

## The Rehabilitation of Kylie

Written by Max Harper

Part Ten: Admission

Donna had put the girls down for their naps, in separate rooms, to help them calm down. Lucy was rather upset and the things that she was saying were equally upsetting. She knew that Penny's methods were harsher than most would tolerate and she wondered why such measures were necessary. From her perspective, Lucy was not that dissimilar to Kylie. Emotional, but with the right motivators, accepting of the program. Her angry outbursts were troubling and were a clear indicator that the program wasn't working. Lucy was demonstrating obedience due to coercion instead of gradual acceptance of the program.

*Force should only be used when the client is unresponsive, not as a primary means of rehabilitation. What Penny is doing is more harmful than good. I have to say something. I should go to Moira with this, but Penny is my friend, and I owe it to her to hear her side of the story.*

Donna sat on the couch and scrolled her phone. Something in her gut made her feel uneasy. There was something about this situation that didn't seem to sit right. The girls hadn't been down for their naps for very long and Donna already missed the noise in the house. She had the weekend to think about what she was going to do and tried to put it out of her mind. She checked the time and thought about what she was going to make the girls for lunch. She hoped that they would be in better moods and less combative.

She knew the risks of having two littles in her care. It was forbidden by the Institute for various reasons, namely, that it was too difficult to help more than one client at a time and that they were harder to control. Moira and the board had been insistent after the last incident, many years ago, that no caregiver was to ever take on two clients at once. Donna hoped to be able to prove them all wrong but didn't know what she could do. To have two in her care was against the rules, so to prove them wrong, she would have to jeopardize her job.

Unsure of what to do, Donna went upstairs to check on Lucy. She was sure that Kylie was fine, possibly upset, but not to the degree that Lucy was. As a professional therapist, Donna felt that it was her duty to see if there was anything she could do to help Lucy.

In the nursery, Donna lowered the crib bars and gently shook Lucy awake. The young girl was groggy and on edge, panicking that she was going to be tormented by Penny again, but as her eyes cleared and she saw Donna, she calmed down. Donna helped her sit up while she rubbed her eyes.

"Wha-what's going on?"

"Nothing. I'm sorry that I woke you up. You haven't slept long but I wanted to give you a chance to have some one on one time with me before Kylie wakes up."

"...why?"

"So that we can talk. You have said some things and are feeling a way that is concerning for me."

"I don't see how it's any of your business."

"It isn't. And yet, it is. I'm a licenced therapist and I love my job. I would be betraying both of them if I didn't try to help you."

"If you want to help me, then let me go home to my parents."

"Is that really what you want? Is going back to the way things were the only answer?"

"It's better than this. By a long shot. I'm not someone's prisoner when I'm at home."

"But you aren't happy."

"Happiness is a vagary of perception."

"Your happiness is the whole point. It's why you are here."

"I'm here because I'm forced to be here."

"And yet I've seen some true happiness within you. While you may not like everything that comes with being in the program, you are not hating all of it. Isn't that right?"

"Is that relevant?"

"I think so. I think that you have been completely miserable with Penny, but then, something changed. Or, rather, someone changed you. Speaking of which, would you like me to change you?"

"I...I'm fine." Lucy said. She was clearly wet, but was too hesitant to have someone other than Penny change her. It was still too embarrassing for her.

"Well, when you are ready, let me know."

"Why are you trying to be so nice to me?"

"Why shouldn't I be? It's my job as a caregiver to help a little become more comfortable with their surroundings. I'm supposed to care and nurture them while paying attention to how they are feeling or coping. This program...it isn't easy for a person to go through, especially when they've had a start like yours. I understand that you didn't volunteer for this, but even with that, you should still be treated with respect."

"I...I thought that you were all the same..."

"Oh?" Donna said, ignoring how scornful Lucy sounded. "I can understand how you would feel that way, but you need to ask yourself something. Do you think that Kylie would behave the way she does if I treated her in such a deplorable manner?"

"I...No. I guess not."

"First and foremost, we caregivers are here to help you become the best version of you that you can be. We are here for you, not the other way around, and I think that Penny has lost track of that."

"I hate her."

"I know. Many do. And I won't give you any excuses for her. I know what she was trying to do, but she went too far."

"What was she trying to do?"

"I'm not really supposed to say, but... Penny's job is to break people. Her job requires her to use tactics and tools in order to squash out any resistance than a client might have so that when they move on to another caregiver, they are willing to participate in their care. It's not something that we all support, but it does have it's uses."

"So you are okay with this?"

"No. I am not. I believe and I fully support a more compassionate means of rehabilitation. I want to get to the root of the problem and show my clients that they can change for the better."

"Why couldn't I get someone like you?"

"Would it have changed anything? You would still need to reach the same point that you are at."

"What point is that?"

"Admission. Where a client understands why they need to be in or were put in the program. While our methods differ, I can't really step in until a client has reached that point."

"What happens then?"

"For you? You will be assigned to a caregiver like me and you can start your therapy. The hardest part for anyone is admitting that they need help, or more specifically, our type of help."

"That's it? That's all that I have to do?"

"That's all that you need to do. It isn't as easy as it sounds, but yes."

"And then I will be free of her?"

"With her consent, yes. She has to sign off on her portion of your care before you can be moved on to the next stage."

"Oh." Lucy said, her hope fading quickly. She didn't believe that Penny had any intention of letting her go."

"Is something wrong?"

"No...it's just that...I don't know..."

"You don't know? What don't you know?"

"If I really belong here. Or if this is really what would help me."

"There is something that I agree with you on. I don't think that your treatment plan would really help you. Regressing someone back to full babyhood is a laborious task that, in my opinion,

hasn't been all that successful. Not when compared to the effort needed before therapy can even start. Like I've told Kylie, a client is more likely to go along and support a therapy plan when they feel like they've had a say in how the therapy works. I also told her that there are some things that a plan can bend on, but there are some things that must remain constant."

"So she can have a say in how you treat her?"

"Absolutely! It makes her more likely to do what I say and be a willing participant in her own care. Nearly every caregiver I know is that way. Which is why we have such a high success rate."

"Like what? What did Kylie want?"

"Well, we did have an issue with pooping. I had a solution that she didn't like, so we compromised. As long as I felt like she was going regularly, I wouldn't force her to go." Lucy blushed. Pooping was something that Lucy was never going to get used to, nor was it something that she was comfortable talking about. But it did show that Donna was willing to compromise as needed.

"Something wrong?"

"No." Lucy said, turning away from Donna. It was embarrassing to think about.

"It's a normal bodily function and as long as you are in diapers, it's something that is to be expected, even while you are in my care."

Lucy looked down. She didn't want to think about it and she still had two days with Donna. At some point, she was going to have to do the unthinkable.

"It's not as bad as you think, Lucy." Kylie said, surprising them both. Her hair was matted from sweat and she was teetering on her feet, clutching Quackers in her arms.

"Goodness me, Kylie, you startled me." Donna said.

"Sorry, Mommy. I woke up and you weren't there so I came looking for you."

"I was just having a nice conversation with Lucy."

"About pooping?"

"About compromise. Remember when you and I had to reach a compromise?"

"Uh huh."

"And things got better for you, didn't they?"

"Uh huh."

"And now you don't fight me anymore."

"Nuh uh."

"That's right. Do you need to be changed?"

"Yeah."

"Good girl. Get up on the changing table and Mommy will get you cleaned up. Can you show Lucy how to be a good girl for Mommy?"

Kylie nodded, sleepily walking over to the changing table. She got up in it and laid down, holding her stuffed duck.

Donna peeled open the tapes on Kylie's diaper as Lucy moved closer to watch. She wasn't interested in the contents of the diaper, but more in how complacent Kylie was. She enjoyed getting changed and proving that she was more mature about being changed than Lucy was. Lucy felt some form of rivalry with Kylie over it. It was her nature to feel superior over others and yet, Kylie was being a better baby than she was. Lucy had her hang ups over it but she didn't want to feel like she was holding herself back.

"Your turn!" Kylie said, clean and in a fresh diaper, she hopped off the changing table.

"Now now, Kylie. When Lucy is ready, she can get a change, but it has to happen at her pace."

"I...I'm alright for now." Lucy said.

"But you're wet." Kylie said, "You need to be changed. Don't be scared, Mommy is the best at diaper changes."

"Kylie, don't pester. Now what would you two like for lunch?"

"Sketti O's!!" Kylie exclaimed. "Wif grilled cheesy!"

“Grilled cheese and spaghetti o’s? Is that okay with you, Lucy?”

“Yeah, I guess so.”

“Okay. I’ll get right on it then. You two have fun playing and I will come get you when lunch is ready.” Donna said, heading for the door. “And Kylie? Don’t tease Lucy about her diaper. That’s not being a good friend.”

“Okay Mommy!”

Donna left the two girls to play and headed downstairs. Kylie watched her go, now fully awake. She turned to Lucy and smiled.

“You have a good nap?”

“I didn’t sleep much. Donna wanted to talk.”

“About what? Mommy likes to talk a lot.”

“About me. About Penny. She told me some stuff that I didn’t know.”

“She does that. Do you want to play with my dolly?”

“Not right now. How do you do it?”

“Do what?”

“Just shut it all out? You laid there and let her change you like it was nothing.”

“It was nothing. I don’t think about it because there is no need.”

“But isn’t it embarrassing?”

“It used to be, but honestly, I’ve been changed so many times that it doesn’t faze me anymore. What’s the worst that could happen? She sees that I pooped? She wants me to, so I do, and she takes care of me.”

“But she’s touching your...private parts.”

“And?”

“Doesn’t that feel weird?”

“No. It’s not sexual. There is no attraction to me like that.”

“But doesn’t it feel strange?”

“What do you mean?”

“I...nevermind...”

“Lucy? What is it?”

“It’s nothing...”

“It’s not nothing. Why are you so hesitant to be changed?”

Lucy turned away from Kylie, ashamed. She couldn’t say the words. They were too confusing. She didn’t know what she was feeling or what it meant.

“I...I’m not. It’s just that...”

Kylie moved over to Lucy, taking her by the hand and pulling her into the play area to the side of the room. Amid all the toys and dolls were several large stuffed animals. Kylie pulled Lucy down into a sitting position.

“Okay, listen up. As you are a guest in my room, I want you to know that here, right here, is the Truth Zone. This is where best friends meet to be honest with each other. Okay?” Lucy looked around incredulously, but nodded.

“Great, I’ll go first.” Kylie said. “I swear that I will always tell the truth to my best friend in the whole world because best friends don’t keep secrets from each other! Cross my heart, hope to die, pinky swear that I will never lie!” She held her pinky out to Lucy.

“Best friend? You want me to be your best friend?”

“Of course, silly! In the Truth Zone, I can never lie.” Kylie said, smiling. “And besides, who else would ever want to be a Pampered Princess with me? It’s not like I have many other friends.”

Lucy looked Kylie in the eye and saw no deception. While Kylie had every reason to hate her for everything she’d done, she had put all that aside to instead want to become friends. It was touching. Lucy reached out and took Kylie’s pinky with her own.

“I solemnly swear that I will always tell the truth to my best friend in the whole world because best friends don’t keep secrets from each other! Cross my heart, hope to die, pinky swear that I will never lie!”

“You mean it? You promise?”

“Forever and ever!”

Kylie shrieked and wrapped Lucy in a hug. “I’m so happy! I promise to be the bestest friend ever!”

“Me too! I’m sorry for being such a meany to you for so long!”

“It’s okay. I forgive you.” Kylie said as they parted.

“I didn’t want you to go through all of this alone. It’s been hard for me not having anyone to talk to.”

“I feel the same. I’ve never felt so alone. So confused.”

“And now you don’t have to be.”

“I don’t even know what to say. Where do I start?”

“You don’t. I’ll start. I have a secret that I want to tell you, and no one else.”

“Okay? What kind of secret?”

“The naughty kind.” Kylie whispered. She leaned close to Lucy. “Sometimes, when I wake up from my naps, and I’m wet, I touch my diaper. You know, on the outside, right where...”

She stopped talking, her face flushing red. Lucy was astonished. She had never thought in a million years...

“Me too! Oh my God! I thought I was the only one!” She blurted out, and then clamped her hands over her mouth. She couldn’t believe that she admitted it out loud.

“Shh! Keep your voice down! Mommy might hear us!”

“Sorry! I was just so surprised.”

“And sometimes...I...lay on Quackers...and...”

“Move your hips?”

“Uh huh!”

“And get the tingles...down there?”

“Uh huh!”

“Kind of like this?” Lucy asked. She laid a large stuffed bear down on it’s back and straddled it. She started gyrating her hips, grinding herself into the warm mush of her wet diaper.

“Exactly!”

“But you’re not wet. You can’t do it too.” Lucy said, stopping.

“It’s okay. You can have fun without me.”

“No, it isn’t.” Lucy said. “You need to pee. Right now.”

“I can’t, I don’t have to go.”

“You’re a baby, you always have to go!” Lucy jeered with a smile on her face. “I’m just playing around, Kylie, I’m not trying to be mean.”

“I know. But...I’ve got an idea...” Kylie said. “I want you to be mean to me. Like that time in the bathroom. You made me pee when you were mean to me. Maybe you could do it aga-”

“Stupid snot nosed baby! Look at you! So pathetic in your diapers! And what’s this, a stuffed toy? Could you be any more of a baby? I bet you sleep in a crib and drink from a bottle, too! Do you need your binky little baby? Do you need your Mommy?”

Kylie shrank back and trembled, Lucy’s cold, cruel tone doing exactly what she wanted. Within moments, Kylie flooded her diaper. Lucy reached out and poked it, feeling the warm liquid spread as it was absorbed.

“Holy shit! You weren’t joking! You really do pee when you are teased.”

“It’s not funny! But yes. Whenever I get too anxious, I pee.”

“And a lot, by the looks of it. Should I call your Mommy so you can be changed?”

Kylie sneered and cupped the front of Lucy’s diaper, pushing the damp material into Lucy’s private area. “I think you need a change more than I do. At least I’m not afraid of admitting that I like being in a wet diaper!”

“Shut up! I don’t need to admit any such thing!”

Kylie reached for another stuffed animal and tucked it between her legs. “Can you show me...how to...” She trailed off, admitting her inexperience and her desire.

“You’ve never?” Lucy asked, putting the pieces together. “Are you a virgin?”

“I...I don’t want to play this game anymore.” Kylie said, standing up.

“Wait, Kylie, don’t go. It’s the Truth Zone, you have to be honest with me.”

Kylie stopped. Outplayed at her own game, she slumped back down, unknowingly straddling the stuffed animal. The extra pressure between her legs felt good.

“Yes. Okay? I’m still a virgin. You happy now?”

“I...No. It doesn’t matter to me, but it makes a lot of sense.”

“I don’t want to be. I mean. I’ve tried to talk to boys, but I always get so nervous and I can’t be wetting myself in front of them.”

“It’s okay. Most boys aren’t worth it. But you at least need to know how to make yourself feel good.” She leaned forward, putting more pressure on her diapered area. “Lay forward like this.” Kylie mimicked her.

“Good. Now move your hips like I do. You want to put the pressure in the right spot. Yeah, right there! Feel that? How that seems to spread everywhere? That’s what you want. Slow down. Work it slow. Just let your hips do all the work. God, you should see your face! No. No! Don’t stop. That’s it. Keep going. Slowly. Think about how good it feels. That’s it. That’s a good girl. Hump that bear in your wet diaper. Listen to it crinkle. Such a good baby. That’s it. Little faster now. That’s it. Such a good baby. Such a good ba- ba- Oh God!!!”

Lucy convulsed as she orgasmed, shuddering from head to toe. She panted and collapsed, breathing heavy as waves of pleasure washed over her. Kylie’s face was frozen as her hips ground against the bear. Her pace quickened and before long, her face contorted and she let out a long, satisfying moan before collapsing herself.

Both girls lay there, breathing heavy, coming down from the high. Lucy was the first to collect herself, having experienced an orgasm before. She got off the bear and put it back where it used to be. She sat on the floor, her knees pressed together, getting one last dose of the great feeling. Kylie was a little slower to get moving again. Her knees were weak. She had never felt anything like that before, and Lucy’s words sent a mixed message. Had she been talking to Kylie, or herself? Kylie wasn’t sure. She finally picked up her stuffed animal and grabbed Quackers. She was a little unsteady on her feet, but she quickly recovered.

“Hungry?” She asked.

“Famished.” Lucy said, standing up.

“One more thing. Before we go downstairs...”

“Yes?”

“Who were you talking to?”

“I...I guess I was talking to myself. Why?”

“No reason. I’m just guessing that the conversation meant something different in your head.”

“Yeah. It did.”

“Can I ask what?”

Lucy sighed and stretched. “I was just trying to work out what you and Donna have said. And I don’t know. I think you guys are right. I think I’m supposed to be here”

“It’s not about where you are supposed to be. It’s more of where you want to be. I want to be here and I think that you do too.”

“I think you are right. I mean. At first, this was all too strange and too disgusting. But the more I think about it and the more time I spend with you, the more I think that I’m just putting my own apprehensions in front of everything. I haven’t been willing to give this a real chance and it’s made things so much harder. I just...I know it’s weird and I know that I shouldn’t like it, but, part of me...wants to. I see how happy you are and I want that. I want to be happy. I want-”

“To be a baby?” Kylie said with a smile.

“I want to be with my best friend.” Lucy said. “And if that means that I have to be a baby, then so be it.”

“You know that you don’t mean that. Being a baby isn’t as bad as you make it sound.”

“You’re right. It’s not. If I can just get used to...God it’s so hard to say...”

“Wearing and using diapers?”

“Yes. That. Then I think I can be okay with this type of therapy.”

“You know that it’s more than just being okay with therapy. You have to recognise and admit that you need a change in your life, and not just of your diaper.”

“Don’t make fun of me! I’m being serious!” Lucy said before sighing. “But you are right. I do need a change in my life and of my...diaper.” She paused, looking down. “I don’t want to be that mean girl who bullies people around because I think that I’m better than them. I’m not. I’m not any better than anyone. If anything, I’m probably worse.”

“You aren’t all that bad. You have been a bully, but it’s not a permanent defect.”

“Defect?”

“I mean that in the nicest way possible. We all have things that we need to change about ourselves. I think it’s important to be able to recognise the faults in ourselves.”

“And what faults do you have?”

“That I hate my mother and I don’t know how to stand up for myself, that’s why I was such an easy target for your bullying.”

“I am sorry about that.”

“I know. But standing up for myself is no easy task and I’m not sure how much therapy is going to help.”

“Have you talked to your Mommy about it?”

“No. Not yet. I don’t know what to say. How do I stand up for myself when I’m her baby? What am I going to say? *No, I don’t want to wear diapers!* Some things are non negotiable.”

“But you want to wear diapers. You said so yourself.”

“I was giving you an example.”

“I know. I was making fun. Let’s go see if lunch is ready.”

“Okay.” Kylie said. “And Lucy?”

“Yeah?”

“Thanks for being my friend.”

“Thanks for believing that I could be a good friend.”

The girls came downstairs, giggling about something. Donna had let them play for a while before starting lunch. She wanted them to be able to get along and the best way was for them to talk it out. She had moved the stroller into the living room and thought about how best to spend the day with the girls. Kylie had shown a lot of improvement and wouldn’t be long before she was ready to go out into the world. Donna had enough normal clothes to hide something like a diaper, so whatever shame she would have could be minimised. Donna was feeling a little pent up from being stuck in the house for weeks as it was. Her only hurdle would be to convince Lucy that she needed to be changed before they could go anywhere. Hygiene was important, after all.

“Mommy?”

“I’m in the living room, baby.” Kylie and Lucy walked into the living room, both looking like they had gotten a great weight on their shoulders. “We hungry, Mommy.”

“And I have lunch ready. Can’t you smell it?”

The girls sniffed the air and sure enough, the smell of pasta sauce was coming from the kitchen. The girls nodded and headed for the kitchen and Donna followed them. She had pulled up a spare high chair from downstairs so that the girls would be on even footing. One of the many things that mattered most to her was equal treatment. With the girls seated and trays locked in place, she served them. As they ate, she wondered how best to approach the idea of going outside. Being blunt seemed like the only rational idea.

“How would you girls like to go out shopping with me after lunch? We could make a day of it.”

Kylie looked at Lucy for a moment before cramming her sandwich in her mouth. Lucy seemed hesitant about the matter.

“It’s fine wif me, Mommy.” Kylie said around her sandwich.

“Don’t speak with your mouth full, Kylie. It’s rude.”

“Sowwy.”

“Apology accepted. How do you feel about it, Lucy?”

“Well...ummm....I guess so...but uh...I need...ummm.” Lucy was trying to talk through her sandwich, using it as a shield.

“Lucy. Look at me.” Donna said. Lucy put the sandwich down and turned her eyes up to Donna. “That’s better. Now, what were you trying to say.”

Lucy stammered and stuttered on her words, clearly embarrassed. Kylie reached over and took Lucy by the hand. “It’s okay. Just say it.”

“I...I need my...d-diaper changed. P-pul-please.”

“Oh, Lucy, I’m so proud of you! Of course I will change you. As soon as you are done eating, we will go get you girls changed into something more fitting to go out in.” Donna said, smiling from ear to ear.

“See? I told you she’s the bestest ever.”

Lucy tried to hide her embarrassment behind her sandwich. It was difficult to tell someone about the state of her diaper. Penny had always been forceful when it came to changes. Forceful, and rough.

When lunch was done and the girls were full, Donna led them upstairs. She picked out two pairs of cute outfits that the teenage girls wouldn’t mind wearing before readying the supplies needed to change them.

“Okay. Who’s first?” She asked, patting the changing table. Kylie stepped forward but paused. She looked at Lucy. Lucy was still unsure, trying to hide the soggy state of her diaper.

Kylie took Lucy by the hand and pulled her to the changing table.

“Here. Take Quackers. He’s brave and bold and he will protect you.” Kylie said, handing her favorite toy to Lucy.

“But..he’s yours.”

“He is. But you need him more than I do. And it’s just for the change. Mommy will get you your own stuffy. Right, Mommy?”

“Absolutely! Go on and hop up on the table, Lucy. I promise that it will be over quick.”

With Quackers in hand, Lucy got up on the table. She held the stuffy tight as Donna pulled at the tapes. She stared off into the distance, trying to hide her shame and waiting for the unpleasantness to be over. She smelled the powder, and felt the coolness of the wipes, and before she really knew what was happening, Donna was taping the fresh diaper closed around her waist.

“Wait. It’s over?” She asked, sitting up.

“Yep. Quick and painless. You’re such a good girl, laying still for me like that.”

“See? It wasn’t that bad. Me next Mommy, me next!”

“Hold your horses, Kylie. This is a big moment for Lucy. How do you feel?”

“I..I feel fine. That was...not too bad at all. Are all changes like that?”

“I’ve had a lot of practice with Miss Pee Pants over there. I’m joking, Kylie. But a change is supposed to be an intimate ordeal. You are placing a lot of trust in me to take care of you in a very personal way, so how I care for you is a reflection of how I feel about what I do.

“When you are ready, we can get you dressed. I’m sure you don’t want to wear that ridiculous outfit out in public.”

“No. Absolutely not.”

“While I am supposed to treat you as a baby, I have found that being a baby or a little is a state of mind more than it is a look or design.”

“A little?”

“That’s what we are, Lucy. We aren’t really babies. Not in the way someone else would see a baby. We are just people who like being little. Like a kid. A little kid.”

“Then why do we have to wear diapers?”

“Because,” Donna said, “diapers are a constant reminder of your place in this dynamic. They make you feel little all the time. They say to anyone who sees them that you are a little/ baby.”



“And they are super cute!” Kylie added.

“Yes they are. And they remind you that you have someone to take care of you, at all times. They are a reminder that you don’t need anything to do with the adult world, that even something as simple as using the bathroom is taken out of your control, allowing you to be fully free. In freedom, you can find clarity. In freedom, you can find peace.”

“Peace?”

“Peace.” Kylie said. “Nirvana. It goes by many names. You keep asking me how I do this, how I do all of it, it’s for peace. I’m free here, like this. Here, I don’t hate my mother because I don’t have to deal with her. Here, I don’t hate the fact that I can’t stand up for myself. Here, I don’t get embarrassed when I wet myself. Here, I’m loved. I’m cared for. And I have my best friend to share my journey with. I wouldn’t trade this for anything in the world.

“Now move your pampered butt so that I can get changed!”

Lucy smiled, filled with hope and love. It seemed like everything was finally starting to fall into place. She hopped off the changing table and pulled the ridiculous dress off her body. Penny had terrible taste and it seemed like everything that woman did was to demean Lucy. She pushed Penny out of her mind as she got dressed. Donna changed Kylie as quickly as she changed Lucy and was helping Kylie into her clothes. Lucy couldn’t help but check out Kylie’s figure. The extra padding did wonders for her butt, Lucy’s as well, and although Lucy had more than enough self esteem when it came to her own body, a little extra boost couldn’t hurt.

She had trouble getting her pants on as the diaper was too thick and Donna had to help her get them buttoned. She looked at herself in the mirror. She was surprised at how good she looked. Even with the added bulk, it wasn’t really noticeable as to what she was wearing. Donna was right, however. It didn’t matter how she moved, she could always tell that she was wearing a diaper, and therefore, was a baby.

“Okay! Let’s get going!” Donna said.

“I’m ready, Mommy!”

“I’m ready, too.” Lucy said.

Outside in the driveway, Donna had to stop them. “So, normally, I would have my little in the car seat, but I think, today, that my girls would be okay to have a little big girl time. So, no car seat, but I need you to promise me that you will be good.”

“Yes, Mommy. We will be good.”

“Yes, Donna.”

“Good. Now hop in the back and we can get going.”

The girls got buckled in the back, both of them noting the travel sized diaper bag that sat at the foot of the car seat. Donna pulled a pair of pacifiers from her purse and handed them to the girls, who giggled and popped them in their mouths. She kept an eye on them as she drove and was touched by how well they got along with each other. She knew the risks of having two littles, but maybe, just maybe, this pair could prove them all wrong.