

Blossoming into Babyhood
Chapter Seven
September 2023 – Commission

How was it that work was always the *worst* whenever Adam wasn't around?

Lily suppressed a gusty sigh, fighting the urge to sag wearily into her subtly creaking office chair. It was that most awful point of the workday: 2:05pm, when she found herself stranded in the desert-like wasteland between lunch break and quitting time. Her morning had been crazy hectic, what with all these last-minute changes and sudden requests that had come piling into her inbox. She'd sorted most of them out now, true. But all that had left her tired, grumpy, and completely uninterested in doing anything further.

If only Adam wasn't off at that dumb trade show today! She glanced over at her pink phone, disappointed once more at finding no new messages waiting for her. Normally on such an afternoon he'd be there in her texts: sending her dorky memes, or cute cat GIFs, or snarky little comments that would bring a smile to her lips and a bounce into her step. But today... well, he was far too busy for that. She'd have to get by on her own. Somehow.

A quick glance up at the clock, then out the window confirmed her fears. 2:09 on a bleak winter afternoon. Wait... were those snow flurries coming down? Were they calling for another snow storm? Maybe she could leave early- call it a day-

She reached for her phone impulsively, then halted: suddenly and uncomfortably aware of an impulsive burst of warmth between her legs. *Ugh, not again!* But yes – no matter how she shifted in her seat, she couldn't deny the warm heat of the urine that had just leaked out of her and into her pull-up. Yes, she was wetting herself – again. Another little accident. Thank goodness she still had her pull-up on today, right? Because if not...

Lily's gaze dropped to her lap as she grasped her phone, and now she was blushing silently as the memories of the past weeks flitted before her eyes. Morning after morning of waking up in her pink, soiled, lukewarm night diaper. Adam's tender kisses, and the warm smile in his voice as he coaxed his sleepy girlfriend awake, then reminded her to trot off to the bathroom and clean up. Ugh, the way he would pat her crinkling bum! The loud *thwock* of his hand meeting the hidden plastic padding! It was all super kind, of course. Yet it all inevitably made her feel more small and babyish and embarrassed than ever...

Speaking of embarrassment, though... Then there'd been the zoo trip. That day that she could hardly even think back to without squirming in silent embarrassment. How mortifying it had been to find herself soaking her pull-up and leaking in front of what felt like the entire world! How surreal it had been, too: spending the rest of the day with one of those same nighttime diapers bulging beneath her jeans. No one had even noticed, Adam had later assured her over and over again – and certainly no one had heard it over the noise of the crowds and the rustle of everyone's coats. But *she'd* known, and *Adam* had known. And cool, intelligent *Zane* had known...

Enough. She straightened in her chair, pushing back the memories of Adam's most recent suggestions. Not two days ago he had poked his head into their little bathroom, a look of polite concern on his face and her nearly empty pull-ups bag in his hand. "Hey, baby," he'd offered, with a quick but admiring glance at her naked self on the toilet. "You're nearly out of these pull-on diapers, did you know? I was thinking – since they're pretty flimsy, maybe we just ought to switch you over to using your pink ones for workdays, too."

Obviously, she'd bridled at that! There wasn't much dignity she could muster, seated naked on the toilet while her boyfriend was literally holding a bag of her diapers in his hand. But she'd scraped together what little she could: "No! No way I'm wearing those to work. They're so- so big, and, and... and expensive! Yeah! Besides, I don't really need them-"

Sure, she didn't. She flushed, biting her lip silently as yet another wet spurt leaked out between her legs. Maybe she wasn't entirely accident-free anymore – especially once her morning and afternoon cups of coffee kicked in. Even she was willing to admit that much. But the thought of switching over to such heavy, bulky padding – and in the office?! So loud... so thick... so very obvious?! No- no way she could let her coworkers see her like this. No way on earth she could ever let her boss catch her wearing a literal, freaking *diaper* like some oversized *baby* – and worse still, one that couldn't be pulled down even if she wanted to...

Yet not fifteen minutes later, when she finally sighed, reached for her phone, and rose from her chair to find the bathroom, a sudden, horrifying realization dawned. Her hand reached back discreetly. Her fingers brushed against her dress slacks. And instead of the typical, silky sensation of dry fabric, her fingers encountered moisture. Not just dampness, either – literal wetness. Practically dripping onto her fingers.

Ten seconds later, she was fleeing for the bathroom as quickly as discretion would allow: a blushing young woman, desperately hoping that none of her coworkers would notice the incriminating dark stains of her leaking pull-up blazoned across her retreating ass.

What... what to do now?!

She quivered in the echoing silence of the office bathroom, staring resentfully down at the saturated pull-up hanging limply between her exposed knees. Here she sat: trapped in the bathroom stall, with nothing to cover her lower half but a soaked pull-up and obviously wet pants. She clutched her phone, flicked it open... and then, regretfully, began typing a message to Adam.

*Hey, umm... you there? I need you
So, I kinda need new pants. Stupid leak.
And I'm stuck at work
Sorry to bother you! So sorry, I know you're busy
Just wish you were here
Like, really*

The seconds ticked by – seconds in which she stared hopelessly at her phone. Of course Adam was too busy. Of course he wouldn't be free to answer her. And besides, what the heck would he ever be able to do, anyway? He was two whole hours away, completely out of reach-

Ding.

*Hey, baby – that's no good! Don't worry
Please, you're gonna be okay
I can't be there
Sad
But I know exactly what to do
Hang on :-)*

Her breath caught. Her heart fluttered. *Adam, you amazing- You wonderful, sweet, considerate-* She wasn't quite sure what on earth he could or would do, but surely... surely he'd help. He'd give her advice. He'd make things better...

And then came the next message.

So Zane will be there in like 20 minutes. Hang on, baby. He's got everything you need

*You can meet him in the parking lot
Just put your sweater around your waist
You'll be okay, promise!
Love you, babe*

Oh, god. Zane again? Of all people?! Yet... well, there wasn't much else to say, was there? Nothing else to do. And so, as she gulped and gingerly began ripping the soiled pull-up free from her legs, she ruefully conceded that maybe, just maybe, Adam had had a point.

How did one even begin a conversation like this? What on earth could a young woman say to her boyfriend's incredible ex-boyfriend at any time – much less when he was striding calmly toward her with a bulging plastic bag full of new clothes meant to replace her own pee-soaked ones?

"Umm... she faltered, shivering with nerves and cold. "I guess Adam called you..."

"Yes, he did," Zane offered calmly, his low rumbling voice warmly reassuring. His beard always had a way of obscuring his smiles, but Lily could hear his gentle, friendly concern in every syllable. "He told me where the extra key was, and what you needed. I didn't know what top you had on, though. So for the pants, I really just guessed and found something that I think will work with, well, pretty much anything."

Of course. Lily gulped, reminded once again of how considerate – and sensibly, helpfully gay – Zane was. Not just any guy would have thought, let alone cared, about matching her existing top! But before she could even begin her thanks, he went on. "And I think the cut will be nice and discreet, too. You know, with your extra protection..."

Her eyes shifted – caught the muted flash of pink from within the semi-translucent bag – and uncomfortably darted back to Zane before dropping in embarrassment. Oh, god, he'd really brought one of- of *those*!?

Yes, he had. And after she'd blushed and stammered out her thanks, and after he'd handed her the bag and softly suggested that she'd better head back inside before she caught cold, she'd retreated into the safety of the spacious all-gender bathroom: there to fumble her way into the bag with shaking hands, and there to find the humiliating garment she so clearly needed and deserved.

Putting it on wasn't as easy as Adam made it look, she soon found out. Heart thumping with every crinkle, fingers shaking with nervousness, she floundered through: tugging it open, pulling it up between her splayed bare legs, then trying repeatedly to fasten the tapes around her waist. How the heck was so much easier when she was on the bed?! But this floor – well, she couldn't quite bring herself to lay flat on such a cold and industrial surface. So against the wall she backed, leaning her bum backward into the pink garment, pinning it there with her own weight while she tugged the wings and tapes together once more...

And in the end, there she stood: inexpertly, yet undeniably, diapered. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and shivered before glancing quickly away. She knew full well how incongruous it looked: a grown young woman in a work blouse, her dark curls combed sensibly out of the way... but then down around her waist, nothing but the thick and puffy bulk of a pastel pink diaper. *Ugh, better not to think about it. On to the pants-*

Wait, what were these beneath the pants? Two good-sized brownies on a plate? With a little note, too? "Hi Lily! Here are a few of your favorite little goodies to brighten your wet afternoon. Hope you feel better soon. Enjoy! -Zane"

How super-sweet of him! Lily bit her lip in a flush of quiet embarrassment and gratitude, aware even as she glanced over the little package, then down at her own padded self, that right now this felt more like a parent-kid relationship. That was it, wasn't it? A parent, bringing their little kid a care package at school after they'd peed their pants in class...

Ugh, no sense dwelling on it, was there?

So once she had finally pulled her fresh, dry pants up and over the softly crinkling bulk of her new diaper, and once she had discreetly bundled her soiled pair back into the bag, she slipped out from the bathroom at last: cheeks reddened with shame, her ears burning at the subtle rustle that now accompanied her every step. Not all that long ago she'd felt this exact same way: the very first time she'd worn her pull-ups to work. Now she was reliving it all over – but oh, how inconsequentially thin those pull-ups now seemed in comparison to this thunderingly loud, bulgy mass!

Yet no one said anything. No one accosted the shyly blushing young lady along the way. And a minute later, Lily was seated back at her desk on her padded bum: heartbeat racing, trying desperately to tell herself that everything was fixed now. Everything really was okay. She'd made it. She'd texted Adam to let him know. And now... well, what time was it, anyway? How soon could she make her way home?

2:51. Hard as it was to believe, the whole affair had taken less than an hour.

Well, why not enjoy a brownie to calm her nerves in the meantime? And into the little bag she reached, bringing the chocolatey goodness to her mouth with slightly shaky fingers. *Mmm, so good. Munch, munch.* Ooh, these were just so freaking yummy! How ever did Zane manage to do it? And they were entirely gluten-free, too...

Not ten minutes later, she was at work once more: eyes darting over her computer screen once more, and beside her only a few crumbs . *Might as well get this set of tasks done before quitting.* She shifted in her seat, suddenly aware of an impetuous rush of warmth between her legs. A weird sense of déjà vu swept over her, and she paused, shivering slightly at the sensation of liquid rushing out, pooling between her bare thighs... and then slipping away into nothing, absorbed into the thirsty depths of her hidden diaper. It was yet another accident – but larger this time, and nigh unstoppable in its impetuous flow...

Well, at least she was super-well protected, right? At least this time her diaper would take care of it all – no matter what!

She shifted... blushed slightly... and then, with head held high and a bright light in her eyes, kept right on working. Almost as if she wasn't literally sitting there, leaking uncontrollably into her freshly-changed and already swelling diaper.

(To be continued!)