

A Lesson in Responsibility

March 2022 – Commission

Ooh, this is so much fun! Nothing better than lazing here on the couch in the warm summer sunlight, letting the bright colors and flashing lights of my tablet keep me busily occupied. It's Saturday, after all – and what better day to just relax and enjoy life?

The roar of Henry's lawn mower outside grows louder and still louder, then dwindles away again as he passes by. It's a gorgeous day – a perfect day for him to take care of all that pesky lawn work. Of course it's his job. Far too messy and smelly and itchy for me! After all, I'm the one in this household with allergies. The only thing I can possibly do is hang out in here and wait for him to finish blowing all those nasty grass clippings and pollen around...

Wait – let's see. If I connect this red gem with these other two, and then that green, then I'll have five blues in a row! Oh, yeah – hypercube! Now, which color shall I combine the hypercube with?

I feel another twinge from my bladder as I lay there, watching the colorful gems before me explode and the points tick ever upward. Ehh, what a pain! I know I should get up and go potty – but it's just such a bother. I'll do it later. Gotta finish this level first. Just cross my legs and focus on my game and let the minutes tick by.

At least Corinne's not here this morning! I bet if she were around – like she is so often these days – she'd be pestering me about pull-ups again. She'd be telling me I have to wear the dumb things – reminding me that it's far better to keep dribbles "contained" and "under control" than to risk a little wet spot in my panties. Bleh! She'd probably even be asking me about last night, and whether I'd managed to stay dry...

Well, duh! I mean, I guess I wasn't *technically* dry. But that was only because I'd woke up early and needed to go. It's just so much freaking work to get up and take off the stupid diaper Henry and Corinne insist I wear to bed, you know? It's just so much easier to lie there and let it all out...

The rumble of the mower cuts out with a rattle, and I glance up from my reverie. Oh, wow – Henry's done already? About time! Maybe we can have lunch now-

"Honey?" Henry's voice sounds from the door, and as boots thud to the floor and he pads toward me, I look up with a wrinkled nose. "Eww, you smell like gas! An' you're all grassy and stuff!" "Of course I am," he responds, and I hear in his voice a note of disapproval. "I'm out there working

hard, after all. Honey, what's going on? Didn't we decide that you were going to take care of the house cleaning this morning?"

Aww, crap. "I- uh..." I begin, half-rolling onto my side and looking up in self-conscious irritation into Henry's sweat-covered and clearly disapproving face. "I- well, I knew you'd be coming in with all that nasty grass! I didn't want you to mess up the clean *floor*..." "Oh, you didn't? Hard to mess up anything when it's as dirty as ever in here," he grumbles, then casts a searching glance around the room. "Wait – you were going to wash the dishes, weren't you? And take care of the laundry? Amy, what the hell?"

"I- I wasn't feeling right!" I protest, my inner resentment rising at his reproofing tone. "You *know* I have allergies, and I'm tired from a long week, and- and-" "And you can't be bothered to do anything but play stupid games on your iPad," he retorts sharply. "Not even to do something as simple as make lunch for us! How lazy can you be, Amy?!"

Well, that did it. "Lazy?!" I exclaim, rising from my seat and standing indignantly before him – not without feeling a spasm from my increasingly painful bladder. "You really think I'm lazy? Maybe you'd better- better... stop calling me names! I work just as hard as you, I'll have you know! You have no idea-" "No idea what the hell you do with your time," he cuts in, gesturing around the room. "All I ask is that you do what you agreed to. But no – you literally can't even be trusted to do a single little thing-"

Of course that's precisely when the soft knock sounds on the door, and Corinne enters with a polite smile and a surprised, searching glance at the two of us. "Just, um, here with a few groceries," she offers by way of explanation, her blonde head tilting toward the garage. "Umm... everything okay?"

"I'm done with this," I declare fiercely, and start toward the bathroom with my head high. I may not be good with words, but I can at least storm out with injured dignity, retreating into the bathroom to sulk and to relieve my aching bladder. Yet before I make it more than three steps past Henry, I feel his strong hands descend on my shoulders.

"Oh, no you don't!" he declares, turning me to face his lowering brows and irritated face. "You're not running away from this, Amy. Listen: you lied to me. You told me you were going to do some chores, to help out around the house-"

A sneeze explodes out of me, and I rub my nose angrily. "Look, you're making me sneeze!" I almost yell, glaring at his dirty hands and pulling angrily to remove them from my shoulders. "I- let me go!"

I- I'm gonna- I gotta go pee-" But as another sneeze builds and I feel a sudden spasm of urgency, I realize that I may be getting into even more trouble than I bargained for.

"Achh-ooooo!" And with a lurch and a jerk, the sneeze erupts... to be followed a second later by a sudden and frightening surge of warmth between my legs. And then, another second later, the first dripping dribble of pee to the tile floor. *No- no, no- I'm peeing! I- no, this can't be happening- not again...*

And then I hear Corinne's voice, almost as stern as Henry's frustrated yelp of disgust. "Amy, what's going on?! Why aren't you wearing your pull-ups?" "Oh, shit, not again!" Henry growled, and I felt his hands slipping from my shoulders in distaste. "God, every single time I think she's getting better-"

"She's clearly not," Corinne asserts, and now – even as I stand there frozen in angry terror, the warm trickles of my aching bladder streaming through my shorts and down my legs and puddling beneath me – her hands descend on my shoulders. "Henry, dear, you should know by now. It's like I told you, remember? She's regressing, and it's entirely possible that she's doing this to spite you. You know, like a little kid who doesn't get her way-"

"Screw you!" I blurt, as the world blurs behind my salty and inexplicable tears. "I am *not* a kid! I just needed to use the potty- and you wouldn't let me go- an' that stupid grass made me sneeze-" "See? Blaming others for her own actions," Corinne murmurs over my head, and an angry sob escapes me at such an unfair assessment. "She could have used the bathroom anytime she wanted, couldn't she? And yet she clearly didn't bother. She deliberately waited – apparently just so she could pee herself if she didn't get her way..."

Henry is shaking his head as I struggle in Corinne's grasp. "I... I just don't know anymore," he sighs, with a rueful look around the house. "I do try to help her. I give her a couple of simple chores to do. I even put up with her wearing that giant baby diaper to bed every night – because I get it, sometimes folks really can't help peeing in their sleep." He looks pleadingly into Corinne's blue eyes, and I feel my stomach clench with a sudden, nameless emotion. "You're the expert here, Corinne. Please, what the heck should we do?"

I open my mouth ready to protest, but she simply slips her hand softly yet firmly over my lips, effectively silencing my squeals. "Honestly? At the very least, we need to protect your floors," she sighs with a rueful laugh. "Listen, I've told her she should be wearing pull-ups during the day – you know, even before that little... messy incident. And yet, here she is!"

Her hands slip down to my shorts and deftly unzip them, letting them fall with a dismal splash into the puddle beneath me. "See these thin little panties? Not nearly enough for a dribbly little puddle-pants like her! Though..." and then, with a jolt of embarrassment, I feel her fingers gingerly probing the material between my butt-cheeks. "Be a good girl and hold still. Let's see..." And then a reassuring – and decidedly condescending – pat on my butt. "Okay, whew! At least we haven't had any surprise messies this time!" She giggles and shrugs apologetically back at Henry. "I just had to check, you know. After all, sometimes accidents tend to happen in twos..."

Henry regards the two of us with the most curious expression, even as I give a muffled wail of outraged humiliation behind Corinne's silencing hand. "So, what are you saying, then? I can't force her to wear those pull-up things, can I? She'll just take them right off if she really wants..."

"Well, the easiest solution is a diaper, obviously," Corinne shrugs, and I let out another feeble wail of protest. "And don't worry. I'll put her back into one here momentarily – as a punishment, if nothing else. But going forward...?" She gazes down at me, and though I struggle angrily against her strong grasp, she holds me firm. "I do think she deserves at least a chance. Or would you rather just go back to diapers night *and* day, Amy?"

"No!" I finally manage as her hand slips free from my mouth. "No stupid diaper! I'm not a baby, you guys! Just a stupid little accident, I told you- I don't need stupid diapers-" "Well, how about we let her wear pull-ups in the day, then?" Corinne offers, with a quick tug of my soiled panties that elicits a squeal from me and sends them slipping down to join my wet shorts. "But either you or I will need to check her regularly to ensure she's wearing them. And more importantly, I think they only make sense if one of the two of us is around to make sure she uses the potty."

"Why's that? Wait, you're saying I literally need to remind her to use the toilet now?!" "Or I can," she offers with an apologetic shrug. "I know it's not very fun. But let's face it: Amy clearly can't be trusted to take herself, can she? And pull-ups may be useful, but there's no way on earth they'll hold a full-blown accident like this." She gestures wryly down at the puddle between my feet, and Henry heaves a sigh in rueful agreement.

But I'm not about to let this stand. "Wait- no, I can take myself! This- this is unfai-*mmmpbb!*" "Just hush, Amy," Corinne sighs, and in her voice I hear the note of exasperation one might hear in the tone of a tired mother. "I think we're done arguing here. You're clearly not being responsible: not for housework, not for keeping your promises to us, and not even for managing your own toileting. So why don't you just quit whining and let us take care of you? I know this is what you

really want, after all – so just hush and let us give you what you want..."

"More like what you need. What you deserve," Henry cuts in, and now I'm blushing as I see his curious and distasteful glance at my pee-covered crotch. "Okay, Corinne. I guess you're right. Pull-ups it is. And if you really think giving her a chance to use the toilet is worth it, I'm on board. Though honestly..." and here he gives a short chuckle of disbelief. "I know it sounds incredible to say this about a twenty-one-year-old woman. But at this point I'm ready to put her in diapers permanently. I mean, at least we wouldn't have to worry about *this*..."

Anger gives way to cold fear at his exasperated words. *No- no, he wouldn't dare- would he?* But Corinne only laughs and gives my bare ass a playful smack. "Oh, I wouldn't go *that* far, Henry! Maybe if her accidents get *really* bad. But let's settle for a diaper just for today. It's the weekend, and I'll be happy to check in tomorrow to help her potty routine. I'm sure I can come up with a potty chart or something – you know, to help give our little Amy here an incentive! You want to be a big girl, don't you, honey?"

Her tone is teasing as she tweaks my nose, and though relieved, I can't deny that I'm still shaking at what has just happened. This is nothing like the cataclysmic upheaval of a few weeks ago – that unforgettable day when I'd found myself filling my pants and subsequently being bundled up to spend the evening like a literal infant. And yet, this is becoming almost more frightening. For now – thanks to my one, stupid little accident – it seems like I'm about to begin not merely a single humiliating evening, but the rest of my foreseeable future as some kind of pull-up-wearing, potty-trotting, oversized *toddler*.

A toddler who will need to rely entirely on Henry or Corinne for one of her most basic needs.

"Aww, why the long face?" Corinne asks sweetly, and in her upbeat tone I hear the animated voice of a mother cajoling her grumpy little princess back into mollified happiness. "Don't worry, honey – we're going to take very good care of you!" Her fingers are gently wiping away my tears, and as I blink resentfully up at her, I find her gaze full of mingled amusement and sympathy. "You may not be very good at being responsible, I know. But *we* are. And Henry and I are going to do our very best to help you with your potty troubles, okay?"

Sure you will, I think sourly as she leads me, hand in hand, back the hall toward our bedroom and the stack of diapers I know is waiting for me in that lower drawer of my dresser. *Sure you will*.