

Jess's laughing soon subsided as she was hoisted up by Lorilie. Lorilie hugged her mother and said, "Bye, Mom. Don't be a stranger, okay." Lydia smiled, kissed Jess on the head, and said, "Never, my dear. I'll hopefully see you soon." With that, Jess and Lorilie left Grandma Lydia's house and made their way back to the car, where Jess was placed back into her car seat. Jess didn't really care for the backward position the seat offered, but she was still hugging the stuffed animal from the playpen, so she seemed happy.

It was a fairly quick and uneventful ride home. Upon getting home, Lorilie unloaded the car, including Jess, and they went back inside. Lorilie contemplated what her mother had told her, the words echoing through her mind, telling her to treat Jess like the baby she now was. While it made sense, it still felt somewhat cruel in her opinion. She thought there was an easy way to ease her into it so it wouldn't be as forced, but she couldn't think of how.

A few moments passed, and she heard the

phone ring, so she went to answer it. It was her job, and a man on the other end said that they were going through their employment registry to ask if the employees who were employed at the company would like to continue their employment with them. Due to the fact that the world itself had been transformed, they had no records of their current employees prior to the world rewinding as it did. Not to mention, some, if not most, had ended up back in elementary school, so they weren't really viable anyway. It just made sense to contact employees of this day and age to return, after all, they were technically employed here.

Lorilie seemed somewhat ecstatic to still be able to work. She took the chance and said that she was ready to start as soon as she was able to find a daycare for her child. The man on the phone seemed sympathetic and asked how bad it was for her. Lorilie seemed confused at first and then said, "Oh, she's about a year old."

The man said, "Sorry," but Lorilie cut him off and

said that it's fine. She added that her daughter really seemed to be enjoying herself, which was kind of a lie, although not fully. "I'll give you a call back once I find a permanent solution to have her cared for," she continued. He said that was fine and told her to keep them posted. They both said goodbye.

After hanging up, Lorilie said to herself that she really needed to find a babysitter or something. She pulled out an old rolodex and scrolled through the numbers written inside until she found what she was looking for. The card read "First Steps Daycare" with a number attached. She dialed the number and initially got a busy signal. After calling back once or twice, a woman answered the phone sounding somewhat frantic, saying, "Hello, First Steps Daycare. How can I help you?"

Lorilie introduced herself, saying, "Hi, my daughter was going here before this whole thing happened, and I was hoping she'd still be able to attend?" The lady on the phone replied, "If she's

enrolled here, then yes, she's able to be dropped off starting tomorrow. But right now, we're short-staffed. Not a lot of people ended up coming in, except me." Lorilie asked, worried, "So you have no workers?" The lady responded, "Well, no one showed up today, but actually, a lot of the staff seemed willing to return to the job, so we'll be back up and running tomorrow." Lorilie let out a sigh of relief, thanked her for her help, and hung up.

She called her boss back up, told him the good news, and informed him she'd be in tomorrow. After finishing up all of the phone calls, she felt a wave of relief. She walked back into the living room where she found Jess sleeping in her playpen. Lorilie picked Jess up and brought her into her room, making sure to check her diaper before laying her in the crib. She noticed that the crib was in need of a change, so she laid Jess on the table and went to work, cleaning her daughter up. Then, she put Jess in the crib, leaving her to enjoy her stay in dreamland.

Lorilie wondered if Jess would be sleeping for the rest of the night or not. After all, it was reaching 6 pm, and that meant it was fairly likely she wouldn't wake till morning. But since Jess hadn't had any dinner yet, Lorilie decided to make her a bottle of formula and feed it to her as she slept. So, she went to the kitchen and did just that. After making it, she checked the temperature with her wrist and found it to be a suitable temperature. She went back to Jess's room to feed her.

Jess's nursing instincts kicked in as she drank while still fully asleep. She made quick work of finishing the bottle in mere minutes. Jess was then promptly burped and laid back into the crib to sleep peacefully. After she was done feeding Jess, Lorilie decided it was her time to eat. She made herself an easy dinner of spaghetti. Lorilie enjoyed her dinner, still hoping her daughter wouldn't be too against going to daycare when she wakes up, but knowing that she had no choice but to make her go.

After eating, Lorilie watched some more news. It seemed like things began to settle a lot faster than anyone would have suspected. Most people fell right back into things. Former adults seemed to actually be content to be kids and teens again. Anyone who was still an adult was just happy to have shaved off so many years and be younger again. The former teens, though, seemed to have gotten the short end of the stick. The news said that being put into the 1-5 year old age seemed tough on some. A lot of them didn't like the idea of being in diapers, having to go through the potty training stage again, and dealing with waking up only to find themselves to be bedwetters. The news promised to keep everyone up to date as more information comes in.

Lorilie seemed somewhat happy that a lot of people are settling in to this alright. After all, most people went back in time way more than she did. She technically only went back about 2-3 years. She decided to shut the TV off at this point and go to bed as well. After all, she had a

big day ahead of her tomorrow.

Around 5 am, Jess woke from her deep sleep to find herself in the somewhat familiar crib. However, the room was very dark, with the only illumination coming from a night light in the corner. Almost immediately, she noticed a burning sensation in her diaper area. On an instinctual reflex, she went to feel it, but was met only with an inflated, squishy bulb of a diaper covered by a onesie. She recalled her current state and thought, "Oh great, I got a diaper rash. How embarrassing."

She stood up and used the crib bars to steady herself as she looked around the room. Lacking any other course of action, she stood there with an uncomfortable look on her face. She thought about what she could do in this situation, but only one thing came to mind: she needed her mommy. The thought persisted over and over in her mind, causing her to become more and more distraught. Eventually, the thought overcame her senses, and she began to cry until her cries

resembled the body that she now had.

It took only a few minutes before her mother entered the nursery with a groggy look hidden behind a warm smile. "Uh oh, did somebody wake up on the wrong side of the bed?" said Lorilie as she picked up her daughter from the crib and began to console her, bouncing her up and down. She checked Jess's diaper to find it soaked and remarked, "Oh, now I see somebody needs her diapie changed, huh? Don't worry, we'll get you cleaned up in a jiffy." She also made an offhand comment about how she's surprised Jess didn't spring a leak with how wet it was.

Lorilie then laid Jess onto the changing table, got her cleaned up, and decided to leave her in just a diaper after the change. During the change, Lorilie couldn't help but notice the redness and said, "Seems like you might be developing a bit of a diaper rash, huh?" She put some cream over the red areas and finished up. After being cleaned and rediapered, she picked Jess back up from the changing table and



brought her into the living room, placing her in the playpen.

By this point, Jess had calmed down enough to at least stop crying, but her face remained red. She sat there, looking around, thinking that she was surrounded by bars yet again and how much it felt like she was in prison. After all, she went from having so much freedom to being shuffled from one cage to the next.

It was only a few minutes before Lorilie returned with a bottle that she handed to Jess, telling her to drink up. Jess looked at it annoyed that she was being forced to drink from this infantile object. However, she took a sip, and her mouth seemed to take over as if it had a mind of its own. Before she knew it, she was chugging down the bottle.

Lorilie looked down at her daughter with love and smiled. She then walked back into the kitchen, where she made coffee for herself. She poured a cup from the pot and added some

cream and sugar. After that, she made her way back into the living room and put the news on to see if anything had changed. It seemed like they were just rerunning the last broadcast from last night. So, she decided to put some cartoons on for Jess.

Plucking Jess from the playpen, she placed her on her lap as they both enjoyed their morning drink. Jess seemed to enjoy the cartoons, with their colorful lights and sounds, capturing her attention. However, Jess caught a whiff of a familiar smell, drawing her attention to the cup that mommy was drinking from, which she recognized as coffee. Looking at Lorilie, Jess said, "Cawfee?" Lorilie looked back at her daughter and then at the coffee, saying, "Sorry, honey, this is only for grown-ups. You're too little for this."

Jess then made a face and said, "Wan it." Lorilie stood firm and said, "Uh-uh, honey, you're way too little for this." Jess huffed and went back to watching the cartoons, occasionally glancing at

the coffee.

Around this point, Lorilie decided to change the subject and asked Jess, "How would you feel about going to daycare, sweetie?" Jess looked up at Lorilie with a somewhat mortified look and said, "Nuh dun wanna, mamma." Lorilie was worried that would be the response, so she explained that mommy needed to go to work, and Jess would have to go to daycare. Jess seemed annoyed but asked, "Cawfee?" Lorilie understood the request and said, "You'll go to daycare if I give you coffee?" Jess responded with an excited nod.

Lorilie sighed and made a bottle of milk, adding about an eighth of the bottle's contents as coffee and filling the rest with milk. She handed the bottle to Jess, saying, "There's some coffee in this, but that's all I can give you, sweetie."

Jess was happy that she got something her way, so she took the bottle and had a sip, making a face and saying, "Icky." Lorilie started to laugh

and said, "Well, I told you that you shouldn't have it till you're older. I guess your little taste buds can't really handle coffee. Here, let me take it back." But Jess said, "Uh-uh, mine."

Lorilie watched as Jess did her best to pretend to enjoy the bottle of mostly milk. It was clear she was just being stubborn, so Lorilie let her drink it. After all, it was to get her to go to daycare without a fight, which she felt was worth it. Jess eventually finished the bottle, feeling proud of herself for getting her way, completely forgetting that she promised to go to daycare for a drink she didn't even end up enjoying.

About 15 minutes later, they were both watching cartoons together when Jess got a very weird and strong feeling in her tummy, most likely from the coffee, milk, and formula she just drank, all hitting her at the same time. She got into a squatted position, which her mommy saw with a look of confusion. Finally realizing what was happening, Lorilie let out a chuckle, finding it funny that the coffee was not only not enjoyable

for Jess, but also causing this.

As Jess's expression shifted and she relinquished the squatted position, an accompanied smell lingered in the air, giving away the current state of her diaper. Being dressed only in the diaper made it pretty clear from just a look what had happened, not that the smell hadn't already given it away. So, mommy took the last sip of the coffee, picked Jess up, and brought her to the nursery to handle the morning "stinky" that Jess had just made.

Lorilie worked quickly to change the diaper, wiping her clean, fetching a fresh diaper, and applying some powder to Jess's tushy before strapping the new diaper into place. She then asked Jess what she would like to wear to daycare. Jess wasn't really sure, so she said, "Dunno." Lorilie then said, "That makes sense. Okay, I'll find you something cute to wear, okay?" Jess just nodded and watched from the changing table as mommy went about getting her an outfit to wear. Lorilie returned with a

yellow denim skirt and said, "How about this?" Jess nodded, somewhat pretending not to like it, but she actually thought it was a fairly cute outfit. She was then dressed up, picked back up from the table, and brought back to the playpen, where Lorilie said, "Okay, it's time for me to get dressed too."

Jess sat in her playpen as mommy went and got ready for work. She noticed something in the playpen: the pacifier she was using at Granny's house. Crawling up to it, she examined it. She thought it was icky that she had just left it there, but she also had an intense urge for it which ended up winning out. She began to nurse on it. Then, she picked up a plushie and lost herself, zoning out, happy with her binky and plushie, and the TV making a winning combination that put her into the trance-like state she was now in. Before she knew it, mommy picked her up from the playpen and said it was time to go.

Jess was surprised that mommy had been so quick, but in reality, she had just zoned out, so it

only felt fast. Lorilie asked, "Where did you find that binky, sweetie?" Jess responded with, "Pwaypen," as she pointed to the playpen. Lorilie removed it and said, "That's a bit icky, don't you think, sweetie?" Jess blushed and nodded. Lorilie went to the kitchen, where she had some clean pacifiers, and gave one to Jess, saying, "This one's nice and clean, honey. Have this." Jess took it happily and smiled.

They then made their way to the car, where Jess was placed into her car seat. Lorilie got in the driver's seat and started the car. Off they went for Jess's first day of daycare for the second time!