

Blossoming into Babyhood

Chapter Nine

January 2024 – Commission

Let's see. Blouse? Check. Cute skirt? Check. Clean teeth? Check. Hair? Check – or, well, at least as tame as it would get. And last of all...

Pull-up? Check... kinda.

Lily flushed under the fluorescent lights, gazing back at her reflection in the bathroom mirror of her work. It was the same room in which she'd just two short weeks before had such a meltdown, and so it was tough not to think about such things. Particularly when she'd just emerged from that same stall in which Gina had taped that thick diaper around her in replacement of her ruined pull-up. And even more so when she'd just seen – and felt even now – that the pull-up she was presently wearing was already more than a little wet.

Ugh. Stupid coffee!

But there was nothing for it – not today. Today was the big day, after all. The day that the important client from overseas was coming to inspect their projects in progress. She'd already seen their reps, too: two tall and imposing blonde women, accompanied by some grey-haired, neatly dressed guy who barely came up to their shoulders but who apparently owned nearly half of their massive corporation. All told, they were something else – and it was Lily, of all people, who had to show them around this afternoon.

You can do it! she mouthed in the mirror, repeating Adam's comforting words from this morning. Yeah, she could! Not only had she just eaten her lunch – complete with one of her favorite chocolate brownies – but Adam believed in her, even in she didn't. She'd just be nice, and polite, and ever so bubbly and extroverted. She'd make sure they felt comfortable and at home. She'd let her superiors handle any touchy questions about those unfortunate delays in the timeline. And most importantly...

She'd keep the pull-ups tucked underneath her skirt nice and dry. Or at least, no more wet than they already were.

"Yes, that's right! Now, if you step over here, you can see the second unit. It's half again as large as the others, you know, so our engineers came up with a different arrangement for the cooling..."

Hey, it was going so well! That old guy was quite the joker, and those two blondes... well, they didn't say much that wasn't in German. But they smiled now and then, and they took notes, and they listened to what she was saying. So... absolute win, right?

It was right then – right in the middle of her pointing out the second unit's redundant power supplies – that she felt it. The first, disturbing twinge in her bladder... followed by a sudden rush of warmth between her legs. After weeks of unwelcome dribbles, that sensation alone perhaps wouldn't have paralyzed her – not anymore.

It was the next sensations – of warm liquid trickling down both of her legs, accompanied by the sudden, sharp tinkle of liquid hitting the concrete floor beneath her – that sucked the air from her lungs and froze her lips. While all the while, her mind screamed out the only phrase it could find...

Oh no oh no oh no no no no-!

"What is- Is there a problem? Oh- miss, miss, you are- are you- okay...?" The old fellow was saying words, and the blonde women were gazing down at her with nonplussed incomprehension, while all around her Lily's entire world was crashing down. She stared in horror at the floor, hands clenched in panic on her clipboard, while the stream between her legs strengthened and the patter of liquid hitting the floor continued on... and on... and on. And by the time it finally slackened, seemingly some three years later, her shoulders were already convulsing in wordless sobs.

She'd done it. She'd literally gone and done it. She'd humiliated herself in front of the client and god and everyone. And worst of all?

She'd just earned her third strike – which meant that her days in these mercifully discreet pull-ups were over. It was this final, mortifying realization that unfroze her limbs – that sent a strangled wail from her lips – and that set her face crumpling in tears as she raced, heedless of all else, for the bathroom.

At least Gina knew where to find her. That was one consolation.

Lily sniffled despondently, staring morosely down at her ruined knee-highs and the saturated pull-up that had tried and failed to save her. She hadn't even needed to text her supervisor for help. Not three minutes after the stall door had banged shut behind her and her broken sobs had echoed through the bathroom, the door had opened once more. Gina's sympathetic voice had slipped through the crack. And Lily had incoherently agreed that yes, yes she wanted to go home. Yes, she needed her bag. Uh-huh, yeah. She'd wait right there...

The door thumped again, and now Lily shivered as she heard her supervisor's heels clicking closer. "Lily, open up," she commanded quietly, and of course her tearful listener could only comply. "I'm sorry, Lily," she sighed – and Lily gulped back a fresh wave of sobs as she saw Gina briskly pulling the now-familiar, thick, pink plastic rectangle from its bag. "It's really unfortunate, I know. But the sooner we get you cleaned up and protected, the better. Come on – down on the floor for me..."

"No- no, I- I can do it," Lily began to protest, desperate to avoid a repetition of the same scenario that had transpired here so recently. But Gina was giving a swift shake of her head, and in her sympathetic smile Lily read something almost maternal. "No, no, it's okay. It's hard to put on a diaper yourself, you know. And as upset as you are right now, Lily... well, it will be harder still, won't it? Besides – I have lots of experience with this sort of thing! So just lay on down now, and we'll get this over with nice and quick..."

It was déjà vu all over again, Lily mused brokenly, alternately wincing at the chill of the hard floor below her and shivering at the whisper-soft brush of plastic, cotton, and female hands against her sensitive parts. She'd done it – peed herself in public like some little toddler. She'd humiliated herself in front of one of their most important clients. Her supervisor was literally cleaning her up – *again*. And as if that wasn't enough, then there was Adam's rule: those three strikes-

"I- I'm *bic-!* sorry. Sho- so- shor- *bic!* sorry," she managed to articulate over the rustling of plastic and the *shbick!* of adhesive tapes being drawn tight around her. "I- I couldn't- help id- I ruined- *bic* everything-" "Shh, it's okay, baby," Gina soothed, giving her now well-padded crotch a pat. "I know you're upset, but it'll be okay, I promise. Don't worry about the clients – they're totally fine! You didn't ruin anything – really." She straightened up briskly, a bright smile on her face as she gazed down at her freshly diapered subordinate. "Here, all done! Come on, get up for me. Let's pull down that skirt..."

Lily rose obediently, hiccuping and gulping back her sobs. Gina held a wad of toilet paper to her nose and she blew – gratefully. Another wad of tissues dabbed at her eyes. And then she was blinking, more clearly now, into Gina's concerned face – even as her hands slipped back to tug

worriedly at the short length of her cute skirt that felt far too short to cover the bulk now wrapped around her bum.

"Adam's already on his way from the other location," Gina began with another sympathetic smile. "I texted him to let him know-" But even as she spoke, a brisk rap sounded at the bathroom door, accompanied by the low murmur of a decidedly masculine voice. "Is anyone in there? Looking for Gina – Gina and Lily..."

Adam! Lily's heart thudded, and a wave of incomprehensible emotions flooded through her. Oh, how she wanted him – to cry into his shoulder, to feel his warm arms pulling her close, to hear his voice rumbling and telling her she'd be okay! And yet... it was Adam whose rule was about to humiliate her, perhaps even more thoroughly than today had done. To force her into these thick babyish diapers, for good-

No, no. That didn't matter. "Adam," burst from her lips in a broken cry, and out from the stall Lily rushed, heedless now of the crinkling and thick bulk of fresh diaper between her legs. Open she yanked the bathroom door, to stumble out at last into Adam's waiting arms.

The sobs came again, of course: wracking her shoulders, staining Adam's nice polo with a patch of salty tears and snot. Around her, Gina and Adam's voices were going on in subdued tones: something about Lily having a rough day, about it being really unfortunate, about Adam needing to take good care of her and help her out. And then Adam was agreeing, of course – and saying something about HR? Wait, and Gina was too?

"Oh, that's a great idea, actually! I'll message them right away. It's super easy to do remote work these days, after all. So long as she could still come in, I dunno – maybe once a week? Honestly, that would be fine with me. And if that would give her a chance to handle all of this at home instead..."

Wait, Gina was saying she could... what? Work from home?

"Oh, that would be wonderful! If you could look into that, Gina, we'd be most appreciative," Adam was saying, and now he was kissing the top of Lily's tousled head. "And don't worry – I'll ensure that on the one day she does come in, she'll be well-protected. In one of these, I mean." A soft thump to Lily's backside sent a shimmer of sensations – unwelcome and otherwise – tinkling through her. "Don't want you all to have to deal with any more, you know. Biohazard cleanup and whatever..."

Ohhh... Adam! Really? I- I don't- Lily gulped, drew back on impulse to protest... but Gina was already cutting in with a fresh burst of warm enthusiasm. "No, no, it's okay, really! I don't mind helping out our dear Lily here!" And now she was chuckling and reaching over to pat Lily affectionately on the shoulder. "Seriously, I have a lot of experience with changing diapers for little ones who just can't help themselves. It's no big deal, I promise..."

At those humiliating, infantilizing words, Lily sagged back into Adam's arms in silent defeat. She'd had her chance, after all – and she and Adam both knew it. She'd tried, and failed. Completely. Gina was already talking as though she were some pants-wetting little preschooler. So if she protested here and now, right in front of these two well-meaning but ever so patronizing friends?

Well, she'd just be humiliating herself even more.

So in the end, all she could do was gulp back a fresh wave of sobs. Cling to Adam with renewed ferocity. And muse in silent chagrin that her life was now about to undergo a massive change.

(To be continued!)