

Blossoming into Babyhood

Chapter Eight

October 2023 – Commission

"Hold on, baby. You sure you're okay wearing *just* that?"

Lily paused, her fingers halting in their efforts to pull her slacks up and over her fresh pull-up. Adam was gazing at her, handsome as ever in his morning stubble and tousled hair, a look of gentle concern on his face. "Remember what we talked about last night, babe? About how we want to avoid any more repeats of yesterday?"

Her cheeks flushed, the embarrassing wave of memories flooding over her afresh. How she'd soaked her pull-ups and leaked all over her office chair... how Zane had had to bring her new clothes and a diaper... how she'd sheepishly related it all to Adam that evening. How he'd hugged her close, hand patting her diapered bum, consoling her and saying that she'd better switch to something more protective in the future – just in case.

Oh, how she'd protested that! No way was she going to simply start wearing a *diaper* to work every single day, she'd retorted. Once had been bad enough. And besides, it had just been a freak accident! Pull-ups would be fine, surely! But Adam had shaken his head ruefully, gazed at her for a moment... then sighed and offered her his compromise.

"Y-yes," she asserted now, tugging the pants around her waist to conceal her pull-up-clad bum. "It'll be fine, promise! And I- I'll bring the bag, like you said-" "Okay, well... if you're absolutely sure," Adam sighed, with a tilt of his head and a significant glance at the pastel backpack hanging on the back of her open closet door. "I'll pack your bag for you, then. Just remember: you've already earned one strike yesterday, okay? I'm willing to give you three strikes. And after that... if you end up with wet accidents at work three times... well, we'll just have to put the panties and pull-ups away for awhile."

She shivered, as much from the thought as the cold air on her freshly showered skin. "Yeah, okay, okay," she assented crossly, reaching for her blouse and tugging it over her bare shoulders. "I know, three strikes. Just watch – I'll show you! I'm not a freaking baby, you know!"

"Of course not," Adam laughed softly, stepping close and planting an affectionate kiss on her forehead. "Well... you're *my* baby. That's still all right with you, isn't it? Or are you too big now even for that?" Oh, Adam – she could never be mad at him long! "O-okay, sure," Lily conceded,

trying and failing spectacularly in her effort to give him a fierce frown. "Your baby, and no one else's."

"Good girl," he chuckled, dealing her pull-up-clad bum a playful pat, then reaching for her backpack. "Now your breakfast is waiting, baby. Go on out there and eat before it gets cold, okay? I'll take care of your bag."

That had all been last week. And oh, how gleefully triumphant it still made her feel to think about! Here it was, nearly a week later. She'd dutifully brought her bag to work with her every day: her backup bag, as they now referred to it, with an extra change of clothes and one of her pink night-weight diapers tucked deep within. Every workday she'd had her trusty pull-up tucked discreetly under her pants. And sure, it was generally less than dry when she made it home. But not even the sharpest-eyed observer could have spotted any incriminating dark spots on her bum, because... well, because there *weren't* any.

Maybe a year ago she would have laughed in astonishment to think that managing to *only* wet a pull-up would make her feel so proud. But that was the truth of the matter. And really... well, what was wrong with a sense of accomplishment – even if it did come from such an odd source?

"See?" she'd taunted Adam just that morning as he'd pressed the backup bag into her hands. "I told you I wouldn't need it! You're just being silly..." Of course he'd grinned and shrugged, then told her that that's precisely what all insurance was like: you didn't *want* to need it, but if and when you did, you'd certainly be grateful you had it. "Oh, you're such a worrywart," she'd scolded playfully. And then, once they'd kissed goodbye and he'd been called away by a suddenly buzzing phone, she had cast one quick backward glance... then strategically "forgotten" the bag in the entryway.

Partly because she had a stubborn streak in her. Partly because she wanted to prove Adam wrong. And partly because... well, because she truly *didn't* want to be reminded of her little problem.

All that was forgotten right now. She was in her semi-annual performance review, after all, and such times didn't necessarily lend themselves to thoughtful rumination. "Very well. Now, about the numbers for the last two quarters... let's see. Can you tell me what's been going on with these latest trends?"

It was Gina: her supervisor. A fairly nice woman, as far as Lily was concerned. Quite intimidating,

though – the way she stared through you with those piercingly blue eyes, and the way her every outfit seemed more immaculate and tastefully sexy than the last. Ever since starting here, Lily had been slightly in awe of her: her confidence, her intelligence, and most of all her stunning Scandinavian looks. Somewhere deep inside, Lily supposed, she must be envious of this woman...

"Um, well," she began, fumbling with her papers and trying to find the table she could have sworn she'd added just yesterday. "Well, you see, they were pretty unusual months. There was that project that got cancelled, um, halfway through? And, like, there was that, um-" She shifted in her seat, willing herself to relax and think things through. How could she explain that drop in her numbers? Hmm, maybe if she-

Wait. Something seemed off. Something was going on down there... something bad.

A moment later, she had jerked to her feet, then frozen, paralyzed with horror. For with no effort whatsoever, with all the languid ease of a natural spring came a warm rush of urine from her unruly bladder. She had her pull-up on, true. But she knew full well – having confirmed it just before lunch – that it was already quite soggy. And now, with all the pent-up flow from the cups of coffee she'd downed for courage before this meeting, well...

There wasn't a snowball's chance in hell that the poor thing would be able to stanch the flow.

"Umm, Lily? Lily, are you okay?" Only dimly did the words reach her, and by then it was far, far too late. The wet heat was blossoming out of her, pooling in her pull-up, the level rising between her ass-cheeks and overtopping the leak guards to trickle in silent streams down her legs. Out through her pants blossomed the dark stains of shame. Even as she dropped her papers and clutched at her groin in helpless chagrin, the very act sent fresh waves of urine leaking out from the leakguards, seeping out through her trembling fingers and dribbling onto the office carpet below.

"I- I gotta go!!" Out she ran, clutching at herself, not even caring who might see. She just had to flee – had to escape – had to be anywhere but in front of Gina. Oh, what the hell had she just done?! Wet her pants – and in front of her supervisor? Oh, god, oh fuck-

Into the bathroom she stumbled, tears already dripping in unison with the pee from her saturated pull-up. Into the locked, spacious refuge of the handicapped stall she fled, jerking her poor soiled pants down and letting her pull-up finish splashing despondently into the toilet beneath. And that's where Gina found her a minute later: quiet little sobs escaping, tears of anger and shame coursing down her cheeks while her concerned supervisor spoke through the locked metal door.

"Hey, Lily... Are you okay? Can I help?"

Lily wanted nothing more than to die right then and there. But as the heavens showed no sign of opening to unleash a merciful thunderbolt on her head, she finally sniffled... gulped... and shakily assured Gina that she would be okay. "You'll need some fresh clothes, right?" It was more of a statement than a question, and to that Lily could only agree.

"Adam- I need Adam," she confessed brokenly, and the thought of the lovingly packed little backpack, sitting abandoned at home, brought a fresh burst of sobs. "Shh, it's okay. I'll call Adam for you," Gina offered, and in her reassuring voice the tearful Lily heard not only compassion, but something else. Something like... enthusiasm? No, she was probably just hearing things-

"He's on file as your emergency contact," Gina offered by way of explanation. And with that, the bathroom descended into silence, broken only by the tapping of Gina's nails on her phone screen followed by the barely audible hum of the line ringing. Then... "Oh, Adam? Yes, it's- oh, yes, that's right! Yes, this is Gina, Lily's super- oh, yes, you *remember!* Oh, how nice of you! Yes, same to *you!* Anyway, I'm calling about Lily today? Yes... See, there's a bit of a problem. You might say we've had a wee little accident..."

Lily gulped back her sobs, trying not to think of how similar this all was to just last week. Ugh, and here she'd been so cocky! So sure of herself. So certain that she could handle things, that the silly night diapers were a thing of the past, that no one in the office would ever have to see her and think to themselves, *oh, there's that girl who wets her pants and has to wear literal diapers like a baby!*. And now – oh god. Now Gina, of all people? Now *she* knew?!

"He'll be here shortly," Gina cut in, and in her voice Lily once again heard both friendly reassurance and something like delighted satisfaction. "Don't worry, Lily! Hey, it happens sometimes. It could be something you ate, or nerves, or anything, really." She gave a chuckle intended to ease the tension. "Believe me, I know. I've babysat more than a few kids in my day, and I know all about wet pants. They always happen at the worst times..."

Ugh, no. Not references to kids again! Lily squeezed her eyes shut, trying not to think about how her own flat chest and potty problems undeniably did push her closer to a pants-wetting little toddler than the tall, curvaceous, serenely confident Gina helping her right now. But no matter how hard she tried, right now all she could see was just that: Gina, the sexy woman. Gina, the capable supervisor. Gina, the one who seemed so *very* happy to talk to Adam for her...

Oh... no. Not that, surely?! Surely she wasn't...!

Fifteen minutes later, above the pounding of her tear-drained head and the ache of her increasingly itchy bottom, she heard a knock... the door opening... and the voices she knew so well. "Oh, Adam, so nice to *meet* you!" Adam: "I came as fast as I could," followed by a manly sigh. "Is she okay? Should I-" Gina's lilting, clearly delighted tone. "Oh, no, *no!* It's *super* sweet of you, really. You're *such* an angel, coming over for her! But no, I'll take it from here. *I'll* help her out for you, Adam – I've seen more than a few wet pants in my day. Don't you worry about a *thing*..." Adam, in surprise and polite relief. "Oh! Well, if you insist. I'm really sorry – she's been having these problems, and I just don't know sometimes..."

Could matters get any worse than wet pants in front of your supervisor? Apparently so... when your supervisor began literally hitting on your boyfriend right in front of you, and when you and your potty problems became the topic of their conversation.

Yet worse they continued to become. Not that she blamed anyone but herself, of course. After all, Gina was right: "Um, so dear, it looks like Adam brought you a, um, well, something nice and protective. Here, you're going to need to let me in there, okay? It'll be okay, I promise..."

The diaper. Gina knew she'd just been given a diaper. And yes, without Adam there to help, she did need someone else to put it on her. Which meant that... well, there really wasn't any other option than to rise from the toilet, and shuffle shamefully over to the stall door, and slowly unlock it. Allowing her sympathetically smiling supervisor to slip in, bag in hand, and to kindly tell her to strip.

The rest was almost more than she could bear. Stripping off her ruined pull-up and soaked pants. Dropping to the cold floor amid the rustling of the diaper unfurling beneath Gina's fingers. Trying not to sob as Gina knelt beside her, cheerily urging her to lift her bum so she could slip the diaper under. And definitely, definitely trying to tune out what Gina was saying: about how she'd taken care of loads of kids, how diapers were nothing new, how this one was such a pretty shade of pink, and how it would help her feel ever so much better and protected...

But in the end, it was done. She rose, sniffing, and gratefully took the handkerchief Gina offered to blow her dribbling nose. "Dthank you," she managed, acutely conscious of the loud rustling of her diapered rump and reaching for the pants Gina now held out to her. "I- I'm so shorry-"

"It's all okay, Lily," Gina smiled, and Lily shivered once more as she glanced upward: over that impressively straining blouse and into those blue, blue eyes. "Now, take care of yourself and come on back whenever you're finished dressing, okay? I'll be in my office whenever you're ready."

And out she went.

Stupid, stupid idiot, Lily berated herself in the silence that fell after Gina's departure. She tugged fitfully at the thick padding now plumping out the seat of her fresh pants, musing despondently that it felt just as thick and obvious as it had last week. She glanced down at the empty backpack and began tucking her wet pants into it, reflecting ruefully that this was her second strike now. Adam wouldn't forget, and he wouldn't let her forget, either. And oh, if it happened just one more time...

Wait. What was that in the bottom of the bag? Was that a note, and a-

"Hey there, baby! Just want to remind you that you're the sweetest and best sweetheart in the entire world! No matter how you're feeling, whatever kinds of messes you've made or accidents you've had, I'm always here for you, okay? Love you so much!"

"P.S. This little rascal wanted to stow away. He really wanted to make sure you're okay! :-)"

Adam... that incredible guy! A broken little laugh escaped her lips, and she tugged the stuffed koala out from the bottom of the bag and hugged it close. Oh, Adam. She didn't deserve him. Here he was, doing so much for her and giving her everything she needed. Maybe there were other, sexier women out there: women like Gina. But if he said he loved her, and if he showed it every day like this, well...

She drew a deep breath. Reached for her backpack. And then, opening the stall door, waddled shyly out, the koala tucked firmly and discreetly beneath one arm.

So what if she could already feel those warm dribbles out between her legs? With Adam, her koala, and her pink padding on her side... well, she'd be ready for anything. Even her own stupid bladder.

(To be continued!)