

5 - New Feelings

Joyce's clock buzzed quietly next to her, opening her eyes as the sleepiness quickly drained from her; her heart raced with anticipation. Slipping out of bed, she changed into a snug fitting t-shirt and pants with a similar effect for the day. First impressions for this kind of thing were important, and she wanted to look mature--but also stay comfortable when keeping up with her baby for the day. Everything had been calculated, down to the very cup she'd be drinking out of, and Joyce looked forward to every step of the way.

While she and Emily both experienced their roles for the day, there was really one goal to achieve with Emily, and one only. She would, of course, ease her into things, step by step, but there was a point Joyce would be sure to reach to--truly know whether this could continue or not. She stood in front of Emily's door; knowing that once she woke Emily up it was on her to see her through. With a deep breath, she quietly turned the knob and opened the door, seeing her peaceful little girl sleep without a worry. Joyce couldn't help but feel devious, having known that Emily would still be asleep. She purposely kept her up late last night just to have this effect in the morning. Joyce knelt down on the carpet, knowing how heavy of a sleeper Emily was, and gently nudged her shoulder.

"Emily, sweetie...it's time to wake up..." She whispered into Emily's ear.

The girl stirred in response, still in a trance.

"Honey, it's time to wake up. We've got a very special day ahead of us..."

"Mmmmm..." She mindlessly smirked at the noises. "Mm...nn!" Emily gave a little stretch, as her eyes finally opened to see Joyce looking back at her.

"Joyce?" She mumbled. "What're you doing in here? What..." She paused for a yawn. "What time is it?"

"Rise and shine, little one! Mommy needs to get her girl dressed for the day." Even Joyce herself felt a bit awkward saying it at first, but her emotions and desires reaffirmed her resolve, as with each time it would only become easier and more natural.

What was she talking about? Emily rolled over to stare up at the ceiling, trying to piece the situation together.

“Now let’s see what we have here...” Joyce stood up, and with one hand peeled back the covers to reveal Emily’s body. She was in her button-up from the first night Joyce bought her those new clothes--which looked quite good on her, to Joyce’s mental note.

“My, my! My little girl must have slept well, didn’t she? Let’s get you out of your nighttime clothes and into something more appropriate.”

Emily only caught the last bit before she could feel the touch of someone edging their hands into the waistband of her pants and panties.

As Joyce tugged them, Emily suddenly in protest went, “Wait...what are you doing? Hey...!”

The protest was natural, Joyce reasoned in the back of her head. Joyce foresaw this as well, and it wasn’t anything outside her expectations. She knew the only way she could have Emily’s honest feelings was if she kept her out of the loop and tried to encourage her to simply just enjoy the ride. Surrender all control to her, let mommy take care of everything.

Emily seemed to be catching on soon enough as well, suddenly remembering this was the day they were going to do this. But Joyce taking the initiative on her own was something she did not expect. She was surprised, yet she wasn’t denying what was happening either.

“Such a fussy girl...” Joyce tutted, dismissing her adult shock as a little fit. “We’ll feel *much* better once we’re up and wide awake!” Slowly teasing the girl, Joyce took her time sliding off everything below her waist, Emily being reminded every second of the way, as the fabric slid off her skin. And then they came off her feet; Joyce held Emily’s pants and panties in one arm while she looked over to the very exposed girl, who had already taken one hand to cover her most sacred parts for the sake of what dignity she had left.

“Please give me my panties back...” Emily let out a sheepish plea, her voice choking up a bit from what seemed to be happening way too fast. She didn’t think her heart could start beating this fast so early in the morning!

“Don’t worry honey...” Joyce rubbed her hand over her burning cheek. “We’ll get you sorted soon enough.” Joyce stared at the panties which used to be on Emily’s waist not even a second ago. The striped pattern that ran across the pink looked absolutely beautiful with exquisite craftsmanship. She fantasized seeing Emily clad in these, as she would walk around the apartment--but that was for another time--should it ever come. Something else should be around her waist right now; they weren’t panties.

“Now let’s get that top off of you.” Joyce edged Emily closer to the bed, who was still trying to keep a hand in place from exposing her privates. Joyce paid her arm no heed, however, as she kept brushing it away; an unnecessary obstacle to getting Emily undressed. Constantly she’d try to readjust, to Joyce’s silent disapproval, until she settled by pulling a blanket over her legs instead. Meanwhile, Joyce made her way down Emily’s torso, button by button, as Emily became less and less clothed. Fighting very odd feelings of protest right now, Emily did her best to surrender to Joyce. It didn’t feel right, being undressed by someone else, yet she kept herself restrained nonetheless.

Joyce noted Emily’s cooperation for the most part to be a good thing, and as the final button came undone it left her in just a bra. She’d leave that on Emily; lest she pushes her too far for one day. This time was all about taking just the right steps.

“Arms up,” Joyce said as she guided Emily’s arms by pulling on the top and hanging it over her arm. “Such a good girl,” Joyce cooed further, tossing nearly all of her clothes into a hamper next to her dresser. Speaking of which... “Now let’s get you all dressed up.” Joyce pretended to look as if she were trying to decide on an outfit for Emily, when in fact she knew exactly what she was looking for; she simply wanted to add to the immersion.

“Hmmm...Ah! I know!” Joyce proclaimed as she dug into one of Emily’s drawers.

What did she find? Emily racked her brain, trying to think what could possibly be considered infantile in her wardrobe. Out of it, Joyce pulled a shirt, holding it by the sleeves just to give Emily a good look. The shirt was predominantly grey, and the sleeves and neck collar was pink, with a happy monkey playing on the front. Emily looked at the size, knowing full well that wouldn’t fit like her shirts normally do; unless that was her intention? And also, where had that been hiding in her drawers?

“A cute shirt for my cute girl! And most importantly...” She fished into the drawers again, exploring depths Emily had clearly never known of before.

But to Emily’s horror and knowing inevitability, Joyce held a large white rectangle in her hand, causing Emily’s heart to sink a little, yet skip a beat when she recognized what it was.

“I need to make sure my baby is protected while we have lots of fun today,” Joyce explained in a motherly tone, taking the two articles of clothing over to the practically nude girl.

Emily’s heart pounded heavily as she did her best to process such a quick chain of events. She wasn’t ready for this, but Joyce didn’t look like she intended to stop, and that made everything

equally as intriguing as it was terrifying. She had to constantly remind herself that this was Joyce doing this; her only reason for agreeing to something so unimaginable to her. She was still waking up, yet from the way Joyce was acting, her sleep-induced drunkenness was switching out for something much more infantile. Soon, she would be committed to the role as soon as Joyce did what she needed to do...The final nail in the coffin--or rather, the final tape on the plastic.

Joyce could see and feel the fear and uncertainty radiating off from Emily's troubled situation. She dearly hoped those feelings would change soon enough, but she'd only know if she pressed further. She quietly cleared her throat, then proceeded.

"Now let's lie down for mommy, sweetie." Gently, yet firmly, she used both hands and pressed on Emily's shoulders as she eased her back, the blanket covering her falling out of reach and Joyce denying any attempts to get it back. Emily hated being so exposed, and turned her head away in shame as she felt tears sting her eyes.

"There, there," Joyce consoled. "It'll all be over soon..." Out of sight, but not earshot, Emily could hear the crinkling noise as Joyce fanned out her new undergarment for the day. With both hands, Joyce gathered Emily's feet together and lifted them up to Emily's surprise, feeling more like an actual child with each step. Thighs and legs in the air, Joyce slid the white cushion underneath Emily's bottom and slowly lowered her onto it.

Emily could feel the goosebumps as she came into contact with the soft padding. It didn't feel real, despite the obvious proof sitting between her legs. Joyce produced a bottle of baby powder and gushed a small cloud of mist as she gingerly covered Emily's waist in sweet lavender-smelling powder. Going as far as to rub it in, Emily jumped a little out of reflex for being touched in such sensitive areas; almost feeling violated as she hated to acknowledge the strange, yet stimulating touch.

Joyce paid no mind to her responses as she finished rubbing, and moved onto the closing stages as she drew the front of the diaper up and between her legs. Emily did too, as her face turned a shade of red while desperately trying to block out her senses. Next came the tapes, as one by one Joyce made sure to securely lock the four-tape diaper into place. She ran her finger through the leg waistbands (Causing Emily to jump again), and then it was done. Joyce stood back for a moment to admire the sight right now, while Emily still abashedly avoided eye contact. Joyce's heart was gushing right now, melting at what she saw. Emily had gone so far to make this possible for Joyce, and it was living up to be everything she'd dreamed of. Joyce could have been the happiest woman in the world right now, as she was overjoyed with her new charge and loving friend.

Joyce sat the girl up as she finally slipped the shirt onto Emily, hiding her bra but doing nothing to mask the white crinkly diaper secured around Emily's waist. Emily picked up on it too, pouting how the shirt stayed just slightly above her belly button, openly hanging as the shirt was clearly not designed for the size of adults nor their curves.

Seeing Emily blush was an obvious tell, but Joyce still couldn't help but eat it up--simply too precious for words. Emily looked down at herself hesitantly. It was certainly a different look...the diaper felt much thicker than the panties she had been wearing moments ago, and made her feel very out of her element. The reminder of her helplessness refreshed some tears in her eyes. Whether this was for Joyce or not, Emily still felt troubled trying to adjust.

"Okay...let's talk." Joyce calmly reeled back the persona, as she sat on the bed with Emily, putting an arm around her shoulder and over her waist. "Tell me, how are you feeling right now?"

"I...I don't know..." It was all Emily could say. It was so hard trying to describe the emotions she was feeling. To confine that idea of helplessness, fear, anxiety, uncertainty, safety. and thrill into words...Was there even a word for that?

"Well, are you happy...sad...scared?" She rubbed Emily's back.

"I just feel so...vulnerable." Even that didn't feel like it did it justice. "I feel like a baby."

The irony was hard not to laugh at, but for Emily's sake, Joyce stayed silent at that remark.

"That's the whole point, Emily. I want to take care of you so dearly like this, but I want you to enjoy it too. Yes, it must be a shock going through such a transition, but I want you to know that I will always be with you every step of the way. I want to care for you just as much, and if not, more. It's okay to feel vulnerable when you're like this, and in this apartment. It's just you and me, and I would never take advantage of you." The level of trust needed to feel like that though wasn't easy to reach, of course, and it wasn't something that could happen overnight.

It felt better having Joyce treat her like an adult again; being able to collect herself, Emily nodding her head in response. She wanted to see what this was like and feel Joyce's love for her as a child, yet nonetheless, it was scaring her to feel so defenseless, and naked. Never before had she ever needed to rely on someone in such a way other than when she was actually a baby. Now consciously being aware of the difference, she didn't feel right.

“I promise nothing bad will happen to you while you’re in my care. Just like with your ankle, remember? When you were hurt we made it all better? When you needed clothes, I provided, and when you needed food, I cooked. It’s nothing different now, other than both of us getting to enjoy it in a different way. It may feel scary now, but you need to give yourself a chance to enjoy today and see what it’s like.”

“But the...diapers...” Emily’s voice drifted off on the last word.

“Again, it’s just another thing that reminds you of how you’re in *my* care. I love the idea of taking care of you, and hope you can like me taking care of you too. You don’t have to think of it as making you a baby; it’s just a way you can put your trust in me to keep you comfy and safe. Besides, does it feel completely unbearable to wear one?”

As much as she hated to admit it, Joyce was on some level getting through to her. Despite being thick and crinkly, the white diaper with a long strip running down the front was a bit of a cushion on the inside. It did feel soft to some degree, but not far from her high-end panties. Still, though, it was an awkward trade for comfort in exchange for being such a far cry from adulthood. And another thing she fought herself on was the wonderful smell of lavender emanating from the diaper; she couldn’t deny that it was a nice smell. And considering it as a sign of Joyce’s care was strange to process, but did offer a new perspective that slightly dampened the blow to her dignity.

“Now that we’re feeling better do you want to go have some breakfast?”

Breakfast did sound good right about now, and whatever they did have would likely help take her mind off of things. Emily nodded her head as she sniffled one last time, her stomach suddenly starting to feel empty.

“Good, I know I could use a bite to eat right about now, too. Annd up we go!” Joyce hoisted Emily up in the air with a sudden burst of strength she did not expect, quick to wrap her arms around Joyce’s neck and legs around her waist. She’d never actually been awake when carried by Joyce, and was surprised at being able to witness the woman’s strength firsthand. Joyce supported her bottom with one hand and back with the other, and was in heaven as she carried her big baby out of the room.

Wait, what about pants? “Hey, Joyce, wait!” Joyce suddenly stopped walking.

“What is it, hon?”

“What about...you know...my pants?”

“Pants?” Joyce continued walking down the hall and into the kitchen.

“Yes! Can’t I have something to wear over this?” Emily’s voice became quiet in embarrassment. She suddenly wasn’t feeling so brave when it came to referencing her underwear.

“Maybe later,” Joyce reasoned. “I want you to be comfortable with being dressed as you are, and this is just about as intense as it gets.” Joyce half-lied. She could think of one more way to take things further, but she had no intention of doing such a thing to her already skeptical charge.

“Please? Can’t I just have some pants, shorts, or even a skirt?” Emily begged for some kind of dignity, as this wasn’t an adjustment she appreciated having to adapt to.

“No means no, Emily. I’ve seen you in even fewer clothes than this; you shouldn’t feel embarrassed. I’m the only one who will see you like this, and frankly, I find you adorable!” She patted Emily’s back after that remark, unable to see Emily’s blushing face.

“Now let’s stop thinking about adult things and look forward to breakfast!” Joyce pulled out a chair at the table with a cushion on it, setting Emily down onto it. Emily noticed the difference too; her bare thighs coming into contact with the warm softness that was replaced by the usually cold surfaces of the wooden chairs.

Had she planned this? Emily wondered, pressing her hand against the warmed cushion. She must have, considering all the other chairs were like they’d always been: cushionless. Either way, Emily wasn’t denying the welcomed addition. Joyce hummed her usual melody as she took out various ingredients and appliances. Emily couldn’t see much as she watched in silence, only able to make out butter and eggs as Joyce stirred.

“What’re you making?” Emily asked as she leaned from side to side in her chair.

“That,” She hung the suspense in between her words. “is a surprise.” Joyce was becoming happier by the minute as it was beginning to feel less and less like a dream. There were a few issues with today, but assuming it all went well, they would be fixed later down the road. For example, she wanted to use a changing pad for Emily and much more appropriate diapers, but on such short notice and holding back her temptations to give Emily the complete baby treatment, she had to take things slow; even if the wait was painful. For all she knew, Emily may never want to do this again, and the thought honestly scared her. However, Joyce was too focused on simply making this one of the best experiences both she and Emily ever had.

Speaking of Emily, sitting in her chair with little to do, she started to become much more attentive towards all the windows in the house now. Being dressed as she was, the glass that gave her a good look of the outside world felt so much more dangerous now; now giving the world a view of her, and her outfit. She had half a mind to crawl under a rock and die. But if Joyce had even thought to keep her seat warm, then that must mean the windows were fine to pass, right? There were certainly buildings that towered in front of every angle of the apartment, and they were in one of many homes to be seen. Putting things into perspective and realizing just how insignificant they were, her mind was put somewhat at ease; reminding herself that Joyce promised her safety and security.

Joyce poured the mixed substance onto a griddle as she made four medium-sized circles just about equal in size. She dotted them with chocolate chips and flipped them over once one side had been cooked enough. Once the other side finished, she unloaded two onto each plate, one for her and Emily. With a knife, she buttered all four and took care to cut up all of the fluffy cakes on one plate, then apply just the right amount of syrup to both of them. Satisfied with her work, she carried both plates to the table.

“Ta-da!” Joyce cheered, as she placed a plate in front of Emily and then herself. She turned on the coffee maker as she grabbed napkins and silverware for the two, a fork and knife for herself, but just a fork for Emily.

“Pancakes?” Emily looked down at her plate as she could feel herself begin to salivate. Joyce was truly a godsend from the kitchen heavens, as her food never failed to impress the eyes or taste buds. She had tried cooking for Joyce before during the week, as a sign of thanks; but it never turned out nearly as well with the practice and skill Joyce already had. She’d really need to get a few pointers from her...

“We should start off the day with something delicious to get our big day started!” Joyce set out the utensils as the coffee maker finished doing its business.

Emily noticed she was only given a fork, but decided not to protest, seeing as her meal was already cut up for her. She knew what Joyce was trying to go for, and didn’t not appreciate her kind gesture. Emily didn’t hesitate, as she was already taking her first bite. It was as spectacular as all of her cooking was. The syrupy goodness blended so well with the bite of pancake that revealed a warm chocolate chip which melted on her tongue. Taking in every last bit of taste, she hurriedly moved onto the next bite. Joyce stared at her little girl as she poured their drinks, a bit disappointed in how she saw Emily sit in the regular chair. There was so much more she wanted to do for Emily, and she couldn’t chase the feeling away. Had it been Joyce’s way, Emily would

at the very least be wearing a bib right now, if not also securely in a highchair. What were once fantasies, now felt like genuine possibilities with Emily. Joyce wanted to experience so much with her, but was afraid to break Emily with the pressures of unloading years of pent-up “mommying,” all at once. Slowly she would appease her own emotions, but Emily’s always came first.

Joyce set her mug of coffee on the table while she gave Emily her’s, which was specially prepared. Emily eyed the cup as well, seeing it wasn’t ordinary. It was one of the cups she’d used in the house before, but now there was a rubber cap covering the opening, as there was a small top to drink out of. Almost like a sippy cup. Was it? Through the translucent plastic she could see a light brown substance, almost like chocolate milk. Curiously, she lifted the cup and took a sip, better put, sucked on the rubber top, to be rewarded with a stream of deliciousness. It was her kind of coffee that tasted like it had been mixed with a generous amount of milk; a perfect balance between caffeine and a drink much more expected of someone substantially younger. She had been expecting something much more infantile, though, but was happy Joyce was making an effort to keep her feelings in mind, too.

“Do you like your drink, honey?” Joyce asked as she sipped some of her own coffee, cutting a piece of pancake.

“Mhm!” Emily mumbled through her chewing mouth, already eating more pancake.

“Perfect. Only the best for my special girl.” Joyce happily cooed as they continued their meal.

Emily was reluctant to drink from the cup at first, but she could stomach the embarrassment, knowing that this was what Joyce wanted, and probably the best she was going to get. With how Joyce had been describing it, this almost came off as a compromise. Did she have a bottle lying around somewhere, and decided against using it? Whatever the case may be, she considered it a blessing. It didn’t take long to get the hang of drinking from the pseudo-sippy cup, either; getting it down before she’d sucked it dry. Emily scooped her chair out from the table to get some more, walking over to the counter.

“Oh, what are you up to over here?” Joyce was already behind the girl.

“I was just refilling my drink.” Emily nonchalantly spoke, in the back of her head, wondering why Joyce would feel the need to ask.

“Then don’t worry honey,” Joyce easily plucked the cup from her hand. “All you need to do is ask. Let me take care of it. You go finish your pancakes, okay?”

“Okay...” Was all Emily could say, as she took her seat with the sound of a crinkle. She had almost forgotten she was wearing a diaper, and wasn’t happy about being reminded. And it was weird, exploring her limits as Joyce’s...*baby*. The word felt so weird when referring to herself. Had she done something wrong by getting her own drink? Just how much did Joyce want to do for her? Emily was swirling in thoughts; the exact opposite of what Joyce wanted for her.

“Here you go,” Joyce set down the refilled drink in front of Emily while she took the last bites of her food. “Just let me know if you want anything else.”

“Thank you.” Emily said as she took a sip from her cup to finish off the morning’s breakfast. Joyce, with the liberty of cutting larger pieces, finished a bit before Emily, and was just checking her tablet for any unforeseen work updates; not that anything would or could come between her and Emily today. She set her tablet down and gathered their plates, walking over to the sink and rinsing them. She set them aside and took out a washcloth next, wetting only part of it as she walked over to Emily.

“You got a little bit of syrup on your mouth, sweetie.” Joyce was more than obliged to assist, taking hold of Emily’s chin while she wiped her mouth clean. Again a strange experience for Emily, she was thankful nonetheless. As the cold washcloth ran over her face, she needed to remind herself that it was okay to surrender like this; she let Joyce do her thing.

Her face clean, Joyce left the washcloth on the counter while she lifted Emily again and moved her into the living room. Not seeing it before when they first walked through, there was a large quilt set up on the floor in front of the couch. It was decorated in ABC block designs on a powder blue background, and made for a better seat than the hardwood floor. As Joyce lowered her, it gave Emily a leveled view of what was on top of it: toys. There were a couple of things Emily recognized off the bat, like a toy ball, a speak-and-say, and a thick children’s book; very simple stuff. Her mind would vegetate if she were to mess around with the latter two as she were right now, and could only consider the possibility of being entertained by the ball for a short while. However, some of the other things she couldn’t recognize were things that maybe could occupy her for a bit longer. All different in shape and size, they all seemed to be logic puzzles varying in challenge and likely difficulty.

Joyce could see her plan had worked to get some more “advanced” toys for Emily. Of course, it would be cute to see her use some of the more babyish things, but she knew she wouldn’t be very captivated with those few toys. Just because Emily was her baby didn’t mean she had the mind of one.

Emily, without paying too much mind to Joyce, already started tinkering with one of the puzzles, a bit surprised by its genuine difficulty. Joyce was happy to see Emily engaging on her own without having to be pointed in the right direction, but also disappointed when looking at the quilt which Emily's padded bottom sat on.

Joyce wasn't particularly a fan of superficial things. Whenever she needed something she could simply buy the correct item; she had earned the ability after all, and to resort to so many repurposed items for Emily was a terrible feeling. She wanted all the bells and whistles, and only the best of the best that was meant for exactly what she wanted to do. She wanted the best for her girl--her baby, but Emily seemed content, and that was enough to set aside her little peeves. Joyce flicked on the tv for some background noise while she joined Emily. She was tinkering with a puzzle shaped like a disc; three metal parts connected to look seemingly woven together, but they were supposed to detach, and Emily was trying to figure out exactly how she'd accomplish that.

"Oooh that's a tough one, isn't it?" Joyce encouraged while on her knees, more than a head taller than her compared to the way Emily sat.

"Mhm..." Was all Emily could say, busy trying to figure it out. She always loved puzzles, but at moments couldn't be the best at them. This was one of those times. Emily openly sighed as she gave the puzzle another work-over, feeling as if she'd already tried every angle to pull them apart for the past ten minutes.

"Here, how about we try it together?" Joyce suggested, as she repositioned herself. She stood up to move behind Emily, and sat in such a way where Emily was in between her legs, as if they were going down a slide together. As if Joyce were the back of a chair, Emily leaned slightly back while she used Joyce as a cushion to support her. Absolutely loving it, Joyce accepted the puzzle from Emily's hands and began to work on it in front of her.

This...didn't feel so bad, Emily reasoned as she laid into Joyce. It almost felt like any other night when they sat on the couch together, but maybe a bit more intimate in some way? She always enjoyed the feeling of being with Joyce in some form, and that was no different even now. Maybe in a diaper, and sitting on a playmat, but it was still with Joyce. And she didn't feel belittled by the puzzle either, as it really was challenging. Joyce may have been treating her like a baby, but she did it in a way where Emily didn't feel mindless like she had expected. Yet she couldn't understand why Joyce wanted this so badly? Emily did like the idea of being close to Joyce, but she had yet to see the charm in the approach they were taking.

“And if I have it correct, I think it should go...like...this!” In just a minute or two, Joyce successfully unlatched the pieces, which then fell into Emily’s lap--her diapered lap, rather. Emily still wasn’t too thrilled about her new underwear, but there were the perks to it she acknowledged from earlier. Trying not to pay mind to it, she collected the pieces and was already fiddling with them, now trying to do the opposite of what Joyce had done.

“How were you able to do that?” Emily questioned, already trying to fit them into their awkward sockets.

“What you need to do is twist and pull.” Joyce explained while she watched Emily, stroking her hair.

“Yeah, but, how do you put it back together?” Emily aimlessly tried any combination to get them to fit into place, relaxing to the hand running through her hair. Now she wanted it back in one piece to try Joyce’s method. She held the puzzle up, as if a gesture for Joyce to solve it for her.

“I can’t give you all the answers, silly! That would ruin the fun, wouldn’t it?” There was some truth to this statement, but Joyce wanted these toys to last until she could acquire some more if this wouldn’t be the last day they did this. And if Joyce was reading the situation correctly, that may just be the case...

Emily sulked a bit as she started fiddling with it again, wishing for the instant gratification of Joyce showing her how to solve it. But next as if Joyce had read her mind, she produced the cup containing her favorite drink from breakfast. Emily happily took it and set the puzzle aside to take a swig of the caffeinated beverage. It was already half empty, but she tilted her head back further and further to get every drop; Joyce’s bosom serving as a pillow to support her efforts. “Thank you,” Emily said as she instinctively wiped her mouth with her hand, finding it to be dry. Then she remembered she was drinking from a sippy cup. Normally, she’d get the stuff on her mouth while sipping if she wasn’t careful, but this rubber cap prevented that from happening. In its own way it was kind of a perk, Emily figured. “Could I have some more please?” Emily asked, trying to look up at Joyce’s face by turning her head.

“Why don’t we try some juice instead?” Joyce suggested, taking her cup and standing up.

“Why juice?” Emily questioned, not particularly thrilled to be denied her special drink.

“Because, you shouldn’t be drinking caffeine *all* day. That’s for the morning to wake you up.” Joyce explained. She appreciated that Emily liked the drink she made for her, but she didn’t want to make that her exclusive beverage.

As Joyce walked away, Emily could already feel herself kind of missing her personal backrest. She messed around with the puzzle some more, but was ultimately getting nowhere. There was no way she would be able to beat that dumb puzzle.

Joyce popped off the rubber cover and washed the cup out before refilling it with apple juice from the fridge. Apple juice was one of Joyce's particular favorites apart from water, coffee and wine. She hoped the same would go for Emily too. Joyce put the cover back on as she walked back into the living room. She felt bad in a way, as she took her seat with Emily again, as if she were tricking her. Emily probably hadn't thought about it yet, but Joyce wouldn't object to keeping her hydrated--rather encourage it. The inevitable would happen soon enough, and then they could put one of the hardest steps behind them.

"Thank you," Emily said as she accepted the drink from Joyce, giving it a taste. She could tell it was apple juice, and it was pretty good. She very much liked her coffee-milk, but this was an acceptable substitute, she supposed. Emily grabbed a new puzzle while she turned her gaze to the tv, and Joyce shifted them over to the couch as the more comfortable option. Joyce encased her as they laid there, absolutely at peace as everything in the world felt right. Emily watched the show with Joyce while she occasionally tinkered with the puzzle, paused by taking a sip from her juice, while sitting in Joyce's arms feeling safe and secure.

"So how are you feeling now?" Joyce broke the silence, wanting to check back in with the adult Emily once more.

"Better. compared to this morning." Emily admitted. "Everything you've done for me I can't appreciate enough. Minus the diaper and clothes, this doesn't seem too different than normal. I.."
Emily started to blush. "I like it when we're together like this..."

Joyce was overjoyed to hear such words as she gave Emily a little squeeze. "I like it, too."

"What about you? How are you doing?"

"Emily," She sighed. "I can't thank you enough for this. I feel closer than I ever have before, and am loving every second of our time together. Doing this for me makes me the happiest woman in the world. All I've ever wanted is a little girl to watch over and care for, and you allowing me to do that makes you the most important person to me right now."

"You...you mean it?" Emily wasn't sure why she was asking, nor why her heart's pace started to pick up, and begin to flutter.

“Absolutely and wholeheartedly.”

While Joyce couldn't see, a small smile crept over Emily's face as she found herself soaking in the moment. She wasn't sure how she would react to becoming a baby like this, but the love Joyce gave her made it worth every second, and started to make it more than bearable; actually enjoyable.

The two laid there after many juice refills for a few hours or so, until the clock had just about crept up on two. Joyce had been paying attention, as she flicked off the tv and gathered Emily in her arms.

“Wait, what? Where are we going?” Emily asked, just in the middle of watching something.

“It's naptime, sweetie.” Joyce gave her a light bounce as they walked down the hall.

“But I'm not tired.” Emily retorted as they entered her room, trying not to say the most cliché thing any kid in her position would.

“Don't you always take naps during the day, though? When you wait for me to come home?” Joyce had a point, but those weren't until later. It was still about an hour before those even entered the realm of possibility.

“Yeah, but, those aren't until later.”

“Then let's get you into the habit for this time then. Soon enough you won't even feel the difference.” Joyce explained as she set Emily down on her bed. “Do you want the shades open or closed?” She asked while pulling a blanket over Emily.

“Could you leave them a little open?” Emily asked. She wanted to leave a sliver of light in, just to remind her that it was still daytime.

“Sure,” Joyce said, doing exactly as she requested. “Now try to get some shuteye. I'll come back to wake you up in a few hours, okay?”

“Mhm.” Emily nodded as she was authoritatively ordered to sleep. That was about how long she napped for normally, but it felt different being told to.

“Perfect. Sleep well, my princess.” Joyce cooed, as she lightly kissed the top of Emily’s forehead.

Emily’s cheeks burned as Joyce quietly shut the door, now alone with her thoughts. Making a deep sigh, she reflected on the day’s events thus far, rolling over on her side. While she couldn’t fully comprehend what Joyce was getting out of this, Emily’s own enjoyment was starting to grow on her. Being treated like an infant was different, but she felt closer to Joyce than she had ever before. Up until now when they were together Joyce still always cared for Emily, just to a much lesser extent. By intensifying the level of maternal instinct Joyce had for her, it meant the same their bond and the feelings she felt from it.

She loved being with her like this; being cared for--the center of Joyce’s attention. It was unusual, thinking so selfishly, but it felt good to feel that way, because she knew Joyce felt the same too. Yet again though, Emily had trouble placing her feelings for Joyce.

Was this love? The idea kind of scared Emily. Putting it bluntly, she rooted for the other team...but was it possible she liked women too?

No, no, maybe that’s not it. She didn’t like women in *that* way; she simply liked Joyce. She always felt like a mother figure to her; just on a more intimate level. Whatever they had between them right now was perfect. Nothing less, and nothing more. Satisfied with her emotional conclusion, Emily closed her eyes, and could feel herself working her way into her usual nap routine.

Emily opened her eyes sometime later, in the partial darkness of her room, minus the light from outside. She quickly got to the bottom of what woke her up; feeling pressure in her bladder. *Oh crap, no, please no!* Emily hopped out of bed and crinkled her way to the door. *Why did this have to happen?* Being Joyce’s baby may be fun, but this part certainly wasn’t as well-received. She made a beeline for the bathroom like years of routine would command; twisting the handle to only have it jiggle in resistance.

“No, no, no! Please!” Emily jiggled the handle further, having no idea why the bathroom was locked.

Joyce! She needed to find Joyce. Quickly she opened the door to her room, finding it untouched and empty. She looked in the living room and then the kitchen, finding no one. This was bad! Where had she gone? Did she leave her?

The worst of her fears were bringing on tears, as she paced around, unsure of what to do as her bladder ached more. Why did she have to drink so much juice? Why did Joyce let her drink so much? Ugh! This was so frustrating! Out of instinct, she wanted to take off the diaper, but unless she got into the bathroom, what'd be the point in taking the thing off?

“Joyce...” Emily sobbed as she sat on the couch.

“Emily? What are you doing up?” The missing figure had suddenly appeared. “You should still be...” Joyce trailed off as she took off her glasses. Emily looked at her in tears with a posture overwhelmed by stress.

Afraid of being left in such a dire situation and attire, Emily sobbed, “I thought you left...”

“Of course I'd never leave you!” Joyce gave her a hug with a chuckle. “Is that why you're so upset?”

“No...” Emily whined, “I need to pee...”

So that's what it was. Joyce sighed as she pulled a fidgeting Emily onto her lap on the couch.

“Shhh...shhh...It's okay, Emily.”

“But I need to use the bathroom!”

“Then let it go,” Joyce cooed into Emily's ear. “Mommy's here, there's no reason to be scared.”

“Please Joyce, I'm not joking, I need to go!”

“I know you do, sweetheart,” she locked eyes with her, “which is why I want you to go right now.”

Go!? Did she mean in her diaper? Emily knew she agreed to this, but saying and doing were different things!

“Please! Don't make me do this.” Emily started to plead and sob again, as she was fighting Joyce's grip.

Joyce didn't feel great; forcing Emily to pee herself. But she'd need to do it at least once to know what it feels like. She wanted to push Emily at least that far before the day was over. This was it; the big moment.

"Just relax. Instead of holding it back, give it a niice...biiig...push." She cooed into Emily's ear, doing her best to calm her down.

Emily's body was rejecting everything Joyce tried to coax. It felt wrong, and she didn't want to do something she hadn't done in decades!

"I can't," Emily begged between her sobs. "Please let me use the toilet!"

"I know honey, it's hard. Let mommy help you, okay?"

"No! Please don't!"

Emily struggled as she knew what was to come. Her urge to pee was growing ever stronger and she did not want to do this in a diaper. Anything but that! This wasn't right; she couldn't do this! Emily's fears only grew as the pressure built. Joyce couldn't really want this! She'd be disgusted with her! With one arm still securing Emily, Joyce took her free hand and slowly rubbed her abdomen in a gyrating motion, applying a firm amount of pressure.

"Please stop!" Emily was crying as Joyce pressed further, making the urge even stronger. Slowly she was reaching her literal bursting point.

Joyce started to hum in Emily's ear, as her struggling rapidly declined as it was already too late. Emily could feel a rush of pee escape her as it quickly broke out into a steady flow as if she were on a toilet. Only she wasn't. She was in another woman's lap. She tried to hold it back, but it was a losing battle, as once she started it was impossible to stop. The warm liquid crept up and down her front and all the way to her bottom. She cried freely as she thoroughly wet the diaper, *her* diaper. Joyce's restraint turned into comfort as she stroked her hair and gave her a hug. The tenseness in her muscles had completely dissipated; too emotionally drained to bother moving. Not that she had anywhere to go anymore...

"You did very well my good girl." Joyce consoled the crying Emily.

The stream stifled off into a few drops and then nothing. Emily couldn't emotionally control herself, as she felt hot from her emotions and warm from the now used diaper. She could see the

discoloration in the once white underwear as the strip had turned from yellow to blue. The initial shock had ruined her completely; this was too strange for her...

“Good girl, Emily. I’m so proud of you! You’re my big strong girl...There, there...”

She was...rewarding her? What Emily considered to be shameful and disgusting, was praise-worthy and delightful to Joyce. She was too confused right now, for betraying her body’s hardwired instincts and yet feeling the praise from her carer made everything seem okay.

“You don’t...hate me?” Emily managed to hiccup through her tears.

“Hate you? How could I ever hate my sweet Emily?” Joyce tightened her hug. “I want you to feel happy and safe; know that I will always love and care for you no matter what! I *expect* you to wet your diaper. I know it feels unnatural at first, but you took the first step, and it becomes easier every time...”

Emily didn’t know how to feel about that, but there was comfort in knowing she had Joyce to lean on. Her diaper felt wet and squishy as she shifted, it was certainly a strange feeling on its own, but knowing that her urine was the culprit certainly didn’t help.

“I feel gross...” Emily whined; she wanted to be out of this immediately.

“That’s okay honey...it’s normal to feel that way at first. You haven’t done this in a long time, haven’t you?”

“No...”

“That’s right. But it’s all about rediscovering those feelings of being okay in a wet diaper. But, I want you to know that I love you all the same; no matter what. I don’t want you to feel embarrassed or ashamed when these sorts of things happen. They’re expected of you, and you should feel the same.”

Emily still cried as she sorted through her feelings. Joyce was her emotional crutch right now as her world had just been turned upside down. But Joyce said it was okay...so she should feel alright...

“I just want these feelings to go away...” Emily sobbed further as she turned in Joyce’s lap and cried into her shoulder.

“I can help you feel better honey...would you like me to try something?”

“Mhmm.” Emily mumbled from her shoulder; anything to make this situation feel good, or at least alleviate it in some way.

“Mommy can teach you how to like wet diapers...” Joyce whispered into Emily’s ear; even feeling a bit apprehensive herself about what she was going to do.

Like them? How could she do that?

With one hand, Joyce cupped the front of Emily’s diaper as she slowly started to rub, up and down. Emily could feel the wet friction against her most sensitive parts as Joyce started to move her hand, up and down.

“Joyce...? What’re you...doing?” She pulled from Joyce’s shoulder slightly, feeling a bit of stimulation in her nether regions.

“Shhh, I’m making all the bad feelings go away. You did so well for me that you deserve a reward.” Joyce eased Emily’s head back towards her, slowly increasing the pressure and pace.

“Joyce...” Emily started to take more breaths; starting to feel something...good.

“Doesn’t it feel nice? Rubbing your diaper?”

“No...” The shameful, yet aroused look on her face said differently, though. “Y...yes...” Emily was starting to pant a bit from the action Joyce was giving her. She wanted to say no after going through something so traumatizing, but she couldn’t help but embrace this rush of wonderfulness Joyce was creating.

“I’m here to take care of you in every way...” Joyce said as she continued to rub. She didn’t know if this was the right thing to be doing, but she wanted to alleviate the pain Emily was feeling, somehow. Emily had put so much trust into her, she had to take her every step of the way. She could feel Emily start to tighten her grip on her body.

Emily didn’t want her to stop...It felt so amazing, yet she felt so...*naughty*. What should be so embarrassing, Joyce helped her derive pleasure from. Was this right? Joyce said it was, so it had to be. Wasn’t that all that mattered?

“You’re a good girl, Emily. I want to make you feel happy and to let you enjoy yourself when you’re in my care. It’s okay to feel this way, and to feel any other emotions when you’re with me. You’re my baby, and it’s my job to take care of you; I *want* to care for you. You don’t have to feel scared or embarrassed when you’re with me. I love you for who you are and will always, no matter what you do.”

Emily couldn’t take it anymore. She started to moan and bury her face in Joyce’s shoulder. She simply clutched tightly as she let Joyce do all the work. She started to cry again as she reached an internal conflict. Her mind raced a mile a minute as Joyce rubbed more and faster. Finally, it stimulated her in just the right way, she reached her climax and felt a wave of pleasure wash over her body. Instantly she grew limp, the only thing supporting her being Joyce. Tears ran down her eyes as the sexual pleasure was overwhelming; shaking from the excitement.

“You’ve done so well Emily...Such a good, good, girl.” Joyce now hugged Emily; happy to see Emily had truly felt pleasure.

Emily knew she did something so embarrassing...but she felt so amazing right now. Her wet diaper was a thing of the past as she had now gone in it both ways, and it felt great. Being Joyce’s baby wasn’t so bad...Even at such an all-time low, Joyce made it feel amazing...

“C-Can you...change me?” Emily said in a weak voice as she panted.

“Of course, honey.” Joyce wasted no time taking her back to her room, laying Emily down, who was too tired to stir or really move. Up until now, she had the energy to move if Joyce didn’t guide her, yet feeling so drained now as Joyce did what she’d always done, Emily now *knew* what it was like to be cared for. She only had complete trust for someone who only made her feel such good things so often. She never knew what it could feel like to give someone else complete control; to be so submissive. It was scary--losing control, yet it felt so great to be guided by someone she trusted so much. Beyond her orgasm, Joyce created a whole new sense of feeling for her. This newfound pleasure Emily felt wasn’t sexual...it was simply being under Joyce’s absolute care...

Emily felt a cool rush of air as the diaper was untaped and discarded, feeling the cool wipe guided by Joyce’s hand wash her clean.

“Do you want to go back into panties, Emily?” Joyce asked, already accomplishing her goal for the day; not wanting to press her any further.

“Yes please...” Emily spoke, still physically tapped; still shaken up.

Emily looked to be in a state of pure bliss, as Joyce snaked a pair of panties up between her legs. Today had been a good day; turning out even better than Joyce expected. She slipped the monkey shirt off of Emily, even unclasping her bra and putting a new one on, met with little resistance from Emily. Joyce grabbed her some shorts and a T-shirt and dressed her in them as well, guiding the girl back to the couch as she came to her senses.

Sitting down, Joyce asked: "So...how do you feel?"

Emily looked as if she were about to cry again.

"Amazing."