more humiliating to me, doesn't that sound right?"

"...when you put it that way," I pouted. He was right, wasn't he? Sure this was childish, but if you wanted to talk modesty... but we weren't talking modesty were we? I wanted to be naked with Remy! I wanted to wear less clothes! I wanted to get his attention. But if this was what got his attention...? **"Okay,"** I whispered. **"I'll try..."**

"There's my good girl. Now why don't you go and get your hairbrush so Daddy can fix your hair before bed, alright?" This all felt so... normal. So normal to me, so normal for us. Hadn't we always been this way?

He brushed my hair and hummed a quiet song. I didn't know what it was, but I started to relax. Warm. Easy. When we got into bed together, Remy passed me an MP3 player. I thought about the one from Ginger's office, but this one was a different color. Same model, though. **"It'll help you sleep,"** he told me. And I had taken a nap. So I put the earbuds in and closed my eyes.

33.)

The next minute, I was waking up. The sky was barely lit but the clock said it was morning. 6:25. I could hear the shower from my bedroom. I rolled over to Remy's empty side of the bed and felt a wetness against my skin. Huh? I pulled the blankets away and ran my hands up the sheets. Wet and warm. But the stain on the bed was small. Damn it...

"Don't you worry your little head, Daddy is going to take care of it." I'd found her trying to pull the sheets off the bed when I came out of the bathroom, wrapped only in a towel around my waist. I put my hands on her hips from behind and kissed the back of her ear. **"Hold still."** I reached up under the nightgown and pulled down the Goodnite from underneath, which hit the carpet with a very wet sound.

My cheeks were crimson, but the room was still too dark for him to notice. He made me step out of the pull-up and picked it up, balling it in his hands before taking it out of the room. I stood dumbfounded and humiliated in the center of our bedroom, having just been changed out of a wet pull-up by my fiancé. And suddenly and unexpectedly, I started to cry. I never cried. But I couldn't help it...

Even though it was day time, I dressed her in a new pull-up and held her in my arms. In my head, her fate was already decided: she'd be in these during the day, and in proper diapers at night. Ginger had told me about some cute ones she had, and I didn't question why she did. I would tell her I would be over tonight to get them. **"Shh, Daddy's here, there's no need to cry, little one. There'll be no more leaks soon, I promise."**

I wrapped my arms around my Daddy and cried into his shoulder. I couldn't handle this on my own anymore. I just needed help. I just needed him. I wanted to be taken care of. When I didn't fight, when I let it happen, I was happy. I just wanted to be happy. Remy dressed me in some clothes - something sweet and beautiful from my late high school days - and made me breakfast. I never argued. I never protested. Not until he pulled me by the wrist out of our apartment. **"No no no! Wait, I need to change first!"**

"Are you wet?" At the same time as I asked that, I checked her, too, like I didn't believe her answer regardless. And when I found her dry, I took her hand again. **"We're going to be late for work, babybun, what's the matter?"**

I... he... what... he had pulled me halfway down the hall before I pulled away, complete bewildered, completely furious! **"Wh-who do you think you are?! Y-you can't put your hand up my skirt in public, you idiot!"** Fuck was I blushing. My knees felt like Jell-O. **"You said! You said I**

don't have to wear these in public and I'm not! We agreed! I have work today! No! Absolutely not!" And it wasn't until I was done yelling that I realized exactly how loud I was yelling. I looked around the empty hall in a panic. I was already out of breath.

"Are you done?" I leaned in and put my hand on her cheek, pulled her close to me, and kissed her on the lips. Just like her entire outburst had meant absolutely nothing to me. **"You're happier when you listen, right? Do you remember who knows best? Do you remember what I said about coming to work with me?"**

I did remember. Sitting in the corner, playing with Legos. I shook my head and shoved him away from me. I was so embarrassed. My cheeks were burning. I thought I might have a panic attack! **"I am not going out in this! I am not!"** Now, my screams were hushed, but no less sharp. **"This is humiliating, Daddy!!"** My hands shot up and covered my mouth. No, no, no...

Oh my days she was cute. She was so darling, so precious. I couldn't help myself; right there in the hall I picked her up in my arms and kissed her on the nose, then set her against my hip. **"I'm not ashamed of you, little Frosty, and I know you're not ashamed of me, so there's nothing to be humiliated over. We're going to be late, and if you have one more outburst then I'll have to leave you at home, all on your own. Just like before, do you remember?"**

Alone. Like before. But I'd just called him Daddy. Not on purpose. On accident. And... and I was so torn. I kicked and flailed until he put me down, which didn't take long at all. I shook my head. I couldn't do this, not today. "I... I wanna go home. I wanna go home right now." I took the keys out of his hand and went back down the hall to our apartment. I'd have to call Ginger. I'd have to call in today. I couldn't get my anxiety under control...

34.)

"I'm almost there, don't you worry. Your Daddy called me and let me know you were having a bad day, so I'm going to take care of you today. I'll talk to you soon." Ginger didn't leave much option for argument or complaint, that was for sure.

"I don't need--" But she'd hung up. It was only fifteen minutes after I gave Remy the keys back. I had managed to calm down enough to call Ginger. She still hadn't replied to my text from yesterday. I still wasn't completely sure what happened was a dream. But it had to be a dream! It just had to be. I tore off the pull-up and threw it away, burying it deep in the bottom of the trash can, along with that horrible pink strawberry dress. I shut my bedroom door, where the sheets had been removed from my bed. I changed my clothes, even though the clothes I was wearing were fine. I was a ball of anxiety with Ginger knocked on my door. I didn't want to answer. I couldn't do this right now! I just wanted everyone to leave me alone!

"Come on now, let me in, I know you're in there." Ginger did have her own key, but she really wanted Wednesday to answer the door voluntarily; it would help drive things forward from here. Honestly, she'd expected the girl to breakdown a lot earlier than this, so this wasn't any big deal.

I opened the door. Ginger closed it behind her. I looked up at her with frustration, like I was mad at her or something, but I wasn't. I was just confused. I went back to the kitchen to wash the dishes from breakfast. I was doing anything I could to keep from thinking about last night, thinking about today... **"I don't need you to be here with me,"** I told her simply. **"I can take care of myself."**

"I believe you, you're very independent for a girl your age, and we're all really proud of you." That statement she got away with, but Ginger didn't push. **"Tell me what's going on, let me help you, okay? I'm like a Mom to you recently, so let me help out."**

I slammed the dish down in the sink and the sound of shattering glass rang through the kitchen. Fuck. I hadn't meant to do that... **"It's... everything. It's wrong! It's all wrong! A month ago, all this was normal! Remy wasn't trying to make me dress like a little girl and I didn't call him Daddy and I never fucking wanted to! And now everything is messed up and I..."** I held my hair in my hands. **"It's all wrong. Something is**

wrong. I just don't know what. And it's... it's infuriating me. I'm furious about it!"

"You're furious at the man you love, for entrusting you with his secrets? That doesn't sound like the Wednesday I know now, does it? You're much kinder than that, and much more gentle. Let's finish the dishes later, come sit on the sofa with me, alright? We can play therapist."

"See! You say things like that! And part of me just wants to hit you! I just hate you so much for saying it! And the other part knows you're right! And I don't..." She took my hand and I tugged away from her, on instinct. But when she left the room, so did I. I sat next to her on the sofa, balling my hands in fists in my lap. **"You said I don't sound like the Wednesday you know. Well I don't feel like the Wednesday you know either! I don't... feel... right..."**

"You feel different? Is different a bad thing, would you say? Do you think you feel worse, or just different?" She tapped her chin thoughtfully and waited for a response; she wanted her little project here to dig deep inside of her for answers. And then, any answers that were incorrect would be corrected by Ginger.

I bit my lip and looked up at Ginger. Part of me wanted to climb onto her lap and have her hold me. Part of me wanted her to make it all better. I knew she could. She had a magic power. But there was another part of me and that part was winning out. A part of me that thought... **"I think... this might be your fault,"** I mumbled. **"I don't know how. And I don't know why... but... this is your fault, isn't it?"** I looked up at Ginger in bewilderment, like I didn't believe the things I was saying. But when I said the words, suddenly, I knew they were true. Pieces were coming together. Every mystery of the past month was answered perfectly by her.

"It is, yes, but you won't remember knowing that." Her answer was candid, honest, and bold; she didn't seem surprised at all to have that accusation leveled at her, and truthfully she was actually pretty happy that Wendy had revealed that loose thread so soon for her to hide away. At any point she could click her fingers three times and drop Wendy into a deep as night trance space. At any point she could make her forget this conversation, and her realization.

I stared at her. Blankly. She... admitted it? My mouth was wide open. Shocked. Appalled! But a part of me had always known... **"Y-you... you want... Remy?"** She nodded her head. **"I... I don't understand. I thought you liked me? I... I don't understand any of this."** But I did. She was using me. She was changing me. Was she changing Remy? But how? She couldn't just... wait no. She was a hypnotist. But I never-- the MP3 players. Remy working late. I didn't... I didn't understand just one thing... **"Why...?"**

"Because you're awful for him. You're an awful, selfish, needy person, who doesn't ever put him first. You hold him back; he turned down three promotions because of you. His career is at a standstill because of you. And you're not without potential; you're impulsive, clingy, needy... you need nurturing. You're a child, Wednesday. And as you refused to give him any, it seems fitting to... restructure things."

"...this is about not wanting to have kids?" I was... I was at a complete loss for words. I... **"I said I would... I told him I would! I am not a child! And I'm not awful for him! I love him! And I am not letting you do this to us! I am his fiancée! I am going to be his wife, Ginger! And you are never going to keep us apart you fucked up basketcase!"** I had stood up. I was on my feet without thinking. My phone was in the kitchen, on the counter. I had to tell him. I had to tell Remy. I ran out of the room, but before I could get my phone, Ginger spun me around.

"You're happier this way, Wendy. I'm doing this for you, as well. I promise. I'm not an awful person, and you're not either. You just need some help." She could have clicked her fingers at any time, and still she would, but Ginger honestly wanted to see if any of this had sunk in with her little project.

"I am not happier! And you are an awful person!" I reached for the phone again but she held my hands firmly in front of me. I struggled to pull away but she didn't let go. I kicked at her thighs, but she hardly flinched. I was scared. I was out of breath. **"You. Are. Evil. And you won't win. I'm telling him everything. I'm telling him what you are, what you did to us! He won't ever talk to you again!"**

"Do you think that will make him happy? Or do you think he'll just think you're continuing your tantrum?" Because she wet the bed and leaked, because she refused to leave the house, because she screamed out Daddy in the hall. This was all simple facts that Ginger knew. **"He's happy now, he's happy for the first time. He feels like he knows you, he feels like you love him. Are you going to take that away from him? Will you be so selfish?"**

I opened my mouth to argue, but I shook my head instead. I... I wasn't winning this fight. Everything she said had two sides. A side that made sense and a side that didn't. The side that made sense was fake. It was made up. But it was a very strong side... **"I.. I'm..." "You're Mommy and Daddy's little girl."** My stomach flipped at the words. Butterflies. I struggled in her arms. **"Stop it... stop right now! Let me go!"**

"You love Daddy, and you want him to be happy. You love Mommy, too, and you want to be our little girl. We're going to be a family, Frosty, we're going to be a family and we're going to see the world together, the three of us. You're going to wear the prettiest dresses, and you're going to have all the toys you could ever want. No responsibilities, no worries or cares... just cute clothes and thick padding between your legs... happiness and crayons."

Everything was muddled. I knew it was getting worse. She shouldn't have come. I should never have let her in. I was only now noticing my mistake, but it was too late. She let go of my wrists, but I didn't reach for my phone again. I was shaking. **"Y-you're not gonna get away with this,"** I mumbled quietly. **"I'll tell him.. tell everyone... you'll go to jail, or... or..."**

"You wouldn't want Mommy to go away, would you? Mommy knows best, little Frosty, and you love Mommy, right? You love Mommy." She paused for a moment. **"Say it. Tell me how much you love me, be a good girl. It only makes sense, doesn't it? It makes sense to you, don't fight it."**

Don't fight it. I'm happy when I don't fight it, I remembered. I remembered last night, when I let Daddy take care of me. But no, this was different... this was... I shoved Ginger off me, which took a lot more energy out of me

than I'd ever want to admit. I grabbed my cell phone and opened a text with Remy. "She's manip--"

Ginger clicked her fingers in rhythm, and the phone dropped from the girl's hand, landing on the floor with a sickening crunch. Not to worry, though; girls her age didn't need a phone, right? Her arms were limp, and Ginger spoke very slowly and clearly. **"It's time to let go. You're a little girl, Wendy, you always will be. You want Daddy and Mommy to be happy, you love them more than anything. You obey them both. You're sweet and cute, you never want to change. You wear diapers to bed because you wet the bed every night, and pull-ups the rest of the time because accidents happen. Wendy, you tried to pretend to be an adult, but the game is over now. You'll never try again... you just want Mommy and Daddy to get married, so we can all live happily ever after."**

Intermission:

35.)

"Wednesday, we really need to talk." Friday dinners were common with Ginger, but today she was... upset? Or annoyed? It was hard to tell. Usually Ginger had her emotions under control, but today wasn't the case. So I sat down on the edge of the sofa and looked up at her with her arms crossed. What was going on? **"I checked up on the work you did this week."** Oh no...

"You really need to focus on your work, Wendy, I'm paying you for this and the quality of your work is very..." And here came the word, the word that adults didn't give any power to, but which was the end of the world to children. Or adults on their way to becoming children, rapidly. **"Disappointing."**

"I know! I'm sorry! I..." I looked toward the kitchen, where my fiancé was preparing dinner, and lowered my voice. **"I had trouble staying awake on Monday, because of our fight, remember? And Wednesday..."** I shook

my head. **"I barely even remember Wednesday. But I stayed home sick..."** And today, I'd fallen asleep again. My cheeks went pink.

"I'm not mad, Wednesday." She put one hand on the girl's knee, which was spread ever so slightly from the added bulk of her pull-up, a sensation she didn't consciously notice anymore, and used a very maternal voice. **"I want you to be honest with Gingie, okay? Do you think it's fair to do such a poor job?"**

"I'm sorry, I really am..." I was already in my pajamas. Remy insisted I change before dinner, even though I knew Ginger was coming over. She took a seat beside me and rested her hand on my knee, giving me a look I didn't like. Nervousness, or... or disappointment? I didn't like that I'd disappointed her... **"I'm gonna try twice as hard next week, I swear. I'll work an extra day to catch up, no pay or anything!"**

"How about next week, you stay home? You could focus on listening to test clips for Gingie's project, okay? Maybe you could write some papers on it, too? Wouldn't that be nice?"

I shook my head. **"I have work to do. And I still need money for our wedding."** I'd only taken the job in the first place to push ahead our wedding plans. We'd been limbo for a year already and we hadn't even set a date. I was determined to get married next year, no matter what. **"I'm sorry about this week, but it won't be like that again."**

"I'm just not sure..." Ginger sighed and pretended to think. **"If you're happy to take on some homework, testing a few more files for me during the day, maybe I might be able to keep you on?"**

Keep me on? Did she mean I couldn't work there anymore? I shook my head and turned to Ginger with renewed motivation. **"Yes! Of course! Anything, I'm sorry! I can do better, you'll see!"** Ginger and I were friends - I knew that was the only reason I was keeping my job. This past week was a mess. I'd barely done anything I still got paid for it. It wasn't fair to her.

"Alright, I expect you to take this seriously, Wednesday. Two hours each day on your listening reviews, and then I want to see much

harder work ethic in the office. Am I clear?" Ginger grabbed her by the chin to look her in the eye. **"This is your last chance, though, okay?"**

I pulled back and glared at Ginger with frustration. But a sinking feeling in me... I couldn't make it go away. So I nodded and mumbled something under my breath, then climbed up from the sofa and went to find Remy in the kitchen.

"Why the long face, Frosty?" When I didn't get a response, I turned around from my place chopping vegetables for dinner, and saw her right there, right in front of me, quiet as a mouse. **"Are you okay?"**

"Yeah," I muttered, kicking my feet against the tiled floor. **"I think I'm just not doing well at work and Ginger's upset with me. I dunno... I don't want to upset her."** Everything had been going well for a few days now. I didn't like the change in status quo.

"Well, if you think she's upset with you, maybe you could do something to make it up to her? She did give you a job, right? Maybe you could..." I thought for a moment of things appropriate for my fiancée to be doing for another woman, and an idea came out of the ether, but one that made perfect sense to me. **"Maybe you could draw her a picture?"**

"A picture?" I looked skeptically at Remy and crossed my arms. **"What could Ginger possibly want with one of my poorly drawn pictures?"** I had made one apology card before - that was for Remy when we got into that fight last week. But that was part of his... Daddy thing. I remembered the pull-up between my legs and shifted from one foot to the other. **"Don't play little girl with me right now. Not while we have company."**

"Frosty, Ginger is a psychologist, remember? I bet she'd read way more into a picture as an apology than anything you could say or write, and she collects art, too, haven't you seen her apartment?" Yeah, maybe it was a bit little girl, but that was purely coincidence!

I'd only been to her apartment once before, and I wasn't really paying attention to the art on the walls. But maybe he was right... psychologically, maybe pictures meant more than words. They took effort, at least. I was

never huge on psychology, but this one seemed to make sense. Though I wasn't very happy about it. **"Fine. I'll be in the den."**

"Alright," I ruffled her hair with one hand, absently, and smiled at her. **"I'm proud of you!"** I called out as she stomped away, and then smiled to myself even though she didn't respond. She really was so much better nowadays...

36.)

Me at a computer. That's all I had to draw. The computer wasn't so hard, but people... well I couldn't really draw people. I finally found some colored pencils in the drawer by the window and tried coloring it in. All in all, it took me closer to an hour to finish the drawing, and when I was done, it looked like a fourth-grader drew it. This was such a disaster...

There were four little MP3 players in different colors laid out on the coffee table when Wednesday came back out to the living room, and Ginger had a fifth one plugged into her Macbook when she approached. **"Oh, is dinner ready already, Wednesday?"** The girl had her hands behind her back.

MP3 players, like all those ones I listened to at night, or in her office. I'd made the connection before, but it didn't seem like that big a deal. So I shrugged it off. **"Um, it should be ready in a minute. I just... made... this."** I handed her the little apology card with the stupid drawing on it. **"I know it's not really good or anything, I just wanted you to know I really am sorry. I'm not just saying it."**

Ginger looked skeptical, but took the card in her hand, examining it with a little look of scrutiny... and then a smile. **"Oh Wednesday, this is such a sweet gesture. Come here, give Gingie a hug,"** She held her arms out expectantly.

I looked up at her with a blush on my cheeks and then down at my feet. **"Sure, whatever..."** I went over to her and put my arms around her neck and she hugged me around the waist. It was... weird. Sure. But... well, it wasn't so bad, was it? Ginger always made me feel comfortable.

"I'm glad that you're taking this seriously, Wednesday, after all I know a lot in your life feels like its changing, but that's just the way things go, isn't it?" The British-accented woman ran her fingers through the other girl's hair and kissed her on the crown, smiling at her. **"How are things with you and Jeremy, are they okay?"** While asking the question, Ginger had done something she'd never done - she pulled Wendy onto her knee.

"I, uh..." She pulled me down onto her lap and I felt a rush of emotions well up in me. I had to take a minute to breathe, to clear my head, before nodding. **"Yeah... we sort of just... do what we do now. And the Daddy stuff is... fine. I mean, we're both enjoying it sort of, so... you know..."** Well, if that didn't make me blush.

"Oh, you're enjoying it, too? See, it's just one of those things, isn't it? Like riding a rollercoaster, or learning to drive a car, it seems so scary at first but that's only because it's different. Once you get past that, it's a wonder how you managed before, isn't it?"

I shrugged my shoulders and looked down at my feet. **"I just... think you were right about letting him take care of me and... I dunno. It's nice to be taken care of. And if I have to call him... that. Then. Sure. Why not."** But before we could talk about it any longer, Remy called us into the dining room for dinner.

"Here we go, Frosty." I'd made fajitas, something I knew she loved; the smell of Mexican spices and toasted tortillas filled the dining room. The spread laid out on the table of cooked meat and vegetables was actually very impressive - not something I'd ever cooked before. In-fact, I rarely cooked at all.

I eagerly piled my plate with fajitas and meat and toppings, rolling them up and starting all over again before even taking a bite. I liked to prepare all my food first, then eat it. All the while, Ginger and Remy talked about work and I couldn't care less about it.

To an outsider, we looked the very image of family. Admittedly, our child was a little bigger than most, but Wendy was never the most mature looking girl anyway, and from a distance we could certainly have passed off

as Mom and Dad to her. I didn't know where that idea had come from. I couldn't put my finger on it, even as Ginger put her hand on my knee and laughed. I loved Wendy.... but daddies loved their kids, too.

37.)

I sat on the edge of the bed and rubbed my eyes. Ginger had finally gone home, but it was well past midnight and I'd already fallen asleep once on the sofa. I could sleep all day if I wanted to. I looked at the MP3 player she had given me and rolled my eyes. **"I don't know why she keeps having me listen to this stuff. I literally never remember any of it. She doesn't even ask me about them! It's so stupid."**

"It helps with her current client, Frosty, you don't need to worry about it." I was over by the dresser, thinking carefully about bringing something up. Part of me said to ask her, to be diplomatic. Another, louder, voice in my head... well, it disagreed. **"Now lay back and put your buddies in your ears, Daddy is going to dress you for bed."** Why did I even want that? Pull-ups were cute and all, but at night time it just seemed like she needed something more. And I couldn't get that image out of my head. I looked down at the cracked open drawer, lined with diapers.

I sighed and unwrapped the earbuds from the MP3 player, then put my arms up so Remy could pull the shirt off over my head. Dressing me for bed was pretty usual by now. It had been almost a week, and... well, it was sort of nice being doted over like this. Who cares if he always picked stupid clothes?

My usual choices amounted to footed pajamas and cute hair ribbons. Tonight, though... I waited until her eyes were closing for her music and set down my plan adjacent to her on the bed. A diaper in white with pink print, thicker than the phonebook... a little container of baby powder. A romper that snapped between the legs, but not enough to conceal the ruffled leg gathers of the diaper. Pretty frilly socks. And hair ribbons. I felt warm, like a high schooler about to lose my virginity to a more experienced woman. But also... as I crinkled the plastic of the diaper in my fingers... I felt anticipation. I wanted her like this at night. Completely mine. My little girl.

I felt his fingers in my pull-up. I felt him take it off. I closed my eyes, thinking quietly to myself. Why was he changing me? I was already wearing a pull-up to bed, wasn't I? And I wasn't wet - I checked after I woke up on the sofa. So I opened my eyes to check, just as he was lifting my bottom to slip the diaper underneath. I blinked, confused, and then pulled out the headphones in frustration. **"What are you doing?!"** I sat up and shoved him off me, kicking the clothes and the diaper straight off the bed. Oh, my head was fuzzy...

"Frosty," My tone was stern, normal volume to me but thunderous to her. She sat up, so I pinched her thigh and pushed her back down. **"Daddy is getting you ready for bed, little one, and I don't want to hear any protests, because Daddy knows best. You've had a big meal, and you're sleeping in tomorrow, so you need to listen to Daddy and be good."**

Daddy, Daddy, Daddy. My head was cloudy and everything around me had a weird echo. I struggled and kicked and tried to roll over on the bed, but his slap to my bare thigh made me freeze. I shook my head and felt tears filling my eyes. **"Notta baby! I'm not! I dun wear diapers!" "You leaked earlier this week, and--" "NOTTA BABY! LEMME UP!"**

I had planned it only to be an accessory to her nightwear, but it took no hesitation at all for my brain to connect the dots and to push the pacifier on the bed between her lips. And when it was there, I told her very clearly. **"You look like a baby to me, little Frosty, sucking your paci, wetting the bed, leaking on Daddy's lap? You are a baby and you're Daddy's little baby to boot. No more fussing, or I'll spank your little tush and then dress you anyway, understand?"**

I looked up at him with shock, with surprise, and then... the same sinking feeling from earlier, when Ginger pulled me onto her lap. Helplessness. I couldn't do anything. I couldn't stop him. I felt tears drip down my cheeks as I kicked and whined, but another slap to my thigh silenced my protests. I sucked on the pacifier and whimpered quietly.

Maybe it was better this way, too. She wasn't half asleep, she wasn't escaping the feelings; she felt every moment of her behind in the softness

of her diaper, and there were associations in her head to that, associations lighting up that she'd never had before. Soft diaper, thick diaper, powder that made her dizzy, the sound of crinkling, of tapes coming into place, fastening, the snug fit, the comfort like wearing a cloud. She was an Angel, Angels wore clouds. By the time I had the diaper on her, I'd noticed quite a change in demeanor.

I looked up at Remy with embarrassment, unable to make eye contact. This was humiliating. And it felt... warm. It felt nice. I didn't understand. This wasn't me! This wasn't right! I just... I couldn't put the pieces together. My tears started to dry up, but I couldn't think clearly. I was cloudy...
"Remy... please..."

"Daddy," I corrected her, **"I'm Daddy, aren't I?"** I rubbed the front of her diaper, pushing it against her, making it crinkle, releasing the smell of powder. And I pulled her up into a sitting position so I could dress her in the snap-crotch romper. Jesus she was cute...

"...Daddy," I mumbled. I couldn't stop him. He was Daddy. He was in charge. I had to listen. I had to do what he told me. I swear, it wasn't always like this! But it was like this now. Damn it, I felt so helpless... I felt so small... **"Please Daddy... dun do this..."**

"You want this, Frosty, you're my little angel, wearing your clouds, you want this and Daddy knows you do. So please be good for Daddy." With minimal effort I pulled the back between her legs and snapped the crotch together, an action that pressed the diaper firmly against her and made sure there was no forgetting it was there. **"You're a baby, Frosty, you're Daddy's baby, and every night from now on you're going to dress like this. Daddy will dress you because you're too little to do it yourself."**

I shook my head and pushed him away from me. I knew this was wrong. I knew something was wrong! But... but his words, his tone, him... Remy... Daddy. I felt my cheeks burn pink and I looked at the diaper between my legs. Baby. I wasn't! Was I? No... **"Please,"** I mumbled again, forcing my lips to drop the pacifier. Why was I struggling so much? Why was I so foggy?

"Shh." I put my finger to her lips, held it there, and pulled her socks on her feet, then began to pull her hair up in two pigtails - something Ginger had taught me one day when she needed help with her hair. And all the while, I told Wendy what she already knew. **"Daddy's baby girl is confused, because she's just a baby, you're too little to know what's right and wrong, that's why you're muddled, that's why you need Daddy."**

He pulled my hair up in ribbons and helped me into bed, with socks on my feet. I hated sleeping with socks. I hated the puffy diaper between my legs. I felt so humiliated! I felt so... scared. Daddy crawled into bed next to me and pulled me against his chest, and I curled up into him for comfort.

I played with the MP3 player, I restarted the track, and I put the buds into her ears while I held her. I didn't know why, but it was important. It was important because Ginger said it was. And Ginger was right, because tonight's file reinforced a lot about Wendy's new relationship with her Daddy. It told her over and over that if ever she were confused, that Daddy knows best. That she shows love proportionate to how much control she gives up; only a true babygirl could love Daddy the way he deserved to be loved. And control wasn't just emotional, it was physical. Love was crying, love was diapers, love was waking up wet and needing Daddy to take care of it. Love was dependence, and if baby Wendy didn't show it, somebody else might.

38.)

Saturday. Remy's and my date day. I woke up at ten in the morning to an uncomfortable, cold thickness between my legs. I rolled over and tried to close my thighs and go back to sleep, but my knees were pushed apart. I pouted and sat up, looking down at my clothes. The onesie. The socks. And a very thick diaper between my legs. Last night was such a blur... but this was such a vivid reminder. I felt tears fill my eyes, then drip down my cheeks. This was so humiliating...

I heard crying, not wailing, but sobbing, sniffing crying. And when I came to the bedroom, I saw my fiancée sitting there in her nighttime attire, in her diaper... sobbing. And it was so easy to pick her up, to put my hand under

her to support her, to put two fingers in her diaper to check it while I did, and to sit her down on my lap and rock her gently. **"Don't worry, Daddy's here."**

I pushed my face into his neck and shook my head over and over. I didn't know what to do anymore. I didn't know what I was supposed to say. I didn't know how to make all this stop! **"I dun wanna wear diapers... I dun wanna wet the bed... I want it to stop... make it stop... please make it stop..."**

"Shh, baby, listen to Daddy, you're not going to wear your diapers during the day, only at night. In the day you can wear your big girl training pants, okay? Remember? With Tinkerbell on them?" I cupped her chin and kissed her nose. I'd always wanted this for her.

I looked up at him, sniffing, and shook my head. **"No... no no no! I dun wanna! I don't need those in the day, just at night!"** I felt so helpless. I felt so pathetic. Didn't he understand? Didn't he know this was wrong? Oh right - he liked this. He liked that I was a little girl. But this wasn't the same. I had to... to... differentiate. **"Dad--"** I hesitated. Deep breath. **"R-Remy..."** That word felt so hard to say. My head was foggy. **"This is... serious. No games... being serious..."**

"You know, Frosty, last night... for the first time in a very long time, I felt peaceful. I felt like the stress of my job wasn't there, I felt like the future wasn't scary. I had my baby girl, and that was all that mattered. I woke up this morning feeling better than I've felt in years, and it's all because of you."

...because of... me? I looked up at him with concern, sure. But more than that, I felt... proud. Proud that I was helping him? But... but there had to be lines. I had to draw lines. I shuffled off his lap and almost fell over from the thickness of the diaper. I was blushing furiously. **"Night time... night time, anything you want. For bed, until the bedwetting stops. But not in the day... please?"**

I considered what she said, and offered her something that really was of no value because it was never in contention anyway. **"Training pants during**

the day, but you don't have to wear skirts or dresses outside of the house, okay? It can be our private secret, Daddy and Frosty?"

"I am NOT wearing pull-ups! I'm not a baby! I'm not, I'm not!" I stomped my foot and balled my hands at my sides, tears still dripping down my cheeks and standing in a very wet diaper. **"I am twenty-two years old! I am your fiancée! And you aren't my Daddy!"**

I sighed. I sighed and I didn't say anything, I let her tantrum run its course, then lifted her up like she was just a doll and pulled her tummy over my lap. **"Frosty, I am your Daddy, and you're lucky that I'm so patient. But there has to be a line and you can't act that way."** So I spanked her. Right on the wet diaper. **"I'm sorry, darling, this hurts me more than it hurts you."**

Spanking. He'd done this once before. I cried like a child. This time, I was determined not to. I would kick him and fight him and push myself off his lap. I'd yell at him! I'd make him understand that I wasn't a baby! But in the end, my kicking and fighting did nothing. Each spank rippled through the crinkling, piss-soaked diaper. It didn't hurt. I wasn't in pain. But the feeling... the humiliation... tears dripped down my cheeks. I shivered on his lap. And after twenty or thirty - I lost count - I was begging. **"Please Daddy... please no more... please I'll be good..."**

"Pull-ups during the day, even when we're not at home." I stopped spanking, but didn't let her up. **"And no more making a fuss, you understand? You're Daddy's baby girl and you always were and always will be."** Her eyes were wide because I'd changed the terms of the deal, but that was before she was naughty.

"...please don't d--" Another spanking on my behind silenced me and I nodded my head in agreement. Pull-ups. All the time. Outside. With friends? I was so ashamed. I was an adult! I was... **"You'll be good, won't you?" "Y-yes Daddy..."**

"Good girl." I lifted her up and then stood her in front of me, making sure to fuss over her diaper. She needed to know this was normal, she needed to know that this was who she was. I unsnapped the onesie and ran my hand over her diaper, cupping it in front and pressing it against her. **"Looks**

like you wet some more when Daddy was spanking you, it's a good thing you were in diapers, wasn't it?"

"**I did not!**" I shouted, glaring at him. How dare he lie about that! But with one harsh glare, I realized my place. He was being inflammatory on purpose? To get at me? Or to see if I'd really be good? I opened my mouth to argue again, but the tingling of my ass after that spanking... the tingling in my tummy from his hand between my legs. I hesitated and looked away. Why was I so helpless? Why did I feel like I couldn't do anything anymore?

"Maybe Daddy was mistaken? I guess that means you don't need changing yet." I stood up. **"Let's go make breakfast, little one, would you like to learn how to make french toast? Wont that be exciting?"**

I blinked, looking up at him in awe. Wait, what? He... what? I stormed out of the bedroom after him, ready to start a fight, and then I stopped. I froze in place, in the doorway to our bedroom, and I felt my eyes well up again. I just... I just wanted to be changed... Tears dripped down my cheeks.

"Daddy..."

"Yes, Frosty?" I wanted her to ask. We both knew that. I wanted her to tell me she needed a change, I wanted her to cry, not because I was cruel but because it was important that she needed me. And I stood there, expectantly, because I knew that she knew exactly what to do.

I could change myself, I thought. I could go back in there, slam the door, dress in real adult clothes, and... and be a grown up! I could. But... something stopped me. If I did, what would he do? Find another girl to dress like this? Find another girl to change her clothes? Her... diapers? He'd fuck her. He'd leave me. I looked at my feet. **"Please... change me Daddy..."**

"Alright baby, up on the bed." I didn't argue with her, I didn't make it hard for her, I waved her toward the bed like a child and she stared for a moment, maybe in surprise. **"Go on, I can't change you if you're standing in my way. Get a pull-up out of the drawer and lay on the bed."**

I didn't deserve this. I knew I didn't! But my heart... it wouldn't let me stop him. I couldn't walk away. What would I do? If I said no, we'd fight. If we fought, he'd win. If he won, I'd be right back here. I could leave. Leave him? The thought made me sick to my stomach. I loved Remy. Even through this stupid game. So I opened up the second drawer of my dresser and got one good look at all the new diapers. So many of them. Childish, pink, humiliating... my chest started to hurt.

"The next drawer up, Frosty." I was waiting by the bed while she stared at the drawer, and I sighed and waited. **"Do you need Daddy to do it? To get your big girl training pants?"** She was so cute...

I shut the drawer and opened up the next one. The pull-ups were on top of my underwear, unpacked from the package. Notably, the toy I'd used earlier in the week, the one Ginger had gotten me, was gone. I grabbed a pull-up and walked back over to Remy. **"We... gotta... talk..."** I had to convince him this wasn't good for us. We had to figure something out, together...

"Do you want to talk, Frosty, or do you want to be changed? You told me you wanted your diaper changed, princess, but if you'd rather talk instead that's fine. What will it be?" Adult or baby. One choice went down the other path from the other.

"I..." If I wanted to talk, I wouldn't get changed. We'd fight. He'd refuse to change me. And I was already so wet, and I was so uncomfortable. I was scared, and I felt weak and small. If I wanted to have a real conversation, I had to change first. I had to be wearing... well, if not panties, at least training pants. **"Change,"** I muttered, and climbed up on the bed.

"Good girl." She got on the bed and laid down, and I made sure to narrate changing her diaper. **"Look at how wet you were, little Frosty, it seems like it's for the best that you decided to be diapered at night time."** Any time she'd try to reply to the tirade, though, I'd wipe her, or clean her, or something else to cut her off. **"There we go, Daddy knows all about this stuff, you know?"** Why did I, again...? Oh well. I had to get her in her pull-up... but not before a liberal application of some fresh powder.

He pulled the training pants up my legs and I did my best to hold back tears of humiliation. I didn't know what else to do. I didn't know how to argue or fight. I just had to wait it out, until I was dressed, and I could talk like an adult again. Maybe once I was out of that diaper, Remy would see me like an adult again.

Once she was in the pull-up, I snapped the much looser onesie crotch back in place and lifted her up, kissing her nose, then her forehead. **"Thank you, Frosty, for being such a good girl. Come along, lets go make french toast."**

39.)

I sat at the dining table, thinking. Rationalizing. Trying to make sense of any of this. Why was I failing so badly? Why was I so helpless? It didn't matter. I had to make a stand. This was... well, this was my best chance. When Remy came back with french toast and sat down beside me, I didn't eat. I was ready to speak. **"I want to talk now. About all this. I want to... find a middle ground where we are both happy."**

"Alright." I agreed and sat, eating my toast with a knife and fork. My tone though... seemed sour, like milk just past the date on the carton, and there was a tone of disappointment.

I shifted nervously in my seat and played with the edge of my plate. **"I... I know you like this. Daddy stuff. And I like it a little bit too! I... I've felt so close to you this past week, closer than I've felt in... in years. Since we got engaged! I love the attention. I love that you're always home. I even sort of love you... dressing me and stuff. Deciding what we do. Cooking for me..."**

I nodded, listening. **"So you're saying you like this, which means that what's about to follow could just as easily be you getting in your own way. And you used to do that a lot, Wednesday, remember? Stirring up trouble, getting stuck in a thought, stopping yourself from being happy over what-ifs and should-bes. You've been so much better**

lately, so I hope this isn't a step backwards for you. I've been so proud."

I nodded my head and looked down at my feet, kicking them softly under the table. **"I... I know all that. And I'm not getting in my way! And... and I know I started wetting the bed, and... and the pull-ups make sense."** Actually, the diapers made sense after I'd leaked. I just didn't want to admit it. **"And I like playing little girl with you, I really do! Just not... all the time? You can understand that, right?"**

"Of course, I wouldn't want you to be a baby all the time, anyway. It's like a wedding ring, you're not acting like a blushing bride every moment of every day, but you wear the ring to symbolize that connection, to remind you of your wedding day when you're feeling distant. And I like you wearing training pants under adult clothes for the same reason; it means when you're getting in your own way, you're reminded that you don't have to solve everything. Daddy is here. It's a reminder... and a show of commitment."

I opened my mouth to argue, but... well, he sort of had a good point, even if it was the stupidest thing I'd ever heard. I pouted and took a bite of the french toast. It was so good, too. Seriously, having him here, having him do all these wonderful things for me... wasn't it worth wearing some stupid embarrassing wedding ring? At least this one I could hide... **"Well... I want rules! Lines that you can't keep pushing! 'Cause that's what you're doing, you're pushing all this Daddy stuff further and further, and... I'm feeling sort of scared..."**

"That's the point, hun, you're supposed to feel a little scared... and then you're supposed to let me make you feel safe. If we don't do that, then it'll be really difficult for you to immerse yourself, to be my little girl at the times when its appropriate." Or, put more logically. **"We're discovering this at the moment, together. We're writing the rules, together. Pushing the lines and being scared, yes, but finding out what works and what doesn't. You're only afraid because you talked yourself out of trusting Daddy."**

"I do trust you! That's... that's not what this is about." I stuffed another bite of french toast in my mouth and swallowed before I spoke. **"Nobody**

else knows. Ever! And you don't treat me like a little girl in front of anybody we know!" If he would agree to that... well, then... I guess having a Daddy wouldn't be so bad.

"What about Ginger - she's been a lot of help so far. And no more arguing over wearing your training pants full time. Like a ring, right?" I sipped my juice, watching her for a response.

"Ginger will NOT know! Nobody knows! I don't want anybody..." I hesitated, thinking about the pull-up, thinking about the diaper I wore last night, and I felt sick to my stomach. Nobody could know... **"That's my line... I'll try anything. Anything you want. But not that. Nobody knows."**

I thought for a moment and nodded my head. **"Alright, but if you tell Ginger, you have to promise to tell me. Babies don't keep secrets from Daddy, understand?"**

"AND I AM NOT A BABY! I'll be a... little girl or something. But I'm not a baby!" He rolled his eyes, but agreed. So we had terms. I wasn't a baby and nobody would ever know. And the likelihood of me telling Ginger I wore training pants was about the same as driving my bed to the moon. So I had no reason to worry. I could relax. And maybe... maybe I could even start to enjoy this.

40.)

"Doing anything for Halloween?" I shrugged my shoulders and sipped my hot chocolate. **"I think Remy's office is having a party, so I'm going to that."** **"And you're still working for Ginger?"** **"Sure am."** Lala and I had Sunday lunch together every single week. We used it to keep in touch. Summer months were spent at clubs and bars, but through the fall and winter, we always had things going on. Her company had huge fulfillment protocols and Remy worked through the holiday months like a madman. Last year, I had a seasonal job to help out. I hated winter.

"Oooh, going to an office party? You know you have to wear something sexy, you know? Like Slutty Supergirl, or Slutty Captain America, or Slutty Prompto." Clearly, Lala had a pretty limited spectrum of creativity.

"I don't really want to go, but I guess I technically work there too? It's complicated." I shifted a little in my seat and bit my lip. The pull-up under my skirt was a new addition to our little Sunday get-togethers. I thought when Remy talked about it being a constant reminder of our arrangement, it wouldn't actually be a *constant* reminder. I took another sip of the hot chocolate and tried not to blush.

"And how are things with you and the fiancé? How's your wedding fund now that you're gainfully employed?" How was Lala to know that her best friend's job amounted to listening to hypnosis on loop four days a week and then going in and making a token effort at doing actual work.

"I... I guess I'm not really sure? She said she gave the checks to Remy, so." I shrugged my shoulders and took another sip of my hot chocolate. I've always had a shared bank account with Remy, ever since we started living together. The way I saw it, I was getting the long end of the stick, so why did I care?

"Well, can't hurt to have a little extra in the bank, right?" Lala had noticed something, though... despite the fact her friend seemed happy, she also seemed... **"What's with the shy and bashful act, anyway? You becoming a proper princess? The rain in Spain falls mostly on the plains?"**

I blinked. **"...huh? What are you talking about?"** **"You've just been sitting there acting all coy this whole time. You keeping a secret?"** I glared at Lala and crossed my arms over my chest. **"No."** **"Mm. Sounds like a lie!"** **"I'm not! My life isn't actually that interesting, Lala!"**

"Yeah except for the whole thing where it is. The British Invasion is going to steal your husband, and it's all a conspiracy to make you sad, and also how the Patriarchy is keeping you down, right?" Lala laughed. **"Come on, tell me the secret!"**

"There's no secret," I said, rolling my eyes. "Is it about Ginger? Did she finally come on to you?" "No." I thought about that for a minute.

"Actually, I mean, probably. But what do I care? I have Remy." Ginger had been remarkably affectionate with me this past week. But she was always sort of like that. I had always known she had a crush on me.

"Well, alright, but you realize you're obligated to call me if she tries to like, kiss you, or something, alright? Because I'm just waiting for that to happen. And then you'll go all turbo bull dyke and leave Remy and hunt for delicate little femmy girls like me, right?"

"I would rather do literally anything else!" I laughed and finished off my hot chocolate. Little did I know, that would be the last of our Sunday lunches together for a long time. If I'd known, maybe I would have told her the truth about the secret I was keeping.

PART 2:

41.)

The firm's halloween party was unlike most adult halloween parties, mostly in the fact that people actually dressed up. Sure, there were one or two fancy gowns and masquerade mask types here and there, but people were actually dressed up in costume, too! Maybe because the work they did was so boring. So the three of us, me, and Ginger, and Frosty, we were dressed up as Disney characters and we fit right in. I was King Triton, and Ginger was Maleficent. And Frosty, perhaps appropriately, was dolled up as Anna from Frozen.

"I really dun wanna be here," I muttered, crossing my arms as Remy led me into the foyer. I already dedicated three afternoons a week to this corporate building and I didn't want to spend another evening here. Why couldn't we just stay home? Or we could go see a movie together? I didn't even know anybody here!

"Don't be fussy, Frosty, you're going to have a really good time." "You should listen to Jeremy, Wednesday, Remy knows best." Of course, Ginger knew better than to say Daddy, but the cadence was just right that she knew it would make the dolled up girl blush. **"Would you like to see the view from the executive balcony? It's pretty breathtaking, babydoll."**

"Whatever," I muttered, shuffling awkwardly through the crowd of people. Ginger left to go talk to someone I didn't know and I followed my fiancé to the elevator. It closed and left the two of us alone, and immediately my tone changed. **"Daddy, I wanna go home! I wanna cuddle! I wanna watch a movie!"**

Daddy, in public. Childishness, in public. I wasn't sure when it had began, but it had come on quickly, day by day, stronger and stronger. I lifted her up and sat her on the hand railing inside the elevator, putting my hand to her chin and smiling. **"Daddy has to be here for work, little one, but I promise when we get home you can wear anything you like and we can cuddle all night. Okay my little Princess of Arendelle? You're a Princess tonight, aren't you? So what would a Princess do for her King?"**

The doors opened and I slipped to the floor of the elevator, hiding behind Remy as we made our way past on-comers and out onto the executive's balcony. It really was a nice night, but it was cold for the last day of October. It must have been worse for my future-husband, who wasn't wearing a shirt. I cuddled up under his arm.

I'd always been proud of my fiancée. Tonight, though, I was proud to show her off, I was proud that she was mine. I'd introduce her to people, and speak for her, prompt her what to say, right in front of my workmates, and she would play it up and pull herself into my side when she was tired of talking. She was so stinking cute...

I poked Remy in the side and pointed to the punch bowl. He hadn't had a sip the entire night, which was amazing. It wasn't that Remy was an alcoholic or anything, but for as long as I could remember, he needed a drink to relax. This sort of night was meant for relaxing. But not a single

drink. **"Can I have some, uh..."** I bit my lip and looked up coyly, knowing I couldn't say Daddy with all these people around.

"Well, you're not really old enough are you?" I spoke softly enough for just her to hear. **"But I suppose with parental supervision it should be okay."** I loved the way she blushed, I loved the way she smiled. I didn't understand where this had come from, but obviously this dynamic had been our missing link.

So I was in the middle of sipping some top-quality spiked punch when an old guy in a suit dinged his wine glass with a spoon. Everyone went quiet and all eyes went to the stairs in the corner where the man was standing. **"It's been a great year, great enough that you guys earned this party! Who would have thought it could rival our Christmas one's huh?"** Cue laughter. I rolled my eyes. **"But there were a few people who went above and beyond. Jeremy Rhodes and Bob Benson. And I'd like to use this moment to announce that both of them have been offered promotions in area management starting tomorrow."** I blinked. What?

I mean, I'd worked my ass off, all year. But I couldn't believe I'd finally been recognized for it! I picked up my fiancée and twirled her around, cuddled her tight to me. Through the seat of her dress, I could feel the slight padding of her pull-up. All was right with the world.

I guess it had been a long time coming. I'd known he was up for a promotion a month ago, but I didn't know if it would happen. And now it did. We'd have so much extra money, but all I could think about was our wedding day. We could finally pick a date, couldn't we? My fiancée went to thank the old guy and I found Ginger. Ginger and I had gotten off to a rough start last month, when she started spending a lot of extra time with my fiancé. But then she offered me a data entry job at her work and we'd been getting along a lot better. Now she seemed... almost annoyed. **"You okay?"** I asked.

"I'm fine." She did seem quite bothered though, as she watched everything unfold. **"It's just mashed bananas."** Which was an odd thing to say, if Mashed Bananas wasn't a trigger term to make Wednesday wet herself and start wailing out for Daddy to come get her. Spiteful? Yes. But this messed with Ginger's plans.

Mashed bananas? Some weird English phrase? I knew Ginger had spent her young-adult life in England studying psychology and business management, and admittedly, I didn't always understand what she was talking about. But the curiosity was ripped away from me when I felt the hot wetness splash between my legs, pooling in the thin pull-up. I... I'd had bedwetting problems the past few weeks, but I'd never had an accident during the day before! I didn't know what to do! I froze. I panicked. And then I felt the little droplets drip down the insides of my thighs and into my boots. Daddy... where was Daddy? I looked around the crowd, but I was too short. Too scared. I felt tears in my eyes. I had to cover my mouth to keep from sobbing. What was I supposed to do? I was so scared... I was so alone...

42.)

"Here, let Gingie help." Ginger took her by the hand, a smile as warm as the pee between her legs, and put her finger to her lips. **"Our secret, alright? Let's go to the bathroom, quick like a bunny."** If the plan needed to be advanced, then Ginger would damn well advance it!

"I... I..." She pulled me by the wrist to the bathrooms in the corner, but there were three or four other women in there. I felt my bottom lip tremble and tears started dripping down my cheeks. No, no, no... don't cry, Wendy... keep it together... **"I... g-gotta find Daddy... gotta find Daddy..."** It would have been a super fucking weird thing to say if Ginger didn't already know that I called Remy Daddy in private. Actually, it had been under her guidance that I realized how advantageous the whole Daddy/Little Girl situation could be for me.

Pulled into the oversized disabled stall, Ginger sat the girl down on the closed toilet seat and put hands on her cheeks. **"Daddy is busy sweetheart, he's got a lot to do tonight. Let Gingie help, okay? Maybe I'm not Daddy, but I can help, right? Like a Mommy?"**

Mommy? Mommy... I looked up at her with tears pouring down my cheeks and then down at my feet. I couldn't let her know. She couldn't know! I

stood up and she pushed me right back down on my squishy wet pullup, leaking all over the backside of my dress. I couldn't stop crying. **"Need Daddy... gotta find Daddy..."**

"Well, you cant be going around out there all wet like that, can you? Here, let Mommy help." Mommy had been a newly reinforced term in some of the recent recordings, and Ginger had planned for it to be a slow introduction. But this would have to do. She reached over and took the crying girl's bag from her and opened it, finding a fresh pull-up inside. **"Then we can find Daddy together, alright?"**

"GIVE ME THAT!" I snatched the bag back from Ginger, knocking it to the ground and spilling out all my makeup. The pull-up, however, was in Ginger's hand. I looked up at it, at her, at the purse on the floor, and heard the hushed voices talking about me. It was too much... all this was too much... **"Go away... go away! Go away!"**

Ginger sighed and knelt down in front of her, putting hands on her cheeks and focusing her crying eyes. **"Daddy knows best. Mommy knows the rest."** It was something that Ginger had spent a long time programming. After all, there were different expectations and obstacles for each role in this new family. **"And Mommy knows, so please let me help okay?"**

I looked into her eyes with my blurry, tear filled ones, and bit my lip. She was trying to help. She was going to help. But she couldn't help! She couldn't know! But she knew now. How did she know? I shook my head and told her what I needed. **"Want everybody to leave us alone,"** I muttered, talking about the other women in the bathroom.

"Done." Ginger stood up, opened the door, and told everybody in no uncertain terms that the bathroom was closed. And when Ginger commanded something, it wasn't easy to say no, as Wednesday well knew by now. A click of the lock on the door to the bathroom signified that they were alone, and Ginger came back to the disabled stall. **"See? I'm here to protect you. But I need the truth, okay?"**

I hesitated, looking down at my feet. My dress, ruined. My shoes, ruined. And now Ginger knew... she knew I wore pull-ups and... and I couldn't

believe I'd done that. I didn't do that! I never had, and... fresh tears poured down my cheeks. I nodded my head. **"Kay..."**

"Let me get you cleaned up." Ginger undressed her, right there in the stall. And with what she explained were makeup wipes - actually baby wipes - in her purse, Ginger did a great job getting the regressed girl cleaned up, and dried off, too. Once she was in her new pull-up, and scant else, Ginger sat her on the toilet and took her dress out to the sinks and the hand dryers to clean it. **"See? It's going to be okay."**

I didn't say anything. I didn't know what to say. I couldn't explain this to Ginger even if I wanted to. I had never wet myself before, not in the daytime. So I started with what she knew, and filled in the blanks, but not until I was dressed again in the now-dry Anna costume. **"Remy... wants me to wear pull-ups. Part of the Daddy thing. And I said okay. But... but that. That has never happened before! I..."** I looked at my hands. **"Maybe it was the alcohol..."**

"Well, little girls probably shouldn't drink alcohol, right?" Ginger used tones that were supportive, understanding, never mocking. **"It's a shame Remy was busy, you know, your Daddy would probably have loved to have taken care of you after having an accident. It makes him feel important to be needed by you, is what I mean."**

I crossed my arms and looked away from Ginger. She'd taken care of me. She fixed everything. She even dried my dress. The ankles of my boots were still wet, but no one would know any better by looking at me. I rubbed the rest of the tears from my eyes and nodded my head. **"It's... hard sometimes. I love being a little girl for him, but sometimes... it feels like... like..."** Like I shouldn't love it? Or like I don't love it, and I'm tricking myself? **"I feel like I'm slipping... that I'm losing who I am..."**

"Wednesday. You were an emo girl in high school - you listened to Hawthorne Heights and wrote poetry about the futility of life. That's not who you are today, but that's all still who you are as a whole. Who you are is... a continuum, it's a line, a piece of string that connects dots. Last year you were a high strung girl obsessed with proving herself, and socially stunted. This year, you're a charming and affable girl devoted to her Daddy who wears pull-ups and sometimes has

accidents. Those three girls, the emo girl, the high strung girl, the baby girl? They're all you. You can't lose that, I promise."

"I'm not a baby," I said harshly. "And I didn't have an accident! I just..." I couldn't figure it out. I sighed and shook my head. "Don't tell anybody, or I swear!" "I won't. You can trust me." And the weird thing was... I think I did trust her. I sighed and left Ginger alone in the handicapped stall and made my way back out to the drinks table to find my fiancé. I wanted to leave now.

43.)

"Hey there you are, where'd you run off to, little one? Someone said they saw you crying, and then I couldn't find you..." I wrapped my arms around her, protectively, and held her tight.

"Wanna leave." "Hunny, we--" "Wanna leave," I said again, more seriously, and I think he noticed how intent I was. I wasn't being playful. I wanted to go home. And with the information that I'd been crying... so he nodded his head and we left the party early. I didn't talk the whole drive home. I didn't know what to say. I couldn't explain what happened...

Was she upset that I got the promotion? Was she upset that we'd been separated? Hmm. I really only knew how to deal with her in context of being little, so when we got home, I picked her up out of the car and carried her inside without a word. Maybe I could run her a bath...

"Ginger knows," I muttered, sitting quietly in the tub, surrounded by bubbles. I didn't want her to know... "I dunno if she found out or... or if she has known a while. But she knows now..." I didn't want to talk about the accident. I didn't want him to think there was something wrong. Wearing pull-ups in the daytime was humiliating enough. But... I'd grown to accept it. Almost even like it? It was like wearing my wedding ring: a demonstration of my commitment. But I didn't want anyone else to know, and now someone did.

"Well, I'll talk to her if you like." But that didn't seem like it would help all that much. **"It's probably my fault. I've told her about the fact I like being the Daddy, she actually helped to encourage me some to be brave enough to talk to you about it. So maybe she just inferred, and if she did, I'm sorry little one."**

"It's fine, she... was helpful, or whatever." Helpful. I didn't want to get into this. But I had to tell him something. **"I got sad about something - probably from drinking - and she made me feel better. So I guess it's not a big deal. I just... don't want you to talk to her about it. If she wants to talk she can talk to me. And don't tell her about the diapers."** I was making rules. It almost sounded like I was in charge. But these were safety rules: rules we'd come up with to make sure I was comfortable being Daddy's little girl. This was normal for us.

"Let's put a pin in it and come back to it tomorrow, Frosty, I think tonight you need some safety and security." I ran my hand up the back of her neck while I talked. **"Like... your paci, and a nice thick diaper, so thick your legs don't close, and that's okay because you're on Daddy's lap all night anyway. And we can cuddle under one big blanket, on the sofa, and watch anything you want on TV until you fall asleep."**

I nodded my head quietly and smiled up at Remy. **"Uh huh. I think that would be very nice."** And that was exactly what happened. I woke up the next morning in bed - obviously Remy had carried me - and in another wet diaper. I had a period where I would cry when I woke up, but this whole thing was normalizing. Diapers at bedtime, pull-ups in the daytime. I was a little girl. Daddy's little girl. And it kept my bed dry anyway, didn't it? I pulled on Daddy's sleeve in the den and lifted my nightgown for him to see. **"Need change, please."**

It might have become routine, but it never lost its magic. Not the first time she did it, not the dozenth time. Not the times she'd whine if she didn't get it right away, not the times like today when she'd crawl up onto my lap and watch me work until I had a moment free to change her. My adult fiancée had adapted, grown even, into her new role. And it never ever got old. It was twenty minutes after she asked that I carried her into the bedroom and tossed her down on the bed. Despite her somber mood since last night, that always brought a giggle. We were so much happier now.

"Movie and ice cream, uh huh?" "Of course." I waited with my shoes on for ten whole minutes, but Remy was still in the den. I pouted and hurried after him. **"Come on." "In a moment, Frosty." "No, but... we always leave around now."** Movies and ice cream were our Saturday tradition for over a month. They were extremely important to me because they were the only real "dates" I had with Remy anymore.

"Alright!" For the first time, I think in forever, I put my work aside when she asked, and I think that stunned her. It certainly had her eyes wide. And she ran off to the bedroom quick as a light. Where was she going? **"Come on, Frosty, don't you wanna go see the movie and get ice-cream?"**

I came back out a minute later holding my pacifier and handing it to him. **"If we sit in the back, I can use it during the movie?"** I never did little girl things in public. Never where anyone could see me. But elevators, private rooms, movie theaters... well, that wasn't so bad, was it? No one ever noticed, other than Ginger. But she was an exception. She knew about our situation, so maybe she inferred.

I got it - a reward? She'd done that before, when I'd done something for her and given her what she wanted, she'd go out of her way to use her littleness to reward me. I took her pacifier from her and clipped it to the collar of her dress, then tucked it down inside and out of sight. **"Now you won't forget who you are, and whose."** I loved when she blushed...

44.)

We were in line for concessions when his phone rang. I gave him a sour look but he answered it all the same. Why now? It was our date night! I checked my ticket. And we were already running late... I ordered popcorn and soda and some candies, then waited while he talked to somebody. He seemed unhappy.

"No, it's..." I sighed and rubbed the bridge of my nose. **"Yes I know, I kn-... right. Yeah yeah, alright. Okay, I get it."** She wasn't going to be

happy at all. I pulled her to one side and put my hands on her shoulders, trying to keep a brave face. **"Daddy had a work emergency happen, and-"** She was about to protest, and I put my finger over her lips. **"I won't be gone all night, but for a bit. I wanted to ask my princess how she might feel if I asked Ginger to come babysit? She could use my ticket with you and see the movie, and we could meet up at home later on?"**

"I don't want to see Ginger. If you don't want to go--" "I want to go, Frosty, I just--" "Fine! Then go home and do whatever you have to do and I'll see the stupid movie on my own!" I turned on my heel and stormed off toward the theater with my arms full of snacks.

Wow, it was like having an actual child! I followed after her and picked her up, scooping her into my arms and sitting her on the ledge that one of the movie posters was inset into. **"I didn't raise you to be rude, Wednesday. Ginger has wanted to see you all day too, to make sure you're okay. You don't have to tell her anything, she won't even know about your special undies, but would you please let her come and see the movie with you? For Daddy?"**

I pouted and looked at my fiancé with frustration. He had put me before his work all month! He had started to actually come through! He was home for dinner and... and... and I wanted my night with him. I wanted time with him. I kicked my feet and looked away. **"I want adult time tonight,"** I told him simply, because we hadn't had sex in over a month. The last time I came, it was because of a vibrator, and *that* was two weeks ago!

The issue of my not being sexually attracted to her notwithstanding, I nodded my head. **"Let Ginger take you in to see the movie, and when we're home tonight, we'll have some adult time. Deal?"** Mostly I wanted her to relent to needing a babysitter, because if this was going to be an issue with work tonight, I wanted to salvage something.

"...she better get here soon. Movie starts in five." I kicked myself down from the little ledge on the wall and walked past Remy and into the theater alone. I sat in the back, sulking and pouting and eating handful after handful of popcorn. Previews started. Those were over. No Ginger. Maybe she wouldn't come. That would be a blessing.

"Hey you." Ginger whispered as she sat down next to the girl, only ten minutes late to the film. After all, she was the reason that Remy was called away, so of course she was in the area. Tonight was going to be a big night for the baby girl to be - she was going to be put to sleep with a trigger word in the movies, given headphones, and inducted into some important new beliefs that Ginger had worked on.

I didn't say anything to Ginger. I didn't know what to say to her. Yesterday, she'd been... wonderful. Helpful. But how was I supposed to thank a girl for changing me out of a piss-soaked pull-up? So I sat quietly. I wanted Remy here...

"It's going to be okay, Apricot Pudding." Ginger counted five in her head to make sure the trigger had taken, and when the girl didn't move, she slipped the earbuds into each of her little ear canals and started the program running. Efforts must be doubled, after all.

The credits rolled. I looked up at the screen in bewilderment, up at Ginger, who I was sleeping on, and rubbed my eyes. I didn't... understand what just happened. **"You fell asleep,"** she told me. And now that I thought about it, that made a lot of sense. I had worked myself up over Remy, so maybe I just fell asleep. The sugar from the soda and candy probably didn't help either. **"Sorry,"** I muttered. **"I didn't mean to."**

"It's alright, that's why I'm here - someone has to take care of you." She'd put the headphones away a few minutes earlier, and checked to see that the girl had indeed wet herself, but not enough to leak this time, before counting the remaining minutes to wake her up.

"I dun need to be taken care of," I pouted and climbed up to my feet, instantly noticing the shift of weight in my pull-up. I hesitated, patting the back of my dress and finding it dry, before blushing and walking ahead of Ginger down the flight of stairs. My pacifier was still tucked into my dress.

"Hey wait up, I need to use the ladies'. Do you need to as well, princess?" Ginger knew the reality, but it was fun to watch for reactions with a little smile hidden behind her features. **"Alright, suit yourself, sit and wait for me though, okay? Girls your age shouldn't be left alone without a Mommy or Daddy to care for them."**

"I... y-you're not...!" But she had already gone on ahead of me. She went into the women's bathroom and I stood uncomfortably across the hallway, waiting impatiently. She wasn't my Mommy! Why did she keep saying that? Because she took care of me ONE time? Because we were friends? She wasn't a part of this game I played with my fiancée - why did she feel the need to interject?

Ginger took her time using the bathroom, took her opportunity to review the file, to check for any imperfections in her work, before putting it away and coming back out and putting her hand right on the girl's cheek. **"You're glowing. Remy texted and mentioned he'd be busy for a while longer and asked me to take you out for ice cream. So where should we go?"**

Her fingers touched my cheek like they had a few times before, but this felt different. It felt electric. I blushed and pushed my face into her palm until she took it away, and I was left speechless. My heart was racing. What... just happened? "I... what?" **"Ice cream?"** **"N-no, I... I... um..."** I shook my head. **"I'd like to go home please..."** That was when I realized Ginger was my ride.

"Oh, pretty please? It broke Jeremy's heart to have to go into work today and I promised him I'd take you for ice cream. Please, for me? He said you knew all the best places, because you're his Frosty." Her blush was perfect, her reaction spot on. Timing may have had to come forward, but Ginger was pleased with herself.

I looked up at her with blushing cheeks and opened my mouth to protest. But I was having trouble thinking. She took my hand and led me out to her car, and when she asked where to go, I told her a nearby ice cream shop. But I just wanted to change out of this pull-up...

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"I never realized how pretty you are when you smile," Ginger complimented her, off-handedly, and added, **"I think it's because you never really smile around me. I want for you to like me, you know that,**

Frosty? I want for you to want me around, to be in your life. Sometimes I wonder if you'd prefer I wasn't, though."

I looked down at my ice cream and licked the sprinkles off the top. Ice cream always made me smile, no matter what. Even when I was sitting in a wet pull-up out in the cold late-autumn. **"No, that's... that's not it."** I sighed and took another lick. **"I just... think we're really close. And... you know a lot of stuff even Lala doesn't know, and... and..."**

"And Lala's your best friend, right? So if I know some things she doesn't, I wonder what that makes me." Ginger knew that a word would come to Wendy over and over, a word that described her exactly. A word she didn't know what to do with at first, admittedly, but that didn't mean she wouldn't figure it out. Daddy had seemed foreign once, too.

I pouted and looked at her quietly. Ginger... first I thought she had a crush on Remy, and then I thought she had a crush on me. But here we were, getting ice cream together, and I realized that I didn't understand her at all. **"You keep saying that. Mommy. Ever since I told you about the Daddy stuff. And you did it yesterday. And you did it today. Why are you trying to play our game? It's private."**

That question was unexpected, and Ginger soured but only for a moment, barely enough to notice. **"I'm friends with the both of you, close with you, close with your Daddy, maybe I got the wrong impression of things."** With one scoop of ice-cream in her mouth, Ginger watched Wendy like she'd watch prey.

"I don't care if you're close to us. We're engaged. And... and I like you and all, and I think you're cool to just, talk to and stuff. I think we're pretty good friends, right? But this is personal. It's between him and me and you can't just pretend like you're a part of that." I took another lick of my ice cream. I hoped I was getting through to her. **"I want you around, but you're just so invasive sometimes. Maybe get a boyfriend."**

"I'm not interested in any of that. You understand, don't you? I'm not the romantic type, I don't really date. Honestly, I'm too busy for

relationships or friendships, but I make room for the two of you because..." She leaned across the table. **"Because you're special."**

I rolled my eyes and took another lick of my ice cream. **"Whatever. I think you just need to get laid or something. From one friend to another."** Even if it wasn't a very friendly thing to say, it was the sort of way Lala and I would talk all the time. It absolutely wasn't the way a little girl talked to her Mommy.

So enough was enough. She climbed up on the table and put her hand on Wednesday's cheek, and she whispered in her ear. **"You're a big girl, huh? You don't need a Mommy? Alright, suit yourself."** She wouldn't even remember what was said after that. Thirty seconds later, Ginger slid back into her chair and began working on her ice cream again, waiting for the show to begin.

I shoved her away, or I thought I did, but she was sitting there eating her ice cream. I pouted, frustrated, and licked my own. But the cold winds were colder than I remembered. I shivered a little. I couldn't even finish my ice cream. I closed my eyes and got up from the table. **"I wanna go home now,"** I told Ginger harshly.

"Sit down, baby girl, I'm still eating." Ginger would be as cold as the ice cream, until Wendy said those magic words, until Wendy admitted to needing her. As cold as the world around her would seem.

"Fuck you, I want to go home!" Swearing wasn't something I did anymore, not around Remy. The word felt weird on my tongue, but I needed to make a point. I hugged myself in my coat and looked down at my feet. I felt uneasy. I felt... uncomfortable. I felt nostalgic...

"I'm going to tell your Daddy that you used a bad word. He's going to be disappointed." This was rough; Remy as Daddy had the luxury of time. Ginger as Mommy didn't have that. Her transformation in Wendy's eyes would be stark, and sometimes volatile. But the results needed to happen, or all this would be for nothing.

Bad word. Disappointed. I hesitated and turned away from the woman at the table. I looked out at the street, at the passing cars, remembering

when I was younger, and my sister and I would count cars on the way to the mall. I closed my eyes and shook my head. **"I wanna go home,"** I muttered, trying not to think about it.

Ginger finished her ice cream and set the cup in the waste bin, wiping her hands off with a napkin. Oh to be inside that girl's head right now; she could have written a thesis! **"I'm disappointed, too, Wednesday. I've been lovely to you, caring, accommodating, motherly, and you use awful words like that? Talk to me in those tones?"** Dismissively, she shook her head.

"...shut up," I mumbled quieter, shaking my head. Motherly. Caring. Accommodating. Lovely. I remembered when my mom was around, before she left. I wasn't sure lovely or caring were the proper words for it. She was busy. Too busy for me or my sister. Then she wasn't around anymore, and... I started to breathe heavily.

"I dropped everything when you needed me, and I always do. I'm always here when you need me, aren't I? Today, at the party, when you started having night time accidents?" These were strategic words, to be sure. On the way to the car, Ginger was silent, letting the words weigh the girl down. Letting her drown in her pride and her stubbornness. Eventually, and before too long at that, Wendy would come to the conclusion she'd been programmed to; that she needed Ginger. And Ginger was sure of that.

"SHUT UP!" I slammed my hands on her car door and shook my head. **"I can't right now, Wendy." "Ask your father." "Go play with your sister." "I'm on the phone." "I'll be home after you're in bed."** My mom's words played in my ears. I leaned against the car and bit my lip hard, drawing blood. Tears filled up my eyes.

When she started to cry, Ginger waited. When she started to shiver, Ginger waited. When her nails dug into her own arms, that's when Ginger struck. She put herself in the way, she cuddled her up, she engulfed her and encompassed her, and reminded her of one simple thing. One obvious thing. **"I'll never leave you. I'll always have time for you. I'll always be here."**

"**YOU! AREN'T! MY! MOM!**" I hit her over and over until I couldn't anymore. Until I felt weak and sick. I curled up in her shoulder and wrapped my arms around her waist. I was going to throw up. I couldn't stop everything from spinning. What was wrong with me? What was going on?

"She was never there, was she?" It was easy for Ginger to hold her, no matter what she did. It was easy for Ginger to play with her hair. It was easy for Ginger to route the origin of the trauma, of the resistance. It was easy to know what was happening, and how to use it. **"She never had time for you?"**

"Shut up... shut up, shut up, shut up..." I buried my head in Ginger's neck and used her to warm me up. The pull-up between my legs was so cold and I felt so humiliated. Sure, my mom and I didn't have the best relationship. But that never mattered before. Why did it suddenly matter now?

"Shh..." Despite her crying out in anguish, her negative responses, Wendy held tightly onto Ginger's form and sobbed, and she certainly didn't fight off the cuddling. **"That's why you were so upset when Remy didn't have time for you, you felt neglected, second best. That's why you get so upset when you think of me as Mom, it would make you feel the same way..."**

Her words were heavy on my heart. My excuses... I told her she wasn't part of our game. That was true. But was this true, too? I didn't know what to say, I didn't know what to feel. I just felt sick and uncomfortable and dizzy. Holding onto her... that was all that made me feel better...

"I don't want to be given anything, poppet, not a role in your life, or your dynamic, not your affection, kindness, or trust. I'll earn every last bit of that, so when you offer it, you know you made the right choice." Ginger pulled her into the backseat of her car, holding her cuddled against her chest and playing with her hair. **"And if you ever want me to be that to you, I will be. And I promise you'll always come first."**

Always come first... my heart hurt. My chest hurt. My head hurt. I curled up with my face against her lap and thought about a life where I could

come first. Even today, Remy took that phone call. He went to work. And Ginger came running to my side. Would... would it be so bad, to have her? To know I was always safe with somebody? Of course not... it's what I'd always wanted. So I nodded my head and blushed through my tears.
"...I'd... like it... if you were my Mommy..."

"There's a good girl..." Ginger played with her hair, held her close, found the binkie that had popped out of her dress, and slipped it between her lips. She always was good in the crunch time, always was her best under pressure. **"You're too precious for just one person to look after, aren't you? Don't you worry, Mommy will do a good job, you'll see."**

It felt like... like a weight was lifted off my chest. Like everything felt easy and free again. I didn't know how to explain it. But... but maybe a part of me thought this was a good idea. Remy, my lover, my everything, as a Daddy. And Ginger, the girl I was hardly friends with, restoring my faith as a Mommy. Half the reason I hadn't wanted children was because of my Mom... and now... now I had the chance to have everything.

46.)

I looked up at my apartment building and then down at my feet. This whole thing was a mess... **"I don't know what to do,"** I mumbled, more to myself than to Ginger. She sat in the driver's seat and waited until I was ready to get out of the car. I agreed to let her play Mommy. I agreed without even talking to Remy! But it was personal... special between him and me. But if I went back on my word now, if I told Ginger I couldn't do it... I had a sinking feeling in my stomach. I wanted her to... to fill that hole my mom left when I was a kid. Damn it...

"Do what feels right. And if someone won't take your side when it feels right then that person needs to get over themselves." Ginger always had a certain way of talking, a speech pattern like she'd seen the cheat codes of life and knew the right magic words to say.

"I can't tell him," I said quietly, nervously. But if I didn't... I didn't want to lie either. I couldn't believe I'd made this decision without him. I leaned

back in the seat and looked up at the roof of the car. Ugh! Why is this so complicated! A month ago, none of this would have ever happened! And to make matters worse, my pull-up was cold and horribly uncomfortable. I couldn't sit still for more than a minute!

"Why can't you tell him?" There was a tone to her voice, something... therapist-esque. **"Are you afraid of how he'll react, or are you afraid of what he might think?"** For a woman who did so much meddling, Ginger sure did seem to care.

"Because, this... thing. It's special to him. And I guess I've sort of... grown to like it." I blushed a little at the admission. **"And I invited you into it, without even talking to him! And... ugh, he's going to feel like he's not good enough, or that I need more than him. And I don't! I love him! I just... I can't explain it..."**

"Or maybe he's going to feel like there are different things we both offer you, different feelings that we're both more set up to handle. You might not have sexual feelings for me, for example, but I doubt you would talk to him about how you want to look cuter in those pretty gingham clothes. Kids have two parents, socially, for a reason. Why shouldn't you get to have two parent figures, Wednesday?"

"I'm not an actual kid," I muttered. But she had a point... and it started to make me jealous. Kids got two parents. I never did. I had my dad and my sister growing up... I bit my lip and looked at my shoes. I wanted two parents... **"I dunno what to say... he's gonna get upset... and when he says no, then that's that..."** Over the past week or two, Remy had started to make my decisions. It was... well, it was annoying sometimes. But it was nice other times. And if he said no about this... could I even argue?

"You should trust him." Lord knows that Ginger did. **"Tell him how you feel and what you want, that you want a Mommy too, and you want for it to be me. And then offer it to him, tell him that his decision is the final one and you're his little girl and you'll respect it. Make it his decision, because he loves you and I think you know he'll make the right one."** Her finger traced down the girl's chest and pointed to her heart. **"Deep down in here, you know."**

I knew. I hugged Ginger goodbye and climbed out of the car, walking up the stairs to my apartment. Remy was on the phone when I came in so I went straight to my room and changed into a fresh pull-up. The thought of changing into panties didn't even occur to me: after all, this was my constant reminder that Remy was my Daddy and that he would take care of me. I had to wait a whole hour for Remy to finish all the work he was doing, and by the end of it, I had a pretty good idea of what to say. Of course, my anxiety was through the roof... **"Daddy...? Are you done with work?"**

"Done enough to spend some time with my favorite princess, come here." I picked her up like a doll and put her on my desk, kissing her forehead. **"I'm sorry about earlier, about work and nonsense getting in the way. I know you don't like it, but I know you're clever enough to know it's important, too."**

Oh yeah. He'd left me at the movies! I gave him a stern glare and then let it soften. Maybe this could go my way after all. If he felt guilty, he might sway in my favor. **"That's alright. I mean, Ginger and I... well we had a good time, and we talked, and..."** I looked down at my feet, kicking them off the side of his desk. **"I want to talk to you about something serious... and it's going to upset you, and I'm a little scared..."**

"Well, you're here and you've been brave enough to come to me, so maybe it's not as scary as you think it is? Do you want to sit on Daddy's lap while you talk about it? Would that help?" This kind of thing came so easily now.

"Um... yeah, if that's okay..." He pulled me down onto his lap and bounced me a little bit on his knee. This pose, this helped a lot. Because I didn't have to look him in the eye as I said it... **"Ginger... and I. Um. We were talking..."** Deep breath, Wendy... **"What I mean is... I grew up without my mom, you know? She left when I was a kid, and even before then, she never really had time for me..."** It wasn't something I talked a lot about. But Remy had met my dad. The topic had come up before.

"That's true, it was just you and your Dad. I wonder if that's why you're such a little Daddy's girl now, huh?" I booped her chin and

bounced her a little, squeezing her tight. How easy it became to treat your adult fiancée as a child, huh? I wondered why it had taken us so long.

"Right, well..." Like a bandaid. Rip it off, Wendy. I bit my lip and played with my fingers in front of me. **"I... I miss my mom..." "Of course you do." "Yeah, but I mean... more than really missing her, I miss... just... having a mom."** Too vague. I wasn't articulating myself well. Bandaid, Wendy! **"I want one. I want... um... a mom... um... like how you're my Daddy?"**

"Oh." It was an answer like 'oh' that really let things sit there in the open like an angry wound for longer than they needed to. And I didn't mean for it to! I was just surprised. Probably not for the reasons she thought, though. **"Well, how about Ginger?"** Straight away, suggestion. Smile. Cuddle.

I blinked, completely taken aback. Uh... **"I... uh. Yeah. I mean... she would be really good at it, I think?"** She was also the only person who knew about my pull-ups. Lala knew about the Daddy stuff, but... Lala as my Mommy? Oh my days, I might actually die of embarrassment. No, Ginger... she fit. It felt almost surreal, because she fit so well. Like she was meant for this... **"But are you sure? I... I mean, I don't want you to feel like you aren't enough... because you are!"**

"Honey, do you have any idea how much sympathy I have for your father? He had a little girl, and had to take you to get your first bra, handle your periods, talk about boys with you. No no, a girl, a little girl, my small Frosty? She needs - no, she deserves - a Mom. And Ginger is... special, isn't she? To both of us. She's helped us both so much. I couldn't imagine anybody better."

I wrapped my arms around Remy as tight as I could and pushed my cheek into his. I couldn't have asked for a better fiancé. I couldn't have asked for a better Daddy! I kissed him once, hard on the lips, and smiled sheepishly. Wow... **"Thank you so, so, so, so, so, so much... and I promise it won't be weird or anything and everything is gonna be great! I promise!"**

I laughed. We laughed, together, and I pulled her up into my arms. **"Maybe we can go on vacations together, places where nobody knows us, and**

you can dress the way you feel deep down inside. We can go to like... Disneyworld, together, as a family. The three of us?"

My eyes lit up like Christmas tree lights. Disney World... a dreamy smile rested on my lips. I couldn't wait to text Ginger and tell her how it went! Everything felt like it was coming together. Like it was falling in place. I sat in Daddy's arms a little while longer, enjoying the closeness, the happiness between us, before pulling on his fingers. **"You promised,"** I reminded him. **"When I got home."** We were going to have sex. Grown up time. And nothing put me in the mood like being reminded my fiancé was the sweetest man in the world.

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"I did promise that, didn't I?" And honestly, I wanted to. But I also wanted something else, something that seemed to be louder in my head, a voice I didn't recognize but listened to nonetheless. **"I was going to take you out for ice cream, though, and then to buy some toys because I got a bonus at work, and thought we'd celebrate. Buuut if you'd rather just go to our room..."**

"Ginger and I got ice cream," I said simply, with a coy smile on my face. He was dodging out of this. He had been for weeks. The first time I thought maybe it was coincidence, but the second time, after the spanking? And then there was last week. I crossed my arms and looked at him with a bit of anxiety. **"...you still wanna... right?"**

"I'm an adult man, honey, with the most beautiful girl in the entire world on my lap, of course I want to." So then, I wondered, even as we went to our bedroom together, why wasn't I even hard?

"Hold on, I'm gonna change!" I was excited. I had thought about this all week, and today, when he'd finally agreed... there was no backing down now. I wasn't sure what had gotten into him - maybe this Daddy/Little Girl stuff scared him on some level - but I was going to show him that it was okay. I came back out of the closet in the same gingham dress, still

wearing my pull-up, and having tied my hair in pigtails with ribbon. **"Do I look okay, Daddy...?"**

"You look beautiful, princess, absolutely beautiful." But... she looked like a princess. My princess. And no matter how much I tried, I couldn't see her any other way, I couldn't see her sexually, I couldn't see her in the context of something...adult and alluring... so I hesitated.

I walked up to my fiancée, who sat on the edge of the bed with a smile, and kissed him on the lips. My hands ran down his sides, until they found his hands. I put his palms on the skirt of my dress, against my hips, on the sides of my pull-up. I knew this whole Daddy thing was a fetish for him, and I was eager to use it to my advantage. I wouldn't make the same mistake as before. **"Daddy, please... I'm a good little girl... I want a reward..."**

"You do, huh?" And here was the issue - I choked. I wasn't smooth, I wasn't confident. I didn't know the right things to say, I didn't go from one strength to another. I stammered. I acted like an uncomfortable teenager..

"Uh huh..." His hands stayed on my hips and I pouted a little. Jeeze, did I have to do everything? I took his hand in mine and lifted up my dress, putting it on my outer thigh, right against the fabric of the pull-up. My always-present symbol of love and devotion. **"Please Daddy... I'll do anything you want to prove I'm a good girl... as long as you reward me..."** Maybe it was the two weeks without an orgasm, but I swear, this stuff was turning me on!

"Lay down." I motioned for her to do that, to lay on the bed, but I think it was probably only to get my hands away from her thighs. Her smile melted hearts like caramel in the microwave, but for me it just made me feel... paternal. **"Is that how a good girl acts, Frosty? Is that how a good girl is ladylike?"**

Oh, no, no, no! No, I wasn't going to fall into that trap! I wouldn't act up! I quickly climbed onto our bed and shuffled into the center of it, lying firmly on my back and staring up at our bedroom ceiling. **"Yes Daddy, uh huh, I'm a very good girl! Very ladylike! I promise, I'll listen to anything**

you say, I promise!" No more spankings. No more reasons to say no to me. I'd be good...

"And do ladylike princesses try to seduce their daddies, do you think? Do proper little girls think with their hearts, or their cunnies, hmm? I think I raised you to know the right answer to that, Frosty, don't you?" I could see her frustration, fighting with her understanding; both were all over her face.

"...with their hearts, Daddy," I muttered nervously. I was doing everything right, wasn't I? Of course I was! I didn't understand why he was saying these things... I went to sit up, but then I thought better of it. Good girls listen. Daddy has the final say. So I took a deep breath and nodded my head. **"I love you, Daddy... with my whole heart... I just want... you to give me what I deserve..."** If he thought I was bad, I'd get spanked again. But I hadn't been bad! I hadn't... and still, I was so nervous I was shaking.

So I did, I gave her what she deserved, I gave her everything she could ever want or need - I leaned in close, I put my hand in her head, and I kissed her. Not on the lips, not passionately, no no. I kissed her on the forehead, I kissed her protectively. And I put my hand in my pocket and pulled something out, pressed it into her hand while I kissed her face. And when she looked, she'd see a little jewelry box. A tiny little burgundy box with a bracelet inside that had one charm that read 'Daddys Girl' and countless hooks for others.

I sat up slowly and opened the box, taking out the bracelet in confusion. I... what? Why was he giving me this? But when I read the little charm, I just about melted. Oh... oh my gosh. I bit my lip and looked up at Remy with sparkling eyes. **"This is so beautiful..."** He hadn't gotten me jewelry since our engagement ring. I just... there weren't words for how happy I was. I put my wrist out so he could put it on.

I put it around her wrist and watched as she lifted her hand to see it jingle, watched the smile on her face. **"You deserved a reward for being a good girl, Frosty, and that's why I wanted to take you out. Anybody can do naughty stuff in bed, anybody can think with their cunnies can't they? But you're smarter than that, you're better. You think with your heart, and your love for Daddy, don't you?"**

"I..." I looked up at him nervously and then down at the bracelet on my wrist. Something was wrong. I wasn't stupid, and I knew Remy really well. There wasn't a week that went by when we hadn't had sex, and now it had been a month. And that's when I thought... **"Are you... um... cheating on me?"**

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I tried not to be angry that she'd asked that, she had every right to, but I felt hurt anyway. **"No, I just... don't care about that stuff right now. Not with you or anybody, alright?"** How did I even explain this? **"I don't want to waste time and energy on that crap, Frosty, I just want to take care of you. I'm sorry if I ever made you feel like sex was all I wanted, but that was just filling a void that's not even there anymore."**

"What are you talking about..?" Not with me? Or anyone? I didn't buy that. I looked at the bracelet and then... then I got upset. I was frustrated, and I did something I hadn't done in a while. I called Remy by his name when we were alone. **"Remy. What is going on? Tell me the truth! I swear, if you don't, then... then..."** What? We'd break up? I took the ring off my finger and held it up for him to see. **"Tell me the truth!"**

The truth? And she'd threaten me like that? I took her hand and spoke sternly. **"You never take that off, young lady, that ring is a promise and I'm not the father of a girl who breaks her promises, you understand?"** I expected defiance. What I got was a somewhat melty, a little bit pathetic, little whimper and expression on her face.

I hesitated, looking up at him, then down at the ring in my hand. But I was upset! What... what if he was cheating on me? I felt tears in my eyes and they dropped down my cheeks before I could stop them. Damn it... **"It's a promise for you, too... it's a promise that you aren't gonna sleep with anybody else, and you are, and... and... and I dressed up like this for you! And I learned to love being your little girl for you! And... and...."** How could I have been so stupid....

"I'm not sleeping with anybody, Frosty! I'm not sleeping with you or with anybody else because I don't..." I didn't, what? How did I even put this? How did I tell this to a child? But Wendy wasn't a child, not really, so I told her directly. **"I used to be so fixated with that, with making sure we had sex because that's what I thought was the glue that made a relationship special, I thought that was what mattered... but we have something else that makes us special now, something that's not just... rubbing naked bodies against one another, something... beautiful. And... and I'm disappointed, Frosty, because I thought you got that..."**

Disappointed. I hesitated on that word. My chest started to ache. Disappointed? But I didn't believe him! Guys can't just... just... give up sex! I couldn't even give up sex! I bit my lip and put the ring back on my finger, looking down at the bedsheets. **"If you're not lying... if you really aren't sleeping with someone else... then maybe you should see a doctor? Or something..."**

"Is that all you think I am? You think I'm just a walking sex machine?" I rubbed the bridge of my nose. This was going to take more than explaining. **"I promise. I pinky swear to you, that if I do want to make love you'll be the first to know about it. You're my #1, you're my princess, you understand?"**

"But / want to!" I pounded my fists against the bedsheets without even thinking about how childish I was acting. **"Fine, you don't wanna have sex, which I think is CRAZY and I don't know how you expect me to believe you! But I wanna! You keep doing these nice things that make me all warm inside and you kiss my forehead and you take care of me and I melt into a little puddle on the floor and I am going crazy because I just want you to be proud of me and show me I'm being a good girl!"** The weirdest description of sex if there ever was one...

"Does a Daddy have sex with his little girl to show her that she's been good?" That left us both silent, I think in part due to the fact it was a heavy topic to drop, but also because I made a very good point. I sighed and pulled her into my arms, rubbing her back while I thought, and finally answered said something. **"That warm feeling inside, that wanting to melt into the floor, when I'm proud of you, when you're good? That is the reward..."**

I hated this. I hated that we were on different wavelengths. And... I didn't know how to handle it. Was he cheating on me? But Remy... he wouldn't. Would he? We were getting along so well recently. Or was that because he was sleeping with someone else? I wanted to trust him, I just... I sighed and climbed up off the bed. **"Um... I think I want some time to think about this..."**

"Fine." Old Remy answer. **"Sit with me, sit with me in my lap for as long as it takes, cinnamon bun, and when you think you've found some words, share them with me. It's alright if they're not right, because every wrong answer is one step closer to a right one."** New Remy answer. Wow.

He was being so sweet. I felt terrible. I didn't know what to believe, and I didn't know what to think. I looked down at the bracelet, and at my ring on my finger. A promise, he said. Goddamnit... **"Um... maybe I'll stay at Ginger's? I think I need a girl's perspective on this... would that be okay?"** Three weeks ago, I would have stormed out without asking.

"That's what mommies are for, baby girl." I smiled. Genuinely. She asked, too. She asked permission, she was lovely and sweet, and it was the most surreal fight we'd ever had. **"Text me when you get there, so I know you got there safely. Okay?"** Then. **"Come here, give Daddy a kiss, I'll miss you."**

49.)

Ginger's apartment was as gorgeous as always. Bigger than mine, that was for sure. I sat quietly in the living room, under her weird blanket table thing, and sipped my tea. I hated to admit it, but tea was starting to grow on me. **"Thank you for letting me stay here, Ginger..."** I hadn't gotten used to the Mommy stuff yet.

"You're always welcome here, you know that my little royal princess." Besides which, this was just as much her home just as her current one. Like having divorced parents, more or less. Divorced for now, anyway. **"A penny for your thoughts then? Tell Mom what's happening."**

"I think Remy's probably cheating on me..." I wasn't even upset about it now. I wasn't crying or in hysterics. The whole ride here, I'd become resigned to it. Like it was an inevitability. Of course he would cheat on me... dressed like this. Acting like this. But I thought this was what he wanted! I didn't understand him at all...

Ginger laughed. She laughed with a kind of scoff, condescending in that way that only British women could get away with. **"You're kidding me, right?"** Ginger sipped her tea. **"He was just talking to me recently about how he was afraid that you'd want to cheat on him, because his sexual drive has been down on account of work stress. He's grateful that you're doing all this for him and he feels guilty. He's worried you only care about the sex and he's got too much on his mind for that."**

...oh. I pouted a little and looked down at my feet. Maybe he wasn't lying after all... **"Well... it's not really fair. Because I dress up and do the whole "Daddy" thing and he's supposed to... to get into it. But lately it just feels like... like I'm his kid or something. Not his fiancée."** After all, the only thing that really set us apart was my age and our sex life. If he didn't want to have sex anymore, all I had to argue was that I was actually twenty-two. And that didn't mean a lot when I wore diapers to bed...

"What about being his kid makes you implicitly not his fiancée, I wonder?" Ginger smiled over her teacup and pondered over that thought with a little hum to her tone. **"Are the two mutually exclusive? I mean, generally yes, but in your case, do they have to be? For the record, I think you're doing wonderfully."**

"Yeah well! I think it's going terribly!" Alright, so maybe I was over-reacting. All the Daddy stuff... the caretaking, the babying, always being around... until today, Remy had always been there when we had plans. Everything was actually going really well. **"I just... I don't understand why he isn't interested in me. Everything is finally good. I feel like... like he's sabotaging things or something."**

"Why is it that couples have sex, Wednesday? Do you think it's to share pleasure? To show trust? Love, devotion, to make the relationship special apart from a friendship?" She mused in her

therapist voice. **"I wonder if there's anything from sex that you're not already getting from your new dynamic."**

"Trust me, there's *something* I'm not getting." I glared at her with a sour look and crossed my legs under her table. I'd only touched myself the one time, and after that, Remy took the vibrating toy away. That was almost two weeks ago, and I was so sexually frustrated! This was a boyfriend's job! Didn't he know that?!

"I'm not sure how a young man like Jeremy would view things, my expertise isn't in those things, but..." Her tea was sipped, agonizingly, as she gathered her thoughts. **"Maybe instead of traditional sex, he wants something else."** Though to be fair, Remy would have had no sexual desire at all for a while, at least not for his little girl.

"Traditional? You think there's anything traditional about me calling him Daddy?" Ginger shrugged her shoulders and I finished my cup of tea. I was upset, clearly. But I was less crying-upset as much as angry-upset. I didn't understand this stuff and I had been doing everything right! Or I thought I had... **"What do you mean something else?"**

"It could be anything, really. Maybe he wants for you to suck your thumb and hump his thigh in your diaper?" Like that was the most sane suggestion in the world.

"I. Don't. Wear. Diapers!" My cheeks were on fire and I shouted the words at her. She knew I was in pull-ups, and that I had a few accidents, but that was the extent of it. I had no intention of telling Ginger I wore diapers to bed - our relationship was humiliating enough. **"I am doing enough! I've done enough! He doesn't get to decide everything!"**

"Doesn't he?" Her eyebrow raised. **"Isn't that the point? That Daddy knows best? Maybe that's the issue then, maybe your obstinacy and independence is ruining it for him, maybe it's turning him off? You never know."** Well, Ginger knew. **"Why don't you take a rest here, listen to some meditation tracks for a while, see if it helps?"**

"I dun wanna! And I'm not being obstinate! And... and he's the one that's being stupid!" **"You're the one throwing a tantrum."** **"I AM NOT!"**

I slammed my hands down on the table and the little teacup fell off the saucer. Okay, so maybe that wasn't the most adult way to handle the situation...

With little sigh, Ginger put her hand on the girl's cheek and said three simple words: **"Little English Doll."** The girl's eyes drooped heavily; a little pause button to drop her into a longly reinforced state of trance and sleep. And that was how Ginger left her too, while she tidied up, while she got changed, and up until she sat down and told her some important truths: things that might make her circumstances with Remy a little easier to handle.

50.)

I woke up on the sofa, in the dark. My head was swirling. I remembered coming to Ginger's, and I remembered yelling at her about something. She had been agreeing with Remy. But I thought she'd be on my side. I pouted and sat upright, before the cold chill ran up my legs. Oh no... I searched the walls for a light switch, bumping into the table and falling backwards on my ass. Ow...

"Are you awake?" Ginger turned on the lights, standing there as naked as the day she was born, with a towel in her hands that she was using to dry off her hair. It was an intentional move, of course, sunshine for the freshly planted desires in her little projects head - Frosty would provide the water.

I blinked up at her, adjusting to the light and the sight of Ginger's naked body. Immediately, my eyes fell to my feet and a blush filled out my cheeks. Then I saw the huge wet spot on my jeans and the blush turned a shade darker. Fuck... **"I... y-yeah... I'm just..."** I stumbled to my feet as quickly as I could.

"Oh you're not wearing your proper undies?" There was no judgment in her voice, just surprise. A moment of confusion. She quickly put her hand in Wendy's, leading her into the bedroom without further fanfare. **"It's my fault, Mommy should have gotten you changed the moment you got**

here. Don't worry, we'll get you into the bath straight away - it's still full and warm, and smells like Mommy. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

I looked up at her in awe, completely taken aback by her change in demeanor. One second, a curious friend, and the next... Mommy. I couldn't stop blushing. **"I... I don't need a bath, I just..."** But she took me into her en-suite anyway. I'd never been in Ginger's bedroom before, or her personal bathroom. The tub was a lot bigger than the one in our apartment, and it was still full of water. She started to undress me and I shoved Ginger away. **"I can do it!"** The last thing I needed Ginger seeing was that I'd leaked through my pull-up...

"You can take your pants off, but you can't keep them dry?" Ginger disarmed her by ruffling her hair, and then went back to doing exactly what she was doing; stripping her of her pants and the sodden pull-up in one motion. **"You shouldn't sleep in these, hunny, these are for big girls and daytime."**

"I... I'm..." But her words shut me up. I wanted to be angry! I wanted to say no! I was a big girl! But I didn't. My words were caught in my throat. My head was swirling. And I felt so... embarrassed. So shy. I looked at my feet as Ginger undressed me and helped me into the tub. I felt so warm...

The tub smelled like vanilla and lilacs; the same scents associated with Ginger; a sweet sophistication that was so much her own, and now... **"Isn't that better? Now you soak up for a while, get yourself smelling nice and like Mommy, and I'll order dinner. Anything you like, we'll get it delivered, how's that sound?"**

"Um.. y-yeah if... I guess..." She walked out, still naked as the day she was born, and my eyes followed her bare ass until it left the room. I sunk into the sweet-smelling water and tried to understand what was going on. Sure, I said Ginger could be my Mommy. But we'd never really discussed what that meant. And now... it seemed like she was already perfect at it. Why was she always perfect at everything? It almost made me jealous...

Changing someones sexuality was difficult, even for Ginger. But redirecting her pent up affections and desires, convincing her of a more logical outlet? That made a lot of sense. Wednesday might never like girls, but she'd

easily learn Ginger was a means to her own relief, and also to make Remy happy. The mind was just a series of dots, after all. **"Would you like Indian? It's like finger food, you break off little pieces of bread to pick up the pieces with?"** Ginger called out from her room to the still bathing girl.

"Sure, I guess, whatever..." I'd never had Indian food before, I didn't think. I stuck to food I was used to, food I liked. I rinsed my own hair and put shampoo through it. Then I did the conditioner. I had to admit, Ginger's tub was awesome. Remy had bathed me a few times already, but our tub was always so small.

"Did you need help with your hair?" Ginger had changed into a striking dark red cami and panties set; her breasts faintly visible through the top, her thighs shapely, her entire form unmistakably feminine, so different from Remy, but in a way that made sense. Framed in the doorway, it was hard not to see how pretty she was.

"Um, no. I already did it." "What about your body, then?" I blinked as she came around to the side of the tub and started lathering up a rubber massage glove with body wash. She was really gorgeous... but I'd always known that. That was why I never trusted her and Remy together. But now she was my Mommy, at least in make-believe. And it was... a little distracting sometimes.

"Just relax, it feels good, doesn't it? Having someone else help out?" The textured glove smelled lovely, and the friction on her skin made it just the right shade of pink; opened up her pores, took in the scent of the bath water and body wash, marked her as Ginger's. **"Such a good girl."**

I sunk into the water a little as Ginger ran her hand up my arms, over my bare breasts, and against my stomach, covering me with soap and warm feelings. I closed my eyes, feeling strangely calm and quiet, though my breathing was a little heavier than it should have been. Ginger... I guess she wasn't so bad a Mommy...

"You're going to stay here tonight, we'll have dinner, and then maybe I'll put a color in your hair. A little strawberry for your blonde, wouldn't that be nice? Then you can share my bed with me - Mommy's

girl — while you figure out what exactly it is you want, alright?" The intimacy was palpable, profound, and so natural. **"If you ask nicely, Mommy might even let you wear her perfume..."**

"Um... uh... uh huh..." She washed nearly every part of my body - any place one woman should touch another when one was engaged - and grabbed a towel for me to step into. I climbed out of the water and she wrapped it around me. It was strange. I felt the same way with Ginger that I felt with Remy. Being a little girl, having a Daddy, a Mommy... these were feelings I really enjoyed.

51.)

Ginger was drying her charge's hair when the door buzzer rang, and she playfully swatted her bottom and pointed to her room. **"There are some cute nappies in the bottom of my closet. Pick out your favorite color and meet me on my bed, I'm just going to go get the food from the door."** Something about the way Ginger said things, directed, instructed, it was so difficult to resist.

Nappies? What the hell was that? I went back into Ginger's room and went through the closet, and sure enough, at the bottom, in a rather large chest, were four stacks of diapers. White, blue, pink, and yellow. The pink and blue ones had colorful prints all over them - even more babyish than my ones at home - and the white and yellow were plain. But... but why would she have these? I bit my lip and closed the chest. No, I wasn't wearing one of those around Ginger!

"Oh you couldn't decide which to wear? Well, I thought you'd like the yellow ones, but the pink ones would look so darling on you, absolutely as cute as can be." The smell of food came faintly from the living room and Ginger motioned to her bed, her robe she'd pulled on over her underclothes falling open. **"Up you get, munchkin, Mommy will put you in one of the yellow ones."** With the seed she'd planted, calling her darling, highlighting the paradoxically even MORE babyish diapers as preferred? Ginger had no doubt that it wouldn't be the yellow ones she ended up putting the grown up woman in.

"No, I..." I shook my head and balled my hands at my sides. My tummy felt weird. I felt... smaller. This was a feeling I was used to around Remy, but with Ginger here? I took a deep breath and tried to get big again. Feel big again. **"Why do you have these? I'm not wearing a diaper, you know that right? I'm twenty-two. Just because we're playing a game doesn't mean--"**

"A game? Do you think this is a game? That I just play games with random girls? This is special, this is unique, and you're being very ungrateful right now. Lay up on the bed." Lightly, Ginger smacked her on the thigh and motioned to the bed. **"Do you want to be a good girl and wear your nappies, and we'll put some color in your hair after dinner, watch a cute movie together, and cuddle tonight? Or do you want to be wicked and go to bed early with no tea?"**

Small. Her words made me so small. I hesitated and looked at the chest in the closet, and then up at Ginger. We'd gotten off on the wrong foot somewhere... so I tried again. **"I... I mean... I don't wear diapers. I just have pull-ups--"**

"During the day you have your pull-ups, but it's night time now and girls your age need something a little sturdier in the evenings." And now, the killing blow. **"Besides... I think you'd be very cute in one of those pink nappies. We'll get you a cute top, leave it on display all night so I can see it, so Mommy can see her little girl is doing okay. It would make me happy, and proud... so you'll do it for me, won't you?"**

It had been a week since I started wearing diapers to bed. It was normal now. But with Ginger... I looked down at my hands and nodded my head. I wanted to be cute... and I wanted to be good... and I didn't want to get her bed all wet, did I? And she was my Mommy... Daddy put me in diapers, so why wouldn't Mommy? I played with my fingers nervously and climbed up on her bed. This was so embarrassing...

It was a different experience with Ginger - she knew things. She knew what to say, what to do. She knew how to rub lotion into her little girl's intimate parts in a strictly platonic way that would still turn her on, she knew how to powder her, how to smile slyly and tease her for her obvious arousal by

saying things like 'it looks like my baby girl is enjoying this'. The very routine moment of being diapered by your fiancé's workmate became a very special experience when it was Ginger, right down to the firm and tender way she pulled the diaper between her legs, aligned the tapes, and made certain it was secure.

Something about Ginger was special. I didn't want to resist. I didn't want to argue with her. She was so amazing at this, even after one day, and I was so... enamored. Everything she did, everything she said, was like... a perfect dream. And when she sat me up - wearing nothing but my baby pink diaper and a little t-shirt, I hugged her tight around the waist. Was this what it was like to have a Mom...?

"You smell wonderful, like Mommy's bath salts and pretty powder."

The compliment was sweet, yes, but it was a precursor to something else - she wanted the girl to ask about her perfume, to ask nicely. Fascination so easily became fixation and obsession. Smitten. And by the time the night was out, Ginger was going to have this little thread around her finger.

"Uh huh," I mumbled, pushing my face into her. She smelled wonderful... like me? I smelled wonderful too? **"Would you like to try my perfume?"** Ginger asked. I looked up at her and nodded. **"You gotta ask."** Oh. Right. So I fumbled for some words. **"Please... um... can I wear your perfume?"** Ginger looked down at me with a look... like she was waiting. Like I asked wrong. And then I realized why. My cheeks turned pink and I shied into myself. **"...Mommy..."**

Ginger smiled, warmly, knowingly. She perfumed her wrists, showed her how to do it behind her ears, and mentioned something. **"A girl should wear perfume where her loved ones might want to smell it, behind her ears for kisses..."** Ginger kissed her. Right there, right on the neck, to demonstrate. **"And on your wrist, too, for each touch."** She softly touched her cheek, looking at Wendy with a smile. **"And for a little princess like you, Wendy, maybe a little bit on your nappy, don't you think that would be nice? That makes sense, doesn't it?"**

I shyly nodded my head and Ginger sprayed the perfume on the front of my diaper. My neck tingled where she kissed me. When I suitably smelled just

like Mommy, she took my hand and led me out into the living room, where the smell of food wafted around. Oh, I was so hungry...

52.)

The two of them sat at the kotatsu, where from the top up they looked both to be the same, both adults, but it took no time at all for Gingers foot to come between her little girl's thighs under the low table and to press her toes against the plastic while food was being explained. **"These are poppadum's, they're like chips for dipping, and this is naan, you just tear it off and pick up your food with it."**

I had no idea what she was saying, but I agreed nonetheless. The food was alright - definitely not something I'd ever have eaten before. But Ginger was always full of surprises. She had even gotten me used to tea! I ate a lot more than I thought I would, but it was already eleven at night and I hadn't eaten since the movie theater.

Dinner was routine, despite the fact that one of the adults sharing it had a diaper on and a foot against it to remind her. Ginger was so pleased at the results of her work. **"I think I want to make your hair blonde tonight."** **"I'm already blonde,"** she said. **"More blonde. Almost white, with little streaks of strawberry through it, doesn't that sound good? We can watch TV while I do it."** There was something about that, something Ginger found enticing; changing her hair color, changing something about her. Marking her. Changing how she smelled, how she thought, how she looked? How lovely.

"Um... sure. I guess." I didn't care either way. I liked my hair, but it didn't matter as much as it did to other people. And when I was younger, I died my hair all the time. Blonde with strawberry streaks? That seemed reasonable. Her foot pushed against the diaper again and I exhaled. Over the past half-hour, every time she did that, I felt more and more... out of breath.

Ginger cleaned up dinner, leaving her girl under the kotatsu. When she was finished cleaning up, she began to prepare what she needed to color the

girl's hair; a bowl of warm water, peroxide, some towels, and some dye. **"Up you get, come on over to the sofa you can sit on the floor between my knees. How's your nappy hunny? Be honest with Mommy, you know that's best."**

I looked up at her, confused. Nappy? Oh. Diaper. I pouted and shrugged my shoulders. **"It's fine."** It wasn't wet, if that was what she was asking. I only had accidents when I was asleep. The pull-ups were a personal thing between Remy and me - they weren't necessary.

"Good girl." She finished setting out what she needed and sat on the sofa, patting the floor in front of her. **"Well, Mommy would like to change you so you make sure that your nappy needs changing before bed, alright poppet?"** And then without room to disagree, she changed the subject. **"You're going to be the cutest, so precious, I cant wait to see you with your hair all prettied up. This is how Mommy used to do her hair when she was a little girl, you know?"**

Needs changing? What did that mean? Was I supposed to wet myself on purpose? I never had, and I never would. But there was no point arguing - I was having a nice time with Ginger. Anytime she would say something to upset me, she'd say something else that calmed me right down. "How Mommy used to do her hair". I smiled happily. I was going to be so goddamn cute!

Ginger let Wendy control the TV remote - after putting it onto the Netflix kids' section, of course. And she set about doing her hair; wetting it down and getting the bleach into it and her roots to start with, making sure not to drip anything onto her by protecting her shoulders with a pair of fluffy towels. **"I know, it smells funny, but you can just smell your wrists okay? You smell so pretty, don't you?"**

I smelled my wrists, the smell of Ginger's perfume washing over me, and nodded my head. Gosh, I did smell nice... but the bleach smelled really bad. Every few minutes, I'd smell my wrists just for the reprieve. I put on some movie I used to watch when I was a kid and ignored the rest of the world. Being a little girl... it really was underrated. Maybe Remy's weird fetish was the best thing that ever happened to me.

She got distracted in the routine, distracted in the cycle of watching her movie, smelling her wrists fondly, touching her diaper without even noticing it, one into the other and into the other. She didn't notice when the beaching was done, when the color was streaked into her hair. It was only when she was prompted to get up and come into the bathroom to have her hair rinsed in the basin that she seemed to break out of that routine. And when she got there, when her hair was rinsed, she was going to see the true meaning of cuteness. And of belonging to Ginger - no adult would ever have their hair done in such a way.

Rinsing hair. Dying hair. Drying hair. Boring boring boring. But I didn't even have to do any of the work. Ginger did literally everything. Wasn't she bored of this by now? It had been hours! But sure enough, when she stood me in front of the mirror, with my hair now a bright blonde and dry, I was... well, definitely impressed. But I looked awful young... **"I mean... it's cute..."** Adults didn't have hair this color - this was the kind of hair color you only saw on children. Really young children.

"Look in the light." Ginger angled her head down so she could see the way the layers of strawberry just beneath the surface revealed themselves when she moved the top layer of her hair; it made her head look pure and untainted, with a streak of mischief just beneath the surface. **"You are the cutest, I could eat you right up, you know that? Nom nom nom~"**

Ginger tickled her as she kissed at her neck and making nomming sounds, laughing.

Okay, so she was pretty cool. And a pretty damn good Mom. And hey, so what if my hair looked sort of childish? It made times like this, when we'd play make believe, a little more believable. And I couldn't lie - all this little kid stuff with Remy and Ginger... I didn't want it to stop.

53.)

"Are you feeling better?" Since Wendy had arrived, she'd been talked down, wet herself, been given a bath, had dinner, watched children's movies while having her hair dyed and her fixation with Gingers scent built up. It had been, all things considered, a very busy night. And Wendy only

had a smile on her face, looking at herself in the little hand mirror as she sat on the edge of her Mommy's bed.

"Uh huh, I think so." I looked up at Ginger with a bright smile. There was still the issue of Remy, but... I guess, in reality, Ginger couldn't fix that problem. She could only help me feel better. And she'd helped me feel a lot better indeed! The fact that I'd been walking around her house in nothing but a diaper and t-shirt didn't even faze me. Ginger as my Mommy... that was a really good decision on my part.

"You look so cute now, Wendy, cute enough to eat all the way up." Ginger nipped at the back of her earlobe, which just made the girl giggle like a child - a desired response. **"I really wanted to change your nappy before bed... you know, all Mom-like and the way it goes? It would make me really happy if I could..."**

"Um... alright?" She'd diapered me once. What did I have against her doing it again? And I could use it as an excuse to run to the bathroom - I didn't have to pee all that bad, but if I went to bed like this, I was guaranteed to wet in my sleep.

"Well..." Ginger ran her finger down the front of the top Wendy was wearing, and then traced it over and along her diaper, before bringing it up to lift the hem of the t-shirt. **"I can't change a dry little girl, can I now? Mommy might not get the full experience, and if her tiny little poppet needs changing say... in a public place, wouldn't it be better - and fun - to give me some practice?"**

A... public place? I hardly understood what she was getting at. I'd never worn a diaper outside the apartment, and as far as she knew, I'd never worn a diaper aside from tonight. Sure, I had *one* accident at Remy's office... but the way she spoke, soft and fluid... a finger just below my belly button, against my tummy... it was hard to come up with something to say.

"You've never had a Mom, and I've never had a little baby girl... and I did a lot for you tonight, and I'd like it ever so much if you'd use your nappy for me, honey, so I can change you. I'll do it right away, I promise, I just think us bonding that close is important, don't you?"

Her lips were near my ear as she spoke, her fingertips running from my stomach to my side, under my shirt. It was a weird feeling... a nice feeling. A familiar feeling... but I couldn't place it. My cheeks were warm. **"I... um. I'm not doing that, Ginger... I'm sorry, but I'm not gonna..."**

"I'll be so upset if you don't, if you don't trust me enough to... even after all we've gone through..." It was easy to move her, easy to pull her into Ginger's lap, easy to continue to play with her tummy and to whisper so quietly into her ear. **"And you think, perhaps, why does Mommy want me to do this, and the answer is so simple... it's because Mommy knows best, doesn't she?"**

Mommy knows best. I bit my lip and looked down into my lap. She whispered quietly in my ear. She played with my skin beneath my top. I felt... lightheaded. But in a good way. In a nice way. And all she wanted was one stupid thing... **"I... um. I dunno. I really don't want to, Ginger... please?"**

"You want to, Wendy, you're just working through reasons not to because you think you shouldn't want to... but laying back on Mommy's bed, knowing you were so cute and helpless that you had an accident when you were awake, and knowing how safe you are because Mommy will fix it." Those were potent words. **"Mommy will fix it."**

"I dun have to go that bad," I said simply, honestly, because... maybe she was right? Maybe I wanted to? But that didn't make sense, did it? Ugh, why did my little girl feelings always conflict so much with my adult ones?! **"Can we just please lay down for bed...?"**

"It'll be so lovely to lay with me, in a nice fresh clean nappy, won't it?" It was like she hadn't even said anything, but honestly the admission was tantamount to surrender, to admitting she did want to do it. **"And you'll have another bedtime accident, we know that for sure because you're a little bedwetter~"** A term that Ginger hadn't used yet, but which had cycles upon cycles upon cycles of warm reinforcement over the past many hundred hours of hypnosis recordings. **"And won't it be nice for it to happen much later on, when you're deep asleep and dreaming, deeply cuddled up with Mommy, my thumb between your lips..."**

"I... I'm not..." Not a bedwetter? I was a bedwetter! But she didn't know that, did she? I looked up at her with confusion and embarrassment as Ginger laid me down on the bed, on my back, and hovered over me. Her hand pushed up my top and touched the waistband of my diaper. I felt so... nice...

"Tell me you are." It was easy to want to hear it, easier still for Wendy to say it, to admit it. To be proud of; it was something that made her feel small and embarrassed, but at the same time, it made her feel unique and special. She was a bedwetter and she had Mommy and Daddy because of it. Truths that were evident.

I looked up at her bright, warm eyes... her soft, liquid voice... and I was so embarrassed. But we were alone, in her bed, and I was wearing a diaper she put me in. My Mommy put me in. So I whispered it. **"I'm a bedwetter..."** If the reward of saying it wasn't enough, the rush of feelings, emotions... Ginger leaned in and kissed my forehead. Then my nose. And then, once, very softly, on my lips, and butterflies filled my stomach.

The kiss lingered in the air, lips apart from one another, but breaths sharing the same oxygen from the closeness. This was okay; Mommy understood her. Daddy loved it when his two favorite people in the world world were affectionate, when they kissed, when they touched. Ginger whispered. **"Once you wet your nappy, little bedwetter, Mommy will kiss your lips again."**

We curled up in bed together. I had my head on her chest. I'd never had my head on a woman's chest before, not since I was nine or ten years old. Ginger's arm was around me. My leg was over hers, so that the diaper was pressed to her thigh. But I couldn't get that kiss out of my head. Damn it... what was wrong with me? How had I gotten myself into this?

There was so much new here, new hair, new closeness, new confessions, new feelings; but Ginger helped everything feel familiar and safe. She played with Wendy's new hair, she held her in her new closeness, she encouraged and praised her confessions and she cultivated her feelings. Every now and then, whether she realized it or not, Wendy would whisper

the word 'bedwetter' almost too quiet to hear, and then wriggle her diaper against Ginger's thigh.

54.)

The next morning, I was wet. Ginger was still asleep, beneath me, and I knew without moving that my diaper was wet. I always had to pee in the morning, but today I didn't. I thought about getting up, about getting dressed, and going home. But I didn't. I waited. Why was I waiting?

How long did Wendy wait? How long before she moved around enough to wake up Ginger? After all, Ginger had been awake for some time already, eyes quiet, thoughts focused. Awake and appearing asleep, even as Wendy made only the tiniest movements, for fear of waking her Mommy up. Fear of her knowing she was wet? Or fear of having to change so soon? It made Ginger wonder. For now, she stayed the same as ever; at peace and thoughtful. That diaper against her thigh tho... that was sodden through.

She stirred. Just a little. That's when I sat up. I rolled onto my back and put my hand between my legs, just to be sure. Wet. Cold. Soggy. Clammy. Not a nice diaper, I thought to myself. I'd have to change soon. But... **"Um... morning, Mommy..."**

"Good morning, poppet." One entire wall of Ginger's bedroom was a mirror; when Wendy sat up, it would be hard to avoid seeing herself: disentangling from bed with another woman, her almost white hair with traces of pinkish red, in the pretty t-shirt riding up her tummy and the cute diaper she'd soaked in her sleep. **"Did you sleep well?"**

"Yeah... um... just have to change, you know..." She knew I was a bedwetter. It wasn't new information, right? It wasn't hard to be honest with Ginger. I looked at my hair in the mirror, feeling a little silly, and settling back into the bed for a minute. What was I supposed to say? How was I supposed to bring it up?

"Scoot over to the closet and get a clean nappy, Mommy will change you." From night time diaper into another of the same; that was the offer on the table. On the one hand, she could argue it, and maybe lose out the no-doubt enticing notion of giving Ginger what she wanted - the right to change Wendy. Or she could just accept it, even if it meant some more time today in thick but cute padding.

"R-right. I just..." Ugh! **"You know... last night, you said..."** This was so stupid... this was so wrong! **"It's just, you said when I'm wet... that you'd..."** That she'd kiss me. I swallowed hard and looked at the bedsheets, blushing furiously. I couldn't say it. So I tapped my lips. She did say she would! I wasn't making it up!

Oh she was so stinking cute! How difficult it was to resist, and so Ginger didn't. She sat up, she smiled, and she leaned in and kissed Wendy's lips. Then she tossed her down onto her back and held her hands and didn't break the kiss throughout.

One kiss. One amazing kiss. I wasn't sure what it was about Ginger, what was so... magnetic. But the way she put her lips to mine, the way she held me down, sternly and softly at the same time... the way she was in control... I melted into her bed. She broke the kiss and I leaned up and pushed mine against hers. I knew it was wrong. I did! I just... couldn't help myself...

It was okay for little girls to kiss their Mommy. It was okay because Daddy liked it. And no girls were littler than bedwetters, so Wendy's behavior was completely okay. Or rather, that's what Ginger had taught her quietly through those audio files. **"Tell Mommy that her little bedwetter needs a change, and go get a fresh nappy, and I'll give you a kiss somewhere else~"**

I was confused. I didn't really understand the euphemism, but a kiss was a kiss in my book. And I knew I shouldn't. I should have shaken my head and left then and there. But I didn't. I looked up at her and mumbled through uneven breath: **"Mommy's little bedwetter needs a change..."** She climbed off me and I shuffled up off the bed, making my way to her closet. This time, I picked the white diaper. No baby print. Simple, standard. Less humiliating...

It was a concession Ginger would allow, because a surrender was a surrender either way. She took the diaper, she laid her subject down, and she untaped her night time accident . And with the wipes, she cleaned her... but not just one or two or the required number of swishes, no no. Ginger spent a lot of time with the wipes, cleaning... wiping... touching, caressing, exploring little minute details of Wendys anatomy in the guise of cleaning her.

One wipe was embarrassing. Two was... curious. Three was interesting. And four was warm, despite the chill of the wipe itself. She tossed the fourth wipe into the soaked diaper and I realized I'd been lying with my legs spread wide open on Ginger's bed for a good ten minutes, and my breathing was shallow...

Like laying out a table, Ginger was methodical. She spread the tablecloth; the fresh diaper, underneath the girl. She set her in place, elegant and tender with her motions. And as promised, she kissed her elsewhere. Not for long, not very much, but enough to know what was happening. Enough for the little girl to know that Mommy was kissing her cunny. And just like it started, it stopped, and she continued the ritual with powder and lotion. Like it was just another step.

My eyes were glossy, my chest ached, my body quivered... and then there was nothing else. I kicked my feet and whimpered, scrambling with my fingers for her to come back. For her to keep going! No one had done that before. Remy had never done that before! And the way she did it... I'd never felt anything like it...

Like the little clappy thing on a movie set, the tapes snapped tight into place and ended the event. She was diapered again, safe and secure, wet in a very different way, and her cheeks flushed like an addict in need of a fix. **"Let's go have some morning tea, shall we?"**

We didn't talk about it. We didn't say a goddamn word. I was... I was mortified. I... I'd kissed her. Ginger. And she put her mouth... and she and I almost... Conversation was dull. Nothing else happened. And when I checked the time, I realized: **"Oh, I usually meet Lala... I'm... I should**

go..." **"You'll go right home,"** Ginger said, and I nodded my head. I'd go right home. Lala and I could reschedule...

"It's not good manners to make Daddy worry, is it?" Not a shameful tone, but definitely a stern one; a reminder that she'd come here because of a fight and although that was okay, she was the light of her Daddy's life and she needed to do her job as his little girl. She kept the nappy on, because Ginger hadn't told her she could change it, though she pulled a pair of borrowed pants on over it. Before she left, Ginger gestured, simply: one tap on her lips with her finger.

I kissed Ginger goodbye. Once. Fast. Easy. And I left. I should have gone to see Lala, honestly. I didn't want to go home. I didn't know what to do! My mind was racing, and I needed my best friend. But I would call her later. Something came up. See you next week. And as I promised Mommy, I went home.

55.)

It was Sunday afternoon. Remy was in his study, but when I closed the door behind me, he peeked his head out. When I left here last night, I was angry because I thought Remy was cheating on me. And now, I was back half a day later, having cheated on him. I felt awful, and without warning, I started to cry.

My response was automatic, really; I was up like a spring and I had her wrapped in my arms, like her crying was as serious as an air raid siren or a storm shelter warning at work. Like nothing else mattered. I held her close, squeezed her, and spoke soothingly. **"It's alright, Daddy's here. I like your hair, my little frosty, it's very cute, like snow."** Well. **"Frosty snow with a dash of strawberry."**

I clung to Remy as tightly as I could and cried into his shoulder. I didn't know what else to do. I wanted him to make it all better. He picked me up on his hip - immediately taking notice of the thick padding on my bottom - and walked me into our bedroom. I felt so guilty. I felt so awful...

It was reassuring, in a way, for her to come home in a diaper like that - it meant if nothing else that she'd talked through some things with Ginger. It meant that she'd been in public dressed that way, which made me all sorts of proud. But her feelings right now, and making her better, that came first. I sat down, I pulled her onto my knee so she was facing me, and I bounced her slowly, using one hand to hold her and one to brush her newly colored hair out of her eyes. **"Tell Daddy what happened, Frosty?"**

"I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry..." I pushed my face into his neck and kept crying. **"I... I should have trusted you. And... and then I went and..."** I had to stop talking. I had to stop until I could speak properly, until I wasn't sobbing like a child. Until the tears were just accessories to my outfit. I rubbed the snot from my nose with the back of my hand and curled up in Daddy's arms. **"Ginger... we... kissed... and... and stuff..."**

"Oh is that all it is?" I almost laughed, but knew it wasn't appropriate. She looked up at me, confused, not betrayed, not hurt, just... confused. And I kissed her forehead. **"She's your Mommy. There's gonna be stuff you can do with her that you can't do with me, and vice versa. But there'll be some crossover as well. You love her, love her enough for her to be your Mommy, right? Kissing is just an expression of love."**

...was he not taking this seriously? Did he think I just meant a peck on the cheek or something? I was almost angry! Actually, I was angry! He should be upset with me! He should hate me! He should storm out and go fuck somebody like I did! Tears dripped down my cheeks and I stood up on my feet, balling my hands at my sides. **"No! It wasn't like that! It was sexual! It was... r-really sexual..."** I thought about her face between my legs. **"I... I didn't stop her. And... and I really enjoyed it... and it's not okay..."**

"Okay." Okay, not like 'this is bad, okay'. More like 'why do you think this is bad', okay. I sighed, realizing I'd have to explain, and I squeezed her tight. **"You're my Frosty. You're my little girl, you're my favorite thing, and everything that's right in this world. And I love you. Sometimes... it's easy to think of you as my property; I'm your Daddy. But that's not love, love is trust, love is faith, and security, and..."** And. Different approach. **"Why are you upset, what do you think you did wrong?"**

...okay, clearly Remy had gone insane. Maybe he didn't understand. Was I not being descriptive enough? I didn't WANT to be descriptive! I didn't want to tell him the truth! But he wasn't getting it! **"Because. I am engaged. To you. And I had a woman's face licking my princess parts the other night!"** Princess parts. His words. He didn't like when I said pussy.

"Is that bad?" She looked like she might explode from the force of her nodding, whereas I was quietly bemused by her choice of words. **"Why?"** Frosty looked lost. **"Why is it bad? Like, was this woman just a stranger, just someone who means nothing to you? Or was the woman someone important. Someone you trust, maybe?"**

"I... it... it doesn't matter?" I couldn't put it in perspective. I couldn't... I couldn't be more clear here! Was he high?! **"It's not okay, Remy! It doesn't matter if it's Ginger or Lala or a stranger! If you had sex with Ginger I would NOT be okay with it! I don't care if you are friends or she's important to you, or--"** I was so angry. I was so angry that he wasn't angry! He was supposed to be yelling at me! Why did I have to do the yelling *and* the crying?!

"Frosty. Listen." I put my hand on her cheek, I stopped bouncing her, and I told her a truth, an evident truth from a long time ago, a truth most men probably knew. **"That is really hot. And you came home and you told me about it, and I bet you didn't want to, right? I bet you were scared, but you told me straight away, even though it was hard. I'm so proud of you."**

...I was dreaming. Or I was on some stupid TV show or something. What wasn't he understanding? Was I missing something? Was it a joke? I couldn't even tell anymore... **"Stop... stop being proud. Stop it. Stop acting like it's okay! STOP!"** I shoved him away from me and walked to the closet door, then back to him, holding my hair. I was so angry...

"I felt like I couldn't keep you happy, not 100% of the time. I'm a good fiancé, I'm an okay Daddy I think, but my priorities are weird because of work stress and all the change, and I thought for sure things might backslide to how tough they used to be. But you..." Wow, I choked up. **"You found a way to make it okay, you knew you had a Mommy now**

and you went to her, and you talked it out, and you got her help. And that's just... wow." I probably sounded delusional, but I was so relieved!

"REMY! STOP! Stop with the Daddy and Mommy stuff! And stop with... with all this! Talk to me like your fiancée for once! Talk to me like your future-wife! I let another woman pleasure me this morning, Remy! Be. Angry. At. Me!" This was wrong. It was so wrong. Our relationship had changed so much, but... but this... this wasn't even a relationship anymore. Were we even still dating?!

"What do you want me to say? Do you want me to be angry? Because I'm not. But I am getting angry that you're not trusting me here, Wednesday, that when I tell you it's okay you keep looking for reasons why it's not." I stood up, my voice got stern and I pointed to my feet. **"Get your ass over here right now, young lady, and apologize to me for not trusting me, or so help me you'll get the spanking of a lifetime."**

Sixty to zero in two seconds, I swear to God. His tone changed, and all my feelings fell out of my feet. I looked up at him, with wet eyes, and unballled my hands at my sides. I just... I didn't understand. But I took two steps closer to him and looked down at my shoes. **"I... I'm sorry, Daddy. For not trusting you. Please... help me understand..."**

I cupped her chin, and I did it tersely, and I looked her in the eye. **"What if Daddy had said for you to go do it? What if Daddy said for you to have Mommy kiss your princess parts? What if Daddy wants you to kiss Mommy's? Do you argue, little girl, or do you understand that Daddy knows best and nothing else matters?"**

Daddy knows best. The words rang hard and true. I bit my lip and looked away from him. **"But Daddy, I..."** If he said it was best? Would I do it? What if he said jumping off a bridge was best? He'd never say that, though. What if he said... what if he said sleeping with other women was best? I shook my head and tears filled my eyes. **"I dun wanna lose you..."**

"Trust never drives people apart, Frosty. Trust brings them together. We didn't have trust before, not like we do now, not before I was

Daddy and you were Baby. But we do now, don't we?" I reached behind her, I squeezed her thickly padded behind. Gosh she was cute. **"Are you being distrustful of me, little girl?"**

"No, Daddy..." I bit my lip and looked down at my feet. Ugh, I still felt guilty... **"I did it without permission, though. I mean, I didn't do it, but I let it happen. And... and you're not allowed to sleep with anybody! You got it?! And..."**

"If I wanted to sleep with anybody, why would I settle for second best? I already have the most beautiful little girl the world has ever seen. If I wanted to sleep with somebody, it would be you or nobody, you ditzzy little space cadet." I ruffled her snow-white hair and rolled my eyes. To be honest, I didn't see much appeal in being sexual at all; but ideas of sitting in the same room and touching myself while Ginger and Wednesday went at it were pretty hard to ignore, too.

"...I should be punished..." I'd never asked for a punishment before. Honestly, I'd only been punished two or three times, with a series of hard spankings. But this... this was bad. Even if Daddy was okay with it, I'd done a bad thing. Even if he forgave me, I didn't forgive myself. I needed something bad to happen to me...

"I'm going to punish you for not asking first. You're right, you should have asked me. What you did wasn't wrong, but telling me first was." And I did oddly feel like punishing her too. Mm. **"Once your punishment is over, though, you're forbidden from feeling bad about what you did, and you're forbidden from using this experience as an excuse to be less affectionate with your Mommy. Understand?"**

"So you... want me to... do things with Ginger?" **"Mommy,"** he corrected me. I blushed a little and nodded my head. Honestly, this was so weird. But... well, if Remy was honest about not cheating on me, and he wasn't interested in having sex right now, maybe Ginger... I bit my lip, remembering her tongue between my legs. Jeeze...

"Your distrust in me is dirty, Frosty. I told you it was okay, and you argued with me. You didn't trust me. So I'm going to clean that dirtiness out of you, and leave you clean in body and in conscience." I

picked her up, I carried her, I took her to the bathroom and I sat her on the counter top, thick diaper and all. I was glad it was thick - with what was about to happen to her, she was going to need it. Now where was that enema bag Ginger had left here...

56.)

He pulled out a big rubber... thingy from under the sink. It had a long hose on the end of it, but I didn't really understand. I sat on the edge of the counter and kicked my feet, a little nervous about this whole punishment thing. **"Um... am I going to get a spanking? I mean... this is sort of... weird..."**

"You are going to get a spanking, I promise." I put the red rubber bag under the faucet and checked for temperature, then started to fill it. It wouldn't be a big one; for some reason I'd been reading a lot of stories online and this seemed natural to me. I kind of knew what to do; one quart of warm water, a squirt of liquid soap, and I hung the bag up on the shower rail. With my hands free, I began to smear soap over the end of the thin white nozzle to make it easier for her. **"Stand up, Frosty, lean over and hold the towel rack. Understand? The proper response is Yes Daddy."**

"Yes Daddy," I said curiously, climbing down off the counter and moving to the towel rack. I put my hands on it and looked at the wall. This was really weird... was this how he wanted to spank me? But what about that weird water bag?

I pulled down her pants, without ceremony, and I tugged her diaper down enough that I could see what I was doing, and once I could I threaded the enema hose into one of the leg holes and lined it up with her bottom.

"Relax, baby, this is going to be uncomfortable at first, but you're dirty inside for not trusting Daddy so you need this." Gently, I pushed.

"What are you--" Then I felt the tip of the hose push against my ass and I spun around faster than a goddamn top. The hose fell out of my diaper and I looked up at Remy with absolute outrage. **"NO! How dare you! You are not putting anything in my ass, Remy! We have been over this!"** It

was... night and day. Like a conversation from two months ago, rather than this moment.

"This isn't pleasure. This isn't sex. This is punishment, and so help me God, little girl, if you don't get your ass turned around right now by the count of three, I'm going to double the water in that bag and then I'm going to make you write lines on the outside balcony where all the neighbors can see." Firm, unrelenting, zero to sixty as it were. I didn't care that her attitude changed, mine rose to the challenge. **"One. Two..."**

One moment of hesitation was all it took. One single second. I looked up at him and all the power left me. I bit my lip and looked at the hose. That... that was going in my bottom? That meant all that water... I felt tears in my eyes and I shook my head. **"Daddy, please... please, don't..."** But I'd been bad, hadn't I? Didn't I deserve this?

I didn't say a word, I just held my finger up and twirled it. I made a physical motion for her to turn around and the moment I knew I'd won, I made sure that hose was as deep in her little behind as it could get. I wondered if she'd cry. Oddly, I hoped she did. I hoped she whined, and I hoped she tap-danced a little, and I hope she whimpered and told me over and over how good she was going to be. God why did I feel that way? I hadn't even wanted to punish her, had I? I leaned up and released the flow of water.

I deserve it, I reminded myself. The hose went so deep in me I thought it would hurt me, but it didn't. It was horribly uncomfortable, all the way into my bottom, and I felt like I had to go to the bathroom really badly. Then it stopped. And the warm water started to flow. At first, it was strange and warm, and then, it felt like a building pressure. I whimpered and shifted from foot to foot. My breathing got shallow. I deserve it, I said again.

"There we go, Frosty, we're going to get rid of all that dirtiness inside of you, and keep my little angel as pure as your hair." The water was slow, and occasionally I'd squeeze the bag to help it along. It wasn't right to say that her shifting turned me on; I was hard as a rock, yes, but it was because of the power I had over her, not because I wanted to be sexual with her. God when had my life gotten so complicated.

"Daddy, please... it hurts..." My stomach felt full. I felt a little queasy. I shook my head and tried to stand up, but moving felt almost impossible. I felt like I was full of lead, not water. Tiny tears beaded in my eyes and dripped down my cheeks. I felt so out of breath...

"That's why it's called a punishment, Wednesday, next time you'll trust me. Next time you'll take a selfie with Mommy's head between your thighs with a little text that says 'wish u were here, daddy xoxox!' won't you?" She'd taken a lot of the bottle now, but not quite enough. It wasn't empty yet. If she thought the ordeal would be over once it was inside of her, she was dearly mistaken. I'd promised her a spanking, after all, and it would be a shame to see that diaper go to waste; so pure and white, ready to be defiled.

The room was spinning. Quiet tears dripped down my cheeks. I was bloated and feeling ill. But Daddy finally pulled the hose from my bottom. And suddenly, and very, very quickly, I had to use the bathroom. I stumbled upright and motioned to the door. **"Please... you gotta go..."**

Instead, I stepped closer. I tugged her diaper up, tugged it into place sharply, and whispered in her ear. **"You're going to hold that in there to soak, little Frosty, and you're not going to let it go until I say so. If you're a good girl, and make it, I'll let you go in the toilet like a princess. If you're not good, well..."** I smacked her bottom once. **"Into my den, little one, it's time for your spanking. Now."**

No... no, no, no, no! He was kidding! This was some sick joke! I shook my head over and over, shuffling from foot to foot. My insides ached. I needed to use the toilet! I needed him to leave! But he grabbed me by the wrist and pulled me down the hall and into the den. My body begged me to give up... **"Daddy... please Daddy... I'll be good, so good, please... stop this..."** More tears dripped down my cheeks. I couldn't keep my breathing under control.

"The only thing I want to hear out of your lips from now until that dirtiness is out of you, is 'Thank you Daddy, I deserve this'." Firm voice, stern grab of her wrist. I felt high, almost, like when I was in college and would use study aides to help me stay up all night for days at a time; a pleasant buzzing in my head. I sat down on my arm chair, and I held out my

hand. **"Give me your hand, Frosty, I'm going to pull you over my lap and spank you."**

Thank you Daddy, I deserve this. I remembered Ginger, her head between my legs. I remember thinking that she should stop. That I should tell her to stop. But I didn't. I let her keep going, because I was enjoying myself. I did a bad thing. So I nodded my head and put out my wrist, and he pulled me over his lap so quickly - my stomach against his thigh - that I started to sob. Cramps washed over me and the whole room spun upside down. Oh god, oh god...

"Next time you tell Daddy," I smacked her bottom, barely enough to hurt through the diaper, but the impact pressed her against my knee. **"Next time you send Daddy pictures."** Smack. **"Next time you trust Daddy."** Smack. **"Daddy knows best, and Daddy wants his little girl to be lewd with her Mommy."** Smack. Smack. Smack.

Too much, too much, too much. The cramps built. The spankings shoved me into his lap. I burned and ached all over. And finally, as a cramp ravaged through my insides, his hand came down so hard on my padded ass that the liquid burst out of me and started to fill the seat of my diaper. I bawled like a helpless child.

I can't say I'd ever have imagined this moment; my adult fiancée with her hair dyed like a child, laid over my lap in a diaper and calling me Daddy, voiding a quart of soapy water and the contents of her bowels while I spanked her. I knew to let her lay there, I knew to let the diaper wick away some of the moisture before I moved her, and I simply rubbed her back and spoke in warm tones. **"Good girl, good girl,"** there was an embarrassing burst of bubbling gurgling from inside her diaper, and I smiled. **"There's my little bubblebutt, you're all cleaned out of ickies now, aren't you? You trust Daddy now, don't you? Yeah you do."**

Why didn't I listen? Why did I argue? He was okay with me and Ginger... he wanted us to do things together, and send him pictures. I should have accepted that. Why did I think I knew better? If I'd just been a better little girl, none of this would have happened. If I would have trusted my Daddy... I cried into his lap and apologized over and over. It was the only thing I could do. And when I was done, when I could speak without blubbing,

and the smell of the diaper made the room stinky, I said what I should have said the whole time: **"Thank you Daddy, I deserve this..."**

57.)

For somebody who'd given his adult fiancée an enema, spanked her, made her soil herself, and then diapered her again for the evening sleep, the next day was pretty normal. Frosty woke up first; she woke me up with breakfast, she was bubbly and giggly, and she coyly asked me for a change after she saw I was done eating. We were doing really well, better than we had in a long time. **"Do you have plans today, little Frosty?"** I had work soon.

"Uh... yeah, I have work in a little bit." I had a lot to make up for. Ginger's office hadn't been in the best condition recently and I was so far behind on my paperwork from a few weeks back. But today I was determined to make my Mommy proud of me! **"Change now, please?"** I'd been in a soggy diaper most of the morning. I could have changed myself, but I didn't want to be presumptuous and cause more trouble. Plus, I liked when Remy changed me... it felt intimate.

Right. Work. Because she was an adult. Yeah, I knew that. **"Absolutely, come on,"** I took her by the hand, led her into the bedroom and lifted her up under the arms for the short trip up onto the bed. **"Pull-ups or padding today, princess? You're working, and might get distracted, thats the only reason I'm asking."**

I pouted and crossed my arms, laying back on the bed. **"Pull-ups! I'm not a baby!"** Says the girl in the wet diaper. I shook my head, trying not to think about it. Yesterday was a wake up call... arguing, fighting, thinking I knew better... that wasn't who I wanted to be. I didn't want to be the girl bent over Daddy's lap in a messy diaper. I wanted to be good.

"Alright, but if you have an accident you have to let Mommy know, alright? I'd like the three of us to go out for lunch today, so be good alright, and we'll go get pasta or something nice." I untaped her diaper,

this one far less unpleasant than the one last night, and went about cleaning her up.

Daddy drove me to work. Usually he left a lot earlier than I did, but his promotion had him starting promptly at nine. I liked that. More time together! I sat in the passenger seat and flipped between radio stations. We took the elevator together, but I got off a floor before him. Ginger's office was at the end of the hall.

"Give Daddy a kiss," I leaned down and kissed her lips before the door opened. Though we were all alone and my calling myself Daddy didn't matter, I don't think I wouldn't have said anything different even if the elevator were full. **"And remember to kiss Mommy good morning when you get there and let her know you're gonna be her good girl, alright?"**

I waved goodbye as the doors closed and went down the hall to Ginger's office. There was a man at the desk, talking to her about something. She didn't seem very happy. The man said something quietly, then left through the door I was entering. I watched him walk down the hall before stepping into Ginger's office. **"Did I come at a bad time?"**

"Oh my lovely girl, no time is a good time when it comes to idiots, but no, you're fine. You look really pretty today, did you pick out that dress?" Ginger asked, knowing full well that even if she had, it would have only been at Remy's approval.

"Oh, no, Da--" I hesitated and looked around, embarrassed. I'd almost called him Daddy at work! Gosh... **"R-Remy picked it out..."** Wow, his name felt weird to say... I guess because I'd called him Daddy all weekend? **"Um... I should get to work?"** I made my way into the little side-room.

"There's a lot to do, but I know you can do it." Ginger had some new files for her to listen to, things to help her with her new lifestyle adjustment, things to reinforce and nurture the ideas of Mommy and Daddy. **"Theres headphones in there for you. How'd things go when you got home?"**

"Oh, uh... fine." I certainly wouldn't tell her how things *actually* went. But I guess I could tell her the decision Remy and I had come to. Or rather, the

decision he came to on his own. **"He's okay if we... do things. Like... what happened yesterday."** **"Oh, I hope that didn't make you uncomfortable!"** **"N-no, no... I... um... not uncomfortable..."** I ducked out of the office and into my tiny closet room, booting up the computer.

Of course not uncomfortable, no no. That she could even focus on things when Ginger was in the room was impressive! **"Make sure you put your headphones in, alright? I have a lot of testing to be done and Mommy needs to make up for lost time."**

I put my head next to the keyboard and watched the numbers blink away. And the next minute, Ginger was waking me up. I looked up at her, then I down at the stack of papers. I'd only gotten through three or four of them, and I still had a hundred to go! Ugh... **"Sorry,"** I muttered. **"I fell asleep..."**

"It's alright, girls your age need naps." She ruffled Wendy's hair and smiled. **"I've got a clean pull-up for you, so get changed. Mommy and Daddy are going out for lunch and we're taking our favorite princess."**

"Clean pull-up?" I looked up at her with confusion all over my face, but when I stood up from the chair, I realized what she meant. I was wet. I guess it was a good thing I wore these to work, huh? I never knew when I'd fall asleep. But how did she know I was in one?

"Here~" Ginger gave her the garment and leaned in close enough to feel the heat of Wendy's blush. **"You are just so cute today, you know that? Good enough to eat, that's what I say."** Which was an expression with a very different meaning now! Ginger kissed her quickly, on the nose, and turned to leave her be.

"I... um..." But she shut the door behind her, leaving me alone in the oversized closet. I pouted and looked at the pull-up in my hands, decorated with little stars and butterflies. It was a different brand to my usual, but maybe the same maker? I couldn't believe I'd had an accident at work... but there was no use being upset about it now, was there? When I came back out into the main office, I looked no different than before, but I was much more comfortable in the dry pull-up.

58.)

"Come on," Ginger held her hand, like that was the most normal thing in the world, and led her out of the office. Measuring her resistance to things like this would be helpful in measuring the effectiveness of the files, how well she was taking to them - whether she thought hand holding was queer, or childish, the idea was her to resonate both feelings with Ginger anyway.

I hardly noticed her holding my hand, like it happened all the time. She took me over to the elevator and we went down instead of up. I looked up at Ginger with confusion. **"We're not getting Remy?" "We're meeting him there." "Oh... where are we going, anyway?"** I didn't make a suggestion - I just asked. Mommy would have an answer.

"We're going to Olive Garden - Mommy wanted Italian, but Daddy said that you really only liked pasta from Olive Garden so we're going there just for you, poppet." It was the kind of answer given only to children, something to aggrandize and make them feel important.

I gave her a weird look as we walked through the lobby of the office building. No one turned to stare at us, but it felt like her voice carried... was that just my imagination? Either way... **"Could you... not say that stuff out here? Someone might hear..."**

"Well, how about over lunch you think about why that would matter even if they did, and after lunch we'll talk about it." The Olive Garden wasn't far, just two blocks away, so the two of them walked, hand in hand like it wasn't any sort of big deal.

The Olive Garden downtown would be so crowded around lunchtime, but my mind was elsewhere. Think about why that would matter? Because they'd think it was some weird pervert thing! Was it a weird pervert thing? Calling Remy Daddy? Maybe it started that way, but it definitely wasn't anymore. I shied more and more into myself as I thought about it, and before I knew it, we were at the restaurant.

"Hey there's my two favorite girls!" I was in a great mood. My promotion meant less work and more money. **"Hey kiddo, how was work?" "Do you**

want a coloring sheet?" Ginger prompted, with an honest and earnest tone not at all mocking.

"N-no, I'm alright," I muttered, sinking into my chair. The Mommy and Daddy stuff was starting to normalize, but this was different. This was in public! It was out where people could see us, and the restaurant was so crowded. We sat in a corner booth, but it did nothing to alleviate my anxiety. Worse yet, Ginger and Remy were nearly the same height and I was a lot shorter. I pouted.

"Alright, poppet, well if you change your mind." When the waitress came, I ordered drinks for me and for Frosty. **"Make sure you save room for ice cream, alright? I think maybe if you get the kids' sized one, then you can eat as many breadsticks as you like? How's that sound?"**

"...yeah, I guess that makes sense." Usually at Olive Garden, I couldn't even finish my meal! So Remy's suggestion was pretty solid. The waitress came back with our drinks and a pile of breadsticks, then took our orders. **"Um, can I get the chicken alfredo in a kids' size? And no salad please."**

There was a lot about us that felt like a family, not least the fact that Frosty ordered a kids' meal and was kicking her feet under the table. For some reason, I liked that, like the idea had always been there in my head, like I always thought of us that way. We were good together, the three of us.

Okay, so even with the kids' meal, that was way too much food. But I did eat like ten bread sticks! By the end of it, I was too full for ice cream, which was the saddest thing about the entire day. Remy and Ginger talked about work a lot and I kept wishing I still had a cell phone. At least I could play games on it. But I couldn't afford a new one and I broke the other one...

"Did you have enough to eat? We have some time left before we get back so we were thinking about going to the park." And this time of day, in the middle of the day, downtown? There wouldn't even be that many kids there, either; it would be a perfect venue for Ginger to start encouraging some behaviors.

"You sure we don't have to get back? I didn't get a lot of paperwork done..." Remy looked at Ginger curiously and Ginger told the truth: **"She had a little nap."** I forced a shy smile and looked down at my empty plate. **"I get sleepy in that side-office."** More often than not, I'd take naps in there. It must be because there weren't any windows.

"You did more than I thought you'd get through, poppet, so don't worry about it." Ginger looked up at the waiter. **"We're ready for our bill now, thank you."** Remy excused himself from the table to go wash his hands after eating, leaving the two girls alone.

"I told you I'd have this paperwork done last week, and I'm still working on it." The paperwork was actually from the week before. It shouldn't take me three weeks to enter some data on the computer! She was essentially paying me for sleeping, and I felt really guilty...

"You're also testing those audio files for me, too, though, remember? And testing gets paid a bunch more than data entry, so honestly I should be paying you more. Actually, maybe I should raise your allowance." Allowance in terms of business stipend, wage, not a child's allowance, of course not.

"No, no... I'm not pulling my weight as it is." I didn't even know if I was on the company payroll or if she was paying me personally. Oh, that thought hurt... **"When we get back, I'm going to finish up all that paperwork before I leave today! I'm serious! Even if I have to stay late."**

"I trust you'll do your best, you're going to make me proud." Ginger paid, she paid for the entire lunch, and she held the girl's hand again on the way to the entrance to meet up again with Remy. Just before they got there, though, she smiled and suggested. **"Maybe you could hold someone else's hand with your other hand?"** See? She didn't even say Daddy.

We were holding hands? Oh, I guess we were. Remy came out of the bathroom and I took his hand with my other. We must have looked so goddamn stupid. Three adults holding hands as we walked down the

sidewalk together? But I felt... sort of safe between them. Like I didn't want to let go.

59.)

"I was thinking, you've been really good recently," I started, "and I've been talking to Ginger about it, and we both think maybe after this season finishes up at work, we could go on a vacation, just the three of us?" "I remember you mentioning you'd never gone on a proper vacation, and I have a beach house I have access to in England we could use, you literally walk down off the porch and into the sand, with nobody else around for miles."

England? I looked up at Remy in bewilderment. No way. Really? "Yeah, I wanna go! Please?" "Uh huh, absolutely Frosty." "I'll arrange for it around the holidays," Ginger said with a smile. Okay, so it was pretty cool having a friend with money. Wait, how much money did Ginger actually have? Didn't she work less than Remy?

Some time together, out in the countryside, by the beach? It was going to be the perfect culmination of them as a family, of Wendy as a little girl, and it would cement their new dynamic beyond reproach. "Are you having Lala over for dinner tonight?" I asked, remembering the notion vaguely. "Oh, were you having your friend over? I was thinking we might have had a girls night in, but that's okay. Are you excited to show her your new hair?"

Oh right, Lala... I should have called her yesterday or something and told her I couldn't make it to lunch. But I was a little busy dealing with a messy diaper. "I think she's busy on Mondays... but maybe this weekend?" We never had time to hang out in the fall. But after Christmas her work would settle down and maybe we could hit a few clubs together, or she could help with my wedding planning!

"Then tonight can be just us? We'll stay at work together as long as you like, and then we'll spend the night together, alright?" We'd gotten to the park, and there were some joggers in the distance, people walking

their dogs, but the fairly impressive little playscape in the middle - a twisted knot of red and blue and yellow steel tubes in forts and shapes - was empty. **"Hey Frosty, go on and play."**

I blinked. **"Huh?"** Remy nodded at the playscape and a blush warmed my cheeks. **"I'm not playing on that. I'm twenty years old."** Though the sun was bright, the wind had a less than subtle November chill. A few weeks until Thanksgiving, then a month until Christmas. But Remy and I both didn't have much family in the area - we usually spent the holidays alone together.

"Oh I'm sorry, Frosty, I didn't know that suddenly when you turned twenty you weren't allowed to have fun anymore." "Daddy is right, you know, and maybe playing a little bit will keep you from dozing off when we get back to work?" Both well reasoned and logical points.

I opened my mouth to say something, but I couldn't think of anything to say back. I didn't like using the D word out in public, but no one was really around anyway. I looked back at the playscape and bit my lip. It did look sort of cool, and I bet I could climb to the top... **"Maybe a minute..."**

"Go on, Mommy and I need to discuss some work stuff anyway, you'd just be bored by it. We'll sit down here and watch, and you let Daddy know if you reach the top, alright?" The fact she was in a dress and a pull-up underneath were both things never even mentioned.

I'd been to this park a few times, back when I used to jog. That was ages ago, when Remy and I had first started dating. I'd grown pretty lazy over the years, but I hadn't lost my figure much. But this was my first time climbing the jungle gym. I put one hand on the weird rubber tubes and pulled myself up off the ground. Step, hand, step, hand. Higher and higher. Jeeze, this thing was bigger than I thought...

"She's really cute, isn't she?" "She is, you're really lucky." "Well, I think we're both pretty lucky - I heard you and her shared some physicality?" "That's right, the poor girl needed it." "Well, thanks. I don't know, I'm just not that interested in sex anymore, you know?" "It's normal not to be, especially with so much stress. Besides, the idea of like... having to be everything to her is just dumb - we're social

creatures, Jeremy. There's nothing to say that she can't get some things from you, some from me." And I guess I could get some from Ginger, too, by that logic. I watched my fiancée, my little girl, climbing a children's playscape. I felt Ginger's hand in mine between us, hidden from view. This felt good.

"Hey! Look!" I waved from the top of the playscape and Mommy and Daddy both waved back from the bench below. Sure, I was sort of cold without leggings, but the coat helped cover my arms. I looked below me, down at the ground, so far away, and sighed. Now for the hard part...

60.)

The doorbell rang and I jumped up off the sofa to get it. It was Sunday afternoon and Mommy was coming over for dinner! She basically lived here now, even though her place was much bigger and fancier. I rushed to the door - the diaper under my jumper dress crinkling in time with my movements - and pulled it open. But Ginger wasn't standing outside. The smile fell from my face. "Lala...? What are you doing here?"

"What the actual fuck, Wendy? You fell off the face of the earth, stopped answering your phone, then it got disconnected; I was worried sick! Jesus. Was it so hard to call me? Like, from your fiancé's phone even?" She'd let herself in during the rant, walked into the living room, plopped her ass down on the sofa and only then began to take in the scene around her. Toys on the floor. Sprawling sheets of coloring in pictures on the coffee table. A baby bottle half filled with juice stuffed down the sofa cushion. "What are you wearing?" Lala laughed.

I looked at Lala, bewildered, and then down at my pink jumper dress. Ginger bought it for me off some website online, complete with one of those onesies that snapped between the legs. I thought it was really cute, and really practical since I switched the diapers full time. But Lala... she was my best friend. She couldn't ever know about this... it was private! Between me and Daddy! And Mommy, of course. My cheeks burned... "I... um... my phone broke, so..." I looked at the door and bit hard on my lip. "Y-you should go... I'll... um... call you later."

"You'll call me?" Wendy nodded quickly. **"With the phone you don't have?"** Her nod slowed. **"When I'm already here, hanging out with you?"** The nodding stopped. What had gotten into her? Where was the snarky sarcastic girl with a silver tongue that Lala knew? This Wendy looked like she was about to cry...

"W-well. I mean on Da--" I managed to catch myself on the corner of Remy's new name. Ugh, why was she here?! Why didn't she warn me she was coming over?! Oh right, I had no phone... **"W-well... lemme just go get changed an'... um... y-yeah, j-just wait there..."**

"Just put shoes on, I got us a reservation at this gorgeous little cafe. We can still make if you hurry. And then you can tell me about..." Lala reached out and flipped up the skirt of the little jumper dress, briefly enough to demonstrate what she was talking about, but mercifully she was looking up when she did it. **"This little ensemble."**

I pushed the skirt of my dress down with both my hands and my cheeks went crimson. Her smile waned and she looked at me with a bit of confusion. **"Hey, Wendy, you alright?"** **"Y-yeah... yeah! Yeah. Um... juss... gotta tell... R-Remy..."** Wow, that word felt weird in my mouth. Like I hadn't said it years... **"Just one sec..."**

"He won't even notice you're gone, Wendy, he's probably in his study working so hard he doesn't even notice his beautiful fiancée is being neglected. Come on, you don't need his permission, he's not your Dad." Lala's words were firm, immovable. Casual and adult.

I opened my mouth to argue, but I couldn't think of anything. I had to... do something. I had to change my clothes! No, she already shot that down, didn't she? But I had to say goodbye to Daddy! But she said... **"Come on."** She took me by the hand and pulled me to the door. I had to stop her! I had to do something! I couldn't leave without telling somebody! But she wasn't giving me a choice. I slid on my flats and she led me out of my own apartment. My chest ached with anxiety...

"You're going to love this place, they've got little cucumber sandwiches and British tea party shit, and everybody speaks with an

English accent and I'm sure it's all fake but who cares, right?" Lala didn't care too much that her best friend was on the verge of a panic attack - Wendy had always been high strung and it had never caused an issue before.

We were barely on the street outside my apartment complex and I had my thumb firmly planted in my mouth to try to calm down. Lala was dialing a cab when she caught sight of me, sucking on my thumb and looking at my shoes. I must have looked like such a little girl... but I was a little girl! No, I was big girl! I just had some... perks. Right?

"Wendy what the fuck?" Lala put her phone down from her ear and snatched the thumb out of her best friend's mouth. **"What's gotten into you? You're being so weird."**

"I juss wanna go home," I said quietly, nervously, and very unlike me. Or unlike who I was, maybe. Because this was me, now. This was always me, wasn't it? I couldn't stop thinking about Daddy looking for me, not knowing where I'd gone... or Mommy calling around and asking if anyone had seen me. I didn't have a phone for them to call. I rubbed the water from my eyes.

"Really? You blow me off and then when I actually come over because I'm worried about you, you just wanna go home? Come on, Wendy, I'm not even that pissy at you alright, I just wanna take you out for lunch and catch up." For the first time, Lala's tone got tender. Well, tender for her. **"Alright?"**

I looked up at my best friend and then back at my feet. She was being so nice... Lala wasn't really a "be nice" kind of girl. And she was trying so hard. And I felt so guilty. All I could think about was Daddy, upstairs, calling my name... **"...stay for dinner?"** I didn't want her to stay for dinner. I wanted to spend time with Mommy and Daddy! But at least I could go upstairs and get changed. I didn't have to be so scared. **"Please?"**

"Ugh.... fine... but you can't blow me off anymore, y'hear? Boys come and go but I'm your best friend and I don't care even if your wedding day falls on the same day, you pick me, that's what we do. Got it?" Mostly her rant was hyperbole. Mostly.

"Uh huh! Promise!" Lala and I had been best friends for years. And though I was embarrassed to dress like a little girl around her, I knew she wasn't going anywhere. Eventually, I'd have to tell her the truth. Remy and I... we were something new now. Something better. He was my Daddy and I was his little girl. She'd understand that, right?

"Okay." Lala hadn't planned to stay all afternoon; she'd wanted to do lunch, and then some errands, maybe squeeze in some shoe browsing with her best friend given the chance. But this was fine, too, she guessed. The way Wendy bounced back up to the door, though, that excitement... that wasn't normal for an adult.

I crinkled loudly in the quiet hallway, so I did my best not to move around so much. If Lala EVER found out I was wearing a diaper, I'd never hear the end of it! So the second we made it back into my apartment, I bolted for the bedroom to get changed. But halfway to my room, I froze in place and let out a small sigh. I knew better. If I wanted to be changed, I needed to ask Daddy. So instead of my bedroom, I went into his study instead.

61.)

"Good afternoon, Little Frosty." I looked up from my laptop at my beautiful little girl standing in front of me, bubbly, but also nervous looking, fidgeting with the hem of her dress. Even though I was sunken into a sofa in my study, and she was standing, she was still so little by comparison in my eyes. **"You have your shoes on? Let me see, make sure you got them on the right feet. Did you want to go somewhere?"**

"Umm... no, Lala's here." He gave me a curious look, then he started to share my anxiety. Obviously if Lala was here, that was a cause for concern. She was my best friend, of course! So she had every right to stop by. But the way I was dressed... I bit my lip and played with the hem of my dress. **"Can I get changed pretty please? I dun wan' her to know..."**

"Well, how about you come here and think about it with Daddy." I put my laptop aside, my head spinning just a little bit. I was worried about Lala. But I shouldn't have been, right? There was nothing wrong with what we were doing, nothing wrong with how we were. She'd have to know sooner or later: this was who Wendy was now. A voice in the back of my head told me it was probably okay. **"Come sit on my lap, come on now, do you think you want to keep secrets about who you really are, little Frosty?"**

I pouted and crossed my arms, sitting down promptly on Daddy's lap. **"I dun wan' her to know about my accidents! An'... I dunno, I wanna ease her into the other stuffs..."** And my dress was not an "ease into" sort of dress. It was a pretty obvious dress. She probably thought it was part of Daddy's sexy stuff. After all, the last time she saw me wearing a stupid dress, it was because I was trying to appeal to Remy.

"Well, Daddy can understand that. But who you are now is a gift, little one, not a shameful secret. If you were being given a gift, would you prefer to get it slowly given to you, do you think? Or given to you all at once?" It was a moot point anyway. No matter what she wore, Frosty was irreversibly a baby girl now and it was obvious.

I didn't want to argue. Actually, all in all, I couldn't argue. I knew, no matter what choice Daddy made, I had to listen. But he hadn't exactly said 'no' yet. He was trying to make me change my mind on my own. So this could go either way... **"Pwease, Daddy?"** I batted my eyelashes and pouted.

"Daddy thinks you should tell her, little one. But if you don't want to, then you'll have to convince Daddy what you want me to change you into is equally cute to how you look right this second." I grinned. I ticked her up her sides. She was so perfect!

It was twenty whole minutes before Daddy and I joined Lala in the living room, who had already turned on the TV and skimmed through the half-finished coloring books on the table. It looked like we were babysitting or something. Ugh, that was so embarrassing to think about... though no less embarrassing than my new skirt and top - a little more mature, and all the style of a young girl's. Even my underwear - which took a lot of convincing! - had lollipops and little ruffles on the legs. Ginger had replaced half my

wardrobe already with little girl clothes, and I couldn't even remember the last time I complained.

"Alright..." That was not a 'this is alright' kind of an alright sound, though, from Lala. That was a 'am I being punked?' kind of alright. **"Hi, Lala, Frosty would like to say she's sorry for being out of touch with you, wouldn't she?"** I nudged her softly, stood just behind her, and smiled like a proud father.

"Uh huh, I'm really sorry, Lala! I didn' mean to. My phone broke, an' then--" "It's fine. We went over this." "R-right..." I looked up at Daddy for an answer, but he just ruffled my hair and went to the kitchen to start preparing dinner. Now that I didn't crinkle with every step I took, I was a lot less self-conscious around my best friend. I plopped down next to her on the sofa and grabbed the remote. **"Whatcha wanna watch? Dinner's not 'til six."**

"Well, I figured we could watch Queer Eye maybe?" Which would have been fine and all, and probably something even Wendy's alley... if she hadn't been sequestered to the children's section on Netflix. And to be fair, she never complained about that - there was always something she liked on there anyway!

"Uh huh! Yeah, lemme..." I tried the search bar, but the show didn't come up. Oh right... some of the shows were locked out. I forgot about that... **"Um... one sec,"** I mumbled and climbed up off the sofa. I found Daddy in the kitchen, cleaning our dishes from breakfast, and I pulled on his sleeve. **"Can Lala an' I watch a big girl show please?"**

"Which big girl show, honey?" She looked blankly at me and I sighed with a smile, drying my hands on a dishtowel before following her back into the living room to enter the code on the TV remote. **"You make sure to be good, alright? I'm trusting you here, princess."** I hadn't even gotten back into the kitchen before Lala started up at Wendy. **"Okay what the fuck was that?"**

I looked at Lala, confused, and then at Remy as he turned the corner into the kitchen once again. **"What are you talking about?" "You know what I'm talking about! He's talking down to you!" "...I dun think so."** I

typed in Queer Eye and started up an episode. What was Lala so upset about anyway?

Maybe Lala ran out of ways to be outraged, maybe she was still fuming and soaking up her anger, it was hard to tell. Her best friend locked out of non-kids shows on TV? Having to ask permission? Being talked down to like that, condescended so openly? It was baffling, it was an affront to her entire personality. What had even happened? **"You're sucking your thumb again,"** Lala deadpanned.

I took my thumb out of my mouth and looked nervously away from Lala. Shoot... why did I keep doing that? I missed my paci - it was still in my bedroom, on the nightstand - but I knew I couldn't use it in front of her. But she was catching on fast... and I had to tell her eventually... **"Um... w-well. Things are a little different around here. But I mean, I'm enjoying it, so..."**

"Yeah, things definitely seem different." It was hard for her not to sound contemptuous. **"What's going on, Wednesday? This is some real Twilight Zone stuff, you know that right? Like Stepford Wives or something like that - was that an episode? I don't know."**

"No, I mean... it's just a thing we're doing. I get to like, make believe I'm..." I didn't want to say it, but thankfully I didn't have to. **"A toddler?"** I shrugged my shoulders and kicked my feet. **"Maybe. I dunno. But it's fun. And Remy likes it. So... why does it matter?"**

"It matters because this is like the opposite of who you are, Wendy. You're this little spark of energy always ready to pick a fight, always independent, always on the edge of oblivion. And now you're like... a child. Not just pretending to be one, but like a legit toddler; dressing like a Claire's catalog, sucking your thumb, asking Remy for *permission* to do things?"

"...that's not true," I said flatly, a little annoyed. **"I'm not a kid. It's just pretend. And it's fun. And I get a lot of attention, and Remy takes care of me, and you dun' know what you're talking about. I dun' say mean things to you when you go sleeping with everybody in the city!"**

"Wow. First of all, fuck you. Secondly, fuck you. What the fuck, Wendy?" And it wasn't just anger that Lala spat, not just her usual fiery personality. This was something else, something personal. **"I just don't get where the girl I know has gone, it's like you've been replaced with someone else, someone I know nothing about."**

Three swear words. I hesitated at each one, but the final one silenced me completely. I sat quietly and played with my fingers in my lap. I wanted to tell her I was the same girl! I wanted to tell her it was just a game we were playing! But I felt a little sick. I didn't know what to say. I was frustrated. I was upset. So I did what any little girl would do: I cried.

62.)

"Um..." Like the siren's song of the ocean, I came the moment I heard her crying; I slid in behind her on the sofa, I pulled her into my arms, I shushed her and cooed, and played with her hair. **"Hey darling girl, Daddy's here, what's the matter, what happened? Was it another spider again? It's alright, you're safe."** Lala just stared...

I pushed my face into Daddy's neck and held him as tight as I could. I didn't know what happened. She swore and I just felt so... incapable. I was incapable. I needed Daddy, and he came to save me. He bounced me up and down softly while I cried and Remy and Lala exchanged a very complicated glare.

"This is fucked up, you know that, right?" "Lala, now's not the time. She doesn't like it when you swear, and you've upset her enough. If you want to stay, then stay, but make yourself useful and get her something to drink. Her sippies are in the cupboard above the fridge, and her juice is in the door." I never stopped holding her, never let her feel unsafe, alone, abandoned. I spoke with authority and clarity. Lala didn't say a word, but she did go into the kitchen.

Lala just about threw the sippy cup at me, filled to the top with apple juice. I looked nervously at the lid and then up at Daddy. I didn't want to drink it front of her! But he gave me a very serious look and I put the spout

between my lips, sucking softly. Tears still peppered my cheeks, but most of my crying had settled down. I looked up shyly at Lala, like I'd betrayed her or something. But I hadn't! Right...?

"Is this some trauma thing?" Her voice was calmer now, watching what had happened, watching that her own behavior had put her best friend in tears, where I'd just calmed her down by treating her like a child. I shook my head, played with my little girl's hair, and smiled. **"It's an evolutionary thing, Lala. She was never happy before, you know that. Always looking for fights, always too worried to ask for help, always just one step away from falling apart. She thought that was the Wendy she had to be, and it's taken her a lot of soul searching to realize that it was only making her miserable. I know this must be hard for you to understand, but if you love her, I know you'll try."**

Lala looked at me, as if asking me, and I nodded my head in agreement. I wanted this now. I didn't at first. I thought it was stupid! I thought this whole thing was disgusting and irrational. But now... these feelings... I cuddled into Daddy's shoulder and sucked on my sippy cup. But before Lala could say anything back, there was a knock on the door.

I stood up, stood up with Wendy in my arms and propped her against my hip, and carried her with me to answer the door. It was Ginger, of course, and her eyes were wide and happy when I opened it. **"There's Mommy's little girl! Oh have you been crying?"** Her hands were put on either side of Wendy's face in inspection, and she kissed her on the nose. **"Was Daddy mean to you again, hmm?"** **"Nothing like that, Ging' - it's just been a complicated day. Lala came to visit, you see?"** I stood out of the way, and Lala looked none too impressed from her place on the sofa.

I slid down to the floor, standing between my new parents, and looked at my best friend shyly. I knew she probably didn't like Ginger, with all the stuff I told her. But all that was a mistake! Ginger was amazing! She was my Mommy now, and... and... and I was happy. Did anything else matter?

"So. You're Mommy, and you're Daddy, huh?" Lala had her arms crossed when she approached, but her tone was softer. Like maybe she knew better than to scare her best friend again; a girl who was a woman,

face was streaked with tears, but whom had eyes bright and bubbly, like everything would be okay. **"Alright."**

I smiled brightly and beamed behind my sippy cup. I threw my arms around Lala and hugged her tight across the chest. Lala and I were almost exactly the same size, so hugs with her were always perfect. **"I knew you'd understand! Thank you so, so, so much! Oh lemme get my bear, I'll show you!"** I dashed past my best friend and down the hall to my bedroom.

"She hates you, you know that, right?" Lala had waited for her friend to disappear before sneering at Ginger. Of course, Ginger didn't give even one damn about that, and simply smiled. **"That's not the story she tells, Lala. Maybe you should focus more on what makes her happy, and less on what you think is best for her? You're part of the poor influence that led her down that bad path in the first place, so if you want to be allowed in our little girl's life, you'd better check your attitude at the door."**

"An' this one is Bunniesworth. But THIS one is my favorite. She's a pumpkin. An'..." I looked up at Lala and Mommy, both who wore very different expressions. But before I could think of anything new to say, Daddy took me by the hand and led me into the living room. **"How about you and Lala play for a little bit while Mommy and I get dinner ready?"** **"Uh huh, okay!"** I'd never had a friend to play with before...

"I like your outfit." It was, at best, a peace offering from Lala sitting across from her on the floor, while Wendy played with her toys. The way she moved, the way she talked to herself, the manner in which she didn't even care if she flashed her underwear... it was hard for Lala to see her as a peer anymore.

"Uh huh, Mommy got it for me, 'cuz she said I dun gotta wear little clothes all the time, so it's my most grown-up-est clothes!" Which wasn't saying much. At first, I thought I had to lie to Lala. I thought I couldn't tell her the truth about my life now. But it made a lot more sense when I thought about it to just be honest. If I could be me, and she could be her, we could be happy together! No more hiding.

"Would you rather be wearing something... uh... less grown-up-est?"

Lala couldn't believe she was saying that, god-damn. Honestly, she couldn't believe this was happening at all, that her mimosa-morning-buddy had become this... barely functioning child. But she wouldn't give up... it was just a fight she couldn't make with everybody else here, that was all.

I looked at Lala and a blush filled my cheeks. Immediately, my thoughts went to something Lala wasn't thinking about. Diapers. Pull-ups. Commitment to my Daddy. I remembered Mommy changing me yesterday. The day before. The day before that. I bit my lip and shrugged my shoulders. Over the past week, I'd really come to love wearing diapers. For so many amazing reasons...

"Well, you can go get changed if you want. I've seen you in this already, so if there's something you want to wear more that's fine, I don't mind. I want you to be comfortable." And Lala wanted to see the extent of how bad this got: if this was how she was presenting to her highest maturity, things were obviously pretty bad...

"I... uh..." I couldn't look up at Lala. I was coloring in one of my books and she was coloring in a different one. I used whatever I thought was prettiest, and she coordinated her ideas together. It was remarkable how regressed I'd become in so little time. But once I'd accepted my role in Daddy's and Mommy's lives, the rest came so naturally. But wearing a diaper around Lala? Maybe not... **"I'm okay..."**

"Are you sure? You don't seem too sure, you seem like when you say you don't mind seeing an arthouse French flick with me, but secretly you really want to go and see the new comedy instead." Then, Lala tried something. **"Would your Daddy,"** there was no WAY she was going to dignify that bitch, Ginger, **"want you to tell the truth?"**

...okay. This was weird. I mean, of course it was weird! But it was... weirder. I put down my crayon and looked over at Lala with a pout. **"You dun gotta treat me like a kid, Lala. I'm still me. I just... I'm just playing a game with Da--"** Hesitation. Deep breath. **"Remy and Ginger. It's just a game..."**

Well, that was reassuring at least. **"Alright, alright, I'm just trying to understand, and not get left out, you know?"** There was something else that was being hidden, clearly, and Lala was determined to get the source of it all.

"I mean, if you wanna color and stuff, that's okay. And if you wanna juss watch grown up TV that's okay too - Daddy will put it on for us. But you dun' gotta treat me like they do. We're best friends." I smiled happily up at Lala. I didn't need another parent. I already had those spaces filled.

"Alright, alright. I just thought what you were wearing when I got here was a lot cuter, but you're right, I shouldn't worry myself over stuff like that - I just thought you'd wanna look your best for your Daddy." Honestly, Lala's manipulative way of going about things worked just fine when talking to a child. Or a pretend one.

I gave her a sideways look. Hm... **"You sure?" "Yeah, absolutely!"** I crossed my arms over my chest and looked my best friend up and down. Honestly, I did like that dress... **"Hm... alright then."** I climbed up from my place at the table and went down the hall to my room. No diaper, I told myself. But a cute dress? Sure, why not!

63.)

"How're you doing, munchkin?" Ginger had followed her to her room, and closed the door gently behind her, doting and hovering like a worried mother. **"Daddy told me that Lala was pretty mean to you earlier, are you doing okay now? Come give Mommy a hug, would that help?"**

I was already picking out some clothes when Mommy came into my room. Honestly, with all my new toys, clothes, stuffed animals, and the like, my room was a huge mess. Remy had talked about moving the computer stuff into the bedroom and making a playroom for me, but it was a work in progress. I hugged Ginger across the chest and smiled up at her. **"Lala's being really nice. I think she's just spooked 'cause all this is really new. Dun' worry."**

"Well, if you're sure. This is your chance to really be yourself, to establish with her everything you've learned about yourself recently. She's open to learning, right now, calm and pleasant." Ginger did what she'd come to do recently; she put her hand on Wendy's cheek, teased her lips with her thumb, and then surprised her with a kiss. The kind of kiss only they shared.

There was something in Ginger's kisses. A magical power. It made me all giggly and happy, like it was a special treat made just for me. And when she'd change my diapers, I'd get an even more special treat. Two days ago, I'd wet myself so much I leaked all over her office floor just so she would change me at work.

"You're perfect, and you're happy, and you're our little girl." Although she still made fresh recordings for Wendy to listen to at night, Ginger had also come to recently start using more directed guidance. A kiss would open up the right pathways and her words would be so much deeper for a few minutes following. It was quite effective for reinforcement. **"You're proud to be a little girl, proud to be Mommy's girl, Daddy's girl, proud to be a diapered girl, a baby girl. And you're wondering just now why you're not in a diaper, little poppet."** Kisses didn't make trances. Just a heightened sense of happiness and suggestibility.

I blinked up at Mommy and felt a blush come over my cheeks. Diapers... I wanted one, I really did! But Lala was here... I swallowed and looked down at my feet, shyly swaying side to side. **"Dun wan' Lala to know,"** I muttered and went back to change into my dress. **"Maybe later..."**

"And whys that?" Where Remy would have been firm and pushed the issue, Ginger was exploratory. She was no less likely to get a result, only her methods led to less repetition of the same behaviors. It was a very effective asset for her to bring to the table.

"Cuz, it's embarrassin'..." **"You wear them out to the store, and to work, and to restaurants."** **"But she's my best friend! And... and I dun' wan' her to know, not yet... I wan' her to be my friend..."** Because dressing like a little girl and playing a game didn't change anything between me and Lala. But diapers? Diapers meant she was different than me.

Older than me? Better than me... and then we weren't best friends anymore. She was just another grown up...

"You're worried she won't like you... because you're in diapers?" With the dress still clutched in her hands, Wendy didn't put up much of a fight when she was pulled back into the woman's arms, when her lips were kissed again, when words were dripped into her ear. **"If Lala were in an accident, and had to wear diapers because of it, you'd still be her friend. You'd still be the same as her, you wouldn't see her any different, just because something in her life changed, would you now, darling?"**

Would I? Of course not! Would she? No, she shouldn't... she shouldn't think any different. Diapers were just another thing, like... like if I wanted to listen to a certain kind of music, or I wanted to watch a particular TV show. So what if I liked diapers? I looked up at Mommy with glossy eyes and nodded my head shyly. **"Change me...?"**

Problems to Ginger were just like a knot to be untied; it was always better to be patient and work through them, to work out the kinks and coils, to make sure things were accomplished right. Ginger smiled and nodded her head, motioning to the bed - a gesture which meant 'lay down in the proper position'. This little princess would be getting her cunny licked and kissed as a reward for her obedience, an endorphin release far beyond just the usually sexual, thanks to her conditioning. **"We really ought to get you a proper changing table, huh poppet?"**

My cheeks were pink and my eyes were glossy when I came out to meet my best friend twenty or so minutes later. I was dressed in the same outfit as earlier - a jumper dress with snaps under the skirt. The diaper was puffy and thick between my legs, crinkling with every step, and I was still shivering with indescribable feelings. Gosh, I loved diapers...

64.)

"Did you get lost on your way to your room?" Lala teased, although there was something strange about the way her friend moved; an

awkwardness, an unsteadiness. She plopped down with a sound like a plastic shopping bag and did nothing to keep her legs closed as she played with her toys. Lala just stared. **"So uh... is that your uh... your favorite dress?"**

"Um... y-yeah, I think so. Mommy--" I blinked and looked up at Lala with a blush on my cheeks. **"Er... Ginger got it for me on Friday... so..."** I knew Lala wasn't big on the Mommy and Daddy words, so I trying to censor myself. But gosh, it was so difficult. I shuffled side to side a little bit, crinkling ever so slightly.

"That's nice." Lala didn't know that everything Wendy drank made her pee. She didn't know that being in a fresh diaper put presence to her bladder; she didn't know that wetting herself made her feel like she was eating ice cream and candy on a warm summer's day. There was a lot that Lala didn't know. When her best friend moved, though, and her legs spread, and not even the wide snap crotch of what she wore under the dress could cover it, though, Lala did know something. **"Are you wearing a diaper...?"**

I froze, looking down at the coloring book, and shrugged my shoulders without looking up. I didn't want to deny it, but I didn't want to admit it either. Obviously "I don't know" isn't true, but I couldn't think of anything else to do. So I bit my lip and went back to coloring.

Well, was it really such a surprise? Lala opened her mouth to say something, but kept herself quiet. If she was going to get her best friend out of this situation, it wouldn't do to make a huge scene about it - that would just upset her. Besides, she was dressed like a baby anyway, it was probably just aesthetic. Ginger came into the living room, smiled, pushed a pacifier between Wendy's lips, and went back to the kitchen. Twitch..

She didn't say anything. Nothing. I exhaled and sucked on the pacifier to calm my nerves. I guess that wasn't so bad, was it? So she knew now. And everything was fine. Everything was normal. Right? I put on a new TV show. I didn't want to get up and ask Daddy, so I just put on a Bratz movie. I wanted everything to be normal... so I had to try too. I talked around the pacifier at my best friend. **"So, how'ff you been?"**

What the fuck was Lala supposed to say to that? **"Yeah, just... busy, you know? I missed our Sundays together, I tried to go get mimosas on my own but it just wasn't the same without my partner in crime."** Like anybody would serve her alcohol now! Like anybody SHOULD. Then again... maybe alcohol could be a good way to get her to talk about how she really felt about this...

"Uh huh.. any new boys or girls?" She rolled her eyes and leaned back on the sofa. Even if she had new conquests, would she even tell me, dressed like this? I mean, it wasn't really little-girl talk. But I wasn't an actual little-girl! It was just make believe...

"There was this one girl. I know you're kinda grossed out by the girl on girl stuff, but..." Yeah there was no point talking to her about this, she kept getting distracted by the TV. **"So... were you wearing a diaper before? Is that why you wanted to come home so bad when I dragged you out of the house?"**

"...mmhmm..." I nodded quietly, too shy to give more of an explanation than that. Why did she have to focus on this?! I could talk all day about how much I love having a Daddy and a Mommy and not feel the slightest bit embarrassed, but when it came to diapers... ugh, I couldn't stop blushing.

"Well you could have said something, you know? You think I'm gonna freak out just because of what underwear you wear? Bitch I don't even wear underwear half the time an-" Abruptly, it was clear that cursing had upset her again and Lala waved her hands frantically. **"Hey now hey don't cry, hey, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I just... use crappy words sometimes, I'm not mad at you."**

I looked up at her with nervous, teary eyes, and nodded my head. Why did I cry when she swore? I didn't know. But it felt like I hadn't heard a swear word in a really long time... maybe it was just out of place now? But that didn't explain why I cried... **"It's just... I wanna be best friends still an' I dun want you to stop liking me..."**

"Yeah, babe, listen... I'm not going to stop liking you, alright? I promise." Then she did something downright age appropriate - Lala

reached across and offered her pinky finger up in a crook, an offering of a pinky promise.

My eyes lit up and I quickly took Lala's pinky in mine. No matter what, no matter how weird this was, I knew I'd always have her by my side. And nothing in the world could have made me happier.

65.)

I wore a bib. That was normal after the huge Ketchup Fiasco last Wednesday. Ginger happened to have some on hand, which was sort of weird, but I guess not really. But other than the bib and the childish utensils, I had the same food as everybody else: spaghetti and mashed potatoes.

Right. So she wore a bib now. Lala didn't have any more words to say, she just sat at the dinner table along with this bizarre dynamic and kept quiet and absorbed in her food. **"Mommy checked with the daycare center at work, like we talked about, and they'd be happy to have you help out down there during the day."** After all, Ginger didn't need her in the office anymore - she got plenty of hypnosis at night time, and casually. **"But you'll have to do your best to pretend to be big, alright? And make sure to come see Mommy or Daddy if you need a change."** I nodded and smiled along with Ginger, watching as my fiancée dropped food on her bib sheepishly. **"I think that could be a great idea, and those kids have busy families, they often don't have any grown-ups in their life who'll play with them."**

"Yeah...? Okay." I knew I wasn't keeping my job. Last Friday, I could hardly code any of Mommy's papers. I got bored. I was distracted. It just wasn't working. And at the end of the day, we had a talk about it. I thought I'd have to stay home all alone, but working at a day care would be extra fun! And I could get extra money too, for... for... hm, I was saving for something, I swear...

The daycare at the firm was notably posh, with lots of toys and resources, but minimal staff supervision - just enough to make sure the kids played

and napped and ate and didn't kill each other. For a girl like Wendy, it was going to be heaven. She spilled more spaghetti on her bib, and Lala clenched her hand on her fork. **"SO YEAH, uh, I wanna take Wendy out to a club this week. If this is all just a game, that won't be a problem, right?"** I tried not to be tense. I failed.

Mommy and Daddy exchanged a look and I spoke up before my best friend got shot down. **"Pleeeeeeeeeeaaase? I'll be super super on my best behavior and Lala will be there so I won' get in trouble, promise!"** A club... dancing and music? Yeah, okay! That sounded like a lot of fun actually!

"Your Daddy and I will have to discuss it, poppet." Ginger began, and before the crestfallen girl could go into a further spiral of whining, she added. **"But as long as you're home at a reasonable hour, you wear your diapers, and you promise no alcohol - you're far too young - then it should be fine."**

I looked up at Lala with a bright smile, like I'd been victorious in my endeavor. But she looked more like I'd lost. But I got to go to the club, didn't I? Gosh, Lala could be such a handful sometimes. I shoved another bite of spaghetti in my mouth and drank some juice from my sippy cup.

There was a feeling during watching a horror movie, almost endemic to those 1990's slasher flicks, where you're experiencing the anxiety on behalf of somebody else's situation. Where their impending doom and their actions all conspire to put you on edge, to make you feel both helpless and angry. And that feeling was what Lala felt about her best friend. So after dinner, when she was left alone with her in her bedroom (Wendy was given an early bedtime, which she gleefully accepted, but was allowed to 'stay up and play for a little tiny bit',) Lala finally snapped. **"Alright, we gotta get you outta here."**

"It's my bedtime soon," I said plainly, like it was a matter of fact. Mommy and Daddy were taking care of the dishes and I was picking out pajamas in my bedroom. Maybe they didn't notice Lala following me. Maybe they weren't worried about it. Either way, we were alone for the first time since she dragged me out of the apartment that afternoon.

"Seriously? Wednesday, listen, this isn't healthy, this isn't normal, and this isn't you. I know you, I know you'd never tolerate this. So whatever blackmail stuff they have on you or whatever, it doesn't matter, I'll get you out of here, I'll hide you." Not that she knew where, but this was worse than life or death.

I didn't understand... an hour ago she said I could wear diapers and she'd still like me, but now she was saying it wasn't healthy? I mean, the one didn't exactly exclude the other. But I thought she understood. **"I dun wanna leave, Lala. I'm happy here... I'm happy like this. I know it seems crazy. I thought it was crazy too at first..."**

"But then what? What changed your mind? Do you remember?" Years of being a manipulative bitch might actually come in handy, Lala. **"Think about it, alright? Let's find that point together, find when you stopped thinking it was crazy. I promise if we can find that together, I'll never whine about it again. I'll even come babysit you and like change your diapers or whatever."** That bitch Ginger did something. Lala was gonna find it!

I opened my eyes wide and balled my hands into fists at my side. **"I don't want you changing me! I don't want you acting like I'm a baby, either! So what if I wanna play? So what if I wanna dress like this! You're not my Mommy!!"**

"I know, but I could be like... your Auntie, right?" Ugh. Dealing with the devil was awful. Lala stayed calmed, put her hands on her best friends shoulders, and smiled. **"Come on, you're not in trouble. I just wanna understand, can you help Auntie Lala to understand? Let's find the point you stopped thinking it was crazy, so maybe I can stop thinking it's crazy, too, doesn't that make sense?"**

"I. Don't. Want. An. Auntie." In moments like this, I almost acted like myself. Like my old self, before all this baby play started. Before I learned to adore all the wonderful feelings that came with being a little girl. But I wasn't Lala's little girl. We weren't playing. She was just my friend! Why didn't she get that?

This was infuriating. **"Fine! You know what, fine? I'm just trying to help alright, Jesus. Ginger did something to you, she's gotten inside your head or something, I know she has, and she's made you think you want this but you don't, you know how I know?"** Lala was bringing up a dialog on her phone, a chat conversation between her and Wendy, highlighting the virtues of just how awful she thought Ginger was.

I read through the texts and shook my head in denial. Obviously those were before. That was when I thought she was trying to steal Remy away from me! **"I was wrong about Mommy. I juss made one mistake, that's all! An' I got to know her an' I really like her, an' you're being so mean and stupid about all this! I'm finally happy, you should be happy for me!"**

"Yeah, I should be, huh? Well, you know who marries Daddy? It's Mommy. It's not the baby girl, it's not the little baby princess who marries the Daddy." Hit her right where it hurts, direct and harsh.

66.)

...huh? I blinked. Looking at Lala like... like she'd said something weird. Or wrong. Obviously she was wrong. Remy and I were the ones that were engaged. But she... I... I shook my head, trying to put the pieces in order. But they didn't fit right... **"He's... we're getting married. Daddy and me."** ...right? Right...

"Really?" Finally, she was getting somewhere! **"And how many Daddy's are married to their little girls, Wednesday? Mommy and Daddy go together like peas and carrots. They're going to get married, you'll be at the wedding but you'll probably be the flower girl or something. Think about it; have they been planning a vacation recently? I bet they have, and it's going to be their honeymoon."**

"N-no... that's... we're all going to England together, for the holidays..." Right? Right... right... I nodded my head up and down, but I kept looking at my feet. The little girl didn't marry Daddy... but... I just... I didn't understand. Remy was my fiancé...

"Daddy should marry Mommy, right? After all, that's what's right, isn't it? Then Ginger will officially be your Mommy for real, but that's what you want, right? You're too young to have a relationship anyway. When was the last time you and Remy had sex?" Bam.

"...that's... not..." I backed up a step and crossed my arms over my pretty dress. That didn't have anything to do with anything! **"He just says... he's been busy and... and he loves me in different ways. Better ways! And Mommy helps me... and..."** I felt so uncomfortable... **"I wanna talk about something else..."**

"I bet Mommy helps Daddy, too." Lala spat and advanced on the girl. Was she making progress? Was that what this was? **"She's controlling you, she's going to steal Remy, like you knew before, she's tricked you... what better way to steal Remy, then to make you into a child, Wednesday."**

My back hit the wall, stuck in the corner of my bedroom. I shook my head side to side, trying to shake the bad thoughts away. That wasn't what was happening! It wasn't! Right? Right...? **"Mommy wouldn't do that... Daddy wouldn't... they love me..."**

"Maybe it's too late. Maybe she already has him, maybe they're out there in the kitchen kissing right now. Maybe when you go to bed, they hold hands and sit up all night just to see the sunrise together." Her voice was as serious as a heart attack. **"Think, baby girl, think. When did you stop caring? When did you start trusting Ginger? She did something, she drugged you or... hypnotized you, or something."**

...hypnotized me? Her fingers snapping. I remembered her fingers snapping... **"I... broke my phone... I dropped it. I was really angry at Mommy about somethin', but I dunno why... an' then she snapped her fingers and my phone broke..."** Why did I remember that? What did that have to do with anything? I felt tears in my eyes. **"Wan' go find Daddy..."**

Fucking eureka! **"Wait, hey, just a sec."** Lala stood in front of her friend, forced a smile, tried to be warm. **"She snapped her fingers, and your**

phone was broken? Tell me about that, why were you angry at her? I bet you can remember, what happened, Wendy?"

I shook my head side to side and tears dripped down my cheeks. **"I dun remember... I dunno why..."** I remembered having my phone in my hand. Angry. Then it was broken and I wasn't angry anymore. But that was it. That's all I could remember... **"Dun wanna talk 'bout this no more... please..."**

"She made you not remember, Wendy." Hazing a step forward, Lala wrapped her arms around her friend tenderly, then firmer. **"She made you forget. She's making you think things that aren't you, she snaps her fingers and you become this little baby girl now. Don't you see? She's awful."**

"She's not! She's not awful! She's my Mommy! An... an... she can explain it!" I shrugged myself out of Lala's arms and hurried to the door. **"We'll ask her an' she'll be able to tell us! I'm juss forgetting!"** But Lala grabbed my wrist before I made it across the room and pulled me back.

"Why can't you remember, Wendy? Why can't you remember what she did? Did you find out what she was doing? And she made you forget? If you go to her now she'll just make you forget again. Maybe she'll even make you forget me, do you wanna forget me? You're my big girl, you're my best friend."

I looked up at Lala with panic in my eyes. Everything was coming down around me. I didn't believe this. I definitely didn't believe Mommy would ever do anything to hurt me! She just wanted me to be happy, just like Daddy... that's all. Then why was I so scared? Because I didn't want to lose Lala either? But I wouldn't! Tears dripped down my cheeks. What was I supposed to do...?

"You knew it all along and you know it now. She just wants Remy for herself, Wendy..." Lala didn't force another hug, but she did stand close enough that she could if she needed to. She put on hand on her best friend's cheek and wiped away her tears. **"You wanted to work to save up for your wedding, but when was the last time you thought about that? When was the last time you thought of Remy as Remy and not**

as Daddy? When was the last time you got upset about Ginger sitting next to him on the sofa while you sit on the floor...?"

"Dun wan' talk about this no more," I muttered, pulling away. I had to talk to Mommy and Daddy. I had to ask about this. Obviously it wasn't true! But until they said so, how could I be sure? They were everything to me. They told me what was right and what was wrong.

"I'm going to go, and I want you to come with me. You're not happy, and you're only going to fall back into her grasp if you stay here. Trust me, alright? Have I ever hurt you? Have I ever lied to you? Just come stay with me, just for tonight, just until you're sure who you are and sure what happened?" Leaving her here wasn't an option, and she might not get another chance.

"Nuh uh, gotta work tomorrow..." An excuse. I didn't even work anymore. I knew Mommy and Daddy would say no. I wanted them to say no! What if... what if when I left... they... I shook my head and wiped the tears off my face. Nuh uh! They wouldn't do that...

"Listen..." Lala took her by both hands and squeezed them firmly. **"Would I want you to leave so badly if it wasn't serious? Have you ever seen me care so much about something? Remember when we were in high school, and at that party, and I wanted you to leave and you trusted me, and the next morning it turned out Arnold Roth had roofied half the girls there? You trusted me then, right? Please? You can text them when we get to my house, or a hotel, but please trust me."**

My bottom lip trembled as Lala brushed the tears off my cheeks. I trusted them... I trusted Mommy and Daddy. Didn't I? They would never hurt me... **"...gotta get pajamas,"** I muttered. **"Gotta ask Daddy if I can go..."**

"Honey. If you do, he'll see that you're upset, and they won't let you come with me. Ginger might even make you forgot me, the way she made you forget about that fight. You can text them once you're in the car." Even that, Lala was sketchy about.

"Mommy won't hurt me," I said as sharply as I could, which for a blubbering girl in a diaper, was not very sharp at all. **"I can't go anywhere**

without asking Daddy. Those are the rules." All in all, for as silly and stupid as I looked, I at least sounded serious.

"Those rules, when did they happen? Because you used to come out with me all the time, before you had the fight with Ginger, remember? You'd come out with me, stay at my house all night. Love is about trust, and Remy loves you so he trusts you. You're an adult, right? Adults don't need to ask permission."

"...but it's the rules," I mumbled under my breath, like what she was saying didn't make any sense. Sure, I didn't always have the rules. But I had them now. I didn't break the rules. I always listened to Daddy. No matter what. Ever since... a blush washed over my cheeks. **"Gotta ask first..."**

"Promise you won't tell him anything we talked about, okay?" Maybe it was better to play along. **"Tell him you just wanna stay the night at my place, that I'll bring you home in the morning, alright?"** Which meant there went the idea of going to her own house, Lala sighed inwardly. Hotels weren't that expensive at least...

I nodded softly and looked down at my feet. My eyes were still wet. Tears dripped silently down my cheeks. I had to pack. I needed pajamas. I need a nighttime diaper, even though the one I was wearing was made for bedtime. **"I'll ask..."**

"Dry your tears first, okay? Wait in here a few minutes, go on, go sit on your bed." And then she did something, Lala did something she didn't mean to: she slapped her best friend's butt, the way she always used to as a notoriously handsy friend. The diaper crinkled loudly, and Wendy suddenly blushed, cheeks pink, breath shallow. How weird.

67.)

Lala packed for me. A nightgown. A change of clothes. Two diapers. I helped her pick out which ones. She was uncomfortable, but I was too

distracted to notice. And when my eyes were clear of tears, I stood up on shaky knees. **"I'm scared, Lala..."**

"Talk to me about it. What are you scared of?" Like the demonic woman that was stealing her fiancé and fucking with her brain wasn't reason enough to be terrified, though, like Lala even had to ask.

"...Daddy wouldn't really do that. Mommy and Daddy love me! They wouldn't--" She put a finger to my lips and shushed me before I started crying again. **"Just ask to stay the night. We'll have a sleepover."** I took a deep breath and nodded my head. Okay, okay, okay...

Wendy was a mess, a complete mess. She was all over the place, erratic, shaky and confused. Lala honestly didn't expect this to go well at all, but she was content to try. She had to try. For Wendy. **"You got this, come on."**

I led the way out of the bedroom, taking soft crinkling steps on the plush carpet. I was nervous. I wanted to cry and run into Daddy's arms. I wanted him to tell me none of what Lala said was real! But Lala... she was my best friend. I promised... **"Um... Daddy...?"** I tugged on his sleeve with a nervous pout.

"Hey there princess." I swept her up in my arms and held her against my hip, one hand on her diapered butt, one bopping her nose. **"How's Daddy's favorite girl?"** I noticed the little backpack on her back and tilted my head. **"What's all this then? Running away from home, sweetheart?"**

I looked surprised at the accusation. I'd left once today already without permission. But I quickly shook my head. I'd never run away! **"No! I... I wanted... um..."** I looked over at Lala and pushed my face into Daddy's neck. **"Wanna sleep over at Lala's tonight. She said she could watch me tomorrow while you're at work?"**

"Alright munchkin, but you need to be in bed before 10." And then there was something more complicated. **"And there's no way you'll be dry by morning, should Daddy put you in something a little thicker?"**

Mommy said she found some thicker ones, the green ones, did you see?" Lala shifted awkwardly. This was so fucking weird.

I blushed and shook my head. **"I put a couple in my bag, so I thought I'd change before bedtime..."** **"Do you know how to change yourself?"** And there was an earth-shattering question. Did I know how to change myself? Well, I'd changed a child's diaper before. It was half the reason I didn't want kids! But... my own? I looked incredulously up at my fiancé and he sighed. **"Maybe you should stay here tonight, hun."** Ginger had finished the dishes and watched the conversation with skepticism.

"I'm sure she'll be fine, she can always take it off in the morning and just use the toilet at my house?" Three sets of eyes watched Lala like she was a lunatic, and she frowned and crossed her arms defensively. Ginger didn't say anything until then, and when she piped in, it was calculated. **"She's far too little for that, Lala, you should know that. If you wear two of the new ones I got you, with a cloth cover, and a cute patterned cover over that, you should be fine until after work tomorrow."** Lala's stomach churned at the idea of her best friend sitting in her own pee for almost 24hrs! And what if she needed to poop? Jesus, that was a disturbing thought. **"Mommy knows best, munchkin, what's it going to be?"**

Two diapers? And two covers? And staying in my diaper after I woke up, all morning? All afternoon? Into the evening? I shook my head violently. Absolutely not! **"Nuh uh, I'll stay here..."** What little opportunity Lala had, what little window, quickly snapped shut.

Lala looked panicked and Ginger noticed; she noticed the way a crocodile notices when a child flails in the water. She dried her hands off and approached her would-be partner, her would-be daughter, and the would-be interloper. She smelled a situation, and an opportunity. **"No, no, it's fine - Lala invited you to stay and you should be a good girl and be social. Just follow Mommy's rules, because Mommy knows best."** Then, her hand touched the girl's cheek, her thumb teased her lips, and a kiss followed, sealing her fate. **"It's alright to wear diapers in front of Lala, she knows what a little girl you are. And as long as you follow Mommy's rules, you won't leak, and that's okay. And when you come home, I'll be the one to change you. You'd like that. Wouldn't you?"**

I looked up at Mommy's eyes, her pretty smile, and the taste of her thumb on my lips... and I nodded my head almost automatically. She would change me... I felt warm in my tummy. But I didn't know what I was agreeing to. I had never worn a diaper longer than it took to get wet, or until I woke up. I'd never dealt with a used diaper before.

One more kiss, and then the cornerstone: **"The longer you're in the same diaper, the longer Mommy will spend changing you."** It was the last thing she said before going back to the dishes with a coy smile. Lala couldn't believe what she'd just seen; so brazen and open and bold, like Ginger didn't even fucking care about being seen manipulating the poor girl!! **"Go wait in your room, I'll be in shortly to get you properly padded."** Ginger called from the sink. **"Well, honey, go on. Don't make your Mom repeat herself. She won't be long, Lala, can I get you some tea?"**

I kicked my feet on the edge of the bed and sulked a little bit. I didn't want to wear the same diaper all day! And I knew I'd have an accident at night... unless I stayed up all night! But no, I had a bedtime. I pouted. This sucked... then the door opened and Mommy came in with a smile.

"There's my special girl." Ginger was uncertain about letting her stay the night with Lala, especially when Lala had been so brazenly awful about sharing her views. But the work Ginger did was infallible, and this was a good test of that. She gathered up her supplies for the very thick diapering, and after a kiss... and another kiss. Then, after one more kiss on lips, Ginger started to kiss somewhere much lower.

68.)

I waddled out into the living room wearing my pajamas - a nightie with little cartoons on the front. I couldn't even begin to close my legs; Mommy's diapering was superb. To make matters worse, I could barely stay standing on my wobbly knees, still delirious from Mommy's time attending to my diaper area. The children's backpack was strapped firmly in place over my shoulders and I smiled at Lala with a bright butterfly pacifier in my mouth. The epitome of an overgrown two year old.

Well. Alright. Lala forced herself to bite her tongue and managed a faint smile. **"Well you look nice."** Nice was the best she could manage. Ginger smirked at her, unseen from Wendy, and Lala looked away. What were they doing to her best friend? **"Ready to go?"**

"Uh huh!" I had the go-ahead from Mommy and Daddy. When I left the apartment and went out into the hall, I felt excitement rather than anxiety. Excitement for a sleepover!

"You know you're waddling, right? Can you even close your legs?" She literally toddled down the stairs, humming loudly and excitedly as she went. Lala just had to get her away from this place...

I looked down at my feet, pushed outward at my thighs, and unable to touch them together. My cheeks went scarlet and the humming stopped altogether. In less than a second, my excitement faltered and vanished. I toddled down the stairs after her in silence.

Great. Now she was sad! Lala fumed for a little bit to herself, and then decided to pursue the lesser of two evils. **"I asked if you could close your legs, I didn't say you weren't cute."** God what a concession to make. They got to Lala's car and immediately Wendy stood by the back door.

"You're sitting--" She stopped herself and shook her head, unlocking the door and climbing into the driver's seat. I sat in the back. I had an emergency phone in my bag if I needed it - a flip phone programmed with Mommy and Daddy's cell and work numbers. But nothing else. It didn't even have games. But I entertained myself with a game where you have to lift your feet up whenever you pass streetlights. Though it was a lot harder in such thick diapers...

"It's been so long since you've been over," Lala tried to maintain conversation, though it was awkward with her best friend in the back. **"You're always so nice to cuddle in bed."** Because ever since forever, unless there was a sexual conquest taking her spot, Wendy slept in bed with Lala when she stayed over. They were just close friends, is all. **"Are you excited?"** Not that this was a pleasure trip, but maybe they could work on the stuff tomorrow. Maybe calm the rest of the night would be good...

"Uh huh! I mean, it's exciting..." Despite the circumstances, I thought. I looked down at my little tie up tennis shoes and tried to close my legs again. No luck. **"Um... I'm sorry that you're dragged into this. I mean, we don't have to act like... I mean, I don't want to act like you're babysitting me. I mean, we're best friends, right?"** I smiled happily.

"Yeah, we're best friends." But it's not like she could see her an equal like this. **"But I'm older than you,"** technically true! **"so you should make sure to listen to me, too, alright?"** She could not B E L I E V E she said that.

I pouted and crossed my arms, but... I couldn't argue her logic. She was three months older than me, after all... **"Wait, don't you live over there?"** **"We're not going to my place."** **"But you just said..."** I watched her subdivision go by and I pushed my face against the window.

"We're gonna stay at a surprise place, won't that be cool? We'll have a balcony, and a pool." She said to the girl who had a pillow between her legs worth of padding. **"And you can eat anything you want from the minibar."** Does deprogramming your brainwashed best friend count as a tax deduction?

"I gotta call Daddy an' tell him where we're going." I said it so obviously, so straightforward, like... of course I had to. There was no question about it. I pulled my backpack off the other seat and fished out my cell phone.

"Alright, let him know we're staying at the Ritz on 4th." Which, hopefully, she wouldn't realize was about two blocks away from where they'd actually be going. Jesus, was Lala pinning her hopes on the idea that her best friend was such a child now that she wouldn't realize which hotel they were at?

I sent a text and Daddy sent one back. Then, once we payed and got the hotel room, I sent him another with the hotel room. I put my ringer on full volume and put the phone next to the bed, just in case he called to say goodnight. **"Why aren't we at your place? Is it messy? I dun care if your house is messy, Lala. I've seen it all."**

"I just haven't seen you in a while, that's all." They were on the 14th floor, high enough for it to be nice when Lala opened the door wall out to the balcony, and she took a deep breath in. How was she going to save her best friend from this...

"Wow, it's gorgeous up here..." I was still in my nightgown and it was a cold November night, but we could see the entire city. I pointed down the street to the left. **"Remember I lived over there. Or... maybe it's over there?"** I thought we were on 4th street. Right? I shrugged.

"Yup, I do remember that." Sure. Whatever. **"Wanna go pick a movie on pay per view?"** Which reminded Lala, **"Remember when you were younger, you used to call it Paper View?"** God when she was younger than what? Two? She sucked on her pacifier proudly, she moved in the diapers like she'd always worn them, she tugged on the edges of her nightie and flashed her padded behind to the entire world without even thinking. What had become of her best friend...

"They sound exactly the same! That's not even my fault!" The pacifier hung from my nightie, forgotten. I didn't even notice it was there when the checkout lady gave us our room key. Things like that... I never really thought about them anymore.

69.)

"Are you happy?" It was a question she hadn't really asked, not in a serious considered way, and it wasn't until they were both back inside and on the bed that she did. It was easier to be calm without the devil in the next room. **"Like this, I mean? You keep saying you are, but then you say you don't want me to treat you like a kid, but you say being treated like a kid is making you happy so I'm confused."** Lala's voice trailed off.

"...oh. Um..." It was sort of hard to explain... **"Well, I mean, I am happy. Definitely! I like the way Daddy treats me... I don't ever have to do anything, and I'm always taken care of, and he's actually around for a change. And Mommy... well, she sort of... takes care of all the stuff"**

Daddy doesn't. And it was my idea, by the way! Involving Ginger. You know my mom left when I was young, and... I dunno. I really... I think it really makes me happy."

"You remember before, right? Like..." Before the big hole in her memory? Yeah don't bring it up yet Lala. Leave it be until the morning. "You used to have an opinion on everything, you used to tell it like it was, and you'd never quiet down. What changed, do you think?"

I shrugged. "I'm still like that. Just not with Mommy and Daddy, that's all." She gave me a look of suspicion and I rushed to defend myself. "I mean it! Like, I don't want you to treat me like a kid because I'm not a kid. I don't want anyone to treat me like that. Just Mommy and Daddy. I'm still a grown up. It's just like... a game we play. Does that make sense?"

"Well, if it's just a game, then why did you need to wear diapers here? Why wouldn't Ginger let you use the bathroom here? Or sleep in adult clothes tonight?" it was a far less confrontational tone.

"...well..." I took a moment to think about it. "There are rules. Like any game. If I want to play, I have to follow the rules. And this is just one of the rules. But anytime, if I wanna, I can stop playing and things are going to go back to how they were." Obviously.

"Yeah? You think so?" Lala tried to tread carefully. "There was mail addressed to Ginger in your letterbox, you know? If she lives there now, what will happen if you decide to end the game?"

"She doesn't live there," I said flatly. "She just comes over a lot. And if I say I don't want her around, she doesn't come around! That's all. You can get your mail delivered to my house too, if you wanna. Until I say you can't. That's just how it is."

"So how come you agreed to stay in one diaper all night and all day, instead of just saying the game was on pause so you could come hang out? Like, what if we went to a movie tomorrow, and you'd wet yourself tonight? Being around all those people?" Hey now, how was

Lala to know that her best friend was programmed to find that idea intoxicating.

"...w-well..." I looked at the television and then down at my hands in front of me. "I... I could. **But... but it's not fair to just pause the game whenever I wanna. 'Cause I wouldn't want Mommy or Daddy to pause it whenever they wanna. So... I dunno...**" It made sense. Right? I was making sense...

"I see." Leave well enough alone, Lala. "You know there're probably people online who'd pay a lot to see stuff like that. Maybe that can be your career? Stay at home career baby girl? Get some cameras, make a lot of money, get to play your game." Ugh. Dumb. Whatever. "Did you find a movie?"

"...it's personal," I said quietly, tossing Lala the remote a little too harshly. "It's not some weird sex thing like all the guys you're into. Or girls, or whatever. It's just... it makes me happy, so maybe back off." But the nagging idea of Mommy and Daddy together... I pushed the pillow into my chest and pouted.

For being so accommodating, Lala kinda figured her best friend might have tried being grateful! Whatever. "Can I ask you a question?" No response. She'd turned away. Lala asked anyway. "What if this was your norm, like, what if it was forever? Would you be happy? As a family kinda thing?"

I blinked and looked over at Lala. She was just starting some stupid romance movie and she didn't look back. If this was... normal? I shimmied down the bed a little and shrugged my shoulders. "I mean... it's sort of normal already, isn't it? Do I wanna be like this all the time? Yeah. I already am..."

"So like... what if you went for a vacation together, and you have the kids room, they share a bed because it makes more sense. Or what if... they wanted to get some of the tax benefits together, so they got married, or bought a house together? Like what if they weren't in love, but they were together like... a salt and pepper shaker: together for the sake of the food. Which is you." Somewhere in there was Wendy...

"...well..." I sunk lower into the bed and bit my lip. "I mean... I sleep with Daddy, so--" "But what if you had your own room. Wouldn't you sleep in there?" "Well... um... I... I guess? I mean, maybe for naps?" "And Ginger wanted to take a nap?" "She could take a nap with me!" "And Remy?" "W-we... could take a nap together..."

"I mean, you were watching that show with the fairies when I came over, if you had your own room you could decorate your bed with stuff from that show, right? Probably get like... shit, iono, a crib? Or a cute race car bed or something." Lala had resolved to talk to her like she was a child, without being condescending. It wasn't going well.

"I don't need a crib! I'm not an actual baby, Lala!" "What about one of those bunk bed things that are a princess castle?" Oh... I fumbled for the pacifier and played with the guard. "It's just a game... we're just playing a game. You're thinking too much about it..."

"I think you're just not thinking enough." Lala looked at her at last and grinned. "I mean, aren't you missing out? A Princess Castle bed, and glow in the dark stars, or or... a star projector? And... oh, OH! Do you have a dolly? Like one you carry around everywhere? You didn't bring one so I guess not, but you should get one, *that would be cute.*" It was nice to be able to put her rage on hold and make light of this. Tomorrow, though, Lala was going to hit back in full force.

A princess castle bed... glow in the dark stars... a dolly... I cuddled up to the pillow to watch the movie, but I couldn't pay attention. This was a game, I reminded myself. And I gave up so much. I waddled around in diapers full time and I didn't even have a dolly! If I was going to put this much effort in, they should too. And when I closed my eyes to go to sleep, I knew I deserved more.

70.)

The little phone on the bedside buzzed while Lala stood on the balcony, sucking on her vape pen with a mixture of anxiety and deep thought. She looked over her shoulder at her best friend asleep on the bed, beautiful in the morning light, and wondered what the next step was. Did she throw away the phone? The child's phone that Wendy was given by her vile captors? Wouldn't that just upset her, though? And Lala needed to keep the harmony right now if she was going to make any progress at all. Maybe she wouldn't hear it. Maybe she'd just stay asleep. No such luck, it seemed; Wendy woke up and fumbled for the ringing phone.

"Mm... hi... uhhuh... seepin'... mm... mmhmm... kay... mmhmm... mm... Lala...? Lalaaaaa!" Lala appeared by my bedside and I handed her the phone. Mommy wanted to talk to her to make sure I was doing okay. I rolled over in my very thick and very wet diapers and closed my eyes again. Sleepy...

Great. That's what I wanted right now. **"So, you're not at the Ritz on 4th."** Ugh, great. **"What makes you think that?"** **"Oh, a number of things. Like the GPS feature in our daughter's phone."** Fucking fuck, really? On this cheap piece of shit?! **"Yeah, well, they were full so we came here instead."** Lala went back out to the balcony, out of earshot of her best friend. **"Don't you lie to me, Lala, you're allowed to see Wendy by our good graces."** **"Whatever. You don't scare me, you know that right?"** **"I imagine not. But you've seen what I can do. And I can come at you through your best friend. So don't cross me, am I making myself clear?"** **"Yeah, yeah, crystal."** Lala snapped the phone shut dramatically like it was 1998 and sighed. Fucking fuck. What now? Head for Canada?

I wanted to change. I always changed when I woke up! But it was only ten in the morning and Mommy and Daddy didn't get home until five. Seven whole hours in a wet diaper! I kicked my feet and played with the thick cloth cover. So uncomfy... **"Don't you work today?"** I asked Lala when she came in off the balcony.

"I called in sick, 'cause I missed you." Wow. Way to sound clingy, Lala. **"Why don't you change into that dress you packed in your backpack and we'll go see a movie or something."** Honestly, Lala just needed some time to figure out what to do - this wasn't safe; Ginger knew exactly where they were. But with that phone giving away their location, what else

could she do? Wendy didn't look convinced. **"Oh, what's the matter? You don't wanna hang out with your best friend?"**

"I dun really wanna go out like this," I muttered, shifting awkwardly on the bed. Stupid diaper. Stupid rules. But if it wasn't for the diaper or the rules, I'd have wet the bed. I knew Daddy put the rules in place for a reason. **"Um... couldn't we stay here? We can watch a movie together?"**

"I mean we could, but you know that's that new..." What? Romcom? As if Wendy cared about that, now... **"Disney princess film,"** nailed it! **"in the theaters right now, and we could get a really big popcorn to share, and some pop, like we used to in high school, remember?"** Was high school in her future now? Ginger was a fucking piece of work, that was for sure.

New Disney princess movie? I bit my lip and looked up at my best friend. I... I really wanted to go. But this diaper... and it was wet. And I waddled like a duck in all these layers of padding. I played with my fingers in my lap and shifted side to side. **"I... guess we can go..."**

"That's the spirit!" She tried to stand up, wobbled, waddled, and fell on the floor on her butt with a very wet sound. And then Lala winced at the realization of what that meant. How do you work through that, how do you adjust to your best friend losing all her dignity and pissing herself? **"That uh... that, you uh..."** Spit it out! **"You okay? You have an accident...?"**

"Um... it's nothing. Just... at night, you know? Not a big deal..." I got up on my feet again, but it was so much worse than the night before. The disposable diaper had absorbed so much liquid overnight that I literally couldn't walk right. No matter how I tried, it was impossible to hide my diapered status. My cheeks were burning...

"Oh, yeah, whatever, it's fine." Was it, though? **"You don't have to wear that, you know? You could take it off and borrow some undies from me if you want? I mean, I wouldn't wanna sit in my own piss or anything, either."** Plus that would be a blow against Ginger and her... conditioning, or whatever it was!

"Um... y-yeah, well..." I could hardly stand up straight. I held onto the nightstand for support and leaned against the wall with a small fake smile. **"I mean, Mommy said I had to if I wanted to stay the night. So... rules are rules."** I wasn't too happy about the wet diaper either. Already, I'd been in this one longer than any wet diaper before it. And I had seven hours to go...

"Psh, who cares about rules? You're an adult, right? You can-" Alright the fallout of that statement was written all over Wendy's face and Lala sighed. **"Yeah yeah, I know, you gotta follow the rules, whatever. Well, get changed into your dress and we'll head out - there's the theater two blocks down, and I think there's that toy store over there, too."** Anything to get her out of here, right? The phone buzzed, and Wendy quickly opened it as though her life depended on it. The text was from Mommy and read: "I hope my little water baby is soaking wet already, and excited for Mommy to change her. I'm so proud of you xoxox".

I felt a little blush on my cheeks and a smile appeared on my lips. I texted her back, but Lala seemed less than impressed. Within the hour, we were both dressed and ready to go, but I could hardly toddle down the hallway without holding onto something. **"Y-you sure we can't stay here today?"** I asked Lala, getting more and more nervous as we left the hotel.

"I mean we can if you don't want to see the latest princess film, or look for a princess castle bed at the toy store." Yeah it was low, but Lala had to fight fire with fire, right? She held out her hand in offering, sighing inwardly. **"Here, hold my hand alright."** Today had to be a day about rebellion, a day about pushing back against this. Some shopping, a movie, and a hip flask of vodka poured into her best friends sodapop. Lala would see how buried her Wendy truly was in there.

71.)

I checked my phone. No texts. But it was two-thirty and I felt a little sick in my stomach. My diaper was soaked through - the soda at the movie theater had done a number on me. No doubt, it had leaked into the second diaper by now. Lala pushed me into her car and the whole world spun

when I plopped on my wet butt in the passenger seat. Ohhhh... **"Lala, I think I'm drunk..."**

"You think so?" It baffled Lala that Wendy hadn't recognized the taste of vodka, hadn't kicked up a fuss - she'd just drank it with all the survival skills of a yippy purse-sized dog left out in the wild. **"Well, you're always cute when you're drunk so maybe you are. Drunk and sitting in your own pee, huh?"** It was time to push some buttons. **"I dunno, Wednesday, I'd be pretty pissed off if someone made me wet myself and sit in it all day."**

I giggled. Pissed off. Hehe. **"Doesn't it bug you,"** Lala went on, **"that she's doing this to you?"** I shrugged my shoulders. **"Nuh uh, I mean... I agreed... not her fault. Mommy juss said if I wanted to stay the night, this iss what I gotta do! So I did! Yeppers."**

"Yeah, but like, doesn't it bug you that you pretty much gave up all control of your life to someone who isn't even your fiancé? Like, you don't even like being told where to sit at diners, Wendy, it must make you so mad being told what to do every day." Sow sow sow your seeds, gently in her head. Lala could do this!

"...well, I mean, I dunno. At first it was weird. But... I dunno! I like it! Mommy knows best, so..." I paused a little, blinking. Mommy knows best. I'd heard that a lot. I bit my lip and shook my head dizzily. Wow, I really was drunk, huh? **"Mommy knows best."**

"Why does she know best? Like, she can be wrong about shit, right? She's not God, she can be wrong about anything. What if she's wrong about something?" It was like a cult mantra, the way Wendy said it. Mommy knows best. Talk about drinking the Koolaid.

"...wrong? I dunno..." I rubbed my eyes a little and forced a smile. **"Mommy wouldn't hurt me, an' I'm really happy! So I think even if she's wrong about something, that's okay. 'Cause she won't let it hurt me."** I nodded knowingly, like all this made perfect sense. But I was tipsy, after all. Gosh my tummy ached...

"Wouldn't she, though? What if she did hurt you, what would you do? Like, what if she did something awful to you, wouldn't you want to get as far away from her as possible?" Maybe Lala didn't understand the inherent dangers of the ice she was skating on. Maybe she did, but just didn't care. The stakes couldn't be any higher.

"...huh?" I wholeheartedly didn't understand. Mommy and Daddy were there to protect me. To keep me safe. To make my decisions so I wouldn't make the wrong ones. And in turn, I had security. Safety. Knowing nothing bad could happen. I didn't understand the idea that they could be wrong.

"Alright, lets just say you wanted to go out, like... maybe you wanted to go to a concert, or-OR, you wanted to go see a movie that wasn't a princess movie. What if she said no?" The reply was instant, reactive, reflexive: Mommy Knows Best. Holy hell. **"Alright but what makes her know best? What makes her always right?"** The circular logic was getting nauseating. Ginger had been fastidious in her work, obviously! **"Alright, but what if she like... what if she hurt you, what if she touched you in a way you don't wanna be touched, what if she did something you don't like?"**

"I dun understand," I said quietly, simply... **"Like if Mommy punishes me? I proolly needed it, so I could be a good girl."** I nodded my head, very sure of myself. I remembered Daddy spanking me. I remembered the enema. Since then, I'd been a very good girl. Speaking of enemas... I opened my phone again. 2:40. Mm...

"But what..." Lala was trying not to get worked up. **"Okay but what if she's wrong?"** Well that got an expression out of Wendy! That made her laugh at Lala, which Lala was none too pleased about. **"Hey I'm serious Wednesday, she's not any better than you. You're way smarter than she is, why is she always right?"** This was getting nowhere..

"Mommy and Daddy aren't wrong. If they were, they'd say sorry. But they're in charge - they're keeping me safe. An' you're bein' silly." Okay, so obviously Lala didn't get it. **"Listen, I know it's weird, but it's really good too! They take such good care of me and I'm so happy! I promsie!"**

"Yeah, you are?" Don't raise your voice, Lala. **"You're happy to be out in public having wet yourself hours ago? You're happy being told what you can and can't do? You're happy not being allowed to have a job, or a career, or a future? You're happy having to ask permission to do anything?"** Then it hit her. **"You're happy with some woman being with your man? Alone, at home, together?"**

"They're not together," I said with a pout, still dizzy and tipsy. **"Mommy an' Daddy juss both love me a lot and wanna make me happy. An' remember! I wanted a Mommy! An' I asked her to be my Mommy."** I shifted in my seat and checked the time again. 2:43. How was time moving so slowly?

"Why did you want a Mommy, though? Isn't it weird that you didn't want one before, but now suddenly you do? And isn't it weird that Remy never wanted to be your Daddy or whatever, but now he does? And how it all times so well with Ginger coming into your life, don't you think that's weird?" Wendy squirmed in the passenger seat, and looked down between her legs, pulling the dress up to look at her diaper. She was like an actual child...

"I always wanted a Mommy," I said sharply, a little too drunk to watch my tone. **"I didn' have one growin' up an' I want one! So I got one! An' I like Daddy being Daddy an' you're juss jealous 'cause nobody loves you!"** Okay, so... that was probably a little too much. Sure Lala jumped from guy to girl to guy every weekend. But that didn't mean no one loved her.

HEY FUCK YOU! At least Lala managed not to say that out loud, lest she have a crying adult to deal with. She took a breath in, flexed her fingers, and refocused. **"Are you telling me there's never been anything you didn't want to do that she made you do? What about peeing yourself? Is that something you always wanted? Wearing diapers 24/7? Did you want that, too?"**

"...w-well, I started having accidents at bedtime, so..." I bit my lip and crossed my arms. **"And! I had an accident in the daytime once and Daddy thought..."** I shied a little into the seat. **"I dun see where you're going with this. Mommy didn't even do nothin'. She loves me."**

"Yeah, she loves you, right? That's why out of nowhere you started having accidents?" Pow pow, Lala. Hook, swing, slice! **"When was the last time you were allowed to use the toilet?"** Could someone even make someone else have accidents? If anybody could, it would be Ginger, but even Lala was starting to wonder if maybe Wendy wanted this...

"...w-well..." I looked nervously at Lala, then out the window. **"I'm allowed whenever I wanna! Daddy and Mommy say I can, if I wanna, and I do sometimes in the daytime! But it's sorta a waste of a diaper if I'm already in one, and... and hey, I dun gotta explain myself to you! You're just being stupid."** 2:50.

"Remember the argument you had with her?" It was time. **"Remember the time you had a fight with her, and then you couldn't remember, and suddenly now she's your Mommy?"** Lala had pieced bits and bobs together. **"I bet you remember what you fought with her about, I bet you do, I bet you figured out what she was doing to you..."**

...doing to me... snap. Fingers snapping. I shook my head and closed my eyes tight. I didn't feel well... my tummy was upset. **"I wan' go home now, Lala. You're bein' a meanie..."** Why was I acting so childish? Because I was drunk, probably. Why was I drunk? I just had that horrible soda at the movies... I checked my phone. 2:51.

"You wanna go home? Home to that witch who did this to you? Think about it, think about the argument you had with her, what she did. If you're so sure she's pure and kind then you won't have any issues telling me what the fight was about. What was it about, Wendy? What happened?"

"I... I dunno! It was juss somethin' stupid! Somethin... about..." I didn't know. I honestly couldn't remember. It felt like a lifetime ago. So long ago it couldn't be recalled. I checked my phone again, but the time hadn't changed. Had it stopped or something? Ugh! **"I wanna go home Lala!"**

"Why can't you remember, Wendy? Why can't you remember? Doesn't that seem weird to you? Doesn't it seem strange? You were upset

with her, you had an argument with her, and then everything was just better and you can't even remember what it was about? Isn't that strange?" Her voice was raising. She felt like she was making progress here.

"Mommy knows best!" I told her sharply, loud, annoyed! Because I was annoyed! I was so annoyed at my best friend for trying to ruin this for me! I was happy, didn't she get that? Why was she trying to poke holes in this! **"Whatever we fought about, I was wrong, 'cuz Mommy knows best!"**

"Why? Why does she know best? If she knew best, why did you fight with her? If she knew best, why did you argue with her?" Wendy leaned over to make a fuss and Lala pushed her by the stomach back into the seat. **"They don't buy you things, they don't reward you for this, this is just for them and you deserve so much better, and you don't even want this, she MADE you want this, you're not a baby!"**

I threw my phone at Lala, but she ducked and it cracked her driver-side window, popping the back off and throwing the battery somewhere in the back seat. Whether or not the phone even worked anymore was another story. But immediately, I realized what I did and went into a panic. **"Oh, no no no.."** I scrambled over her to try to piece the phone back together.

"Look at you!! You just broke my fucking window, but all you care about is your little toy phone, but when she took your fucking phone away when you found out what she did to you, you didn't even fight her, you didn't care! You didn't even try to contact me, I would have helped you, I would have saved you before she did this and... and are you even listening?!"

She grabbed me by the wrists and threw me back into the passenger seat. I fumbled with the phone in my hands, but I couldn't piece it back together. Lala smacked the pieces back to the floor and held my shoulders so I was forced to look at her. **"She's. Manipulating. You."** Manipulating. Manipulating. That word echoed in my head. Why was that word important. Manip--

"She's making you want this. Listen to me, Wednesday Juniper: shes manipulating you, she's abusing you, she's fucked you up so bad you

think you want this, but you don't want it. She was a hypnotherapist in England, remember? You remember, don't you? You told me that. She's been doing something to you... I don't know how, but you don't even realize it, maybe its while you're asleep or its in your music or something, I don't know, but she's manipulating you and she's turned you into this."

"...that's stupid," I said quietly, under my breath. I tried to pick up the pieces of the phone again but Lala shoved me into the car door, holding me tight so I couldn't move. I was breathing heavily, exhausted and frustrated and drunk. And worse off, I felt really sick. I really needed that phone to work...

"Is it?" She winced and looked less convinced. "Is it Wendy who'd be so upset about that phone being off? Or is that an idea put in your head by someone who wants to keep contact with you no matter what?" Lala had calmed down a little, but she was still on edge, still had fight in her.

"I gotta ask Mommy something!" I said sharply, more directed, and then a little blush came over my cheeks. My tummy gurgled quietly and I bit my lip. I really needed that phone... "C-can't you just shut up for a minute about your stupid conspiracy?"

A lot went through Wendy's best friends head in that moment: keeping the phone from her would make her as bad as Ginger. But giving it back would be throwing her to the wolves. In the end, she chose to trust in her friend with a sigh. "I'm not the one telling you what you can and can't do." Lala tossed the phone pieces in her lap and looked at her cracked window. "Stay here... I need to go get some tape from the 7/11 across the street..." What was she going to ask her? Did it matter? Lala had rattled her, had gotten her thinking... maybe that would be enough..

72.)

The phone took a while to boot up. I thought it was broken for good, but it flashed on and I opened my text messages with Mommy. I hesitated,

looking down at the keypad. Lala's words rang in my head, but like a loud bell, they started to fade. Fade. Fade. Until they were background noise. I sent her a text, explaining myself. I needed to change soon. Before five.

"Do you? Does that sound like a decision little girls get to make? ;)" was the first reply, followed by another one, "I'm looking so forward to changing you, Mommy is going to spend a very very long time indeed doing it". And then, finally. "I hope you're going to show Mommy what a good little girl you are with a big mess for her. I'd be so disappointed if you didn't. Mommy knows best, after all, and Mommy wants that xoxox".

About the time the third text came, Lala got back in the car with a roll of tape. **"She's using you, you know. She wants Remy, and what better way to get you out of the way than to make you no longer thought of as his fiancée. It's just so convenient, Wendy."** Her words were quiet, though, like she was out of energy.

I looked at the phone and then up at my best friend with red cheeks. Mess? I remembered the enema from Daddy, what I'd done, and I squirmed uncomfortably in my diaper. No... I really didn't want to. But Mommy... I blinked at Lala. **"Um... what?"**

"You and Remy love each other, and you can't get in the way of love, no matter what mind nonsense you do." She tore off a piece of tape. **"So she just... made you and him love each other a different way. You said he hasn't done anything sexual with you in forever."** Well, she didn't say that, but she didn't argue with Lala mentioned it, either. **"Which is probably because he actually sees you as his kid now. He loves you, and you love him, but like... Daddy/Daughter stuff. Which then like... leaves the door open for her to just slip in there and replace you. One big happy family..."**

"Mommy isn't doing that," I said flatly, already bored with the argument. I had bigger concerns. My tummy turned and I felt a small cramp. **"Daddy loves me, an' we're getting married, an' you're crazy."** Simple as that.

"Why would he marry a little girl, when he can marry an English sexpot who wants to be a part of his weird lifestyle fetish with you? Mommy and Daddy get married, not Daddy and Daughter. You're going to be one big happy family, and the worst part is... you'll never

realize what she did to you. You'll just sit in the living room and color with crayons, go to bed at 8pm, and they'll drink wine and be happy and have sex later in the night." Lala put a third piece of tape on the window. **"But I can't save someone who doesn't wanna be saved."**

The last bit struck a chord. Sex. I winced. I looked up from my phone at Lala and bit hard on my bottom lip. She put another piece of clear tape over the window and I shifted side to side in the seat. **"That's... they aren't like that... an'... an' you're..."**

"Yeah they are. They're probably in bed together right now. Like, they got their little girl babysat for free last night, you think they didn't go on a date? Of course they did. You've been reassigned, Wednesday. You're the daughter now, not the future wife. You'll take Remy's name, but it won't be the way you imagined." Crazy English bitch could probably do that, too. Ugh.

Date? Babysat...? I hesitated and shook my head, looking down at the dress I was wearing. The diapers underneath. I remembered I couldn't even walk without holding my best friend's hand. I'd wet myself three times since I woke up this morning and I was still sitting in it. And now Mommy wanted me to mess myself too? I tried to form words, but I was struggling...

"You'll live with them. One big happy family. You in diapers for the rest of your life. Maybe they'll have a child together, and that child will grow up and think of you as the baby sister." That she was crying now? Well. Lala couldn't help that; she was just done. **"Come on, lets go back to the hotel, we'll watch TV or something. It's not like they'll let me see you again after this anyway, right?"** Lala started the car.

"No!! I'm... I'm not a baby! An' I'm a grown up! I'm a grown up!!" I screamed like a child in the car and tears dripped down my cheeks. **"Daddy an' I are gun get married an' I'm a grown up!!"** Another cramp filled me up and I shook my head in frustration. **"Mommy's... she's... not gun get between us..."**

"Between you? Honey she's already way above you. She's made you into her little slave, her doll, or something, I don't even know." Despite

the adult girl having a temper tantrum like a baby, Lala pulled out of the parking lot to begin the drive back to the hotel. She'd failed her best friend. It was hard to deal with.

"No!" I was loud. I was annoyed. **"I am not a doll! I am not a baby! I'm twenty-two years old!"** So much anger. So much passion. But more than that... fear. Fear of losing Remy... and I snapped. **"I dun want her around Remy anymore! I'm not listening to anything she says!"**

"Good! Don't! Don't listen to anything she says, don't do anything she says." It was music to Lala's ears. The phone buzzed in Wendy's lap. Before she could pick it up, Lala encouraged her. **"Go on, tell her to fuck off, tell her to get away from your man."**

I opened the phone. The text read "I wonder if Mommy's favorite girl's taken her next big step yet ~ is your little diaper full and squishy yet? xoxox Mommy loves you". I started a new text. But I stopped. Hesitated. My fingers wouldn't type. I bit my lip and shook my head. I was breathing so heavily... why was I hesitating? Why was this a struggle? Remy was my fiancé...

Another text. "Daddy just said he wants to bounce you on his lap when he gets home, if you were good for Mommy". Lala frowned. **"What are you waiting for? Tell her. Tell her to go home, to get out of your house and way from your man, tell her you know what she did and she's fucked if she's still there when you get home."**

I swallowed hard and read through her new text. Then listened to Lala's speech. I... wanted Remy. Of course I wanted Remy! He was everything to me! But... but now I had Mommy too, and... and wasn't that better? But she manipulated me. Hadn't she? I closed the phone and shook my head. I was feeling so sick... **"I... g-gotta talk to Da- er... Remy..."**

"Then call him, you have your phone right there. I'll be here for support, alright?" She pulled back up in the hotel parking lot. **"Do you wanna wait until we get back upstairs, to call him?"** Honestly how she could do anything when she was sitting in so much pee was anybody's guess. Lala didn't understand.

"I... um... okay..." The dichotomy of the situation was hurting my head. A life with Remy, the two of us, alone, amazing, wonderful... or a life with three? Isn't more merrier? Or was three a crowd? I could have a Mom... a real Mom that didn't abandon me. I could be cared for and loved. That was real, wasn't it? There was only one thing to do. I had to get to the bottom of this. I had to get everything out in the open. Only then, could I figure out what I truly wanted.

73.)

She sat there, stared at her phone, played with it over and over. Lala heard another text come in, but if Wendy read it, she didn't react at all. Cracking open the minibar, Lala got two little bottles of scotch that would no doubt cost her \$15 each, and tossed one in her best friend's lap. **"Liquid courage, baby."**

3:15. I called Remy's office phone, but it rang through to the answering machine. 3:16. I called his cell. He picked up. Was he with her? What... were they doing? **"Daddy...? Um... I wanna talk. About things. You and me and Mommy... okay?"**

"Sure, honey, what's on your mind?" There was the sound of commotion in the background, and Ginger's voice echoed in behind me. **"Frosty, are you still there? Is everything okay?"**

I heard her voice in the background. Quiet and clouded. My heart leapt out of my chest. **"I... I still wanna marry you! And... and... I'm not a little girl for real, I'm a big girl, and I'm your fiancée! And I wanna set a date for our wedding and I don't wanna forget about it and... and I don't want you and Mommy to get married!"** Lala put her face in her hands when tears started up in my eyes.

"Why would me and Ginger get married?" I sounded, honestly, so confused and lost. **"Where is this coming from, did something happen? Maybe you should come home."** **"Oh, not yet, Jeremy, it's no-"** Ginger piped up in the background. **"Her safety comes first, and she's safest here. We never should have let her out with that troublemaker. I told**

you not to." Maybe she would be surprised to hear that Ginger had been the one to fight for her being allowed to leave the house. Then again, maybe it wouldn't even occur to her.

"Why is she there?" I shouted into the phone, tears dripping down my cheeks. **"What are you two doing?! Daddy if you're cheating on me--"**
"Frosty, I'm--" **"I said you couldn't! You said you didn't wanna do sex stuff and I said okay and I'm being a good girl and you said if you did with anybody you'd do it with me and you lied!"**

"Frosty, listen to Daddy." I was calm and collected, and focused the way a parent should be. **"We were actually working on a surprise for you, while you were out on your playdate. Something we'd wanted to do for you for a long time."** **"Oh, don't spoil it!"** **"Why don't you come home, okay? I promise everything is okay, Daddy will fix it."**

"She's manipulating you!" Something I'd wanted to say for a long time. Something I remembered, from when Ginger and I got into our fight. She was manipulating Remy, and she was manipulating me! **"She just wants to steal you away and she made it so you don't love me anymore!"**

"Come home, baby honey, you're confused." There was something in my voice - worry, maybe. Concern. I was being protective, that was for sure. But I also sounded... maybe a little hurt. Then stern. Very stern. **"Little Frosty, you're to come home this instant or I'll be very cross with you. Is Daddy clear?"**

I hesitated and looked up at Lala for answers, but she barely heard the whole conversation. I had to go home. I had to confront them in person. Ginger needed to tell the truth! So I hung up without saying anything and grabbed Lala by the wrist. **"Let's go. We're finishing this."**

74.)

Lala was caught off guard by the firmness of her best friends grip, the way she actually seemed to act like her old self. She still waddled, though. She

still didn't even think to take off the soaked through diapers. But hey, progress was progress! Before she knew it, Lala was driving the car back to her best friend's house. **"I'm going to come in with you, alright?"**

"Uh huh..." A lot of the fight in me had dwindled on the car ride back to my place, but I kept the facts straight: Mommy and Daddy both skipped work today. They were at home. Alone. Together. And I knew what that meant. Or I knew what Lala told me it meant. I held onto that anger as tightly as I could, even as I toddled up the stairs to my apartment with Lala in tow.

The door was unlocked, and there was nobody there to greet her when she walked in followed by her best friend. The living room? Empty. The kitchen? Empty. Remy and Wendy's bedroom? Empty. Which only left the closed door to the spare bedroom; the one that now had the words "Little Frosty" in colorful wooden letters mounted to the door, like some child had literally designed it. **"Where the fuck are they? They said for you to come home, right?"** Lala was behind her in the hallway, but Wendy seemed frozen in place, looking at the door. Honestly, they could only be in there. Alone.

Frosty...? Why was my name pinned up on the door to the den? And Daddy always kept the door open. I felt weird, like I was moving through water. Like I knew what to expect. But I definitely, definitely didn't. I turned the handle and opened the door to my new room.

The lights were off and the room was dark, but when she door was opened, rows and rows of colored lights sparkled to life, crisscrossing the ceiling and masked by colorful gauze and taffeta that hung in such a way that it made the entire bedroom feel like a canopy bed. And there was a bed, too; a white one with tall posts and frilly bedding, upon which sat both Remy and Ginger. **"Surprise, baby."** There was a lot more to it, too, little details - like the painted walls, with the cloud shaped bookshelves. The square nook bookshelf along one entire wall, each of its twenty sections filled with diapers and accessories from the assortment that she'd build up over the past few weeks. And that didn't even start to go into the detail that was the floor; the entire carpet had been covered in pastel foam puzzle pieces, stopping only where the door would open.

I... I didn't... believe it... Lala came in behind me, but she didn't say a word. She just looked at the room, floor to ceiling, and I felt an overwhelming amount of guilt. I'd thought... but this... and... I bit hard on my lip and wrapped my arms around myself. My stomach ached and spun and I thought I might throw up. **"You... did all this for me...?"**

"Sure did. Your Mom didn't want me to rush you home because we still have a few things to finish, but you were really upset on the phone and it's Daddy's job to put you first, even above silly surprises." I got up off the bed and crossed over the plush tiles, picked her up, and cuddled her close. **"Well aren't you a soaking wet girl, huh? After we have you feeling better, you definitely need a change my little princess."** I set her down on the bed, next to Ginger, with a smile. **"What happened, baby?"** Lala's fisted were tightening. This only proved her right, dammit, what the fuck!

"I... thought..." I looked up around the room nervously, quietly, and then at Lala. She was wrong. They weren't having sex. They were making me a bedroom. I bit down on my lip and kicked my feet. **"S-sorry... I thought..."**

"What did you think, baby?" "She thinks you're cheating on her with that skank right there, and playing her for an idiot!" Lala answered, but that only made Ginger wrap her arms around Wendy like a spider courting prey, and play with her hair. **"Is that true, poppet, is that what you think?"**

I looked shamefully at my feet and felt tears in my eyes. Yeah, that was what I thought. But maybe I didn't anymore... did I? I shook Mommy off me and climbed up to my feet. My tummy grumbled and I had to close my eyes to focus. **"Y-you manipulated us... I know you did... I remember you did..."** The fight we had. Because she was turning me into a little girl. I never wanted this...

"Would you like to know the truth?" It was me who said it, not Ginger, and maybe that surprised her. Wendy looked at me in surprise and I nodded to Ginger in turn. **"We did have a fight, little one, a pretty bad one at that, too."**

I looked up at Remy, then at Ginger, and behind me at my best friend. What were they talking about? No, they were mixing it up... **"No, Daddy, she did it. She manipulated us! You're on my side! You're supposed to be upset too!"**

"There's no sides, here, Little Frosty. We're a family." Ginger looked over at Lala and prefaced with something. **"If you'd like Lala to stay, that's fine, but she might hear some things you don't want her to hear."** **"Well I'm staying no matter what, so fuck you."** Rubbing the bridge of her nose with her fingers, Ginger nodded. **"I did something awful, I suppose. I meddled where I knew I shouldn't have, and got involved in ways I shouldn't have."** The way her tone rang, though, it was more a recount than an emotional regret.

Everything was a mess. I didn't understand. The facts were simple: Remy and I were happy! And then Ginger came into our lives, and now I was a little girl! She changed me! She changed Remy's feelings for me! And that was all her fault! So if everything was so simple, why did it feel so complicated?

"I didn't do what I did to hurt you, or to hurt Remy. You were both so unhappy and neither of you realized it. Remy would bury himself in his work and take in new projects just to spend more time in the office, not realizing he was just trying to avoid being at home with you. And you were so high strung, so on edge, so... combative, always waiting for the future to come so you could be happy and content, but that future was just a painting on the horizon. You were two wholly miserable people, and I couldn't not see that." I didn't say anything, and maybe it was enough confirmation that I didn't. I just let her talk. **"I did what I did to make you both happy. I meddled, I redefined your relationship in a way that best suit your personalities. The caring protector, and the needy, brattish princess. I didn't want it to come as far as it did, but at the same time... once you two realized what full, unadulterated happiness could feel like, you almost demanded it. And you're happy now, you've been so happy recently, and it's so heart wrenching to know that your so-called friend here cared more about the past than to realize how happy you are in the present."**

I stared, wide-eyed at Ginger. At my Mommy. And then I looked over at Lala. **"Oh you can't honestly be buying this crap!"** **"I... w-well..."** Lala

stomped past me, getting between me and Ginger. Defending me...? **"She was happy before! She wasn't some pants-pissing toddler! Don't act like your actions are justified!"**

"Of course they're not justified, you angry little trollop, lying is never okay and the ethics of what I did wouldn't be any less murky even if I'd been honest about it from the start. But the fact remains that she was happy, finally, for the first time in her life. No gaps, no holes to fill. A home situation tailor-made for her broken pieces left behind by an awful childhood, poor influences and experiences, and the social expectation that success is only measured by marriage. She wasn't happy before - ask her yourself." It was a big question to hang on the girl's shoulders, especially given it was a concept she'd only just been faced with. But Lala would listen to nobody but Wendy anyway, if she listened at all.

Lala turned to me with a serious look and I took half a step backward, from the three of them. I looked up at Daddy, then at Mommy, and finally, at my feet. Tears filled my eyes. **"I... I thought I was happy... but..."** I pushed my fingers together in front of me, nervous and scared. **"I... I didn't know I could feel like this. I thought if we got married, I'd feel like this... but now I'm not even married and... and I..."** I blushed and wiped my face. **"I know it's stupid! It's so stupid! I'm so angry at myself because it's weird and I'm gross and wearing these horrible diapers! But... it's... worth it..."**

"Bullshit! She's making you say that!" But Lala was the only one in indignation, everybody else was feeling a range of very different emotions. **"I'm not. It's twice now, she's figured things out. If she wants this to continue, if..."** Ginger looked at Wendy. **"If you like the way this feels, if you like feeling happy, then it has to be your choice this time."** **"Fucking right, lets go Wendy."**

Lala stormed over to the door, but I didn't follow her. I felt sick. I had to use the potty so badly. And all this information... I looked up at Daddy nervously. **"You... knew she was doing this?"** I thought he would rally to my side. I thought he'd realize all this was a trick. But he knew...

"She told me. Not so long ago, but she told me. We talked about telling you later that night, but we were both afraid you'd fall back on your old convictions; you'd cut off your nose to spite your face; dig your heels in on principle instead of thinking about the reality of the situation. In the end, we decided not to discuss it with you. Seeing you happy... thinking of you as my little girl, how close we are? I couldn't fathom losing that. I love you so much, my Little Frosty." "If you fucking loved her, you wouldn't have *lied* to her!"

I nodded in agreement. Lala was right. They shouldn't have lied to me. They shouldn't have tricked me! But that didn't mean Remy was wrong, either. If I knew, I'd never have let this happen. Last time, when I found out the truth... when Ginger told me I was awful for Remy. Impulsive. Clingy. Needy. A child. I would have never agreed to this. Never in my life. And here I was... happier than I'd ever been.

"There's a term I'd use with my patients who were worried about coming out; robbery of happiness. Before you come out, you can't imagine doing it, you have all these reasons not to and the idea of people knowing? It's worse than death. Then, after you come out, you realize the world didn't end. And you realize how you could have done that years ago and you've just prevented yourself from all those years of being happy, over something that wasn't a big deal. You stole your own happiness. It's pretty common to see it. And it's probably similar to how you feel now... this idea of being a little girl seemed abhorrent before, but looking at how happy it makes you, I bet you feel foolish at having fought against it, right?" "We should have told you, Frosty. Just... how do you look at someone you love and willfully take away the first thing you've ever seen that makes them happy?"

"No. Absolutely not!" Lala grabbed my wrist but I pulled it back from her. I gave her a nervous look and shook my head. This conversation... this was something I had to stick through. This was something I had to do. My stomach turned again and I had to hold the wall as a cramp washed over me. My bottom ached for release... but I could hold it. I could... "Are... we gonna get married?" I asked Remy. But I felt like... like I already knew the answer.

"Is that something you want because you feel like that's the dynamic you want, Frosty, or is it something you want because you feel like

you should want it? Because it's a contract that says you'll never lose me? You're never going to be without me, not from now on, no matter what happens. And nobody is ever going to mean to me what you mean to me. So I want you to answer that, princess: are we going to get married?" My tone was soft and gentle, not dismissive, not judgmental. Balanced. Ginger had helped me a lot with organizing my thoughts on the matter.

I looked at my feet and shook my head. No. We weren't. It was like Lala said - the Daddy and the Daughter don't get married. Tears dripped down my cheeks. **"Are we even... together anymore? Are we still... engaged?"** But I knew the answer to those, too. I looked at the ring on my finger - the same ring I played with at the kitchen table seven weeks ago - and felt another cramp overwhelm me. My knees trembled and I held onto the wall for support. There were stars in my vision. Bathroom... I needed to use the bathroom. But what did it matter...?

"We're whatever you want us to be, Frosty. You say the word, and all this goes away. Ginger goes away. We go back to the way we were. We'll get married in the fall, the way you always wanted. And we'll pretend that it makes us as happy as this dynamic right now does." It was Ginger who took the girl's hand now, and unlike Lala, she was allowed to. And I took her other hand; the two of us sitting on the edge of Wendy's new bed, and our diapered damsel in tears in front of us with Lala in the doorway. **"All childhoods end, its a few scant years of Daddy Devotion and his little girl isn't his little girl anymore. For you it doesn't have to be that way, Wendy. If you want it. Unlike most marriages, this can last forever."** Lala couldn't believe this. **"This is such shit, you know that, right? You're all fucking crazy."**

Forever, I thought. Was I ever happier with Remy than I'd been the past few weeks? No. We always fought. He never had time for me. But now I had him all the time. And Mommy, too. I could be happy here, with them... they both held me tight in their arm and I cried into their shoulders. A future as a wife, or a future as their little girl? Why would I ever choose the former? When the next cramp came, I didn't bother trying to be a big girl anymore. I grunted and pushed and the shameful mess filled the seat of my very, very wet stack of diapers.

Epilogue.)

I climbed into the booth across from Lala and Mommy kissed the top of my head. I told her she just had to drop me off, but she insisted on coming in and getting me situated. I wore a flouncy pink dress with a warm winter cardigan and bright leggings. And of course, the ever-present diaper. I had accidents all the time now, even in the daytime. And I didn't care one bit. **"Have her home by nine, alright?"** Mommy said to Lala. They had been on pretty good terms since we got back from England.

"Hey kiddo," the term of affection was a big step for Lala; what might have been innocuous to most people was pretty profound coming from the girl across the booth. It was a concession; an admission of having come around to this. To accepting her best friend's choices, and that they were her choices. **"That's a cute dress, who picked that one out?"** Lala sipped her soda.

"Me," I said with a bright smile and pulled on the hem to show it off. **"Mommy and I went shopping last week and I got it at the store 'cause it was on sale and I was a good girl all day!"** The obvious over-the-top emotions were standard now. When I was happy, you knew it. When I was upset, you knew that too. There was no hiding how I felt. No "I'm fine" or "I'm just tired". I was a face value kind of girl.

"It suits you." Lala hid her knowing smile behind the rim of her glass. It had taken her a long time to understand the decision her best friend had made. For a lot of that time, they didn't talk at all. And one day, a long while after she watched her best friend give up the fight in a choir of tears on her cheeks, and poop in her pants, Lala turned back up at her house with a gift in her hand and not too much to say. Wendy loved that pacifier, too; she'd make a habit of using it whenever she was with Lala, and that meant it was probably in the pocket of her cardigan even right now. **"I ordered for you - cheese fries, right?"** Because recently, Wendy had become a vegetarian, because animals are friends not food. Except for when Ginger made food, because although animals were friends not food, Mommy Knew Best. It was still weird hearing what might as well have been a cult indoctrination!

"Uh huh yes, thank you very much!" I had gotten very good at manners recently. In England, it was very important I spoke politely and eloquently. In my short two weeks there, I'd even developed a slight accent to certain words! I thought it made me sound cool. Like Mommy! **"Do you got a date for Valentine's Day?"**

"Mm, not yet. You remember that girl, Kate?" Kate who had been there one of the days that Lala had babysat her best friend - which wasn't that uncommon nowadays - Kate who just thought the fact this twenty-something woman was in every way a child was the most charming thing in the world. **"She wants to take me out for dinner, but I think she's falling for me and you know me and romance, right kiddo?"**

"I dunno. I like her. I think you should go." Kate was really cool! She played with me and asked me lots of questions. She asked if I was sick, and I said no. She asked why I dressed like I did and I told her the truth. It makes me happy. Mommy and Daddy make me happy. I'd made my decision and since then, I had never wavered. Even when Daddy told me the potty was off limits all the time, or when I had to go to bed early if I didn't eat my broccoli. I truly loved this life. **"Ohh you could get married and I could be your Maid of Honor! I promise not to embarrass you."**

"Oh yeah, you promise huh? I think you'd be better off as the flower girl, at least the petals would cover up your stinky tush~" She wouldn't be Lala if she didn't tease, right? Thing was, Wendy owned it. Wendy owned who she was; she was far and away the most confident person Lala had ever met nowadays. Sure, she'd play coy sometimes and get bashful, but only in the context of a child. The waitress slid down two plates - one with cheese fries, one with Lala's burger.

"Hey, I know how to be discrete!" Discrete, sure. Ashamed? Not really. I didn't flash my diapers or use pacifiers in public, because that was rude. But if Mommy put my paci in my mouth, that's where my paci stayed. Sure, it was a little embarrassing, but who cares what other people think. Right? **"Well if you dun' got any plans for Valentine's Day, we can go out together? Friend date!"**

"Oh I don't know about that, you're kinda young for me you know?" She cracked up laughing and nodded, reaching across the table to ruffle the girl's hair. **"Maybe I'll have Kate over, but you can come over, too?"**

We'll do a movie or something, and maybe that'll keep her from getting too romantic? I think weddings are too much for me." Wendy wore two rings since that day; on her left ring finger was a simple white gold band, and on her right ring finger was a yellow gold band and Lala knew how much they meant to her best friend.

"Yeah, okay. I'll come spend time with you and Kate then!" I smiled up at Lala and pushed a handful of fries into my mouth. But then, almost out of nowhere, my smile slipped. I kicked my feet and pouted a little. **"I think... Mommy and Daddy are gonna go on a date. For Valentine's Day. They're askin' around for babysitters, so..."**

"Well, now they don't have to ask, right?" But that wasn't what Wendy was upset about, and Lala knew it. Age regressed little toddler or not, Wendy was still her best friend. **"And how does Wednesday feel about that, about Mommy and Daddy going on a date for Valentine's Day?"**

I shrugged my shoulders and ate another french fry. Slower this time. Thinking. **"I dunno. I mean... I didn't think they would really start dating. But we live together, and... and they are my Mommy and Daddy. They should date! It makes more sense if they date! But..."** But Daddy was my ex-fiancé and Mommy still pleased me once a week. It was... weird.

Wendy had made it no secret to Lala how much she thought that Ginger and Remy should probably date, but the reality did seem a little harder for her to swallow. **"Come on, spit out the but - what's on your mind? You've told me about this before, about how you think they should date. So what's the stumbling block? Girls your age have building blocks and lego blocks, not stumbling blocks."**

"What if this was the point? What if... what if Mommy really just wanted to be with Daddy and all this stuff about me being happy and making me a little girl was a means to an end? She'll have Daddy. She'll have everything she wants. And then... I'll just..." I pouted and kicked my feet nervously. **"I won't matter anymore..."**

"Well, you know, that's a pretty rational thing to think. Remember, I used to think that, too. But you know, Ginger put a lot of work into

helping you be who you are today, and then she even gave you a choice in the end. I think," she took a bite of her burger, "if she was able to help you feel this way, then she could have just made you like... go fall in love with someone else, or jump off a bridge, or something. If she wanted you out of the picture, I mean, she could have done that. But she didn't, did she? She went out of her way to do the opposite."

...yeah, she had a point. Mommy's weird hypno magic was still a bit beyond me in complexity, but it seemed to have made me better off. You know, subjectively. **"Are you jealous of Ginger?"** Lala asked me, but I shook my head. **"Nuh uh. I dun wanna be with Daddy like that anymore. I dunno if I ever really wanted to, deep down. I just wanted to be married."** I kept looking for happiness in things to come, rather than things I had. **"I juss... dun wan' them to forget about me..."**

"I don't think that's ever going to happen. Remy's always wanted kids, right?" It was one thing that had always been a static point in their relationship. **"And with you, he gets a little girl who's never going to grow up, never going to decide you're too old for his affections, never going to say you're too old for bedtime stories, or to ride the kiddie coasters at amusement parks."**

"...you think?" "I know," Lala assured me, and patted me on the head across the table. I guess she was right. What was I so worried about? I'd always have Daddy and he'd always have me. No matter what. If our relationship could survive an entire overhaul and four diaper changes a day, then it could survive casual dating. Or even serious dating! I perked up and took another fry off my plate, smiling up at Lala. She always knew the right thing to say. **"If they get married, I am definitely gonna be the flower girl!"**

"And you'll be the crinkliest flower girl that ever there was, kiddo." It was weird, because Lala had a much better relationship with her best friend this way. There was no oneupmanship, no belittling one-another except for the kindhearted teasing from Lala. It was as if, before this Wendy was just a little grub waiting to undergo metamorphosis and become her true form. **"You're a butterfly, you know that, Wendy? You're beautiful, you came from something completely different, and you make people happy just to see you."** And hey, if someone could get Lala to say something so stupidly sappy, they must have been a very magical indeed.

Names & Colors

Wednesday (Wendy)

Jeremy

Ginger

Lala