

IT'S NOT POLITE TO STARE

by Dreyer

It was a warm Saturday afternoon in July, and my partner Ophelia and I had just left the public library with a clutch of books in our hands. She, a book of recipes, a collection of essays, and the next installment in the lesbian vampire romance series she'd been reading; me, a young adult fantasy novel whose cover happened to catch my eye. We were walking across the park by the library, to look for a shady spot to read for a while before heading back home for lunch, when I saw her.

She looked to be about my age, perhaps a little younger, though she was hardly dressed the part. She was wearing a pink puff sleeve shirt, a pink hair clip with a smiling white daisy on it, and in her mouth was a comically big, candy-red pacifier. Below her shirt, she was wearing nothing but a cloth-backed disposable diaper, with the letters ABC and the numbers 123 printed all over the seat in various colors and rotations. She had on a pair of pink and white striped socks that went up past her knees, and a pair of white sneakers with pink accents and pictures of unicorns — which made it obvious that her lack of pants was not an unconscious choice. She was standing on the grass by the concrete path, facing away from us; she held a blue rubber ball with a big yellow star on it, and she was bouncing it against the concrete, sticking her diapered rump out as she held out her hands to catch it again.

I had certainly heard of ABAMs before then, of course — people Assigned to Babyhood After Maturation. Adult Babies. It was something the teachers always brought up to scare us back in high school, the idea that if we didn't perform well enough in our studies, if we didn't behave ourselves and act like the adults we were soon to become, we might be deemed unworthy of the status: deprived of our chance to earn our diplomas, assigned to a care center instead of getting to apply for colleges, doomed to wear diapers until we could prove we belonged in adult society — which we would then have a much harder time of actually doing. I'd known that there were some ABAMs in our neighborhood, even, and I may have seen one or two of them at a distance — but never as close as this.

For some reason, I couldn't take my eyes off of her. As we walked past her, I just stared as she kept bouncing the ball against the path, looking like she was having the time of her life with such a simple activity. Then, as she dipped down to catch it again, she froze. Her knees bent, her bottom stuck out, she started to tremble, and I'm sure I heard her moan. My cheeks flushed with warmth as I watched the seat of her diaper puff out, then start to droop. She was pooping herself — right there in the middle of the park, right there in her *diaper*. Just like a baby: doing what came naturally, without the slightest bit of shame, not even caring who might be watching!

"Whatcha lookin' at, sweetheart?"

Heart thumping, I turned to Ophelia, who was looking back at me with a wry smile.

"Well...! I mean, that's not something I see every day, you know?" I laughed, pointing at the girl with my thumb.

"I can tell," Ophelia mused as she glanced briefly at the girl. "Your eyes were boring a hole straight through her. You know it's not polite to stare, don't you?"

"I..." My blushing face crinkled into a pout, and I averted my eyes and looked forward.

We'd only taken a few more steps, before Ophelia hooked her arm around mine and pulled me in close.

"You know..." she purred into my ear. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were staring 'cause you're curious."

I blinked. I could feel my face growing hotter at the suggestion. "...What?"

"Curious. You know? Curious to know how someone gets to be that way? Curious to know what it's like to be her? To be a big, silly baby, pooping her diapers in public without a care?"

"Wh...! No! I... Don't be silly...!" I stammered, my gaze drifting downwards.

"Silly? Is it that silly?" She slid her arm around my waist and stroked my haunch. "You do know that if you *really* wanted to try that, I'd be happy to do that for you, right? Play the Mommy for you? Put your butt back in diapers? Treat you like my little *baby*?"

Something was coming over me. My words stuck in my throat. I didn't know where to put my hands. My cheeks were burning. My heart was pounding.

And then, Ophelia broke out into giggles. "God, you're so easy to tease, you know that?" She pinched my cheek and wiggled it, then leaned in to give it a smooch. "Come on, goofball. Let's find a place to read already."

I gave an indignant huff. Cheeks glowing red, my face was stuck in a pout as I looked out for a spot to sit. And yet, even when the subject was dropped, I couldn't take my mind off of the sight of that girl. It had already occurred to me why I couldn't stop staring at her. I knew that being an ABAM was the ultimate failure — the most shameful thing an adult could be. But that girl... she didn't look like she was suffering. The opposite, in fact: she was *reveling* in it.

I couldn't stop myself from glancing back her way again — and when I did, she was looking right back at me. Behind her pacifier, she flashed me a big, knowing grin.



Eventually we found a free spot underneath a tree, where Ophelia spread out a blanket and sat herself down. I nestled in beside her, and we opened up our books in our laps — she her vampire romance, I my story of dragons and wizards.

Even as I tried to settle down and read, though, I could tell I was restless. My eyes ran across the lines, but I retained nothing. I was still thinking about that girl, the Adult Baby. Over and over again, in my mind's eye, I watched the seat of her diaper puff out, filling up with her mess. I wondered if it even felt gross to her anymore. Was it something she tolerated because she had to do it, or was it something she'd gotten so used to doing that it didn't even register to her as strange anymore? Or maybe even... no. Could it be that she *liked* doing it?

I looked up from my book, and I looked toward where she had been standing. She wasn't there anymore. I scanned the park, trying to find where she'd gone. Over in the distance, by one of the other trees, I saw an older woman kneeling down in front of a blanket, facing away from me. She was

leaning over slightly. Then I saw two feet lift up over her head and start kicking at the air, two feet in white sneakers with pink and white striped socks —

She was getting her diaper changed. *In public.*

I gulped and stuck my nose back in my book. I hadn't even *seen* anything; the woman's back was covering anything I could see. But the mere implication, the understanding that it *could be seen*, was enough to fluster me. How did she feel being treated like that, I wondered. How would *I* feel being treated like that? I'd die instantly, right? Or is even that level of public humiliation something that could become routine? Something that one could even learn to love...? I was back to mindlessly scanning the pages of my book. Every word on every page may as well have been the word 'diaper,' for all the good it did to disrupt my train of thought. It was only moments ago that the seed had been planted, and already it had flowered into an obsession.

I glanced sidelong at Ophelia, who was simply smiling in approval as she flipped through the pages in her book. I had to wonder: Had she given even a second thought to what she'd said to me, since the second she was done saying it? Of course she'd just been teasing me, I knew that. But every joke has a little kernel of truth in it, right? And just why had she decided to tease me about that particular thing, in that particular way? Pulling me up close, purring in my ear, as if trying to *tempt* me into it... Maybe I was reading too much into it. Maybe it was too much to ask for, even as a for-instance. I didn't even know if I *wanted* to ask for it.

Ophelia let out a satisfied sigh, stretching her arms up high over her head. "Mmmm! Well, I think I'm getting a bit peckish," she said. "Why don't we head back home for lunch—"

"I want it."

The words came out of my mouth before I could even reconsider them.

Ophelia blinked at me, and she gently let her hands down at her sides. "...You want what?"

I started stammering. "Uh... Y-you know... that girl. The..." I awkwardly thrust my finger toward the footpath where she wasn't, then toward the blanket where she actually was. "The one we saw before. I..." My voice cracked. "I, kinda wanna know what it's like, a little."

Were it not for the sound of children playing in the distance, the silence would have been piercing.

"...You serious?" Ophelia tilted her head ever so slightly.

I flinched. I pursed my lips, gave a little shrug of my shoulders. Then, a tip of my chin. Just a *little* more decisive.

Another torturous silence... then it was Ophelia's turn to purse her lips and shrug her shoulders. "...All right. Then I guess we're going diaper-shopping before we head home."

I blinked. My cheeks turned red as roses. "You... you mean it?"

"I mean it if you mean it, sweetheart. I was just teasing you before — but, if that's something you really want, then I'm happy to help you out!" She stood up from the blanket and held her hand out to me. "I happen to know where all the ABAM families go to shop. We'll take the train over and see what we can get for you, eh?"

I licked my lips, and I held my hand up to take hers. This was not the way I'd thought my day was going to go when I'd woken up that morning — but life always finds a way to surprise you.



It was a short walk from the park to the train station, and only two stops from there to our destination. From there, only a two-block walk before we arrived at what was obviously the place that Ophelia had in mind: on the northeast corner of Alden and Pine, a set of automatic glass doors opened up into the first floor of the building, taken up by a single store. The logo above the door advertised the business plainly: a giant safety pin with a powder blue cap, with the word "Pinz" in bubbly blue and pink letters, with the words "Big Baby Boutique" written under it in smaller text.

"So: Two things I want from you, while we're in here."

Ophelia took the paperback book out of my hands, and she tucked it into her tote bag.

"First thing: I want you to hold my hand the whole time," she said. "Second thing: I want you to stick your thumb in your mouth, and keep it there."

Her amused smile was a sure indication of how surprised I must have looked.

"Hey, you're the one who said you wanted to be a big baby," Ophelia said. "I just want to help you get into the proper mindset." She held out her hand, opened and closed her fingers. "Now hold Mommy's hand so you don't get lost, okay?"

I couldn't explain the fluttering in my belly as Ophelia extended her hand to me, nor the tingles that spilled down my back. I brushed it off with a snicker, and I placed my hand in hers. My other thumb stuck out awkwardly, and it wobbled as I drew it closer to my mouth, then right between my lips. A bright blush blossomed across my cheeks.

"Good girl," Ophelia cooed, cracking a playful smile. "Now let's go find you some diapers, shall we?"

The inside of the store was brightly lit, and the shelves were well-stocked with everything that a baby the size of an adult might need: packs and packs of disposable diapers in pretty plastic packaging, powders and lotions and wipes and creams, bottles and bowls and bibs and baby food, toys and clothes and accessories, powder blues and pastel pinks and milky whites and candy-sweet rainbow colors. There were a few other patrons in the store, Mommies and Daddies leading around their ABAMs, boys in overalls and striped shirts and girls in dresses and onesies.

While I quietly, awkwardly sucked my thumb and did my best to blend in, Ophelia grabbed a cart and led me straightaway to the diaper aisle. We took our time here: she would take a pack of diapers off of the shelf and look over them, and then she would show them to me to see what I thought. Eventually, we decided on a brand that we both thought was adorable: a brand of cloth-backed diapers

in a pink and blue package, with an anime-style *shiba inu* pointing out the snug-fitting four-tab design and the star-shaped indicators that faded into droplet shapes when wet. Ophelia nodded at the list of features on the package, then turned to look at the price tag on the shelf and flashed a little grimace.

"Phew! Pricey." She shook her head and dropped the pack of diapers into the cart. "We'll just get the one pack now, and see if we can order in bulk in the future."

Somehow I had thought that we would just be getting the diapers and going — but no. Ophelia led me down every aisle of that store, taking the time to carefully consider what I might need. In the end, our cart was filled not just with the diapers, powder, lotion, rash cream, and baby wipes; but also a glass baby bottle, a big candy-apple red pacifier that looks suspiciously close to the one that girl had been sucking, a double-headed rattle, a pink cloth bib, and a reversible mat that was cloth on one side and vinyl on the other. She turned her nose up at the baby food selection — "I can make you better at home," she said.

I gave her a concerned look over how much she had picked out, given how she was fretting over the prices of the diapers not moments ago — but she simply smiled back at me. I may have suspected then that she'd been wanting to go shopping for me like this for a while...

We brought all our things to the register, where a young woman in a red shirt and a yellow apron greeted us with a smile. As she helped us take each item out of the cart and scanned them one by one, starting with the pack of diapers, she glanced at me — me, standing there with my thumb stuffed in my mouth like a dum-dum — and she gave me a condescending smile. "Back to diapers with her, huh?" she asked Ophelia.

"It sure is," said Ophelia casually. "She's about to find out what happens to girls who don't act their age!"

I recognized that Ophelia wasn't technically lying — but still! I blushed all the way back to my ears, my thighs clenched and I squirmed in place. The two of them were talking to each other as if I couldn't even participate in the conversation! And the indignation of it all was making the butterflies in my stomach go wild...!

"By the way," said Ophelia as she picked up the bags from the counter. "Do you have a changing room here that we could use?"

"Of course!" said the clerk, holding her hand out. "Just go straight that way, you'll see the sign."

"Thank you! Follow Mommy, Juju." Ophelia took my hand and led me away from the counter, toward the changing room sign.

I cracked a goofy smile around my thumb. "...Juju?"

"Do you not like it?" said Ophelia. "I thought 'Julie' wasn't quite babyish enough."

I thought for a moment, then shook my head. "...No, it's fine," I assured her. Juju... *Baby Juju*...

She led me through the door into the changing room, where there was a pink padded table sized for a full-grown adult to lay down on. Beside that, a sink, and under that a hatch for disposing of dirty

diapers. There was a toilet on the other end of the room, as if to suggest that the same person wouldn't have any need for both.

My heart raced as Ophelia helped me up onto the table and bid me to lay down on my back. As I laid down and folded my hands over my chest, I cracked a big grin, and I couldn't stop myself from breaking out into anxious giggling!

"Awwwh! Baby Juju got the giggles!" Ophelia teased, and she ran her hand over my belly and gave me a pat. "It's all right, sweetie, no need to be nervous. We're just gonna put you in your diapers, where you belong."

The assurance did *not* help!

I lifted my head to look down my belly and watch as Ophelia undid my fly and wiggled down my jeans, right along with my panties. She folded them up neatly and set them aside, then reached into the shopping bag to open up the package of diapers and pull one out. I could get a better look at the design as she unfolded: a line of baby blue stars ran along the inseam; on the back, a cartoon *shiba inu* girl in a pretty pink dress with a blue sash did cartwheels across a field of grass and dandelions; and on the front, a close-up of her smiling face as she held up a paw to give the viewer a cheerful wave.

"Legs up," Ophelia gently ordered, and I obeyed, pulling my knees up to my chest to expose my naked butt. She smoothed out the diaper and slid it under my hips, then went back to the bag for the supplies. First, of all things, she pulled out a baby wipe and ran it across my pussy and between my buttcheeks — as if I needed to be cleaned! While my face steamed, she squirted some dollops of rash cream onto her fingertips, and she smeared the thick and sticky stuff along the inner folds of my thighs and up and down the length of my crack. Next came a palmful of the fragrant baby lotion, which she rubbed all over my cheeks and thighs with both hands. At least, I think that was the order: My head was swimming; I was melting under her touch. I do remember her coating my butt in several sprinkles of powder before pulling the soft diaper up between my legs, pulling it up snug against my crotch, fastening the velcro tabs to the front to trap my hips in its pillowy embrace.

"All done!" Ophelia smirked and tilted her head as she looked over the job she'd done. "God, you look *really* cute in those, you know that? How does it feel?"

I wiggled my hips to feel the way the diaper hugged my rump, to hear the way it crinkled between my thighs. My heart thumped. It wasn't just a thought anymore. There was nothing left to wonder about. I was in a *diaper*.

"...It feels nice," I admitted.

"Yeah? Well, good," said Ophelia. "Glad we didn't spend all that money for nothing!" She picked my pants up off of the counter and held them up. "You want your pants back on now?" she asked. "Or do you want me to hold onto 'em?"

My belly tingled. Was she suggesting that I walk out like this? I sat up on the table and looked down at the front of my diaper, with the puppy girl smiling and waving. I thought about the girl at the park, toddling around with her diaper on full display, looking happy as could be. Perhaps part of the joy she felt was in showing off how cute her diapers were to the whole world.

A sheepish smile crept up on my lips as I bowed my head. "Keep 'em," I squeaked.

"Keep 'em?" said Ophelia. "All right, if you say so..." She tucked the pants into her tote bag, then went to the sink to wash her hands — and also to wash the pacifier that she'd bought for me. She dried it off, then reached out to stuff the silicone bulb between my lips. A nervous buzz filled my bosom, but I took it into my mouth easily, and I smiled a silly smile as I started to suck on it. Satisfied, Ophelia helped me off of the table, gathered up our things and led me out of the changing room, out of the store, out into the world.

The walk back to the train station felt so much longer than the walk to the shop. Ophelia kept my hand held firmly in hers as we walked, my brand new diapers on full display, rustling and crinkling with every waddling step. And once we were in our seats on the train, she kept her arm around my shoulders for the whole ride home, while I sat locked to my seat, my heart pounding out of my chest. Some of the people around us looked my way, but they just as easily looked away. The fact that no one stared at me for very long embarrassed me even more than if they *had* all been gawking. I realized that in their eyes, if I was wearing diapers so openly, sucking on a pacifier, being led around by an adult, that could only mean that I was one of those people who *belonged* in diapers...



Ophelia could hardly wait till we were back in the apartment to treat me to some more embarrassment. As soon as the door was closed and our shoes were off, she took me by the hips and turned me to face her. "Arms up, baby," she sweetly ordered.

I gave her a curious look, but I obeyed, lifting my hands up over my head. She took the hem of my shirt in her hands, and she lifted it up over my head and slid the garment up my arms and off of my body. While I was still stunned by that move, she slipped her arms under mine, reached around to unclasp my bra, and pulled it away to bare my boobs, leaving me in nothing but my diaper and my socks!

"There! Now you can enjoy that diaper without any distractions," she teased. She pinched the waistband of my diaper and ran her fingers across it, making the cloth crinkle. "In any case, a diaper's really the only clothing a big baby actually *needs*, right?"

I grinned like a dope behind my pacifier, and I giggled helplessly as I nodded my head in agreement. "You're right!" I chirped.

"Of course I'm right," she said. "Now come here." She took my hand in hers and led me to the middle of the living room, right in front of the TV. There, she reached into one of the bags and pulled out the baby mat that she had bought, and she unrolled it and spread it out on the floor, cloth side up. She guided me to stand on the mat, and then she urged me to sit down on my padded bottom. She pulled the rattle out of the bag and pressed it into my hand, then turned on the TV and found a playlist of Teletubbies episodes on YouTube.

"Now you sit right there on that mat and be a good baby," said Ophelia, gently wagging her finger at me. "Mommy's gonna go fix some lunch for the both of us!"

I nodded, and she patted my head and popped off to the kitchen, leaving me to sit there, diaper on my butt, pacifier in my mouth, rattle in my hand, with nothing else but baby shows to entertain me. I

bounced my bottom, I sucked my paci, I shook my rattle, I stared vacantly at the silly show on the screen. From the kitchen, I heard Ophelia pulling things out of the refrigerator, setting pots on the stove, fetching utensils out of the cabinets. 'I can make you better at home,' she had said in the baby food aisle — it sounded like she was planning to show me as much.

I had to sit there on my mat watching my dumb baby show for a whole hour, before Ophelia came to fetch me. She helped me up onto my feet and led me by the hand to the dining room, where lunch was on the table for both of us. For her, a caprese sandwich on ciabatta bread, with the tomato, basil, and mozzarella left over from the margherita pizza she'd baked last night, plus a light drizzle of balsamic dressing. For me, a bowl of kale and spinach and broccoli boiled in chicken broth, blended up and strained, and another bowl full of oatmeal, topped with softened prunes.

She guided me into my chair, and she took the seat beside me. She tapped me under my chin to urge me to lift my head, and she fastened the pink bib around my neck, only barely covering my boobs. She pulled the pacifier out of my mouth, leaving a string of drool stuck to my chin. She dipped the pink silicone spoon into the bowl of strained veggies, and she brought a heaping scoop of the green mush up to my lips with an encouraging "Ahhhhh...!"

Of course, I was the kind of girl who took pride in always eating my veggies — so I popped my mouth open wide and let her stick that spoon right in! I slurped it up, I swished it and chewed it, I furrowed my brow, I swallowed it down. The flavor was certainly fine, but the texture was something I would have to get used to.

"You don't have to chew so much, sweetie, it's already soft," Ophelia advised as she scooped up another spoonful. "Maybe just smack your lips a little before you swallow."

I did as she said: when she put the next glob in my mouth, I just flapped my jaw, letting it smush and squash around between my palate and tongue. I ended up spilling a little down my chin and onto my bib, and I reached up to wipe it off — but Ophelia caught my wrist, and she smiled patiently as she lowered my hand back down into my lap. She didn't say a word, but I knew just what she meant: *Babies don't worry about that. You leave the cleanup to Mommy.*

She took a moment to take a bite from her sandwich — the bread crunched as she bit into it, and the smell of basil and balsamic made my stomach gurgle. She set the sandwich down, then picked the spoon back up and fed me another glob of mush, which I smacked between my lips obediently, but a little more begrudgingly than before. She continued like that in turns: one bite of her sandwich for her, one spoonful of mush for me. One turn to show me what big babies don't get, one turn to show me what they do.

The oatmeal was sweet and filling, at least, if mostly bland.

By the time both bowls were empty, my lips and chin were sticky with green and beige goop. Ophelia grabbed a baby wipe from the package she'd bought, and she wiped my face clean with it. "Good baby!" she cooed. "You ate that all up!" She took the bib off of my neck, and she took me by the hands and helped me up out of my seat.

It was as I stood up just then that I became acutely conscious of it. The dull, aching pressure in my bottom. It was a sensation that I'd been ignoring since earlier this morning, I realized. Since before we even left for the library, much less started all this. I couldn't ignore it anymore.

Ophelia must have noticed some consternation in my expression. "Something wrong, honey?" she cooed.

I bowed my head meekly, squeezing my thighs together and uneasily rocking my hips.

"I... I gotta poop," I admitted.

"Mm-hm?"

We stood there staring at each other in silence for several seconds. Ophelia just smiled back at me, and she spread her hands. *Don't look at me. You just told me what you need to do.*

Somehow I had thought I was all blushed out — but in that moment, I proved myself very wrong. She was suggesting it so casually. Wordlessly. *Poop your diaper. What are you waiting for?* I huffed and puffed as my face went hot, and I twisted and squirmed restlessly. What on earth was I doing? I was an adult! I didn't belong in these diapers, and I definitely wasn't going to use them! I couldn't do it. I was never going to do it! And I'd gone and given Ophelia the wrong idea, and she dropped all that cash for me, to get me in the mood to do something I was never going to do, because I was a proper adult, not a diaper-doomed *failure!* Guilt and shame overwhelmed me, and it took all I had not to just rip my diaper off right there—

"Juliet. Look at me."

I felt Ophelia's hands on my shoulders. I snapped out of my thoughts, and I looked into her eyes. Her kind, beautiful brown eyes.

"Listen. We'll only take this as far as you want it to go. Okay?" Ophelia assured me. "If you don't want this for yourself after all, you just say so. And if you want some of it, but not all of it, then you'll only get the parts that you want. You just let me know." She waited to see if I would calm down, and then she smiled.

"But let me just say: I saw that look on your face when you were staring at that girl in the park. And you told me yourself that you wanted to know just what she felt like. That's the only reason you're wearing that diaper right now." She shrugged her shoulders. "You just tell me if I have the wrong idea! But I think what you really wanna do right now, is dip those hips down and show Mommy what that diaper on your butt is for."

I blinked. It was like all those bad feelings had washed away at once. What was I thinking? I hadn't tricked her into anything! In fact — *Ophelia* was the one who had teased me, who put that silly idea in my head to begin with... But no. It wasn't just her, either. I was the one staring at that girl's butt in the first place. I was the one who said I wanted to know what it was like to be her. I was the one who let it get to this point. I had every opportunity to call this off, to say never mind, to say let's *not* go to the store and buy all this stuff, let's just go home and read our books like normal adults — but I didn't. And I knew why.

I wriggled Ophelia's hands off of my shoulders. I picked my pacifier up off of the table, and I pushed it back into my mouth. I took a few toddling, crinkling steps away from the table, toward the living room. I looked back over my shoulder — Ophelia was just standing there with a gentle smile,

hands clasped in front of her lap. I looked forward again, gave my pacifier a good suck — and I put my hands on my knees, and dipped my hips down.

It was hard, fighting against twenty-some-odd years of toilet training. I relaxed my buns as well as I could, I took deep breaths, and then I pushed. When it wouldn't come out, I stopped before I strained myself, I breathed, I relaxed, and then I tried again. For a moment, I wasn't sure if I would be able to do it even if I wanted to. But on the fourth push, I thought I felt something coming out — and then, it was easy. My toes curled against the floor, I let out a grunt, and I just kept pushing. I felt it piling up in the seat of my diaper, held snug against my buns, getting bigger and bigger as I kept on pushing. The warmth, the bulk, the weight, the stickiness.

It was a shameful thing I was doing — but now that I had started it, I couldn't stop. Not until every last bit was out of my bottom, and *in my diaper*. I was pooping myself, just like a baby. And it felt so good.

When I finally finished, I let out one last husky grunt, then let my head hang, huffing and puffing behind my pacifier. It was such a relief... and the evidence of my deed was sitting right there, stuck against my butt. I could feel how heavy it was, how it made my diaper droop. This was it. This was how she felt.

I heard Ophelia's footsteps behind me, and then I felt her hand on my butt, patting the bulge.

"Oh, wow. You really did have to poop, didn't you?" she teased. "Let's see here..." My face flushed as she pulled open the back of my diaper and peeked inside, then just as quickly snapped it back into place. "*Whew!* Oh yeah, that's a big one for sure!" She took me by the shoulders and stood me up, then guided me back toward the living room. "Come on. On your mat, sweetheart."

"Wait...!" I sputtered, my feet stamping as she pushed me along. "Gimme a second—"

"*On. Your. Mat.*"

The order was gentle — but it brooked no quarrel. My jelly legs were just able to get me onto the mat before they were forced to plant my butt down on the floor — I grimaced as I felt my mess squish.

"Good baby," Ophelia cooed as she stooped down after me. "Now lay down on your back... *good* baby." One arm went behind my shoulders, one to my belly, and she laid me down on the mat. My arms flopped back to either side of my head, and I sucked my pacifier vacantly as I looked up at her.

She sat up on her knees by my side, and she smiled down at me. "How does it feel?"

I chewed on the nub in my mouth as I tried to find the words. "...Warm," I started with. "Mushy. Heavy. Sticky. Umm..."

"Does it feel good?" she plainly asked.

I had to think about it for a while. Eventually, I answered with a hesitant nod. My hands went to cover my face. "God, I feel so dumb..." I groaned.

"You feel *dumb*? Why do you feel dumb, sweetie?" Ophelia smiled and tilted her head.

I whined and shook my head. The words wouldn't come to me.

"Is it because it's dumb to go poopy in your pants instead of in a toilet?"

Something surged in my chest. I gulped and nodded.

"Well, I guess that's not a thing that smart girls do, is it?" said Ophelia with a shrug. "I guess if you're smart, and you're a grown woman, you're not pooping in your pants on purpose, are you? You're using the toilet like you're meant to. Because that's smart, and that's clean. But if you poop in your diaper instead, that wouldn't make you a smart, clean woman, would it? What would that make you?"

My cheeks were on fire. I fidgeted and fussed. I didn't know just how she wanted me to answer, if she wanted me to answer at all.

"Would that make you a *dumb, poopy baby*?"

That buzzing in my chest became a full-body tingle. There it was. Those were the words, exactly. I stared up dumbly at Ophelia.

"Is that what you are, Juju?" she cooed at me as she leaned in to tickle my chin. "Are you a dumb poopy baby?"

A smile spread across my lips, and I found the courage to speak. "Uh-huh...! I'm a dumb, poopy baby!" I yipped.

"Are you *Mommy's* dumb poopy baby?" she pressed.

"Uh-huh!" I nodded vigorously, getting excited all over. "I'm a dumb poopy baby for Mommy!" It felt so nice to say! Dumb, poopy baby! Dumb, poopy baby!

"And where do you go poopy, sweetie-pie? Mmm? Where does my dumb poopy baby go poopy?"

"In! My! Diapers!" I barked, my dirty diaper-butt bouncing as I bobbed my legs frantically! "My diapers! My diapers! My big dumb stinky soggy silly baby *diapers*!"

Ophelia collapsed into helpless giggling, one arm over her belly, her other hand over her mouth! "Look at you!" she chirped. "You're loving this so *much*! God, we should've done this to you a long time ago!" She smirked and hummed in thought, tapping a finger against her lips. "In fact... you know what I think we should do?"

I looked up at her with pleading eyes, panting and gasping. "What...?"

"I think we should *keep* you in diapers till you run through that *whole package*," said Ophelia. "No more big girl panties for you. In fact! You know what we'll do? Mm? We'll take all the panties out of your drawer, and put them in a big trash bag and stick it in the closet, and fill that drawer back up with your *diapers*! How does that sound?"

"Mmmmmh...!" I squirmed and wriggled, my diaper crinkling and squishing as I rubbed my thighs together.

"And then you know what we'll do?"

My pulse was racing. "What?"

"If you still wanna be a big baby, after peeing and pooping through that whole pack? We'll order you a *case*." She leaned in and ran her hand over my bare belly, an impish smile on her lips. "And we'll keep you diapered all day, every day, till you've filled and flooded every last one. And *then* you know what we'll do?"

I could feel a knot tying in my throat. "What?"

"If you *still* wanna be Mommy's little diaper-dumper, after all that? We'll take that bag full of your panties out of the closet — and we'll toss it in the *garbage*. And then we'll order you *another* case of diapers — and another, and another, and *another!* You'll never wear big girl underpants again! You'll be my little diaper-baby, 24/7/365, and I'll make sure you stay that way!"

I bit my lip and thumped my feet against the floor. "Nnnnnngh...!"

"And if it gets to that point? Well, then we just might have to see what it takes to get you *officially* assigned to babyhood. To make sure that big, stinky butt of yours stays in diapers for *good*. Because no one should expect a dumb little girl like you to work, or pay bills, or any of that yucky grown-up stuff! You should just leave all that to Mommy, and be cute for her, and go potty in your diapers all day — because you're a *what?*"

I balled my fists up, and my hips started bobbing up and down uncontrollably. "Nnnnnngh! Hnnnh!"

"Because you're a *what*, Juju! What are you for Mommy!"

"A *BIG— DUMB— STINKY— DIAPER— POOPING— BABY—*"

All it took was Ophelia teasing me. All it took was her promises of a future of helplessness and shame never-ending. All it took was me making a firm declaration of who I am — of what I am. Aside from the belly-rubs, she didn't even need to touch me.

It was the hardest I had ever come in my entire life.



It was a warm Saturday afternoon in August, and Mommy and I had just left the public library with a bunch of books in her bag. For her, the next installment in her lesbian vampire romance; for me, a colorful alphabet book, a sensory book called *Pat the Platypus*, and a potty-untraining picture book called *Dottie Needs Her Diapers*. We were heading into the park, so Mommy could find a comfy spot to read her grown-up books while I went to play for a little while.

My outfit was impeccably cute: a white puff sleeve shirt dotted with little pictures of cherries, a red bow in my hair, and a big red pacifier in my mouth. I had no pants or skirt on, which meant that everyone could see my disposable diaper with ABCs and 123s printed on the tush. I had a pair of red and white striped knee-high socks and a pair of pink sneakers on my feet, so no one would think that my lack of pants was an accident!

In every sense but officially, I had become an Adult Baby — an ABAM. But even that was going to change soon: While we were at the library, Mommy talked to the librarian about what it would take to get me my Certificate of Adult Infancy, to make me her big baby for real. She even helped us schedule a court date for it! In just a few weeks, we would go in to the courthouse, and after a few questions to make sure that we both know what we're getting into, and a few signatures on a few forms, we would have my Certificate. My high school diploma would be rendered null and void, and I'd be back to square one — back to *year* one. Dependent on my Mommy, dependent on my diapers — a big dumb baby in everyone's eyes!

I was so excited for it that I was bouncing — Mommy was very smart to have me play in the park till I'd worked it all out! She picked out a bench in the shade to settle down on, she fetched me my rubber ball covered in purple and white swirls and handed it to me, and then she sent me off with a firm smack to the tush!

I giggled as I toddled away, holding my ball firmly between my hands. I put a bit of distance between myself and Mommy — but not too much distance. Good babies stay where Mommy can see them, after all. I kept an eye out for Sarah — the big baby girl I saw in the park those few weeks ago. I'd gotten to know her and play with her since going back to diapers, and oh, the look on her face when she first saw me toddling across the park in them! It didn't seem like she was around today, though. A shame, but I was happy to entertain myself by bouncing my rubber ball against the concrete footpath.

I bounced my ball again and again, delighting in the sound the rubber made against the hard concrete — until I felt a familiar pressure welling up between my buns. My tummy tingled, and a smile spread across my face: It was about that time again! And Mommy had taught me very well that good baby girls don't hold it — they go right in their diapers, no matter where they are, no matter what's going on around them!

So, that's what I did: I stopped my bouncing, held my ball firmly between my hands, and I scooted my feet apart and dipped my hips down. My face scrunched up, my lips tightened around my pacifier, and I pushed — it took only the slightest effort to start filling the seat of my diaper with a fresh, warm load of poop! I pushed, I stopped, I took a breath, I pushed again, I felt my diaper fill up and puff out, I felt the mess spread across my buns and then sit there heavy. My eyes rolled back, and I let out an ecstatic groan. I thrilled, knowing that everyone who looked my way would know exactly what I had just done. Such sweet relief. Such sweet shame. Such sweet *bliss*.

"Honey? You know it's not polite to stare, right?"

I looked back over my shoulder. A pair of women were walking across the grass behind me, and one of them was staring right at the puffed-out seat of my full diaper. Even through her tawny skin, I could tell she was blushing.

A naughty thought came to me — I decided to give her a show. I lifted the rubber ball high over my head, thumped it down on the ground, and reached up to catch it — and as soon as my fingers were

on it, I tipped back on my heels, and I fell onto the grass, right on my butt! My face scrunched up as my warm mess squished flat against my buns, and I let out a cheerful whine and thumped my feet against the ground! That was sure to give her something to puzzle over!

"Oops! What a silly girl!" the other woman laughed. "What's the matter? You wanna know what it's like to be a silly girl like that, hmm? That why you're staring? 'Cause we can do that for you, you know — we can hop on the train and go down to the big baby boutique, and buy you some diapers just like that! And we can dress you up all cute, and make you into Mommy's little *baby~*"

Oh! What a terrible, shameful, joyous fate that would be for her! To become someone like *me!* To become an Adult Baby! To be put back in diapers, to have to pee and poop in them because the toilet is off limits for you! To have to depend on a *real* grown-up to feed you, to dress you, to change your dirty diapers, to keep you out of trouble, to spank you if you get into it! To be Assigned to Babyhood After Maturation, to be *stuck* as an Adult Baby, and to know that even if you try really really hard, you might never, ever, *ever* be allowed to grow up again! And most mortifying of all: to know that you asked for it. To know that everyone knows that you asked for it. That in every sense that counts, you did it to yourself.

I looked back her way — and I caught her staring at me again. Pacifier held firmly between my teeth, drool trickling down my chin, I flashed her the biggest, silliest, slickest grin I possibly could.