

## Bikinis Are for Big Girls!

August 2021 – Commission

"All rightie, then! Who's ready for beach day? Are my girls all excited for some sun and sand?"

Henry reached over to the passenger seat and fondled the smooth-shaven leg of his new wife Corinne, who flashed him a smile and playfully swatted at his hand. "Easy there, buddy! Nobody's gonna be getting handsy on the beach itself," she winked, tossing her blonde hair back before slipping her own hand over and across his crotch. "Though maybe *afterward*... if the baby will give us some peace, that is."

Her husband glanced back into the rearview mirror, where a sullen and very adult pair of eyes gazed back at him above a pacified mouth. "Oh, Amy? She'll be fine. If she causes too much trouble, honey, I'm sure you can just put her into her crib, right?" He chuckled and shook his head as Amy emitted mewling, inarticulate protests from her over-sized car seat. "Now, now, baby. No tantrums on our vacation day! Goodness, however did you used to function as a big girl?"

"She didn't," Corinne giggled with a knowing smirk back at the hapless Amy, struggling now against the car seat straps that held her captive. "And we all know it. Honey, I love you and all – but I still can't see for the life of me why you ever married her all those years ago! I mean, at least you came to your senses later, but still..." "All thanks to you, honey," Henry beamed, flicking on his turn signal and beginning to decelerate onto the exit ramp. "Heaven knows I never knew what a real woman was like until you came along – and just how much of a silly baby *she* is..."

"Mhnott vfhayheeee!!" Amy burbled from the back seat, kicking vindictively against the seat in front of her. "Sure, you're not," Corinne tittered, dealing a swift smack to Amy's offending leg. "And I'm the queen of Sweden! Now why don't you hush up and behave, *baby*? Just suck on your dummy like a good girl and let the grownups focus on driving right now."

"Henry, dear, I think you need to turn left up there..."

\*\*\*

It's not *fair*!

My life sucks, it really does. Not that it always did, of course. I finished high school, and most of college. I got married to Henry. He really was such a great guy – or so I thought then. He had a

job, and he didn't insist that I work all the time, and he bought us a house, and he took care of me...

But then Corinne came along. Corinne, my old friend from high school. Corinne, who'd had a huge glow-up and now had curves in all the right places and a confidence I could only dream of. Corinne, who before I knew it began to turn my entire happy life upside down.

They were all her fault, my accidents. I still swear she did something to me to make me wet the bed... and my pants... and after awhile, pretty much anything. She'd been so sweet about it, though: so concerned, so confident in telling Henry exactly what he needed to do with me. She'd been the ever-so-helpful person to find and purchase the diapers that had become thicker and more babyish with every passing month. She'd been the one to laugh to Henry as she changed my soggy pampers, to joke about what a sweet little babydoll little Amy was and how much fun it was to mother her. And before I knew it, thanks to her I'd begun to find myself not the wife in the relationship, nor even an unwanted third wheel. In Henry's mind, Corinne is the really mature, motherly woman in his life now. And me? Well, I've become simply the cute little potty-pants princess whom no one will believe when she says she really *can* keep her pants dry...

And now just look where that's landed me today!

I stab fiercely at the damp sand now, wincing as I feel the familiar bulk of my pale blue swim diaper beneath my butt. I'm the baby in the relationship now: no longer the wife, not even legally. Corinne's taken that role now, and she literally just showed it off to the entire world last year in their wedding. (I was the flower girl – and believe me, you don't want to know just how humiliating *that* was...)

The grownups are milling around over there under the beach umbrella, chatting and laughing and already dipping into the coolers filled with beer. Henry's there, and Corinne's there with that hateful pink diaper bag beside her. And of course our old friends are there, too: Dawn and Eli, who have completely bought into the narrative and see me now as nothing more than a troubled young woman who is to be pitied for her physical and psychological troubles. A young woman who – as I heard Corinne tell them just now – really needs her diapers checked periodically since she doesn't seem to know when she's even wet or dirty.

Not that they can be blamed too much, I guess. For as if to settle any doubts in their minds, not a minute later I'd felt Corinne's strong hands bending me over her knee – and then her hateful fingers slipping into my padded booty, only to withdraw a moment later as she announced loudly

that Baby Amy was already a bit wet but not nearly soaked enough to change...

And you know, I wish I could say she'd been lying. But as I'd waddled hurriedly away amid a chorus of good-natured laughter, I'd realized with a jolt of shame that she was right.

*Phooey!* I glance back down at myself, hating everything I see: the flowered and ruffled one-piece swimsuit, the swell and bulk of the damp swim diaper between my legs, the plastic shovel in my sand-encrusted hands. *They've done this to me. Corinne did, and Henry helped. Honestly, I tell myself now, if I weren't dressed up like an absolute toddler no one would think twice about me, would they? I bet they'd see me as just a normal adult like everyone else!*

That's when the light bulb flares in my brain. *Heck, yeah! Why not?*

I scramble to my feet and shuffle slowly along the beach, accompanied by the crash of the waves and the cries of the seagulls. *Gotta get to the house, gotta see if I can find something there...* Once I'm sure no one is looking my way, I flounder as quickly as I can through the sand toward the beach cottage and the deck where I seem to recall seeing exactly what I want. *Please, please, pretty please-*

And sure enough, it's there: a black-and-white striped bikini, slung casually over the deck railing to dry in the sun. Probably Dawn's, but I can make it fit. Better too big than too small, right?

Within a matter of minutes, I've done it. I've actually done it! Gone is the hated one-piece, now a heap of fabric at my feet. Gone too is that stupid swim diaper, hidden beneath the one-piece. In its place is now what I deserve to wear: an adult, sexy, two-piece bikini. I'm an adult once more. At long last, those jerk will see me as what I really am. They'll say wow, and they'll apologize, and they'll tell me I don't need to be treated like a baby after all...

"What the heck? Corinne, I think your baby got into something she shouldn't have...?" I'm trudging toward the umbrella, trying to give my best sexy strut amid the loose sand. But as the grownups' eyes, drawn by Dawn's exclamations, swivel toward me, a wave of embarrassment crashes over me. "I'm grown up!" I boldly declare, as much to reassure myself as to persuade them. "See? I can wear a bikini, too! I don't need those stupid baby things anymore!"

Dawn's hand is at her mouth in amusement, and Corinne is sighing apologetically. "Dawn, is that yours-? Oh, dear, I'm so sorry, she must have wandered off and found it- Sweetie, you shouldn't take other people's things!" But as she's about to lay into me, Dawn intervenes with a giggle. "Hey, Corinne, it's fine, really! Why don't we just let her wear it, huh? She *says* she's a big girl, after all, so

why not let her pretend?"

Henry and Corinne are both staring at me skeptically, and I flush in defiance. "I *am* a big girl!" I insist, stepping closer and reaching for the cooler. "Here, I'll show you! I can have a beer and everything!" "Oh, really?" Henry seems more amused than anything. "Well, baby, actually I think I'd like you to show us. Sure, Corinne – let her have one. She *is* technically twenty-eight, after all..."

The next half hour or so is bliss. The others are clearly amused, and I'm still stung by their condescending smiles. But I'm actually doing it: standing around in a glorious bikini, slugging back first one beer and then another, listening to the others chatter about TV shows and car repairs and reorganizations at work. I'm one of them, at long last. Just like I used to be. Just like I should be.

*Ow, legs are getting tired. Better sit down on that super-low beach chair...*

Oh, shit.

Literally, shit. As I squat down to take my seat mere inches from the ground, it's as if my body has suddenly betrayed me. *Fuck you and your big girl talk*, my bowels seem to taunt – for suddenly I'm feeling a warm mass escaping my bum, smearing and pressing out and around the edges of the bikini bottom-

"Eww, Corinne!" Henry's stepping back, aghast. "Corinne, look – she's-" I frantically try to abandon my attempt to sit, but instead lose my balance and fall heavily into the chair with a palpable squish. "Oh, no, is she-?" "Oh, baby, no! Bad baby!"

But no amount of scolding from my ex-husband's new wife is going to push that smelly mush back into my stupid bum... or stanch the warm flood that's now spurting from between my legs and dribbling in a stream through the bikini and chair and into the sand beneath.

"See, Henry? I *told* you she couldn't be trusted!" Corinne is furious, and maybe deservedly so. Tears are pricking my eyes as she hauls me up and forces me awkwardly over her bent knee. "Bad baby!" she scolds as the flurry of swats descend, and I sniffle and begin to sob in response – as much at the pain as at my own complete and utter failure to adult.

Yes, I guess I am a baby, after all. I can – and will – throw a tantrum. But deep down, even as I flail and kick and scream in protest, I know that I'm already doing precisely what a baby does.

And they're doing precisely what any loving and caring parents would do, I realize when the spanking ends and my sobs subside into hiccups and Corinne begins to strip off the now brown-smearred swimsuit. Despite my foolish dreams of adulthood, I really am the baby in this little family now: the bratty, dribbly, stinky little baby, lying here in the shade of our friends' umbrella and naked for them all to see while Mommy Corinne wipes away my smelly shame and asks her strong, handsome husband to hand her that fresh diaper. I'm the pathetic little one here, listening with flaming cheeks as her parents' friends openly laugh at her infantile treatment. I'm the one writhing like a helpless bug while Dawn shakes her head and giggles to see me fastened into my fresh diaper. "Goodness, I guess you were right about her not having any control, huh?" I hear her observe with a smile in her voice. "She really is such a baby! But you know, she's damned lucky to have you both as parents. I mean, who else would actually clean up her messes and take care of her like this?"

Dawn's right. I'm being cared for just like any other dumb little baby here on the beach... and, well, since I now so clearly need it, why do I have any right to demand anything different?

\*\*\*

Henry smiled indulgently in the late afternoon sunlight, glancing over at the twin, dozing forms of his new wife and former wife turned baby. It had been a good day here with friends, on the whole. Of course there had been the ruckus with Amy's messy little escapade, and her tantrum upon being forced back into a clean diaper and swimsuit. Thank god Corinne knew just how to handle her. Thank god a spanking, a bit of milk in a bottle and a paci could shut her up...

His gaze wandered over the two, amused by the sharp contrast between them two. On the right, Corinne: her shapely body, toned curves, and blonde hair a picture of everything a guy could long and lust after. And beside her, Amy: her tousled and sand-streaked hair drawn into two messy pigtails, her padded rear prominent under the ruffled one-piece swimsuit, her mouth working silently on the teat of the nearly-empty milk bottle between her lips.

One was a beautiful wife, the other nothing more than an over-sized baby. Yet both were sweet and attractive in their own way. And though divorces were never fun things, he reflected now, it seemed like he'd done the right thing. Everyone was simply happier this way, after all.

Okay, then. Time to wake them up and start packing up. Though after getting home, he definitely had some things he needed to take care of with Corinne... preferably while sweet little Amy watched wide-eyed from the confines of her crib...