

Blossoming into Babyhood

Chapter Three

March 2023 – Commission

No, please- please, Adam. Don't be mad! I- I don't know how it happened-

Lily's eyes cracked open, her mind awhirl with the intensity of the dream. It was so palpable, so real! The sensation of that lukewarm wetness around her bum... the disturbingly wet sensation between her thighs... the uncomfortable feeling of saturated cotton clinging to her skin...

But no – she wasn't in Zane's car anymore! She drew a shaky sigh of relief, heart thudding in her ears, and blinked up at the ceiling of their bedroom. It was just a dream. She was home... safe. Under the covers. In bed. In...

...a wet bed?

Not again!

Her fingers fumbled downward, meeting almost instantly the wet cotton her sleep-fogged mind had longed not to find. No, she hadn't been dreaming after all – and a shaky flinging back of the covers confirmed her worst fears. With her bum squarely at the epicenter of a massive, visibly soaked circle, and with the clearly soggy fabric of her pajama pants sticking to her legs, there was simply no denying it. She'd wet – no, *soaked* – the bed during the night.

"Oh, baby..." It was Adam – already dressed as he entered the room, an expression of concern and sympathy written across his newly shaven face as he took in the embarrassing scene before him.

"Oh, no – not again, honey! I'm sorry–"

Why was he the one apologizing? He wasn't the one that was pissing himself during the night... ruining their new mattress... "I'm so sorry," Lily blurted, unbidden tears prickling suddenly at her eyes. "I- I don't even know- I don't remember anything-" "Of course you don't, baby," Adam soothed, and now he was sitting reassuringly beside her, his strong hand stroking through her dark, tousled curls. "There's nothing you could have done, okay? If it happens when you're asleep, no one can blame you, you know..."

"It's just- I, you know. This has never happened," she mumbled as she slid gingerly out of bed and began peeling off her icky pajamas. "It just doesn't make *sense!* And it keeps on happening..."

"Which is why I told you we need to get it checked out, baby," Adam reminded her, tugging the wet sheets off and gathering them into a tangled ball. "Three times was what we agreed on, remember? And this is the third time, you know. Third strike, as they say."

Three times. Ugh, had she really wet the bed three separate nights now? She supposed so. Three separate nights, spread out over as many weeks... "I know it's not fun to have to talk about it, but we really need to make sure you're okay," Adam maintained, stepping out the doorway and casting a sympathetic smile back at his now-naked girlfriend. "Now, honey, listen up. Go get cleaned up with a nice warm shower for me, okay? And by the time you're done, I'm going to have your clothes for the day all ready and waiting. I know you need to be at work by nine, so let's keep moving..."

Why was Adam so freaking nice to her?, Lily mused despondently while the warm water cascaded over her, gently flushing away the squicky feeling of her own stale pee. Any other guy probably would have flipped out... made fun of her... told her she was absolutely disgusting – or worse, childish. For childish she certainly felt: babyish, even. Ashamed. Mortified to have done something so embarrassingly infantile as wet in her sleep. Heck, other guys might have even broken up over something as revolting as a bedwetting girlfriend, wouldn't they? What sane guy would want a girl who wasn't even mature enough to stay dry at night?!

Adam, please... please don't hate me! Don't leave me, please...

The sight of him peeking into the shower, a bright smile on his handsome face, brought the prickle of tears to her eyes – grateful ones this time. "Come on, baby! Clothes are ready!" he urged, his eyes traveling appreciatively over her petite curves and down to her almost hairless princess parts. "I've got a towel for you and everything..."

It was as he toweled her dry and handed her a pair of sky-blue, cotton panties that he broke the news. "I really hope you don't mind, baby. But seeing as how hard doctor's appointments can be to get, I actually made one for you last week already – just in case, you know." She blinked in surprise as she took the matching bra from his hands. "Wait, really? That's- that's- wow..."

"It's for tomorrow afternoon, actually. With a specialist Zane suggested," Adam said, and Lily gulped with sudden anxiety. *Tomorrow? Already?* Why couldn't it have been with her general practitioner? With the woman doctor she'd been seeing for the last five years? At least then she wouldn't have to confess to a complete stranger that she had started wetting the bed like some little kid. Though... then again, Adam and Zane probably knew best. It likely *was* a problem for a specialist...

"Thanks, Adam," she replied at last, and she was almost surprised to find that she truly meant it. "It's not gonna be fun. But... you're right. I really should. It's, you know... the sensible thing to do."

Now all she needed was for this burst of level-headed, courageous sensibility to last until tomorrow afternoon.

"Wow, that was one amazing supper! And even better thanks to those brownies of yours, Zane. You'll really have to get us the recipe sometime..."

Lily nodded along almost unconsciously to Adam's words, settling further back into the sofa and sipping at her rapidly emptying glass of fruit juice. The two men had chosen to enjoy a glass of whiskey each, but as she had never cared for the taste, she'd been more than happy to accept the tall glass of juice Adam had thoughtfully poured for her. *Sip.* Mmm, yes. Nice and sweet. Just like those nice, chocolatey, gluten- and dairy-free brownies Zane had made just for her. The ones that had been so good she'd taken two. Mmm, yes. Maybe focusing on yummy things would take her mind off... you know...

But of course it couldn't. Even as she sipped, she could see in her mind's eye the cold, sterile light of the examination room earlier today. The lilting inflection of the doctor's no-nonsense tone. The touch of rubbery gloves on her sensitive inner thighs, gently sliding up and inward, spreading her-

Ugh, no! It was all too embarrassing. Even the memory made her cringe: the direct questions the doctor had asked her, and the way she'd tried and failed to answer them, and how Adam had helpfully answered for her with a sympathetic squeeze of her shoulder. Yes, she was completely voiding her bladder in her sleep. No, no memory of it. No, no dreams associated with them. No, nothing unusual in her diet. Maybe a bit of work-related stress, perhaps...

And worst of all, she had to sit here remembering all of it, all while hearing Zane's voice and caught in his unfathomably intelligent gaze. His presence alone made her want to crawl under a rock; for with every word he said she could feel herself back in his fancy SUV that night nearly a month ago, staring helplessly down at the puddle she'd made on his- his-

"I'm going to bed," she announced abruptly, taking a final swig of her juice and rising from the

couch. "I'm, you know, I'm tired-" "Oh! You're sure?" Adam ventured, clearly surprised at her sudden decision. "Um, okay!" He glanced up at her in concern, and his next words clearly escaped before he could recollect Zane's presence. "Babe, do be a good girl and use the potty before bed, okay? Remember what the doctor said? We don't want any more accidents..."

Doctor. Potty. Bed. Accidents. And before she knew it, her face was crumpling into a spasm of angry, humiliated tears.

"Lily! Lily, baby- I- I'm sorry. It's okay!" But Adam's sudden embrace and worried soothing couldn't stop the hot tears that were now flowing. "No-oo!" She wailed, struggling against his strong arms in a sudden fit of angry despair. "No! I- I'm not a freaking little *kid!* I don't- don't need- need-"

She trailed off as a paroxysm of sobs rocked her, and above them she could hear Zane's concerned rumble and Adam's low voice, explaining the entire humiliating saga. How he'd taken her to the specialist today. How the doctor had found nothing wrong. How she had advised them to make a toilet routine... and to get Lily some protective undergarments, just in case the accidents continued. How Lily had been against the idea... and yes, even how Adam had gone into the medical supply store and bought some anyway, just to have on hand...

"Poor dear," she heard now above her choking sobs, Adam's voice vibrating with paternal concern. "It's not easy for her. She's just tired and stressed, I'm sure." And then to her once more. "Come on, baby – let's get you to the potty and then to bed-"

She opened her mouth to reply – then froze, suddenly aware of the strangest sensation deep between her legs. A sort of spasm... a weird, almost numb feeling... and then, a now-familiar trickling gush of something warm and wet...

"No-ooooo!!" She wailed once more, and now she was staring down in petrified horror over Adam's restraining arm, watching the fabric of her jeans darken and blossom into saturated humiliation. Her bladder was draining right before her eyes, and though she fought desperately to stop it, it was as if her bladder no longer belonged to her. It had a mind of its own now – and it had decided that right here and right now was the perfect time to empty... right into her pants.

"Oh- oh, baby! You should have told me! Why didn't you tell me you needed to go?" Adam's voice was kind, and his surprised concern fully justifiable. Yet upset as she now was, every word cut into her like a knife – and as she felt the incriminating trickles coursing down her legs, she felt

something inside of her snap.

She... she had failed, the voice inside her head sneered. There was no point in fighting it anymore. She had lost every shred of dignity and adulthood left – and right in front of Adam and his smart, handsome friend. She was pathetic – worthless – horribly disgusting and infantile. Adam couldn't possibly prefer her to Zane after this. He'd go back to his old boyfriend now for certain. He'd break up with her, and he'd be better off that way, too. As for her? She'd be left in the cold: a pissy, pathetic, broken, disgusting-

"Here, let's get you cleaned up," she heard above the chorus of her own depressive angst, and now Adam's strong body was propelling her forward across the carpet and toward the bathroom. "Come on, baby. I've got you." And then, calling behind him: "Zane, would you be so kind as to fetch that bag from our trunk? It's a big shopping bag – brown plastic – over on the left side..."

Oh, no. No, no, no! Not that!

But yes – that was exactly what happened.

And so it was that, not ten minutes later, Adam emerged from the bathroom, hand in hand with the sniffing and tear-spent Lily. Gone were her soaked jeans, and gone her cute pink socks and sneakers. She was barefoot now, and her legs too were bare. She shuddered and shivered as she stepped forward, eyes fixed on the carpet beneath her. There was no more denying it – not now.

For around her waist – puffy, white, and crinkling softly with every faltering step – was her own personal badge of shame. What the doctor had called a "protective undergarment" – but which Lily knew was nothing more or less than an adult diaper.

Her diaper. The diaper Adam had just pulled up around her legs... and which she had shudderingly accepted, knowing full well that she deserved it.

And worst of all, she realized with a tearful hiccup, she was now standing here in full view of Zane. Zane, who also knew full well just how thoroughly she deserved it. How she truly belonged in it. In... a diaper. Like a baby.

Lily raised her eyes at last, gulping back a fresh sob as she found Zane staring across at her with an

inscrutable expression on his face. *Oh, god – no, I can't!* She recoiled, dropping her eyes once more and longing fervently to sink into the ground, away from his calmly judging gaze. *How Zane must be laughing at me! How childish I must look now... How pathetic. How stupid... and small. How very like a- a- baby...*

No nightmare could ever be more humiliating than this.