

## 8 - Breaking Barriers

Emily's bottom felt slightly more bulky than anything else as they walked down the hall. Well, Joyce walked. Emily was leaning more towards a slight waddle. The price of absorbency seemed to be added thickness, and weight. But she'd been in it for so long now that she wasn't as irked over it than she was initially; being dry was still much more preferred, though. The cool weather outside was working its magic as Emily almost felt a little chilly down below, yoga pants not being enough to protect her from the cold. Buried in her underwear were the seeds of betrayal, as her own pee would eventually be working against her too; something she didn't like to think about.

The nonexistent eyes she could feel ogling her slightly-pronounced bottom were beginning to be too much for one day. It felt like she was running on fumes at this point, longing for the safety and comfort they'd find back home. She could only make a silent prayer of thanks that nobody had found out what she was wearing...To her knowledge, of course.

Joyce had been sure to reinforce her little girl's efforts today with only the highest of praise. When they were the only two to occupy the hallway, Joyce made sure to assume her motherly duties and give Emily a gentle pat on the bottom, causing the unexpected girl to give a slight leap forward from utter shock.

"Hey..." Emily looked at Joyce with a telltale pouty face. Whether she intended to or not, Joyce tried her hardest not to crumble when she could see the slightest blush blooming on her puffed-out cheeks. As much as she wanted to respect Emily right now, it only made her want to tease her girl more...But she'd been through enough for today, and she'd have to respect that.

"I'm sorry..." Joyce chose to rub her shoulder this time instead of her bottom. "I just want you to know I'm so proud of you...and grateful. You mean the world to me."

Emily shuffled a little bit from hearing those words, still getting used to Joyce's open affection for her. Deep down as she burned though, the sentiments were certainly not unwelcomed.

"Th...thank you...." Emily mumbled her best thanks. While it may have been easy for Joyce, openly expressing gratitude for the things she'd been put through was a bit tougher for the much more vulnerable girl to tackle. They weren't hated, but they weren't exactly normal occurrences. In a way Joyce had the easy part. She didn't have to give up all responsibility, which was weird in a way to consider as a bad thing when compared to the benefits of relinquishing them...

They didn't prod each other any further in the hall, as they reached sanctuary once more and the inside was just how they left it.

Joyce was the first to re-initiate the conversation as she closed the door behind Emily. “So...” She looked expectantly at Emily, who upon sitting down had her face quickly transition from a look of complacency to one of shock and surprise.

*Crap!* Emily in the span of mere moments forgot what she was currently taped in, and could already feel her cooling bodily fluids be released ever so slightly from the thirsty pads she’d just squished from sitting. Trying to maintain her composure, she refocused back on what Joyce was getting at, which she had no idea was.

“W-What?” Emily tried to gather herself.

“I know today was scary, going out in your diaper, and even using it...” Emily didn’t want to be reminded...But it stung less hearing the words from Joyce. “Do you want to keep going? Now that we’re home?”

It wasn’t something Emily considered; another blindspot she felt dumb for leaving so ignored. But even she couldn’t lie to herself when she knew today had already been pretty exhausting. So many trials and tribulations to go out in public in a diaper...and use it...However, she looked at Joyce, her ray of sunshine that enveloped her further every waking moment. It was almost shocking that she’d already spent this much time trying to come to terms with a response. Caught in the duality of being an adult and a baby, which did she prefer right now? It was honestly starting to scare her.

In a way, it almost felt like it’d be liberating to stop being a baby for the day. It was honestly kind of hard to work her way into this kind of mood, but thinking back to yesterday from her cuddle time with Joyce...she almost longed for it? That to her wasn’t a chore, and was actually relaxing...And by being an adult again wouldn’t that mean she’d have to do more things? Not that being an adult in front of Joyce created much more expectations...And if she was tired right now, why add more to her workload? Was it okay to keep being babied by Joyce? It was so confusing! Emily didn’t know which to choose, weighing the growing pros and cons to each side; unable to make a decision.

She couldn’t come to an answer, and could only whimper. “I don’t know...”

Silently, Joyce blinked at the unexpected words. The girl looked to be actually struggling with the question and couldn’t find an answer. Had what they were doing had that much of an effect on her? In a way Joyce was glad Emily could warm up to something like this; it meant

everything to have her little girl accept a role like this, but all the same she hated to see her struggle.

“Emmy...” Joyce bending her knees took both of Emily’s idle hands, calling her out of her internal dilemma. “Would you like it if I decided for you?” She gave her palms a reassuring squeeze.

It was *her* decision. *Her* choice that dictated her own life that she was supposed to be the master of. An adult who had made a living for themselves, found a home, a boyfriend, learned to cook and clean and wake up on her own and get dressed. And yet...and yet, why? Why did it feel so...so rewarding to just let Joyce pick up the pieces for her? To let her guide her to wherever she saw fit? The sudden dependence within her left a small piece bitter, but it was overshadowed by the monumental longing to be taken care of. To be closer with Joyce.

In a simple nod, ready to pry from her conflicted decision, she nodded. “Yes...”

“Okay then...” Joyce said in a quiet, matter-of-fact voice. “Chin up, then, my little kitten! We’ve got a diaper to get you out of.”

Emily couldn’t help but smile knowing Joyce had taken the reins again, content in some way to just sit there and let her untie her shoes. Yes, she was acting like a complete kid right now, but Joyce was happy. And by extension, so was Emily.

Now in only her socks, Emily waited patiently for Joyce to take off hers, long forgetting about the diaper she was pressed into until Joyce guided her back onto her feet, feeling the slight added weight from her recent accident. She tried not to think about it though, and kept her eyes and thoughts on what was happening right now, in this moment.

Back in Emily’s room, Joyce laid the girl down, her heart racing for knowing what was to come. This would be the fourth time she’s been through this song and dance, and she was only just beginning to show the slightest signs of comfortability with it. Heck, she was only awake for two of the three times it had already happened!

Off came the socks first, which revealed the girl’s bare feet and Joyce making sure no barefoot in the house went untickled, resulting in the involuntary giggles and squirming coming from Emily. After enough screaming to stop, Joyce finally conceded and moved on to the rest of the procedure. The pants came next, leading Emily to blush a bit, still learning to be partly naked in the presence of Joyce. What Emily hadn’t expected next though was the shirt, leaving her chest bare minus the bra.

“W-wait what? Joyce? I thought you were...changing me....” Emily found it hard to get the more embarrassing words out of her mouth, tapering off into a mumble, as she couldn’t even make eye contact with the person who had now the majority of her clothes in hand.

“Silly, I am changing you! But mommy needs to make sure her little girl is always clean, you know.”

The helpless and partly distraught girl couldn’t make heads or tails of what she was getting at. Every waking moment was always a surprise.

“What do you mean? You don’t need to take off my shirt to change a diaper....” It was hard to say the words with confidence. Despite her own reasoning, her irrational side that accepted the flow of things was poisoning her bravado. Joyce’s words were too convincing.

Joyce couldn’t help but chuckle as Emily struggled to connect the dots. It was always so cute watching her flounder in simple curiosity; just to feel her raw emotions be exposed to surprise, knowing they’d always settle into relaxation and comfort. The adventure could always be scary for her charge, but reaching the destination was worth every single second of it. Now that they were back home and safe, Joyce could relish in these moments, knowing Emily probably felt even more accustomed now knowing the indoors was not nearly as prying as the public!

“A clean diaper doesn’t always mean a clean baby, my *wittle* girl.” It was hard to resist the cooing now that they were alone, and the words made Emily squirm in a fuzzy way. “I think it’s time for someone to take a bath, don’t you?”

A bath? Well, Emily didn’t have a chance to use the bathroom that morning; in more ways than one. She did miss out on her daily routine, but if they were still in ‘play’ mode then how was she...Emily looked back at Joyce, suddenly red in the face from unspoken confirmation. Joyce only returned a loving smile as only the tapes tearing from plastic could be heard.

“Are you....going to...you know...”

Joyce finished the words for her. “Bathe you?”

Emily, flustered, quietly nodded her head.

“Well, I can’t trust you to be in the bathroom by yourself, right? Much less take a bath. Little Emmy needs mommy’s supervision at *all* times.” She rubbed Emily’s cheek at that statement.

The words made her feel so little...so incapable of doing things by herself, meaning she had to rely on Joyce even more. While the talk and change riddled her with obvious embarrassment, the joy that welled up inside of her was unmistakable. In all this time she'd spent with Joyce, it all felt like grooming for the kinds of moments like these when she'd cross a significant line with Joyce; lines like this. Emily didn't know why she was feeling this way, but like in any other moment of uncertainty, she simply resigned herself to go with the flow.

Joyce collected her ankles in the air and slid the used diaper from underneath her, passively taking a look at how well-used it was. Unfortunately, Emily's one accident was nowhere near to using up the entire thing...but Joyce wasn't going to force the poor girl to sit in it; not when she had only wet one for the second time. It would be a gradual transition, of course, but Joyce couldn't help but keep getting caught in her fantasies of the future. Emily had become her everything and she'd trade nothing else in the world for it.

"Alright," Joyce stood Emily up and off the bed, who was currently only in a bra right now. "Let's get you cleaned up now, hm?"

"You're just gonna leave me naked?" Emily stammered in a weak protest, as her old habits kept one hand in front of her nether regions and the other on her behind.

"You can't wear clothes in the bath, silly. Then they'd get wet!" Joyce intentionally misunderstood her words as she watched Emily fuss. It was clear though she was getting used to being naked around Joyce though, even if decency commanded her to hide her most precious parts. It was about pushing Emily a little bit further each time though, but never too far outside her comfort zone.

"But I think mommy forgot one last thing to take off," Joyce nodded over to Emily's last piece of dignity. Her bra.

"C-can't I just take it off in the bathroom?" Emily so desperately wanted to maintain any shred of dignity she could hang on to. Things were moving fast and she suddenly wanted some way to fight the tide.

"Emmy, honey, turn around for me please."

Wordlessly, Emily followed her instructions, almost ready to cry from what was to come. Guided by Joyce, she knew it was okay on some level to be handled like this, but it didn't make things

easier. The adult inside of her was fighting now, but the more accepting part of her was clearly winning the battle.

“Shhh shhh it’s alright. It’s just getting ready for bathtime, that’s all.”

Emily’s emotions weren’t ready for when she heard the click of the strap coming undone, now hanging lifelessly. Out of instinct Emily took the hand that was covering her behind to support the unhooked garment she still had on. But slowly and gently, a second set of hands slid them off of her, leaving her chest bare and body completely and truly exposed. Reorganizing her efforts, now one arm covered her chest and the other her front. A bare backside was something she’d have to accept.

“Alright my little exhibitionist,” Joyce did her best to try and lighten the mood. “Let’s get somebody in the tub now. Don’t you think?”

“Mhm...” Emily’s words were few and far between now, taking all of her mental fortitudes to stay composed. Even if she wanted to be okay with this, overwriting what trained instinct told her was a difficult task to manage. As loving as it was, Emily could feel Joyce watching over her; caught in a mix of happiness and fear.

Emily wasn’t budging though, trapped in her own internal dilemma again. Joyce almost let out a sigh, watching her little girl struggle like this time and time again. But from what past experiences taught, Emily tended to respond well with a little shock to the system.

“Does somebody want mommy to carry them as well?” Joyce whisked a yelping Emily into the air, as she quickly wrapped her arms around Joyce’s neck and waist with her legs. Her morals berated her and screamed indecency as her bare chest pressed against someone who was modest enough to be clothed; her crotch as well. It was even more of a bitter pill to swallow with her butt on full display. But to whom? There was only her and Joyce in the apartment after all...

Burying her head from the shame, Emily in a muffled cry spoke. “Can you please let me down?”

“Maybe when we get to the bathroom,” Joyce replied with an ear-to-ear smile. She didn’t like forcing Emily into situations like these, but so far it seemed to be the best way to get over a slump. “I know you might be a bit embarrassed right now, but you already know I’ve seen everything you have, right?”

A bit embarrassing didn’t even begin to describe, but Emily knew there was truth to her words. Since day one, excluding the diaper changes Joyce had changed Emily’s clothes the first time

they met. She could remember it like it was yesterday; waking up in a nightgown and different underwear, and with no bra too. By that logic she had no right to be embarrassed, but even then....

Joyce rubbed the small girl's back while they made their brief trek to the bathroom. It felt short for Joyce, but like an eternity for Emily. Every subtle movement and shift Joyce made while Emily sat there naked came back to her in critical and vivid detail. Down to Joyce's hands, which supported her naked thighs and fingers that just edged on the cheeks to her bottom. She hated it as much as it started to become alluring to her; another step to the bonding process.

Joyce had already unlocked the bathroom before they left that morning; already planning to do something like this should Emily have wanted to continue. Honestly she didn't expect it, but would have given herself a literal pat on the back for planning anyways, had she not been occupied with a naked Emily, of course.

Inside and with the door closed, the warm and contained bathroom atmosphere enveloped Emily. The entirety of the apartment was kept well-heated, but nothing compared to being laid bare as soon as she got out of the bath. It almost helped her forget the circumstances she was in right now.

"Could you...let me down now, please?" The contact between the two had certainly been intimate but Emily wanted to collect herself. Joyce may have been a bit more accepting than her, but Emily was still getting accustomed to her new attire.

"Under one condition, hon."

"What's that?" Just from hearing the unknown terms Emily's heart skipped a beat. What could it be? What more did Joyce want from her?

"If I let you down, you have to promise me one thing: I don't want you to try and cover up, okay?"

No, no, she couldn't be serious. This was too much! Emily didn't want to be so exposed in front of the person she cherished so much. It felt...wrong! She didn't know how she was supposed to get closer to Joyce, but this was a means she didn't want to follow through with. What was natural was being challenged yet again and anything other than protest seemed impossible! Yet at the same time, all of their past moments came flooding back, contradicting everything she was trying to stand for right now, especially when Joyce first...pleasured her. Even now...it *was* just a

compilation of everything she'd experienced thus far. She just wanted Joyce to make the bad feelings go away...

The silence had gone on long enough and Joyce started to coax. "Emmy, you should know by now shame isn't something you should *ever* feel when you're with me. If you want to feel sad, or angry, then sometimes that can't be helped. But *always* and I mean *always*, at the end of the day you'll be my special little girl. It's my job to keep you happy, you know? So far I've fed you, changed you, pampered you, and more. You liked that, didn't you?"

Once more Emily could only nod, letting the words talk her down from the ledge. This wasn't manipulation, because even the rational side of Emily knew it was true.

"And now I need to clean you. You don't want to be dirty, right?"

Emily shook her head. Everything came so simply when it was through Joyce's words.

"No, of course not!" Joyce laughed a little. "There's no need to feel embarrassed being naked around me sweetie. Embarrassment and shame aren't allowed when I'm here with you, okay?"

Emily nodded once more, taking in the pure words of only acceptance and embrace; devoid of anything impure or negative.

Joyce cooed. "Good! Now if I let you down can you promise to be a happy little girl for me?"

She didn't feel like herself anymore; not when Joyce talked to her that way. Everything felt so real, the way she was cared for and handled made it too believable to think otherwise. Emily wanted to cry from happiness right now. She'd still be a little red-faced, but she could manage if Joyce said it was okay.

One final time Emily nodded her head, and then she could feel Joyce's grip loosen, announcing touchdown when Emily's feet made a slight plop noise when they connected to the tiled floor.

"There she is! Right as rain!" And red as a rose. Joyce could see her tiny smile as she looked away, with a face as red as a tomato. She'd keep the last part to herself though. This was already more than perfect. Emily rubbed one of her arms uncomfortably with the other while she shuffled everso bashfully. Her heart felt ready to jump out of her chest the more she stood still. Doing as Joyce asked she tried her hardest not to cover up again; her breasts and privates on full display. But every time she'd sneak a glance at Joyce's gaze, it was never a look of disdain, disgust or negativity. It was pure warmth. The acceptance was wonderfully heartbreaking, and it



felt even the slightest bit more comfortable to be on full display, and realize there were no repercussions for it.

“Phew!” Joyce said in relief. “Had you given mommy any more trouble I might have had to get in the bath with you!” She ruffled the hair on the top of Emily’s head, a new sense of shock overcoming her.

What? Was she kidding? She had to be joking! Right? Emily quietly watched, beet red while Joyce started to fill the bath, speculating what it might have been like to bathe with Joyce. Just to imagine seeing her whole figure...W-w-w-wait! Get it together! Emily quickly chased the thoughts out of her head, trying to focus on the task at hand. It was an understatement to say she felt out of her element being naked in front of someone else, but needless to say Joyce’s casualness towards it was a godsend. Joyce always knew how to make Emily feel better and this moment only made her grow more trusting of the fact.

Joyce’s hand monitored the gushing water until it had reached the perfect temperature; catching the midway just between too hot and lukewarm. She almost felt a little sad, when the thought hit her. It wouldn’t be much of a bath without any bubbles or toys...damn! Joyce quietly chastised herself, a failure of a mommy who couldn’t even give her little one something to be entertained with. But...Joyce snuck a look at Emily’s bare backside once more, watching her longingly. Emily wouldn’t mind, she was easy to please. It didn’t make Joyce’s infraction any less significant, but on the surface Emily would be alright. That just meant it was another fun bathtime to look forward to down the road.

Gathering towels, a sponge, soaps, shampoos and an empty cup, Joyce set up her workstation whilst Emily watched quietly nearby, still trying to sort through her own emotions.

Joyce set a towel for the amenities and another to kneel on. A much larger one was kept folded for Emily.

“I know we didn’t get any food in you while we were out, so maybe we could have a late lunch?”

“Whatever’s fine...” Emily said, still trying to find her words.

“We could order out, you know?”

“Really? From where?” This caught Emily’s attention, from both curiosity and a strange sadness. Takeout on any night was good, but a night without Joyce’s cooking was...questionable. Hence why she was having second thoughts.

“Sandwiches? Pizza? Sushi? I want you to pick for a change. *Wittle* Emmy gets to pick tonight!” Joyce fired her loving coos towards Emily, who kept her tingling feelings to herself.

It was the first time Emily actually had reign in her miniature role. It was no real power that was given to her, which is why it was so much more thrilling. No matter what she did she would still be safe under Joyce’s watchful eye. She’d been given the freedom of choice, but she was still well-within Joyce’s influence. And honestly she’d been so used to being cooked such amazing meals that she’d partly forgotten what it was like to cook for herself. It was a little strange to realize that...“I’m not sure...Can I have some time to think?”

“Of course.” Joyce finished tying her hair up into a bun and rolling up her sleeves. Then for no reason whatsoever, she snuck over to Emily, giving her a warm hug. Of course in return it caused the naked girl to jump, still adjusting to her naked display.

“Wh- why are you...?” Not in a voice of protest, but general concern and curiosity.

“Can’t mommy hug her little girl when she feels like it? Or *maybe* I’ll have to tickle my way into one!” In tune with the build-up in her voice, Joyce’s fingers quickly scurried up and down Emily’s sides, resulting in an immediate squirm of thrashes and cries as she struggled to fend off the tickle tormentor. Somehow finding a chance to escape, whether it was a sign of mercy from Joyce she didn’t know, Emily bolted to the other side of the tub, trying to cover her sides from any further attacks; an irrational part of her even briefly considering a ranged assault. With a distraught look on her face, she could only watch the playfully vicious Joyce give her a motherly grin.

“Not funny...” Emily pouted, establishing a safe distance between the two.

“Awww...I’m sorry Emmy. I didn’t mean to chase you away!” Joyce opened her arms in a wide, welcoming stance, the predatory look in her eyes diffusing into something much calmer. “Do you forgive me?” She *did* look genuinely apologetic...

Emily shuffled with uncertainty, trying to discern whether or not Joyce had a trick up her sleeve. But the hug did seem nice...so maybe...Carefully, Emily edged closer back to her former enemy, toe by toe, the only sounds in the room being the bathroom fan and the mini waterfall filling the tub. Within a few tile’s distance, Joyce slightly leaped forward, latching her arms around her cautious prey.

“Gotcha!” Joyce playfully shouted.

Oh no! Not again! Emily started to squirm, anticipating another tickle attack at a moment's notice. Her earlier escape was starting to feel like a fluke though, because now it was clear Joyce didn't want her wriggling away. But during her futile efforts, it became clear Joyce had no intent to attack.

The two slumped to the floor, with Emily overshadowed by Joyce's larger figure and placed in her lap, returning the hug in the best way she could by latching onto her arms. Even if Emily's cheeks were burning right now and she was naked, she was more focused on enjoying the moment.

A little more time passed until Joyce finally released Emily for good, content with their cuddling and judging it was time to turn off the faucet. The expansive tub was filled and it was time to get a certain someone clean. Had she not taken a shower this morning she'd almost have felt obliged to join her. But that might be a bit too much right now...Joyce wasn't sure how Emily would read the situation then.

Joyce clasped her hands together. "Alright! In the tub, missy."

Already reminiscent of their hugging, Emily edged one foot into the tub, feeling the immediate shift in temperature as she acclimated to the near-hot water. It did feel good; certainly pleasant enough to wash the day's fatigue and dirt away. Though, the last part was just added for effect. In Joyce's care, there was no way Emily had even come close to a speck of blemish that could harm her shine. Even as they were separated right now in the flesh, Emily could feel Joyce's emotions wrapping her in a pleasant, snug cocoon that didn't want to let her go, and Emily didn't want to leave.

Lowering herself into the rewarding bathwater with these thoughts was nothing short of bliss and sweet serenity. And to top it all off, Emily started to feel like puddy when she could hear Joyce's hums follow behind her from ear to ear; indications of Joyce already getting to work.

"Does my little kitten like being pampered like this?" Joyce calmly spoke as she eased Emily further into the water, just enough to submerge her black and shimmering hair.

"Mhm..." Emily spoke in a quiet whisper. She was too entranced to fully give a response.

Joyce's smile only grew wider when the ecstasy written all over Emily was emanating. Slowly, Joyce traced one of her fingers over Emily's head in circular motions, dancing across her nape.

“Now tell me, what does little Emmy want to smell like? Lavender, lotus or peach?”

“Pick for me, please...” Emily quietly moaned, too busy enjoying the sensation from her scalp being massaged.

Well, if Joyce had ever thought Emily were in pure bliss, now would be it. She’d have to keep moments like these in mind whenever Emily might need a breather. But...Joyce was in the mood for peaches; she wouldn’t mind that smell moving around the house. Not that Emily could have ever made a wrong choice. Oh, just to dote on someone else who was willing was such an indescribable feeling! Emily...if only she knew how important she was.

Joyce doused the sponge in the body wash, dipping it into the bathwater and helping Emily back into a sitting position, her wet hair hanging heavy, collected into a smooth mass. She watched as the wet hairs fell in line as they left the water; unperturbed by anything that touched them.

“Alright, Emmy. It might feel a little strange at first, but bear with me, okay?”

Emily absent-mindedly nodded as Joyce started to scrub with the fruity-scented sponge up and down her back, gentle with the utmost care in each and every up-and-down motion. Trying to relish every moment, the distant fact hurt that they wouldn’t be able to do something like this for a bit. A week in fact. Joyce felt a little selfish voice inside her head, entertaining the thought at what it might be like if Emily didn’t have to work at all. Then she’d always be here, ready for her mommy to look after her...No!

What was she thinking? It was just a simple fantasy. Nothing more. Emily was an adult, and even Joyce didn’t think Emily would want to surrender herself completely, and that was more than understandable. Besides, it wasn’t like Joyce could put her life down either. Yes, there was a very special spot reserved exclusively for Emily now, but right now that couldn’t be her everything. She couldn’t exactly stop working. Prestige came at a price.

This was only the second time they bonded like this before. Joyce was fortunate enough to have gotten this far and should already be grateful. Besides, it only had yet to get better and more rewarding for the both of them. Joyce settled her sights and thoughts on those moments, those which weren’t far off in the future.

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A good hour went by in the bathroom; both Joyce and Emily soaking in every possible moment. Emily had certainly gotten a bit jumpy when Joyce cleaned her more...sensitive parts, but Emily

let it happen nonetheless. Joyce carried on the conversation for the both of them, as the girl in the tub was simply too intoxicated to invest herself. Joyce scooped one last batch of water into the cup and let it trickle into a full-on pour over Emily's head, washing the rest of the conditioner away.

"I know you're having a good time, honey, but I think it's time we get you out of there. I can't have my baby girl turning into a raisin on me!"

Slowly being drawn back into the atmosphere of reality, Emily was sad to see the bathwater go, watching as Joyce opened their exit and the warm, steamy crowd flushed out. Immediately as the water level began to sink, not even the heated fan could convince Emily it wasn't chilly. Trying to hang on for as long as she could, the water reached a point where she couldn't fully submerge herself anymore and she was just teasing herself at that point. Standing up finally, there was thankfully Joyce with a towel she could have mistaken for a blanket waiting for her. It was a towel Joyce would sometimes use for her torso, going as far down to just above her ankles. With that size comparison, it might as well have been a blanket to Emily.

Draped in her robe Emily felt safe from the harsh temperatures yet again.

"There we go. Now she smells perfect!" Joyce gave her an exaggerated sniff as she rocked her from side to side. It was always fun when they could be together like this.

This was true. Even Emily was pleased with how she smelled. Not that it was bad before, but now a certain scent had been emphasized yet again. Earlier this morning it would have been the lavender Joyce powdered her waist in... As she sat there though, stewing in her thoughts, a sudden urge struck her, one that bloomed confusion and worry inside of her.

Just as a hunch, Joyce couldn't help but think she saw a shift in Emily's demeanor. "Something wrong?"

"Er...I..." Emily could feel the embarrassment coming back to her in troves and under a different mask. It was a new problem she hadn't faced with Joyce before. To even consider mentioning it pushed what she thought could be the most shameful to new limits.

"Do you need to pee?" Joyce blankly asked, wondering if she hit the nail on the head. Of course Emily would still have trouble mentioning those kinds of things, so it was her job to draw them out of her.

“No...” Emily sheepishly tried to look in any other direction than where Joyce was. Knowing her, it probably wouldn’t take much longer to build from there. Peeing was one thing. So it was only logical next she’d guess...

“Is it maybe for something else?” Joyce danced around the exact words, trying to keep her girl in one piece.

Awkwardly, trusting in the time the two had taken to build such a stronger bond, Emily nodded her head.

So that’s what it was...Joyce almost bit the side of her lip, pondering over what to do. Messing was obviously too soon for Emily. Baby steps. And Joyce wouldn’t go to get her a diaper just to put her through that, no. It had to come much more naturally; not forced circumstances like this.

“Maybe Emmy’s ready to use the big girl toilet?” Joyce suggested, still trying to maintain the parental role. Keeping it in the realm of babying would surely resonate with her.

Emily’s heart found its rapid pace again as she realized Joyce was giving her a free pass on this one, which she couldn’t be thankful enough for. Emily couldn’t even begin to imagine the kind of taboo she’d commit--to use a diaper like that. It was unthinkable.

Joyce stretched out her hand and guided Emily back to her feet, undoing the towel for her and letting it unravel on the ground. Naked again, Emily let Joyce guide her over to the toilet. But once Emily sat down, she couldn’t help but notice the pair of legs she wouldn’t look any higher than were fixed in place. Facing her.

“Uhm...Joyce?” Emily was a little afraid to ask, already expecting a certain answer.

“What is it honey?”

“Could I have some...you know...”

“Privacy?”

Emily let her head do the talking for her again.

“Emmy, you know I can’t leave you here alone. What kind of mommy would I be if I left you unsupervised?”

She responded in tears, as Joyce gave her yet another painful test. Everything around them faded away, until the only things that remained were Emily, Joyce and the porcelain throne.

“Please...” Emily half-mouthed, not wanting things to happen like this. The pressure was building.

“Emmy...” Joyce got on her knees, lowering enough to catch Emily’s downward gaze. “Remember when I said you don’t need to feel ashamed or embarrassed around me?”

“I know...but!--” Joyce quickly cut her off.

“*And*, this is one of those moments, sweetie.”

“I don’t want to do this Joyce...Please let me go on my own...!”

Joyce came to a conclusion, dealing Emily with her ultimatum. She didn’t feel happy doing this, but just like before bathtime, these sorts of things took encouragement.

“Okay Emmy,” Joyce took her hands with Emily’s. “I’m not going to make you go potty in front of me if you don’t want to.”

Really? Did she mean it? Emily could feel an internal sigh of relief knowing she could be at ease now.

“But,”

*No!* Why did there have to be a but?

“You have three choices, okay?”

Emily silently listened with attentive ears.

“One, you can use the toilet for me and I’ll make sure my big girl does a good job.”

Oh how she hated that idea. Joyce may have bathed her, made her pee herself, but poop?

“Two, I can get you one of your diapers, and you can mess in that, and then I’ll change you.”

Absolutely out of the question. She cherished the toilet far too much to do something like that, but a strange submissive part of her couldn't help but laugh in glee at how she was being talked down to. It made her feel so tight in Joyce's arms and so dependent!

"Or three, I can let you use the toilet on your own, but I leave the room and we stop this for the rest of the night."

Option three sounded the most ideal to her rational side. But then what? Emily hated to admit how their intimacy was growing on her and to know how she'd feel empty for the rest of the night was an annoying thought she couldn't bear. She knew it was the most practical, and yet why couldn't she bring herself to say those words?!

"I'll give you the count to three, okay?"

Three seconds? That wasn't fair! How could she drop this bombshell of a dilemma on her, and only give mere moments to decide? It was so frustrating! Emily loved what they had. There, she said it; internally, at least. But to put it at stake like this? To test their limits so suddenly? Joyce always knew how to push her buttons, and Emily was always in the palm of her hand...

"One..." Joyce wasn't sure what Emily would choose. The mommy in her of course wanted option two, but both of them knew it'd never happen. Not now. At best it was a decoration for the much more plausible other two. She'd have to settle for option one, but even then Joyce had her doubts.

"Two..." To even let a second pass was a little shocking to Joyce. Could she really be struggling that much? Oh, how could she be doing this to Emily!? She was a monster; putting her little girl on the fence like this; forcing her to make such difficult decisions. She had half a mind to call off the deal and give Emily her private time with no repercussions...

Still maintaining her calm composure though, "Three..."

Before the next interval between seconds could pass, a tiny voice made itself known, and a bubble of confusion and distress had suddenly popped, when a flustered voice finally squeaked its response.

"One!"

Joyce looked at Emily; the flustered one's eyes sealed shut, as if she couldn't even believe her own words.



“...One?” Joyce had to confirm. Yet again the small package had delivered her another almost overwhelming surprise.

“Y...yes...” Emily trembled, quickly coming to terms with what her choice would entail. She continuously beat and berated herself; trying to figure out what could have possibly urged her to go with option one; the very one she tried to get herself out of! It hurt; trying to be honest with herself...But it hurt even more to run from it. Both she and likely Joyce knew that she was starting to become attached to this. She couldn't let it go now. This wasn't something she wanted to go through, yet all the other fun things they'd do together is what kept her pushing forward.

Joyce kept her small doubletake silent as she outwardly beamed with pride for Emily's unexpected bravery. It made her hate herself even more for forcing Emily's hand like this, but at the same time she was focused on pushing Emily's limits. It was like stretching out a sock. Every time you try to slip it over something bigger, after enough time it becomes accustomed to that size, and its capacity becomes bigger and bigger. Slowly but surely Emily was becoming more okay with more and more demanding situations. Emily had already made leaps and bounds, and Joyce loved her all the more for it.

Emily took a deep breath, bracing herself for what was to come. Before she even started adding to the physical pressure, her mind was racing; a crying fit ready to start again. It was almost like a modern-day discovery to find someone who could cry this much. Her adrenaline was pumping and all she could do was sit still and hang on to her metaphorical rock; each of their hands interlocked with the other.

For a brief moment, even Joyce found herself lost in thought; quickly jumping back to the frontlines. This was no time to be spacing out. She had to be there for Emily; once and if she crashed...

Her body was clearly resisting, trying to convince her of the foolishness she was committing right now. Emily knew that all too well. Joyce was what kept her going though. Never in her life had she been so dependent on someone before; not even Jack. In the small span of a little more than a week, lingering feelings of attachment and inseparable sentiment were taking form. Why was she thinking about all these things right now? Being so close to Joyce? Naked on a toilet, going number two in front of the one person she wanted to be with the most. But it was alright, right? Deep down she harbored the fear of betrayal; and as soon as she would do her deed, she'd become something unsightly...But Joyce said to, after all.

“You can do it...come on...In one...nice...big...push!” Joyce encouraged in a low voice, squeezing Emily’s palms. While Joyce never exactly wanted Emily to use the toilet when they had their mommy time together, the value in an experience like this was unmistakable. Right here, right now, they were breaking down barriers; opening little Emily up to new possibilities.

Her muscles tensed as she could feel it coming, the mass inside of her would be let go, right in front of her; the one she wanted to impress the most; the one she wanted to be cared for by. She was being watched using the toilet like she couldn’t be trusted. She was small...she wasn’t independent...

It didn’t feel real; the absence of privacy. A setting and state that had been commonplace for decades was now nonexistent. Removing something so crucial, so essential to the bathroom procedure was incomprehensible, yet here she was, doing her business in front of another person; an adult. Which is why when it finally released, when she finally pushed it all out, hearing that shameful, childish plop in the water, announcing what she’d done for the whole world to know, everything she had known to signify any sense of maturity or adulthood shattered.

Emily didn’t make a noise this time, other than staring back at Joyce, her bottom lip quivering the ever slightest with a set of hollow eyes; a look telling of Emily’s grief, shock, and sadness from what she’d done. The moment itself had been surreal enough, but to claim responsibility for it made her even more of a stranger to herself.

Despite that, the lighthouse which called the ship back to shore though was that same, glowing smile. The one that always kept Emily from wandering astray; to lose herself in the darkness and despair. In this vast, unknown world Emily had just begun to explore, her guide waited right there for her with open arms. It was those two words which were powerful enough to shine away the fog in Emily’s glassy eyes.

“Good girl.”

It was Emily’s turn to initiate the hug this time; still partly on the toilet seat. She was disgusted with herself, but she needed Joyce more than ever now, who was more than happy to oblige.

“I...Is that enough?” Emily sobbed into Joyce’s shoulder, forgetting about her still-wet hair, unknowingly allowing the expensive fabrics on Joyce’s body to soak up the water dripping from it.

“That was perfect, Emily. You did plenty.”

The task she had just performed, to do her business on the toilet was physically and mentally draining; contradicting second nature as she knew it. Anything she had left in her body to support her muscles had been completely redirected to just hanging onto Joyce with every last spec of energy in reserve.

Joyce reassuringly stroked her hair. “It might have felt scary, but you did it, and I want you to know how proud I am of you. I won’t force you to do any more difficult things tonight; don’t worry. You just relax and be proud of yourself for me, okay?”

Emily wasn’t sure how proud she could feel right now, but in her scrambled state she could only nod yes over and over. She didn’t know whether it was to convince Joyce or herself.

“Don’t *ever* feel ashamed for using the potty in front of me, okay?” Joyce made sure they had complete eye contact now. “You don’t *ever* need to hide anything from me, okay?” While she was weak, Joyce would make sure to slip only positive reinforcement before Emily put herself back together. She only wanted Emily to feel good things; be happy about this.

“Mhm...” Emily kept sniffing, still exhausted from her deed.

“Now do you want to finish getting cleaned up?” Joyce didn’t pay the water blotch on her shoulder any mind.

Back to her quiet, teary self, Emily agreed and let herself be wrapped up again.

Joyce finished the hard part for her, using a blowdryer and dabbing her all over with another towel to get her nice and dry until not a single drop of water remained. And as Emily sat there lazily and blinked her eyes, now that her emotions were settling down, there wasn’t anything left to hide the sudden fatigue sweeping over her.

“Is someone a bit sleepy?” Joyce poked. It wasn’t surprising after all she’d been through. She’d hardly even slept during the ride home.

Emily yawned in response, fast to accept the hold Joyce let her confide in. In a princess carry the world started to fade away; suspended in a coming dreamland. Joyce watched her hang there so peacefully and reflected on how vulnerable she’d become in the span of a single day. It was Emily’s way of extending her trust to Joyce, who would never trample on such a priceless treasure. Planting her lips on the top of Emily’s exposed forehead, she whispered a goodnight to Emily and held her still for a moment longer.

In a lowered voice though Joyce let out a sigh, watching Emily with a slightly raised eyebrow. “Weren’t you the one that was gonna pick lunch?” She glanced at the nearby clock, then gently set her down.

“Guess it’s dinner now...”