

Untrained

by: Sophie & Pudding

Premise: Call Lindemann lives in a world where diapers are normal for teens. Or, at least, they are normal for teenage girls. When a boy hits 15 years old, he is supposed to be fully toilet trained, but Call isn't. Though he tries to hide his diapered state from his classmates, a girl named Emme and her boyfriend Corles take notice.

Disclaimers: Diapers, wetting, messing, little, oral sex, alternate universe

1.)

"I'm Emme. Like Emma but not at all because a and e are different letters." I smiled as I rocked back and forth on the hard plastic chair, the crinkling of my diaper not at all subtle beneath the pleated skirt of the girls' uniform - easier for changing times, really. The boy looked shy, but he was cute in a not-yet-a-man kind of way; his hair was short, but soft and pretty and his cheeks had a natural blush. **"What's your name?"** First day of school meant having to make new friends, after all, and though my long term boyfriend was in 11th grade, I wouldn't see him until after school.

The whole idea of sexualizing the girl's uniforms was silly. I put my head against my arms on the table, careful to keep my top down over the waistband of my pants. It's hard to sexualize something so widely accepted, and lifting a skirt to check a girl's diaper was just that. Even boys wore the same dresses as girls in middle school, but not here, not in high school. Boys didn't wear diapers in high school the way girls did. All except me. But if they found that out, I'd be in the same outfit as the girls. **"Call..."**

"That's an odd name." The tone wasn't something too condescending, it was just a pretty simple observation. **"I like your pants."** Seeing a boy in pants in school hours was still something of a novelty to me and that was the easy compliment to make. **"Are you nervous? I bet you're nervous. The instructors said that most of the boys would be the first few days - I bet your birthday is toward the end of summer, right? It's okay - you'll be fine."** Easy for me to say - I didn't need to worry about training.

"I'm fine... it's fine..." The black standard issue school pants were never meant to hide a diaper, and likewise, they didn't do it well. I had to be absolutely sure to always wear my sweater, even in the late summer heat, and even then I had to walk slowly. But what choice did I have?

"Can I see your schedule?" Girls weren't usually very assertive, and once we got to high school we usually fell into our natural social place - especially with the boys coming out of their shells. For now I was doing okay, though, but I expected once Corles and I spent a few days together at school that would change. **"I don't have any friends and it would be really fun if we had some classes together."**

"Sure, no problem." I grabbed the slip of paper out of my jacket pocket and passed it along the table. She seemed delighted about something and passed it back. I slipped it back into my jacket and shifted uncomfortably on the seat. Wet already...? I still had three classes...

"We have the next two classes together. How cool is that?" I smiled happily, shifting in my seat. But the bell rang overhead and I knew classes were going to start soon. **"You can hangout with me and Corles - he's my Daddy."**

"I never liked that word," I said with a frown, climbing up from the seat with much too much care. I took a deep breath and followed behind Emme. **"I think it's messed up to call your boyfriend Daddy, you know? Just because of the whole diaper thing... it's kind of gross, actually."** It tended to stop, though, once girls were out of diapers, too. But that was anywhere from 18-22.

"I think it's cute. I mean, it's not like it's a permanent thing, but you think about it - we get changed here by school staff, but otherwise a boyfriend changes our diapers, takes care of us, gives us baths, it's pretty much that sort of thing." Despite the public title fading in time, the level of subservience that a girl had with a man was very prominent throughout the rest of her life. **"Don't you daydream about a cute girl to lay down on a bed and stare longingly into her eyes while you untape her? Knowing she needs you?"**

"No," I said with a frown, still following Emme at quite a slow pace. I meant it, too. I wasn't an unattractive boy, though probably not the kind of

attractive most girls here were interested in. But the idea of changing someone out of their diapers...? I was the youngest - I'd never had to. It just seemed so weird to me. Why couldn't they do it themselves? I did it myself!

"You wouldn't want to lay me down... lift my blouse a little, slide my skirt up and look into my big blue eyes, look at my blushing cheeks as I nibble the tip of my thumb...?" I smiled coyly, daydreaming a little bit at the description that Corles had once given - most boys were enamored with the idea! That Call wasn't was a little bit peculiar. **"Come on. Come with me."** I took his hand in both of mine the way a child would with an adult and began to lead him down the hall to one of the changing halls.

Shit, seriously? Come on! **"I... hey, we have class. Cut it out!"** But she'd pulled me through and into one of the changing rooms. Boyfriends changing their girlfriends at school was forbidden - it was a strictly parental or staff thing - but girls needed a place to be changed or change themselves regardless. What was worse, these places were usually checked in on pretty often... **"We're going to get caught!"**

"We'll be fine." I was gleeful and bubbly - a lot of girls my age got this way when changing was on the table - and I pulled the flimsy curtain around one of the changing alcoves. It wasn't a lot of privacy, but we scarcely needed it. **"Lift me onto the changing table."**

"Emme! Not only are we going to get caught *and* suspended," on the first day of school, no less, **"but you said something about a boy, right? He wouldn't be happy with this!"** But a second later, she was standing an inch away, our heights nearly even and her eyes level with mine. Her hands fell to my hands and put them in place on her hips. I could barely breathe.

Corles wouldn't mind - as an 11th grader he had very little to prove, and Call would be aspiring to be just like him anyway. I put the boy's hands on my hips and smiled at him, biting my lip and whispering. **"Change me, okay? I'm just a helpless girl, and I need a big strong boy to take care of me... lift me onto the table...?"** I was swaying left to right, coyly, smiling cute as a button.

Alright, so maybe it wasn't so bad... and damn, Emme was cute. I lifted her up onto the changing table, which wasn't too difficult, and she laid back against the padding. I let out a little sigh and lifted up her skirt. The diaper,

despite the pink hue, was definitely wet. All I could think about was how badly I wished I could change, too...

A boy as freshly out of diapers as Call was wouldn't have the same level of practice as Corles did, but a lot of people had younger siblings and had some level of skill at this. **"You should compliment your girl when she's on the changing table, Call, because she's going to be very self-conscious and she's going to look to you to bolster that for her."** The words were very adult, but my tone was still 'little', the way I spoke when Corles changed me.

"Um... sure..." But of course, I had no idea what to say. I took a deep breath and untaped the sides of the pink diaper. Colors were pretty popular, but the cloth movement never really stuck. Some girls still wore them, but they were never very popular. It always added too much waddle. Regardless, this would be the first girl I'd ever see naked. I didn't care, not really. Nudity wasn't so intimate anymore, but it was still a moment. **"You're... really pretty, Emme. I mean that, too. And you smell like vanilla..."** Which I guess is better than pee.

He was pretty good, but he needed to do better if he wanted to catch a really nice girl. **"Imagine you're on the table and I'm changing you, and you're a pretty girl and you're shy, think of some of the things you'd like me to say to you..."** The cold air was a sharp contrast to the warm diaper and my legs tingled with a sort of pins and needles that wouldn't last very long.

I knew how this was supposed to be done. My parents had changed me many times, and instructors in elementary school. By middle school, all the boys were changing themselves, and by high school, even most of the girls were too. And I knew how to lift her legs, but when I tried, I couldn't get the diaper under her. I had to ask her to lift up herself. It wasn't a proud moment for me. **"You're really cute, and... and outgoing, which isn't supposed to be nice, but it really is. I would never have talked to you, and you made a friend, and that's such a nice attitude."**

Okay, so it was a start. I smiled as he pulled the diaper up between my legs and taped it on either side, then sat up, looking down at him with a sideways and sort of wry smile. I took his hand in both of mine again so he couldn't run, then nodded to the table. **"Your turn. Up on the table."** Firm

and a little bit playful the way Corles was with me - I'd only seen it by accident when he'd reached up with my legs, but Call was definitely wearing a diaper.

"W-what are you talking about...?" I felt my stomach sink, turning toward where the door would be if it wasn't for the curtain. Lunch was over. The room would probably stay empty, but an instructor would be in soon to verify that before classes. I felt my chest pound. **"We need to get to class."**

"You can go wet, or you can go dry. Come on, Call, I won't tell." It was weird, but I mean, no weirder than most other stuff that happened at school - diapers leaked and tapes broke and problems were problems. **"I'm your friend, remember?"** We were the same height and to be honest I was maybe a little stronger, and I lifted the boy under the arms and sat him on the edge of the changing table. **"Lay down."**

I felt like someone had lifted my stomach out of my body. I thought I'd throw up, but damn did I feel tiny, even on top of the table so much higher than the girl. She put her hands on my chest and pushed me backward against the padding. **"I don't know what you're talking about, cut it out!"** I tried to sit up again.

His movements to sit up were abruptly stopped, like a puppet with its strings cut, when I unbuttoned the boys pants and tugged them down to confirm my suspicions. A diaper. And a wet one, to boot. **"Be still, beautiful, I'll get you all changed and dry."** Okay, so I'd never changed a boy, not like this, and I'd only ever been changed by my parents, my boyfriend and school administrators (the latter of whom were quite detached) so this was new, but I emulated Corles for the most part as I untapped the diaper.

I thought I would die. It really couldn't get any worse than this, right? Wrong. The door opened a second later and I tumbled down off the table. The diaper was already gone, the same pink kind my sister wore, and I very quickly tugged my pants back up just before the curtain was drawn.

"Young lady, you know better than to have boys back here, what is the meaning of this? What is your name." I smiled confidently as I could manage and looked up at the stern woman's face - she was my boyfriends

gym teacher and we'd met only once before in passing during induction this morning. **"Emme Matruglio, Miss. I'm sorry Miss, it won't happen again Miss."** **"And you, young man?"** I answered for Call, though. **"I was showing him where the girls got changed, because he was curious Miss. You know how boys are."** **"Yes, well..."** She seemed convinced, mostly, though her temper was a little sour still.

The whole deal ended with an "If I ever catch either of you together in here again..." and I was ushered out of the changing rooms. I followed behind Emme was the teacher led us back to class. When we arrived, we both took a seat in the back. My anxiety was overwhelming. I could barely breathe. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...

"Are you okay?" I was smiling at the adrenaline, but I was also worried because Call looked as though he might die. **"Take my bag once class starts and go to the bathroom - I have a spare."** We were about the same size, and I wouldn't need my spare, since the school supplied them. I imagined that Call would, though - if he was still wearing at fifteen, that meant he was an Untrained. Things could get very very unpleasant for him.

2.)

I didn't see her again until after school. We had two classes together, but after I changed myself in the bathroom, I was already too exhausted to talk. She went her way for the girl's class and I went to the boy's, which involved an annoying amount of previsionary testing. They would split us up tomorrow, and we'd wind up in different ranks of our gender-specific class. The girl's focused a lot on home life where ours had more to do with monetary flow and economics.

"How was classes?" Serendipitously we seemed to have the same train home and that was actually very lovely - I liked Call quite a lot. **"Do you want to come over? My parents don't get home until late so I have the house to myself..."** I was wet, and would be more than wet by the time we got home, but that was okay. **"Plus I bet you can change more discretely at my house without your parents and siblings to worry about."**

She sure had me pegged, didn't she? I let out a little sigh and nodded my head, climbing off the train at her stop. I walked with my backpack over my shoulder and watched the houses go by. It was pretty customary to either have no kids, or four kids, and the population seemed to balance itself out pretty well. It was seen as very troublesome to have a small family with all the social expectations. Siblings taught a lot.

We finally made it to my house and I opened the door with the small button attached to a retractable cord that was clipped to my bag. The lights came up and the air-conditioning started to hum and I waited for the boy to come in before closing the door. **"We have a changing room,"** I explained as I led my way down the hall - my house was very large for the area and quite impressive. Changing rooms were likewise rare for a family with only one child.

"Yeah... well... um..." I peered down at the pink plastic under my shirt with a little frown and turned to the girl. **"I'm really sorry about today. And thanks for keeping my secret and all that. And for the loan. I just didn't know what else to do..."** I sighed and closed my eyes, putting my hands behind my head.

"Your parents don't know, do they? And I guess your siblings don't, either?" I knew he had siblings because he seemed to have a supply of diapers, still, though it did make me curious because most families kept pretty close eye on supply levels. **"You.. know the school policy if you get caught, right?"**

"I won't get caught," was my way of saying 'Yes, I know what will happen'. I frowned and stepped into Emme's changing room. **"Wow. You have like... wow."** At the very least, she had eight different colors. The changing room wasn't impressively large, but they never were. **"You must have like eight siblings..."** Though that was very irresponsible. Maybe six, tops.

"Nuhuh. I'm an only child." I leaned against the changing table and winced as I felt my diaper fill with its second purpose, frowning a little. **"I'll change you, don't worry, you don't have to change me."** Twosies were something I was a little shyer about, though it was a natural part of my life. **"Come on, over here."**

"I can change myself," I said with a frown, sifting through the packages

on the wall. Blue. Yes! It wasn't a very bright color, either, so it wouldn't attract as much attention as the pink. I pulled one out and turned back to the girl, her cheeks burning red. She was clearly very uncomfortable. **"I said I can change myself."**

"I'm going to change you." I took a breath and tried to hurry down my cheeks - I knew things were only going to get worse for the state of my diaper if he stalled, so I took the boy under the arms and lifted him onto the edge of the changing table.

The same sinking helpless feeling washed over me and I wondered if that would ever go away. Boys were always allowed to get on the table themselves, even when we were young. But *that* feeling... **"Emme... I've got this. Just please give me some priv-"** But the next minute the smell hit me and I realized what she'd done. Most girls and boys had stopped the messes after elementary school, but the smell was always very familiar. I'd even been trained out of it at two years old!

The realization over his face was familiar and I huffed and pushed the boy down on his back. **"Be good, Call, be a good little pretty boy and lay still while I change you."** I was firmer than normal, but I wanted this to be over so I could change myself. Ugh!

I sat up on my elbows. **"You know, most girls your age are over that. Gosh, I'm in diapers in high school and even I'm-"** But the next time she slammed me to the table, it was much less playful. I felt my cheeks catch fire as she leaned over me.

"You know when my tummy wasn't working right, my parents got me some things to help move things along. If you tease me again I'll see if they work on boys, too?" I untapped Call's pink diaper and then took the blue one from his hand, tossing it aside and picking out a pink one from the shelves instead.

I wasn't sure why I took her threat so seriously, but it shut me up quick. I bit hard on my lip while she changed me into the not-blue diaper and stood me up alongside the table. I still hadn't said a word, my cheeks indescribably red, and the girl pushed me out of the room without my pants. **"H- hey..!"** But then she slammed it closed. Great...

The front door opened and there was the sound of a deep male voice calling into the house, the sort of voice that had definitely crossed over from boy to man but maybe only just. **"Emme, baby girl, it's me - you here?"** Corles clearly had a key-button of his own which wasn't that unusual, though when he turned the corner into the hall it wasn't his girlfriend that he saw - it was a boy about her size wearing a pink diaper. **"Huh. You must be Call, right? Is she in here? I'm Corles."** Corles had been the recipient of not one, but three growth-s spurts, and could have made most any girl and most boys feel like children next to him.

I did my best to pull the shirt down over the diaper, but the pink ones were difficult to protest the color of. Nothing quite had that hue. I felt my cheeks heat up as he walked over to me, about a foot higher, and stepped right past me and into the room without knocking. I heard Emme about to scream at me, but suddenly stopped when she realized who it was. The door closed again and I slipped to the floor to make myself as small as possible. **"Fuck, fuck, fuck..."**

It only took a few more minutes for me to emerge, a fresh diaper beneath my skirt and a red hue still in my cheeks, Corles behind me and towering above. **"I'm sorry, proper introductions. Call, this is Corles. Corles, this is Call - he's Untrained."** **"So I see."** He nodded, looking down at the boy huddled on the floor. He knelt down and picked the small boy up, setting him on his feet. **"It's alright, don't worry - I'm not one of those brainless jocks who need to bully people to make themselves feel good."** **"Corles is actually in all the A-Level classes."** I was proud of my Daddy!

"I'm not Untrained..." I hated that word, too, even more than I hated 'Daddy'. I did feel like quite a child though with Corles picking me up. I took a deep breath and looked up at him, then ever at Emme. **"Can I have my pants now, so I can leave?"** It wasn't that I liked being rude, but I didn't like the associations. And now it was the first day of school and *two* people knew about my problem!

"What's the hurry little man? Stay a while - I'll put some food on." Though in the future it would typically be women who cooked for their men, at high school age it wasn't uncommon for a man to cook for his girl - it was a very paternal thing after all. **"Yeah, please? Corles makes amazing mac and cheese and then we can all get to know each other. Please?"**

Pretty please?" I held his hand with both of mine the way I did and Corles looked at the two of us with a smile.

I didn't want to stay, not really, not after everything that happened. But I really was hungry, and cooking wasn't something most guys were good at, me included. I bit my lip and crossed my arms. Lina wouldn't be home, either... **"Fine... but can I have my pants, please?"**

"When you go you can." I nodded, logically. **"If you leak, you only have one pair of pants to go home in. And Corles doesn't mind, do you?"**
"Psh, naw. Come on you two." He took me by one hand and then took Call by the other without a second thought and began to lead the two of them into the large dining room.

3.)

"This is so fucking messed up," I said with a frown, sitting in one of the ritzy chairs. Our economy was great, and it really showed. I put my head on my arms and let out a long, exasperated sigh. Diapers were as much underwear as anything, and that I didn't mind, but I still didn't like being in my underwear in front of new people. On top of that, they were bright pink.

"You shouldn't curse, Corles thinks it's tacky." I was sat next to Call at the table and I smiled, arranging my knives and forks the way I liked them, despite only needing a spoon for this meal. My headspace was definitely a little bit younger since Corles arrived. **"Just relax, okay? We're friends now and Corles wants to be your friend, too. He's cool, right? I mean, he doesn't make you feel icky or anything or tease you, right?"**

She had a point... and for an eleventh grader not to tease a tenth grade boy in diapers was... well, it was something. But I still didn't like the way he treated me. It was so condescending... but really, how different would it be if I was in boxers? **"Maybe you're right. I just want him to tone down the childish crap. Even if I was a chick, I think it's stupid as hell."**

"It's his way - you'll get it when you're his age." I smiled and put a fork in Call's hand so I could play-sword-fight with him, a devilish smile of glee on my lips. **"Please be patient, okay? He's really a really nice boy. I**

used to think the way you did, but over time I just... I began to see how dreamy he is..."

"Yeah, well, unfortunately for Corles, I'm not interested in how *dreamy* he is." I frowned and pulled my head up from the table, twiddling the fork in my hand. I had little else to say until the food came in. I hated this. I hated that they were both looking down on me, like I was a girl or something.

"Here you go, baby girl, little man," Corles smiles, setting down the two bowls of macaroni and cheese in front of the two and a third in front of him as he sat opposite them both. Even sitting the boy was an imposing stature, but his smile was pretty charming. "If anybody at school finds out, you just tell me and I'll make sure to let them know not to tell anybody." Corles smiled - he'd be diplomatic, but it was hard to picture him as anything else but the sort that would just crack skulls to get results. "It's your business, way I see it." I shot a 'see?! isn't he so dreamy?!' look at Call and smiled.

"Yeah, thanks..." I let out a little sigh and blew on the mac and cheese. So maybe he wasn't so bad... "I'll get over it in a week or whatever. I'm just stressed about high school and OH MY GOD WHAT IS THIS." It was like mac and cheese crafted by the gods!

"This is Corles' mac and cheese, I told you it was good, I told you I told you I told you!" I grinned and ate another spoonful and Corles laughed. "Settle baby girl, don't want to spill your noodles." He was always so firm in the way that just made my head spin. Of course, following that statement, Call did just that - he spilled creamy cheesy sauce down the front of his top.

"Shit." It was my own damn fault. I was careless. I was holding the bowl, and... ugh. I quickly put the bowl of mac and cheese down and assessed my school shirt. I'd taken my hoodie off on the train, like an idiot. But it wasn't so bad... if I had a napkin or something...

Corles stood up the moment he saw it happen and went around the table, kneeling in front of the boy once he pulled out his chair, and with careful dabbing with a napkin he cleaned up most of it without a word. Call was looking at me over my boyfriend's shoulder, blushing, and I smiled

knowingly with a sense of happy mischief. **"Let's get this in the wash, little man."**

"I got it. Really." But before I had much of anything to say on the matter, the shirt was pulled up over my head. I felt the same kind of sensation in my chest when Emme lifted me onto the changing table and shook my head of the feeling. I couldn't start acting like this! **"Hey! I'm not a fucking girl, alright? I said I got it."**

Corles took the boys chin and directed his gaze to meet his own. **"You shouldn't curse, Call, it makes you sound like an idiot who doesn't know any better words to use. And you're not an idiot, so you shouldn't want people to think you are. Should you?"** That made my heart flutter - it wasn't too different from what Corles had told me way back when, but still made my head swim to hear it again.

I felt my cheeks turn pink at the boy's words and it was only after he took the shirt away and into the laundry room that I felt the oxygen into my lungs again. What the fuck was wrong with me... **"Jesus, Emme, what is wrong with that guy. Doesn't he listen?"**

"He just cares about you - you're my friend and that means you're his friend as well, and you learn a lot of lessons in school. He's a year above us, so he's just trying to help." I decided not to mention just how much of Call's blush I'd seen, though I knew it was hard for him not to feel that way. Corles came back a few minutes later with one of my white blouses - though it wasn't apparent it was a blouse from the way he held it all bunched up to slip over the boys head. **"Arms up little man, you can just wear this until your top is washed and dried, no big deal."**

Well, this shirt seemed to come down a little further, at least over a majority of the diaper. I was thankful for that. But the sleeveless top certainly held a lot of characteristics I wasn't familiar with, and then it clicked. **"Hey, this is a girl's!" "We're at my house, Call. What were you expecting?" "...right, but..."**

"Would you rather be topless?" The logic was sound and I smiled as I nodded back to my pasta. **"Finish up, before it goes cold, okay?"** Corles looked at the two of us with a little smile and sat himself back down at his place. In the distance, the washer hummed like it was three houses away

and everything was calm and quiet but for the sound of spoons chinking on china.

Okay, so Corles was pretty awesome. I didn't want to admit it, especially with how young he treated me, but he really was cool. It took an hour to really get into a conversation where he didn't call me "little man" every sentence, but after that... **"Oh shit-" "Call." "Right, sorry. It's just really late, and my parents are home for sure..."**

"It's cool - I'll drive you home." Boys could get their licenses five years earlier than girls, and even so Corles only recently had his, but he did have a car and it was sitting in the drive. **"Come on, let's get your top and pants and I'll take you home. Did you get our phone numbers?"**

"No, uh... I should do that." Getting a license was a sixteenth birthday kind of thing. Girls didn't get theirs until 21. Really, our society was very suited for men. I loved it. Some people didn't, but no one with enough political power to change anything. Anyway, everyone came around eventually. Certain functions developed faster in boys, like the toilet training and fine motor function. The downside was, we often lost those things much sooner at old age.

I smiled as I watched the two and sucked on a lollipop - I had homework to do. **"It was nice seeing you, Call! See you at school tomorrow? Are you coming back, Corles?" "Shyeah, I'll get Call ready, drop him off and come back, yeah? Come on, Call."** Call was wet and Corles was going to change him. I didn't know what that made me as happy as it did.

4.)

Corles lead Call down to the hall and fetched his clothes from the laundry room, then took the boy by the hand and took him into the changing room. He set the folded pants and top down and lifted him up onto the changing table. **"It's okay little man, lay yourself down."** His voice was firm, stern, but kind the way that Corles's was. One of his hands pushed the boy down with gently firm force and just like that he was undoing his diaper.

"Hey, wait-" But Corles didn't wait. I had only ever had a few people

change me in my entire life - my sisters, my parents, and the instructors in elementary school. And, of course, now Emme. I tried to sit up, but Corles had already taken the diaper off. I'd expected the courteous asking to lift like my sister did, but he grabbed my ankles like a second grader.

Corles had a way of making Emme feel childish with his stature and the way he could lift her up and toss her around like she was still six. And Call wasn't any bigger than she was, so Corles still had that same advantage. He held the boy's legs up by the ankles and then slid the new pink diaper under his bottom, pulling it up into place. **"There's a good boy, isn't that better? Nice and dry and thick between your legs. You're so well behaved, Emme could learn from you."**

The words melted into my body and I sunk deeper and deeper into the changing table. By the time my body was clad in the newly pink diaper - I didn't even have a chance to argue I liked blue - I was standing on my wobbly feet again and ushered out of the room. My eyes were glossy and I couldn't help the blush. Wow...

Corles had helped the boy into his pants and top, adjusting them and fussing about them to make sure he looked his best, but Call seemed to be somewhere else entirely with his cheeks glowing crimson. **"Go say goodbye to Emme, I'll wait by the front door."** He smiled warmly at the still sorta dazed boy.

I nodded my head, and I was already standing in front of the girl before I realized where I was or why I was there. **"Oh, right... um... bye, then... I'll see you tomorrow at school."** My whole body was dizzy, clearly having not caught up with my mind. I took a deep breath and smiled. She was nice to me.

"See you tomorrow!" I kissed Call's cheek and cuddled him, which only seemed to daze the boy even more and I had to point down the hallway. **"Front door is that way, cutiepie."** He really was cute, too, dazed and blushing like... like a girl. Gosh. Corles was holding the door open when the boy joined him and the two of them went out to the car with the bigger of the pair opening the passenger door for the smaller, then closing it behind him.

"I'm in so much trouble," I said the next day, Emme having sat across

from me. Her boyfriend, it seemed, was not a member of our lunch period. I ran my fingers through my hair. **"Mom was getting really mad at Lina. I only used one this morning, and there were the two from yesterday, but..."** I took a deep breath and ran my fingers over my arms. It helped keep me calm. Movement. **"I don't know what to do. If I take more..."**

"You can have some of mine, I don't mind." And we had plenty - Mom worked for one of the companies so we were always flush with supplies. I shrugged my shoulders casually and ate a carrot stick with thoughtful flair in my movements. **"It should be the pink ones, though, they're my favorite and if lots of those are being used nobody will really notice."** It did make me think, though. **"Are you going to stay this way? You know. The U-word?"**

I looked around with a frown and crossed my arms over my chest. We didn't say the U word, and we definitely didn't mention diapers in relation to me, not in public. It was a very ambiguous system for one day of knowing this girl. **"I don't like the pink ones. And no. It's just stress of high school. It'll go away tomorrow."**

"You should wait for it to go away before you stop taking precautions, though, and not just stop taking precautions. If you stop taking precautions and you have an..." I tried to think of a good way to word him wetting himself, **"event, then things will be much much worse."** I sipped from my juicebox. **"We're going to see a movie tonight, Corles wanted to know if you'd like to come."**

"No, it's probably not a good idea." I frowned and played with my fork. I was cutting back on liquids very harshly, and it left me a little light headed. I had been avoiding most foods altogether, too. **"I have to work on this whole issue. Like you said. I can't be having any events..."**

"Corles is going to be disappointed~" I said it in a singsong voice, sipping my juicebox. **"Not as much as when he finds out you skipped morning recess and lunch. And your lips are cracked, too, so I bet you're trying to go cold turkey."** I was nothing if-not observant.

"I'm practicing," I said with a frown. It was a very nonconventional way of training someone out of diapers, and it was also the only thing I hadn't tried. Alarm systems were my least favorite, over the summer. My parents

thought they worked. I just couldn't handle it anymore, and I started turning them off at night. The no water deal was supposed to demonstrate to the body how it feels to need to use the bathroom, and it involved two days with no water and then one day with nothing but. I was just hitting the end of day one. I felt horrible.

"Well... I don't know about that..." Training was never something girls needed to worry about - one day it just sort of happened, and I hadn't even been trained out of twosies so I guess I couldn't sympathize. I didn't say anything more on the matter, though, and lunch ended without incident. It wasn't me who saw Call next, though. Between the two afternoon classes Corles found Call in the hall and pulled him into a classroom, closing the door behind him. **"Emme told me you're not looking after yourself, little man. Why don't you tell me about that?"**

I pulled my hand out of Corles's and frowned. I really didn't feel well... mac and cheese was the only thing I'd eaten in over a day now. I took a deep breath and looked up at the boy. He was so much taller than me. **"I appreciate your concern, man. I do. It's cool. But I'm fine. I'm getting rid of this problem, and that's it. Alright?"**

Corles smiled and picked the boy up, pulled him into the nook of his elbow, and pushed the teat of what was very clearly a baby bottle into his lips. He spoke very clearly as he did. **"Be a good boy, Call, you want to make me proud of you, don't you? Drink your baba now so you can grow up big and strong."** The other infantile elements of the high-school relationship status quo weren't really talked about in 10th grade, but it wasn't an uncommon thing. Corles was so much bigger, he held the boy in his arms, and whether he liked it or not the chocolate milk in the bottle was starting to trickle onto his tongue.

I kept struggling, pushing against the boy as hard as I could, but the milk tasted so fucking good, and I felt so fucking thirsty... I started to suck on the bottle. I couldn't even remember the last time I had a baby bottle, but Lina had one until she was ten. Motor function came slowly to girls, after all. I kept struggling for a while, but my own body started to overpower the psychological aspects.

I really *needed* something to drink...

"There's a good boy, such a good boy..." Corles praised Call and pulled

him on his lap, taking a seat on one of the desks, and gently began to rock him. **"And once you've finished your baba, I'll cuddle you in my arms until your diaper needs a change and I'll lay you down and change you. Won't that be nice? Get you changed into a fresh diaper, and no more ouchy tummy..."**

I was probably psychotic or hallucinating or something. I wasn't sure why I agreed to any of it. But Corles really was warm, and the more he rocked me, the sleepier I got. I clung up against his uniform with a little smile and closed my eyes, too tired to care.

It wasn't until the bottle was finished, Corles held the boy for half an hour until he felt the diaper filling up, and he'd laid him out on the desk to change him that Call's eyes finally opened. Corles lifted his legs in the air and slid the new diaper underneath his bottom, smiling at the dreary boy. **"I'll meet you both in the parking lot at four for the movie."** It wasn't a question like Emme had asked; just a statement. **"Don't be silly with your body, little man - you only get one. Don't mess it up on a matter of pride, all things happen the way they do for a reason."** He taped up the diaper and patted the front of it before tugging the boy's pants back up.

"I don't want to go." "Corles said you have to." "I know what he said. I told you what he said." "So come on." "No, like..." I sighed and took a deep breath, stopping outside the door. Despite the chocolate milk, I still didn't feel well. Better, definitely, but probably not well. Dairy really shouldn't have been the only thing I've had in two days, either. It wasn't smart. **"He always... messes with my head. I don't know how to explain it. I just don't like it, okay? I don't want to go."**

"It's just how he is, he cares a lot and you know he means the best. And it makes you happy, I know it makes you happy. What's the harm?" I looked at the door and then at the now empty nurses station, mischievously. **"If you come, I'll let you change my diaper. Right now. In the nurses station. One time offer."**

"I don't want to change you, Emme. I don't want to be a part of you and Corles and whatever you have. I don't even understand where I fit in. I'm just your friend, his friend, and this just isn't friendly." I sighed and shook my head, rubbing my fingers along my arms. **"You guys go see**

the movie. I'll talk to you both tomorrow, alright? Seriously. I just need some time..."

He spoke. I knew he spoke. But I pulled him into the nurses office anyway, closed the door, pushed him down onto a chair and summarily began to wet my diaper. I mean, it was wet already, but it would hold a little more, and the crinkling plastic was right on top of his lap so I knew he'd feel it. **"Uh-oh... Call... I had a ax-see-dent..."** I pouted as cutely as I could manage and took his hand in mind, guiding it down to where my diaper touched his pants. **"You dun' wanna change me...?"**

I wasn't sure where I'd lost it. I pushed the girl off me, completely, and stormed over to the door. She looked very taken aback, but I turned to her to clarify. **"Listen, Emme. I'm fine being your friend, and whatever, but I don't like this shit. You're fifteen fucking years old, and you shouldn't act like a fucking kid, okay? So seriously, if you want to fuck around with Corles like a goddamn baby, you go right the fuck ahead, but leave me out of it!"** And with that, I slammed the door hard.

I frowned and looked down at my hands, watching the little tears fall down onto my pretty pink nails. I was a nice girl, right? And Call was a nice boy, he was just frustrated and confused, that's all. Right? I wound up texting Corles to let him know what had happened and we didn't see Call the rest of the day. He wasn't at school the next day, either, but that night Corles got a phone call from the boy in tears asking to be picked up.

5.)

"I'm done. Done with it. It's psychological, right? Stress or whatever the hell. So I'm just done. And it won't happen, because I *know* what will happen if it does, and that's psychology! And then I won't have to go to school in a fucking skirt!"

Despite this, of course, Call was wearing a diaper as he made his stance over an ice-cream sundae. **"Just remember little man, wet pants at school is going to take the choice out of your parents hands altogether; the policy is non-negotiable."** Corles smiled, though,

watching the boy eat his ice-cream. **"Have you been eating since the other day? Ice-cream's a treat, but you only get it if you're truthful."**

"It didn't work..." I frowned and shook my head, taking another bite of ice cream. **"Two days, not a damn thing to eat, and then all I had today was water. I feel horrible, and it didn't even work. And I don't understand it... I don't know why / can't get through this..."** I took another bite of ice cream and shook my head. Too much dairy... three times in five days, and nothing else but water. My stomach wasn't happy...

"I'll cook for you once we get to my house." Emme had a strict curfew for visitors and two boys wouldn't do at all after the fact, but Corles had no such limitations. **"Your body is your body and when it's ready it'll be ready. I knew a guy, last year, didn't get trained until the end of tenth grade. But it happened, so why worry your pretty little head over it, you know? I bet you're making it worse by worrying, too."**

"I'm not wearing them anymore... I hate them and I hate myself in them, and... and I hate it, okay? I'm just not wearing them anymore..." I shook my head. By the time we got back to the car, I was already wet - it wasn't difficult to tell. I hated my body for betraying me. I had done everything it wanted...

"What's worse - wearing them, or having wet pants in front of everybody? If you wear one, nobody knows. And I'll make sure it stays that way, little prince." Man didn't seem appropriate, and prince was a boy princess, so that seemed logical. **"Emme is worried about you, she's worried you're going to be arrogant and do something dumb instead of just being smart. But I told her you were smart, and you are, aren't you?"**

"I just can't anymore, Corles... I know you and Emme think I'm being rash, but... but you don't understand... and you can't understand. And it sucks, but it's true, and..." I shook my head and buried it deeper between my legs. **"I'm so unhappy, Corles..."** And I had no one to talk to about it. No one but him. Ugh.

"I was at school for six days before I was clean," It was something he didn't tell anybody - not even Emme - but the gentle giant that was Corles Stee was an Untrained for almost a week. **"I get it."** He was going to make

the boy happy tonight, he decided, though his palette was decidedly limited.

"I'll wear the stupid diapers," I mumbled into my legs. I wasn't sure what else I could really do, anyway. Tomorrow was Friday. I'd talk to my parents. I'd have to explain the wet sofa. I'd see what I could manage. I took a deep breath and did my best to smile. **"I'm so stupid and dramatic. I'm really sorry I called you up like that..."**

"If I had a penny for every time I had to go and pick up Emme late at night..." He laughed as he pulled up the car in the driveway of his house - somehow it managed to be even larger than Emme's. **"The diapers are your big protector at the moment, they make sure nobody knows. Resenting them doesn't seem so smart, does it, little prince?"**

"No. I guess it doesn't..." I climbed out of the car and followed Corles up to his house. I had nowhere else to go. I couldn't go home. I couldn't face this tonight... I followed Corles inside and kicked off my shoes by the door. My backpack was in his trunk, but it wasn't really important. I didn't mind sleeping in my uniform.

"I have four sisters, all younger. Valence is your age, the twins are a year below and Lewney is only seven. They'll all be upstairs, though - I have the basement." He nodded to a door in the entry hall and opened it. The basement had its own living room and bathroom, and then the bedroom corned off one end behind a partition that was 3/4 high and spanned 3/4 the width of the space. It was a beautiful space and very open - the perfect place for an 11th grade boy.

"Wow, pretty cool... I wish I had a room like this." I sat down on the edge of Corles's bed and looked around at the posters. It was very well decorated, but even more so, it was *really* private. **"Emme must love it here."** Though, I'd never seen Emme's room...

"She spends a lot of time here, because her parents are pretty strict. They like me, but she's still theirs before she's mine. I get that." He smiled and looked at the boy, opening his top left drawer and pulling out one of Emme's spare night-dresses she left here. He laid it down on the bed and then began to unbutton Call's uniform. **"Don't fidget, my little prince. Just getting you ready for bed and all changed."**

"I don't want to wear her clothes." And I knew they were her clothes, too. They were just right for her height, all in all, and why else would he have a nightgown for a girl in his room? Still, he continued to unbutton my top until it was over my head. I frowned and held my arms crossed on my chest. **"I said I don't want to. I'll sleep in my uniform."**

"If you sleep in your uniform, you'll fail inspection in home-room tomorrow and they'll make you get changed in front of your group." Corles was explaining, though he wasn't stopping - he pushed the boy down onto his back in that firm, gentle way and unbuttoned his pants, tugging them down his legs. **"Plus I'd wager you'd like to be out of that diaper and into a nice warm dry one, wouldn't you, little prince?"**

I hated when he had a point, and damn did he have a point. If my pants were all wrinkled for homeroom, I'd have to change. My parents would get called *and* everyone would see what I was wearing... I sighed and resigned to the inevitable. **"I'm changing myself."** I said it very straight forward. I'd been changed twice now by this boy, and I was determined to make my stand. I sat back up, in just the yellow diaper. **"I appreciate everything you do for me, but I hate these things enough as is."**

This was going to perfect opportunity to make the boy a little bit happier, and Corles cupped his chin to look into his eyes. **"My sweet pretty little prince, I'm going to change your diaper, and get you ready for bed and then I'm going to let you share my bed tonight. I'm going to hold you and keep you safe, because you spend so much time afraid, and everybody needs to feel safe sometimes. Are you going to be troublesome, or are you going to be a good boy for me?"**

Well fuck. Fuckity, fuck. I pulled my chin away from Corles, but the effect had certainly made it's mark. I looked away from his eyes and did my best to concentrate on the feeling in my chest. You're making a stand, Call! **"I... I really appreciate... but I really... I don't like this. It's not a friend's... um..."**

"We're friends, and I'm going to do this for you, which makes it a friend thing. Doesn't that make sense?" He could have pushed Call down onto the bed, but he wanted for him to do it without being pushed,

wanted to make sure he wanted it. **"Now if that sounds good to you, lay back down like a good boy."**

"I... I don't like you talking to me like that..." I shook my head and bit hard on my bottom lip. **"You always talk to me like I'm a kid or something, and you're just a year older. It's just not fair that... that you can act that way with me just because I'm untrained..."**

"It's only because I'm trying to help you to feel safe, my little prince." Corles smiled and nodded to the bed. **"Be a good boy now, lay down, let me get you ready for bed."** He knew what it would mean - a fresh diaper, a girl's night-dress and cuddling in Corles' bed, so laying down would be admitting that he wanted all of that.

"Well I don't need help, okay? I just... I needed a place to crash, and that's it! I don't need to be treated like this, and I'm not Emme. I'm not a girl. And I just... I want you to stop, alright? Just treat me like any other boy. Seriously!" I frowned and turned away from Corles. I didn't want to insult him, but he had to understand...

Corles pushed the boy down onto the bed and rolled him over onto his stomach, delivering three sharp swats to the behind of his sodden diaper. **"If you keep letting your pride get in the way of being happy, you're going to make yourself so very miserable. Don't be ungrateful."** The spanking was light, and experimental - Corles didn't know how well Call would respond to it.

It didn't hurt, not really. But the humiliation... I had never been spanked, not ever! I quickly made my way off the bed, my cheeks burning with shame, and stormed over to Corles as aggressively as I could. He stayed sitting, even when I swung at him. He grabbed my wrist out of the air like it was nothing. I was furious. So furious. So I did the only thing I could think to - lean in and kiss him on the lips.

That caught Corles off-guard in a way that he was not expecting, though in that moment he realized he'd been thinking of the boy as a girl anyway and responded the way that he would in any other circumstance. He held Call's wrist and pulled him over his lap, bottom in the air. **"Don't think you can kiss your way out of this one, little one. You were very very naughty, and Daddy has to make sure you learn your lesson."** The spanking this

time was much much harder and had many more than three. The kiss still lingered on the boy's lips and he resolved to discuss that with Emme.

6.)

I cooperated and said very little the rest of the night. We didn't talk about it. I couldn't believe I'd kissed him. I couldn't believe I'd... I shook my head, against his chest, and closed my eyes. Tomorrow's a new day. Tomorrow things will be better. They definitely can't get worse, right...? But the next day, in homeroom, things did just that. **"Call, the Headmaster would like to see you."** **"What...? About what...?"** **"He didn't say."**

"Call, we received a call from your mother last night." The Headmaster sat at his desk, little placard and paperwork and heavy oak construction - it was what you'd expect from a principal's desk. **"I'd like to hear you tell me your version of events first. Do you think you would do that for me, child?"**

I felt my cheeks heat up and I looked away from the Headmaster. This wasn't happening... **"It's just stress, Sir... I promise, it'll stop very soon. And I'm taking care of it. There's no need to get the school involved... it's a personal-"** But I was cut off. I should have expected it...

"Young man. You are aware that all boys become men upon attending our fine institution. There are certain expectations and requirements that go along with becoming a man, Master Lindemann. As you have failed to meet this basic requirements, you are to dress appropriately until you are able to meet those requirements."

"Sir, that isn't fair!" But the Headmaster didn't deal in fair. I felt my chest tighten and I shook my head. **"Sir, please, listen..."** But the rules were the rules. It wasn't a punishment, and a part of me knew that. The girls' uniforms were designed for checking diapers, the same way the dresses in middle school were. The check ins with the staff twice daily was another requirement. I'd abide by those or be expelled.

"I will be expecting very good results from you, Master Lindemann. But miss three check-ins and your parents will be notified." He looked

back down at his paperwork - the sort of clear signal that principals liked to use to let them know they were done. **"That will be all. Report to the nurses station, you'll find a new uniform there."**

"But, Sir-" "That will be all." I felt the panic in my chest as I left the room. This wasn't happening. It couldn't be. What could I be doing differently? Why wasn't I trained? And what was worse, with the uniform, that's an official marking for a boy. Untrained, through and through. No matter what I did, I couldn't force myself to the nurse's station, or any other classes that morning. I sat underneath the stairwell on the South end and waited for the day to go by. I'd be in so much trouble when I got home...

"You know there's soooo many places to hide in this school - I've been searching all morning. What's the matter? What happened?" He was crying. He'd been crying for a while it seemed like, too. I squeezed into the little space and sat down next to Call, putting my arms around him and cuddling him tight.

"I can't go... can't go back there... I'll just... go to school somewhere else..." But the policies were all the same. All the fucking same. I had been over the logic in my head a hundred times now. I'd get way more attention that I liked. But what could I do about it? And it was already time for my first check in...

"What happened, Call? Did your parents call? Hey, hey come on, it's not that bad." I knew he disagreed with me and I smiled, taking his hand in both of mine. **"I'm your friend, and Corles adores you, too. That's not going to change. I promise. So what will change, huh? Some people might say some crappy things, but when you graduate and have a great job and a girl of your own, you won't even remember this."**

"I won't remember any of it when I'm dead, either..." I frowned and climbed up from my spot on the floor. It didn't seem so private anymore with Emme. **"If I don't pick up the uniform, I'm going to get expelled... I'm going to have to move or something..."** What choice did I have?

"Or you could rock your uniform and not get all worked up over it. What's so bad anyway? You'll get to look like me - we can be Corles' little twins! I think it'll be cute - he can take us out for ice-cream and stuff." I hoped Call knew I was being mildly silly. I got up off the floor, too,

and put my hands on his cheeks. Then I kissed his lips, mirroring what he'd done with my boyfriend. **"Please? Life's too short to get stressed over this, just roll with it - does anybody else in this school matter to you other than us?"**

Corles' little twins. And then the kiss. Which I adored. And she had a boyfriend. Who I kissed. Who was a boy. And I shook my head, stepping away from the girl. **"Just... leave me alone for a little while, okay? Both of you..."** I walked away, then, and toward the nurse's office. I wouldn't get between the two of them. I wouldn't be another problem in someone else's life. And I had enough problems of my own. **"Hello, um... yeah, I'm Call Lindemann..."**

When Call came out of the nurse's room in his new uniform, Corles was waiting across the hall with a little smile. **"Come with me, little prince."** It was that tone of his that didn't leave very much room for negotiation, the one that left a lingering warmth in the chest of both his little charges.

I shook my head and walked right past him. I tried to show as much confidence as I could in the new uniform and pink diaper, but it was impossible. I held my head low and did my absolute best not to cry as I wandered the halls back to class. Lunch was already over.

It didn't take Corles very much time to catch up - he was a lot taller than the boy, but by the time he did, Call had slipped back to class. Corles stood just down the hall and looked at me with a wry smile. **"This afternoon, after school, okay princess?" "I think so, I don't think waiting is going to be of any help to him." "Can you get him to come?" "Oh, yeah. Yeah, no problem at all."**

7.)

The whole afternoon I felt dizzy. With the exception of ice cream, chocolate milk, and mac and cheese, it had officially been five days without food. My vision blurred along the corners as I walked down the hall. I'd gotten teased in both my class, but nothing bad... not yet...

"Come with me" I smiled at the boy, my hand having slipped around the

waistband of his skirt. **"We want to talk to you."** Talk would be an onerous understatement, but there would be talking involved, as part of other things. **"Don't be pouty, don't protest, just come with me or Daddy will be cross and you'll get a spanking."**

"I... Emme, I need to catch my train!" But she pulled me along anyway. I really didn't have the coordination for this, and I think she noticed. My whole body was pins and needles, as cold as ice. I was finally pulled into a classroom, and it took me a minute to focus on Corles. **"I don't want to talk... I want to go home..."**

I closed the door behind me and locked it, pulling the study blind over the little square window. Corles approached the boy and put his hand on his cheek, looking down into his eyes. **"You've been very naughty, Call. Not taking care of your body, not listening, being very rude..."** I uncapped the first jar of baby food - this was a little thing of mine in particular, and put the little plastic spoon in the pureed fruit. Corles pulled the boy down onto his lap and I handed him the jar, getting to work on the next part of things.

I pushed myself off the boy, nearly stumbling until I hit the wall. I felt... well, almost drunk, but in a completely not at all healthy fun kind of way. I closed my eyes and shook my head before looking up at the two. **"Just stop! I mean it, and I'm trying so many times to say it! Just cut it out because I'm... I'm feeling bad enough without this! Okay?! Just leave me alone!"** The room spun with my anger and I lost my breath. So sick, so sick...

I took the boy and I kissed his lips, pressing my gloss to his chapped skin as I held his wrists and gently turned him around, pushing him backwards to be caught by Corles... who lifted him up underneath one knee and pushed him against the wall, then kissed him as well. We were very different kissers - I kissed for soft tender affection and Corles kissed much more assertively.

"Um..." That certainly didn't help the spinning of the room, that much was certain. But damn... **"I... I don't understand..."** I shook my head as I was let back down to the floor, but my feet gave out and it was only by the grace of the boy holding me that I stayed upright. **"Thanks..."** I mumbled.

I approached my boyfriend and looked at the dazed boy, smiling at him as I exchanged glances with Corles. **"Daddy and I have... an interest in you."** Interest was the right word - there was no other word to really describe it, despite our best attempts to try. **"We're wondering, little prince, if you have an interest in us. Remember, honesty is very important to us, even if it makes your pretty cheeks glow redder than Emme's behind when she's naughty."**

"I... I really don't understand..." They had an interest in me? An interest in kissing me? **"What, because I wear a skirt and you think I'm a girl like Emme?"** I shook my head and pulled away from both of them. **"No. Listen. Emme's my friend, and... and I'm not a faggot, alright? I'm... I'm really glad you guys are so nice, but... but just... stop it... stop treating me different..."**

I sighed and looked at Corles and he looked at me, then without another word he took the boy in his grasp and sat down, putting him over his lap. He lifted his skirt, tugged down the diaper, and spoke very clearly to the struggling boy. **"You complicate your own life, my little prince."** The sound of the first smack came down as my lips pressed against Calls. Me on my knees and my hand on his cheek and the other playing with his hair as my boyfriend spanked his bottom relentlessly.

I started to cry, but the kisses made it better. I would whimper around her lips whenever his hand would hit my bottom, but no matter what, I couldn't get off his lap. The crying turned constant and the kissing more passionate, and by the end of it, when they both stopped, I was a mess. *More* of a mess, because now... I was conflicted. Why couldn't they let me be...?!

The spansks stopped and Corles now only gently ran his fingers over the boy's reddened behind as I whispered and smiled, looking into his red-rimmed eyes. **"Don't think... don't. Just act. The way you did when you kissed Daddy. So the first thing that comes to mind, do the first thing you want. Don't think. Don't dwell. Just do."**

I wanted off his lap is what I wanted. I felt exposed and humiliated, and worse than all that, entirely dashed with confusion. I climbed onto my feet, looking down at them. The diaper was pulled up and the skirt back down. I felt so stupid standing there... **"I think I missed my train..."** It was all I could think to say...

"Kiss who you want to kiss and then you can go." Corles didn't give the option not to kiss and he knew with the boy in his current headspace that he'd obey - spanking tended to have that impact, especially twenty-five on bare bottom skin.

"I... I don't..." But they both looked at me curiously and I felt my cheeks darken. Who I wanted to kiss? I didn't want to kiss either of them! But Emme's kisses were so lovely, keeping me safe, and then there was the kiss with Corles the night before. I could barely breathe... **"Um..."**

"One..." I looked at Corles and then at the boy, cautioning. **"Don't let him get to three."** My eyes were wide like I'd seen a ghost and put the tip of my thumb between my lips nervously. **"Two..."** It wouldn't end here, of course, this was all like we'd discussed - he'd kiss one of us, probably me - and then he'd he sat down and fed and taken care of. Corles still had yet to put him into 'little' space after all, and we both knew he had that.

I wasn't sure what I was afraid of. I hadn't been counted to three by anyone but my mom, and that was *years* ago! I bit hard on my lip and took a step forward, putting my lips against Corles's, and stepping back to where I was. My cheeks had caught fire. **"See you Monday,"** I said with a quiver in my voice and turned out the door. Did I just kiss a boy over kissing a girl? What the hell was wrong with me...

I went to follow the boy, but Corles took my hand and smiled, shaking his head. I didn't get it, but I also knew better than to argue, and we let the boy leave. A few minutes later he got a text from Corles that read:

My pretty little prince,

I expect you to make something to eat when you get home, a two course meal. Take pictures, then eat it all up like a good little boy. I want to see pictures of your cleaned plate. I hope I'm not making this too difficult for you, little one.

Be good,

Daddy

p.s. There will be a reward tomorrow if you're good

I fell asleep on the train. I guess it shouldn't have surprised me. I'd eaten so little the past few days, and the whole time with Emme and Corles was a little hazy. I missed my stop twice over, and it wasn't until nine at night that I

got home. I made myself a Poptart - which really was all I could think to do - and went straight to sleep before my parents could yell at me.

8.)

I really did try to eat that morning, but the depression was sinking in. My parents would barely talk to me, and Lina had nothing nice to say at all. I wore the skirted uniform to school, a fresh pink diaper underneath. My parents refused to go back to buying my blue. And then, before Homeroom, I had the luxury of my first real encounter...

"You had one job, kid. One job! Fifteen years to get it right and here you are in a skirt... fuck man..." The boy sneered and shook his head and the other one laughed at him. **"Pathetic, man, aren't you ashamed? Nobody would want to be friends with an Untrained like you."** And then he pushed Call, and he pushed him hard.

I slipped to the ground. It wasn't a surprise. I wasn't the biggest kid, and Mal certainly was. I could barely stand up again, and when I did, it was only to get knocked back down. The skirt slipped up, and the pink of the diaper was visible beneath it. It didn't matter. In homeroom they'd check me anyway. As they would with all the girls...

The two boys laughed at Call on the ground in his skirt and his pretty pink diaper and his eyes trying not to cry. **"Go on you little faggot, cry, cry and cry and cry and cry - nobody is going to care, nobody cares about a pathetic waste of space like you. What girl is going to want you? You can't even keep your own diaper dry, how can you take care of her?"**

I sat across from Emme at lunch, my tray full of food. I played with the french fries, but I just wasn't hungry. Emme was very worried, and I could tell. We didn't talk about the day before. I was glad. I didn't need anything more than today already was. Maybe it would get better. Maybe it wouldn't...

"How's things been? I heard some of the kids talking about you from this morning. They'll calm down after a few days, you'll see." I took

one of Call's fries from his plate and took a bite, then pushed the other half into his mouth. **"Wanna come over today after school? We could cuddle and stuff..."**

"No thank you..." There was no fire, even the kind from the day before. I didn't really care. I couldn't find the motivation to care. I picked up a new fry and played with that one instead. The one in my mouth tasted like ash...

We didn't talk very much during lunch and after lunch the boys from this morning came back and cornered the boy in one of the corridors and it began with a very very sharp shove this time. There was four of them - the two from this morning and two more. Turns out a two to one ratio wasn't unfair enough. **"Come on, fight back. Prove you're a man, prove you even have what it takes!"** Mal pushed the boy back down to the ground every time he tried to get back up, and the other boys only laughed.

I felt the tears on my cheeks. It was the last thing I wanted. I tried to stand back up again, my whole body shaking in fear. I tried to push Mal back, but every time I came close he'd step out of the way, until one time he pushed me so hard, my head hit the wall. Everything was spinning. **"Grab his ankles."** And the next thing I knew, I was lifted off the ground. **"Lemme go!"**

There was the sound of diaper tapes coming off and the boys jeering and then Call was dropped. And one of the boys fell on top of him. Mal got up, but he was tossed against the wall again. A strong pair of arms picked Call up and a very familiar voice spoke. **"If you ever come near him again, I'll hunt each and every one of you down and remove what makes you men."** There was mutterings of bravado and machismo, but none of the boys followed Corles as he carried the unmoving boy down the hall and out of the building, laying him down on the backseat of his car. When Call opened his eyes, it was clear to see that the fight wasn't one-sided as it had seemed - Corles had a swollen left eye and his nose was bloodied. **"Are you okay, my little prince?"**

"I think... something broke the planet... it's spinning wrong..." I reached back behind my head, where my hair was matted down with blood. **"Oh, man..."** I wiped the red color from my fingers on the skirt of my uniform and my eyes started to close again. **"Stay with me, little prince."** **"I think I'm going to throw up..."**

"You can't close your eyes. It's important." First aide wasn't Corles' strong point, but despite the text messages he hadn't been able to get a hold of Emme. **"I'm going to give you a sucker from the glove compartment. They're Emme's favorite, so you mustn't tell her, okay?"** He smiled playfully, though it was an obvious step to keep the boy from passing out.

"Right, totally... absolutely..." The sucker was unwrapped and popped between my lips. I was so far from hungry. If the spectrum were hungry to not hungry, I would be whatever the furthest marker on the not hungry side. Corles sat me up and I did my best not to get blood on his car. **"I'm... so pathetic, Corles..."**

"You're beautiful, my little prince. And beauty doesn't care if you're a boy or a girl." He smiled warmly and put his hand on Call's cheek and looked into his dilated eyes. **"You're not pathetic - you're you and people always expect you to be them. They don't realize that you are a special thing and there's only one of you."** It was a lot of words, though. **"I'm going to put you in the front seat with me and we're going to go to my house so I can take care of you. But you must stay awake."**

"Must stay awake," I repeated under my breath. Corles got me into the front seat with very little cooperation on my part and started the drive home. He told me to keep talking, that it would keep me awake. **"Doesn't make sense, not really. 'Cause, like.. I was over it all so early. I wasn't messing anymore at two years old, you know. And then, when I was five, I was working pencils. My body's keeping up. My body's super fast. And then it's like... I'm fifteen, and I'm still crying and still in diapers... and I don't... I don't get it..."**

"Balance, that's what it is. Some things happened quick so others needs to happen slow." The boy was sucking on the lollipop though and that was at least something. The drive wasn't that long to his house and when he pulled up, Corles came around to the passenger door and lifted the boy up in his arms like an adult with a child - not even giving him the choice to walk. **"But you shouldn't measure by other peoples rules my little prince - if you judge a horse by its ability to fly, it'll spend its whole life believing that it's stupid."** He opened the front door with the key-chip and then walked inside. **"You're just you."**

"I guess... I mean... I know... I just... everything... gets in the way of who I want to be. I just want to... be happy... and me... and this isn't..." I shook my head. My sense was pretty lost, even as the boy put me down on his bed. He put a towel under my head and I let my eyes slip shut. "I'm so tired..."

"No sleeping, my little prince. I'm going to make you some food and I know you don't feel like it, but you haven't eaten in days and it will help. You're going to sing for me, sing loud enough that I can hear from the kitchen out there." Corles had Call's head turned to the side to investigate the injury and he frowned at the amount of blood matting his hair. "Sing for me."

"~O! McDonald had a farm... E. I. E. I. O..." "Did you just start singing Old McDonald?" "You told me to sing..." "Right, but that's the first thing that comes into your head?" "Well... kind of... I mean... what's with all the vowels? Does Old McDonald only talk in vowels or something, and he's really trying to say, like... Help I'm Eaten Inside Out..." "Your vowels got a little mixed up there." "Where am I again...?"

"You're at my place, and I'm making you hot dogs, and if you're a well behaved little prince you'll be allowed a kiss before and after eating." Hot dogs were easy - I already had them in the pot of almost boiling water as I talked loud enough to discuss these vastly important things with my young charge.

The shaking woke me up and I was forced to sit. The room was still spinning, but I had little choice in the matter. "Eat, please." "I think I fell asleep..." "Yes. Eat please." "Right, but I wasn't supposed to." "It doesn't matter. Eat please." "It does-" But Corles kissed me on the lips and then handed me one of the hot dogs. "Eat please." "Okay..."

Corles only lost his attention for a minute or two, but he was still relieved when the boy woke up on being shaken. They kissed, and the boy ate, and after the first of the two hot dogs they kissed again and for much longer this time. When Corles pulled away from his kiss, he smiled and held up the hot dog. "Eat one more hot dog for Daddy, okay my little prince?" It would remain somewhat of a regret for Corles that he hadn't saved the boy

sooner, but it was going to be an uphill battle from now on to keep him safe. He picked up the hot dog and smiled, guiding it to Call's lips. **"Here comes to train, better open up the tunnel, choo choo~"**

The food helped my clarity, but it was ultimately a losing battle. Around the time Corles got a hold of Emme, I'd finally gotten to sleep. I wasn't sure I'd ever been so excited to sleep in my entire life. It was four hours later that I was woken up, and by then it was nearly nine. I had to be getting home. Emme was at the foot of Corles' bed, but it was him that woke me.

Corles leaned in closely to look at Call's eyes and smiled, looking over at me. **"His pupils seem fine."** I moved slowly at first and then threw myself at Call, wrapping my arms around him tightly. **"Oh thank heavens you're okay! I was so worried, I came as soon as I could!"** Corles hadn't left Call's side - his eye was blackened now and the blood about his nose was dry and not at all very attractive. **"How are you feeling, my little prince?"**

"Sleepy," I mumbled incoherently. **"And my head hurts like a bitch..."** **"Language,"** they both said at the same time. **"I get my head bashed in and I still don't get a break..."** I rolled my eyes, which somehow hurt my head, and I let them close again. **"I need to go home... it's so late..."**

"I called your parents - I told them that we were studying and okayed for you to stay the night." "I'm staying, too." "Two little cutiepies in my bed tonight, how did I get so lucky?" Corles added, then, as an after-thought. **"I'll change your diaper first - you're very wet - and you're to have three glasses of water before bed and when you wake up. You can't take care of yourself right now so I'm going to give you instruction."**

"Do I, like, need a hospital or something...?" "I'm a first aid student," Emme said with a smile. **"You'll be okay if we keep an eye on you."** **"Okay..."** I let my head slip back down onto the pillow and closed my eyes again. I was woken up four more times that night, usually for water or "just to make sure you're doing okay". The next morning, the sun was harsh through the window, but the clarity had returned. To my right was Emme, sound asleep. Corles was nowhere to be seen.

9.)

Things were a little better after that day. I had a concussion, which was pretty stupid, I thought. My parents felt really bad about the whole thing, especially with how they were treating me, and resolved to help me out the same way any good parents would. Lina had much less faith in me, though. My parents got me my old blue diapers back, which was a nice change from the typical flashy pink, and I felt a lot better about my self-esteem the next Monday at school. I still had my girl uniform, but with Corles by my side I felt much safer. And with that safety, and my two new best friends, I had a lot to look forward to.

"You're smiling," I noted to Call as I lifted his skirt beneath the table and peered down at his blue diaper with a sly little smile - it would be a social faux pas really, but Call and I were pretty close. **"Things going better at home?"** He was wet. That was okay. I was, too. Corles and I had been really worried for poor little Call, but he was really making leaps and bounds in progress.

"I think so. Lina's still... well, Lina. She's in grade twelve here, so she's embarrassed by me or whatever." I ate another stick of cheese. I wished I'd have been smart enough to swat Emme's hand away from my crotch, but I was really getting used to it. The weekend with the two had put me into the same youthful role as Emme, and while I didn't really like it, getting used to it was an inevitability.

"She's still wearing diapers, too, you know - I hardly see how she has any reason to be pouty." I opened the little pink lunch-box with apple slices and pushed one between Call's lips playfully. **"I really like you, Call... you're like... a boy I don't have to be on my best behavior with, someone I can be playful with. Corles really likes you, too! Do you like him? I know you like me, but I was wondering about Corles..."**

"Yeah, I mean... you're both really cool. I thought it would be weird, you guys dating and all." And it was a little weird. She'd kissed me. Corles had spanked me, too! But those memories were so foggy in the mild delusion of my not-eating. And we hadn't talked about any of it since... **"I don't know. I guess because I'm a boy and she's a girl. She really takes these rules very seriously..."**

It took a moment for me to realize that he'd switched back to talking about his sister and I smiled, pursing my lips. **"I bet your Daddy is cuter than her Daddy - she's totally just jealous."** I grinned and watched the boy blush - I'd talked to him a lot about the word Daddy and how it was something Corles liked to hear and how he was so selfless taking care of us and that was kinda like a way of showing appreciation. Call hadn't called him that, yet, though, but he'd certainly started to quieten down his protests about the term.

"Yeah, well... she's really big on all that crap too." I didn't voice my usual protests, though, about the stupidity of it all. Instead, I deflected. **"I'm the youngest of four, you know? My two oldest sisters are off at college, and they're already out of diapers. They talk about reform and all that, pushing away from the kind of stereotypical crap. Maybe that's where I get it from. I grew up thinking the whole "baby/daddy" thing was sexist. I mean. Girls develop slower, but it doesn't mean they have to be patronized, you know? But Lina's the opposite. She only wears pink ones, hikes up her uniform... she has a new boyfriend every month. She really flaunts it, I guess. She propagates this kind of behavior. You do too, Ems. You're just less obnoxious about it."**

"I don't flaunt it, I just accept it. It's like. You know those little cults they have where you send a girl and she gets 'cured' but really she just becomes really shameful and hateful of herself when this is really just the normal way things are." I fed Call another slice of apple, thoughtfully. **"I'd stay in diapers all my life, really. I had this dream last night that we both did, me and you."** I thought about the sisters and the reform and all of that, though, and I had to ask. **"Where do your parents stand? They were kinda nasty about the you being the way you are thing..."**

"What do you mean? About the diapers?" I swallowed the bite of apple and shrugged my shoulders. **"They were assholes for a bit, there, but I think they're better now. They know it's hard on me, so they're trying to help. It's nice to know it's not such a big deal with them. And anyway, like Corles said, I'll grow into it. I'll probably be another few weeks or something, but I'm no less me, right? Even if I do have to wear this dumb outfit."**

"I think you look cute," I took another bite. **"Corles does, too."** I could have left that fact to dwell, but I didn't, looking across the lunch hall at everybody here on this lunch session for a moment. **"Language, by the way."** Minor as it might have been, asshole was still the sort of word that Corles wouldn't approve of.

"Right, sorry..." My swearing had really diminished in the week that I'd been in high school. It seemed so contrary to how I thought my speech patterns would develop. **"Well, I have to go get changed. Fun..."** I let out a long sigh and pulled my backpack over my shoulder. **"See you in class."**

"Wanna come over today? Just you and me? After school? Corles is busy and my parents won't be home." I couldn't offer wonderful cooking the way that Corles could, but I knew I could offer me being there and that was almost as good. The boy left the cafeteria though, without giving me an answer. Honestly, he seemed a little spacey recently.

School reminded me a lot of middle school, really, with the diaper checks and all that. But since Corles beat up those boys, it didn't seem like there was much to be dramatic over. I had two changes a day, which were probably necessary, and inspection in Homeroom. That was probably the worst of it, really. But the blue diapers were helping a lot. I couldn't imagine flashing a pink one in front of the class...

"You never answered me, you know." I had a sucker in my lips when I walked up alongside the boy that afternoon - he'd just been changed and I held out the lollipop. **"Open."** And then slipped it into his lips. Hey, I had an oral fixation, I didn't see why Call shouldn't! **"Come over today, hang out with me?"**

"What about Corles?" "He won't be there." "Alright..." I wasn't sure if I was upset by the fact or not. I was trying not to think about the kissing him thing. I was upset and delusional. Conveniently, he hadn't brought it up. They also hadn't brought up the fact that Emme had kissed me as well. Maybe they were evening the playing field. Did Emme even know about us kissing? I really had to stop worrying so much about this...

10.)

We took the train home and walked to my house together and wound up outside of the changing room before I finally had to ask. **"What's with you? You've been really introverted. I want you to tell me what's on your mind, okay?"** I was in the sort of mood that Corles didn't see very much of, but that Call was starting to recognize.

"Nothing really," I lied. I was a pretty good liar. I sat down on the bar stool in the kitchen and played with the salt and pepper shakers. Emme stood opposite me, across the side of the counter. **"Aren't you gonna change? I just figured you had to, is all, and it's your house. So please, go first."**

"Come with me? You don't have to change me, but I mean... I change in front of my other friends." Lady friends, admittedly, but Call wasn't far off in my internal category system. I slipped both of my hands around one of his in that juvenile way I did and tugged on him playfully.

"Pleeeaaaasse? Pretty please?"

"You're so strange," I said with a sigh and followed the girl into the changing room. I loved her changing room, I really did. The temperature was always perfect, never too warm, never too cold. And the bins that lined the walls, and the colorful diapers above those. I really wished I had something like this in my home...

"Me? Strange?" I smiled and stood at the end of the changing table, facing the boy. **"Lift me up? Please?"** He had to know what I was doing, but there was a little smile tugging at his lips despite his attempts to hide it and I knew I was going to get what I wanted.

I shook my head and crossed my arms. **"Oh no. The last time was bad enough! And then when Corles walked in on me without pants? I have learned my lesson with changing you, Ems."** I smiled playfully, but she didn't seem nearly as happy with my stance.

"Okay." I took one step forward, grabbed the boy under the arms, turned, and deposited him on the changing table without any pause for hesitation. **"I guess that means you want me to change you first, and that's okay - I bet you're very wet."** I lifted his skirt without restraint to inspect his diaper like he truly was a child. **"Oh my gosh, yes, yes you are!"**

"**Oh God, Emme!**" I pushed down the skirt with the blush on my cheeks. My stomach was turning circles and I did my best to keep my composure. She was just a girl, after all. "**You said I was in here to keep you company. Change, alright?**" I slipped off the changing table. She was such a weird girl...

I pushed the boy gently against the wall as soon as his words were done and kissed his lips. Not the way Corles did, not at all, just in that soft way I did. I took his hand while we kissed and placed it under my skirt, against my diaper, then looked into his eyes with a soft little pout following the kiss. "**Change me...?**"

Well... that was unexpected. I slipped out from between the girl and the wall, my lips tingling with her gloss and my knees feeling weak. Fuck was she cute... "**Ems, you have a boyfriend, remember? If you want me to change you, then... sure. But as friends.**" My friends and I never changed each other, but maybe girls did.

I didn't give him an answer, not beyond walking to the end of the changing table and facing back toward him, holding my arms out so he could lift me up. He was blushing. I was smiling. I loved this, I loved the little feeling I got in my tummy when I made him do something - girls were never assertive and by my age we mostly grew out of any illusions of such, but Call was such a perfect avenue...

I let out a little sigh and approached Ems. This was only the second time I'd ever changed her, and the first was still fresh in my mind. I knew she had a boyfriend that day, too, so why was I so nervous? I lifted her under the arms and put her on the changing table the way she had just done to me. She smelled really good for a girl in a pee-soaked diaper.

"**Now lay me down and don't worry if I'm a little shy 'cause that's normal.**" I used one voice for that, but what I said next was in a different tone. Slightly less enunciated words, a differing inflection and a different tone. I looked down, then up at his eyes. "**I...I um... maybe I should...**" I coyly pulled my skirt down between my legs and blushed.

"**Oh... I mean... if you want...**" I bit my lip and pulled my hands off her bare thighs. They were so smooth... I looked away from her and at the

ceiling. Fuck, why do I always have to hesitate...?! **"I can though, I mean, if you want. Like. It's cool..."**

"You have to be assertive, have to have confidence enough to put me at ease." I took Call's hand and ran it further up my smooth thigh to the warm soft plastic of my diaper. **"You have to tell me it'll be okay, and to trust you."** That was all my normal voice again, and the moment I was done I looked back down again at the boy's hand and bit my lip, looking up at him with the deepest blush. **"I... I'm a lil' bit wet... I didn' mean to, it was jus' an accident..."**

So this was... playing pretend? I looked down at the pink diaper between her legs, clearly more than a 'little bit wet'. I took my fingers off of it and lifted her skirt, doing my best to force a strong tone. **"It's alright. You can't help it. That's why I'm here, I'll take care of it..."** I sounded so fucking creepy.

"More loving. Tender. Like Corles is when he changes you." I didn't mean it critically and I wasn't making fun of him - he knew that, too, because he actually seemed intently listening. **"Not condescending, reassuring, and confident, and loving. Just think about him."** Which he was clearly doing, because he was flushed red almost as deep as I was!

I nodded my head, my head swimming with the memories, and took a deep breath. This wouldn't be so hard. All I had to do was mimic Corles. So I tore the tapes off one by one, confident, never halting, and tried to speak in that same gentle tone. **"You're such a cute one, aren't you my little... er... Emme."** Awkward.

"Call me pretty. When I'm like this I like simple compliments that show me I make you happy. I want to make you so happy, tell me I'm pretty, tell me I'm a good girl, tell me how proud you are that I wet for you and commend my behavior. I like to hear that." He looked down at the untaped diaper and then at me, and then looked hesitant. I bit the tip of my thumb-nail, almost sucking my thumb but not really, and looked away with red cheeks. **"I...I... I'm gonna be a big girl... an'... one day an' I'll... no more accidents..."**

This isn't so hard. You can do this... **"It doesn't matter either way, Ems. You're a beautiful girl, a well behaved girl. They aren't accidents."**

They're just part of who you are, and I love that about you..." Love was a testy word, but it seemed to flow well enough. I went to lift her legs to put the new diaper underneath, but it wound up very awkward with trying to position the diaper down...

"I've been changed a lot, and I know what I need to do and how to lay and what's expected, if you're having trouble with putting the diaper in place that's my fault and you need to be stern." I shifted in place on the diaper and frowned, the blush in my cheeks entirely covering both sides of my faces at the compliments and a little smile on my face. It was surreal how well I switched between the two states of mind and tone of voice, but for me it was like flipping a switch.

"Right... right." I let go of the girl's ankles and looked down at her naked torso. It shouldn't have been as arousing as it was, but there was little that could be helped. She really *was* a sexy girl. **"Emme! I'm trying to do you a favor here, and your cooperation would be appreciated. Now, like I said, lift your bottom. I'm not going to do *all* the work!"**

The look that spread across my face was shy and bashful and a little bit surprised, but I bit harder on my thumb and lifted my bottom up with a level of practice that all girls had by my age and allowed for Call to position the diaper in place. **"Boys don't usually use it, but girls like powder. Check under the table and make sure you're generous and rub it in properly, it's important to my self-esteem and image."** The diaper was still just beneath my bottom and not pulled up and I squirmed a little, impatiently and blushing. **"I dun' need a diaper, I won't have an axe-ee-dent, I won't really very much..."**

God she was such a fuckin' child... and... I hated myself for it, but I nearly found it endearing. But that was only because it was Emme, right? **"This is best for now. You aren't arguing with me, are you? I'm only trying to make you the most beautiful girl in the world, Ems..."** I sprinkled the powder on and started rubbing it in, my fingers trailing her naked body and sending shivers down my spine. I could barley breathe...

"Uhhuh... beautiful girl." I bit my lip happily and looked at the boy as he rubbed in the powder. I liked this - he was learning. He didn't know quite what I was teaching him, of course, but he was learning nonetheless. **"I'll be a good girl, uhhuh. For you."** My hand ran down to the hem of my top

and I fidgeted with it a little, pulling it up and incidentally showing my pierced belly button - it was something Corles had wanted me to get done and I had, and it had a shiny little sapphire inset in the stud.

I pulled the front of the diaper up, my entire body trembling with suspense, and taped it into place. I wasn't very good. I had never diapered anyone but Emme before... **"There we go..."** And it was a good thing, too. I wasn't sure how much longer I could endure the sight of Emme naked without jumping on top of her myself. Damn, did I have a crush?

"You gotta rub the front of my diaper when you're done, just a little, so I know that you're done." It was the last piece of advice I'd be giving, and I pulled my thighs together, the skin not quite touching - every girl my age had perfect skin between the thighs as a result of them very nearly never being able to touch one-another on account of our perpetually diapered state.

"Right..." I slid my hand up against the front of her pink diaper and moved my fingers against the padding. She whimpered ever so slightly and I stepped backward, away from Emme. Maybe having a girlfriend wouldn't be so bad after all... but I'd have to find a single one.

11.)

I held my arms out expectantly, waiting for the boy to lift me down off the changing table and then smiled, pulling my skirt back down. **"Your turn. Remember everything I told you."** He looked at me confused, but I think he realized what I was talking about when I lifted him up onto the changing table and spoke in that tone of assertiveness I only ever used with Call. **"Lay down, sweetie."**

Remember everything she told me...? I shook my head in confusion, but the fogginess kept me a little sated. The idea that she could lift me up as easily as I could lift her... I took a deep breath before I could get any words out. **"I can change myself. You're my girl, my wonderful girl."** Don't let her boss you around, Call. She told you everything you needed to know!

"Shh, shh, it's okay sweetie, I know you're a little bit shy about your accidents, but I'm going to get you all cleaned up. You want to be clean for me, don't you? Get this icky wet diaper off and get you all dry and snug in a clean one? You've been so good recently, you want to keep making me proud, don't you?" The penny still hadn't dropped that I'd been teaching him how to act like me all along and not like Corles, but he'd pick up on the cues in a few moments, I knew he would.

I felt my cheeks take color and I couldn't think of a single thing to say. Gosh, was this how she felt when I talked to her? When Corles did? I shook my head and bit my lip. Talk, Call. Talk. **"Ems, cut it out..."** But the assertiveness of my voice earlier was already gone. Fuck... I was failing pretty damn bad...

"Shh, hey now, it's okay now beautiful." I didn't really have any adjectives to work with that weren't inherently feminine, but the more I played with Call the more I realized that didn't seem to be too much of a problem. **"Be good for me, okay? It makes me so happy when you behave. Let's get you changed, and then I'll make you something yummy to eat I'll do your hair while we watch TV. Doesn't that sound wonderful?"**

I shook my head, though my answer was entirely to the contrary of how I was feeling. Food and TV and a diaper change was really enticing. But Emme had taught me how to be a guy today, a real guy like Corles, not the Untrained boy. So I climbed up off the table with a frown and mustered up whatever dominance I could. **"Emme, if you don't stop, you'll regret it. Now apologize."** She looked at me incredulously, and I thought of something. **"One!"**

I bit my lip at the number and immediately looked down at my hands, feeling my cheeks flush. That wasn't fair at all! I was teaching him how to be little! This wasn't how it was supposed to happen. I felt my chest tightened at the fact I hadn't complied yet and took a deep breath, pushing the boy back down onto the table. **"Be good, now, Call, or you're going to be in b-b-big trouble..."** That might have been convincing, too, if not for the stammer.

I climbed up to match the girl again, taking a deep breath. I would win this. I would prove to her that I was listening, and that I understood how to be a

man. This skirt and this diaper wasn't indicative of who I was. **"Two."** The girl visibly shivered. I let out a very excited sigh and smiled. This was so... intense.

I never got past two. I didn't even know what happened past two! I knew logically that three followed but I'd always been so scared to push even to that point and I took a breath that quivered more than I wanted it to and started to talk, though I only managed a single syllable. **"Ca..."** I looked down, my cheeks crimson, and stopped talking, gently swaying side to side as my fledging assertiveness fled the scene.

I smiled proudly and pushed Emme against the wall. My breathing was just a little bit heavy, but here, with her... I leaned in to kiss her lips. But she had a boyfriend. Corles was her boyfriend. And it was the boy's responsibility to honor that. Girls were fickle. Girls had no power. It was my responsibility. So I kissed her cheek and smiled. **"Wait in the kitchen."**

I wanted a kiss so badly, I wanted to be rewarded because I'd been a good girl and I earned it and I wanted it and it was so unfair! I opened my lips to protest and Call gave me an expression that reminded me so much of Corles and I just blushed instead of arguing, closing the door quietly behind me as I went out into the kitchen. It wasn't supposed to go that way! He was supposed to want to enjoy being little like me, that's what I'd taught him! He was supposed to want it... I knew he wanted it. Why didn't he let me give him it? I pouted and sulked a little, my head on my arms as I leaned down across the kitchen counter, my skirt hitched up at the back and my diaper visible.

I changed out of my wet diaper and into a fresh blue one. The whole time I was changing myself, though, I couldn't help but bounce between two entirely different mindsets. One was so excited about what had happened, so proud of myself, and so happy to finally be normal. And the other part just wished... she was changing me now. I came out into the kitchen in a fresh blue diaper, my skirt covering them, and smiled at the girl. Things were normal now, like nothing happened.

I got up from leaning across the counter and smiled at Call, deciding I'd just have to do better next time. **"Let's go watch TV and cuddle, okay? I want to do your hair."** No reason I couldn't have that ending regardless, right? I mean, he didn't know yet that I was planning to braid his pretty little

hair with baby blue ribbons - and I didn't know that he would've protested even if he had have known.

We spent a lot of time in front of the TV that day. My hair was in ribbons for part of it, but I managed to sneak them out without Emme noticing. She was a little oblivious that way, I guess. She cooked for me, but it was nothing like Corles. And it wasn't until later that night I decided to go. **"I'll see you tomorrow, okay? Maybe we'll see a movie."**

"Uhhuh." I smiled as I shifted from foot to foot in the doorway - I'd just done twosies and I was anxious for the boy to leave before he noticed. Call wasn't ready for twosies, not yet. **"I'd really like that! And we can get soda and popcorn and stuff, that sounds great."** Today hadn't gone as I'd planned it to, though I'd made some progress! Some was better than none I supposed.

12.)

Tuesdays were never anything special. I shouldn't have been surprised. Corles and I hadn't talked much at all, but his girlfriend and I shared almost every class together. We also had the added benefit of lunch. It wasn't until after school that I arranged to meet Emme at the train terminals. I couldn't even remember the last time I saw a movie!

I'd had the foresight to bring a change of clothes with me to school. So although I was a little bit late to the train terminal, when I arrived I wasn't in my uniform. I wore a dress, a really pretty white sundress with pink trim and thin straps and bows here and there as details - it was probably my favorite dress. My legs were finished with a pair of white strappy sandals and my hair was pulled into two braids, woven with white ribbons like I'd done with Call's hair yesterday. I smiled at the boy as he looked at me with his mouth slightly agape. **"Hey you, sorry I'm late. Did we miss the train?"**

"Wow," I said quietly, looking at the stunning girl in front of me. Then I looked down at my skirt. **"I didn't even *think* about a change of clothes... damnit."** **"Language."** **"This day gets worse and worse..."** I sat down on the bench and waited for the train to arrive. How dense could I be?

"I think you look really nice." I smiled and pulled my legs up under my body on the bench. **"Pull your legs in and rotate that way, I'm going to do your hair and stuff. I even have a spare cardi in my bag because I wasn't sure if I'd need it - you can wear it over your school top and it'll hide the school crest. You'll look great, I promise."** I mean, he'd look like a girl but that was no real concern of mine. "

"Um... what?" I looked blankly at Emme for a moment before I really comprehended what was happening. She wanted to do my hair? **"Like yesterday? No. Emme, stop being a brat."** I rolled my eyes and climbed up off the bench. The train was just pulling up and I hurried up to the yellow line.

Once we got into the train I took the boy by his hand and led him down to the second-to-last carriage - it was always empty this time of day because most everybody from school had caught the earlier train. I pushed him down onto one of the chairs, and then straddled Call's lap in my sundress, the soft plastic of my diaper resting on his bare thigh as his skirt got bunched up. **"I'm going to do your hair, Call, and you're going to be very very good for me or you're going to wind up with pigtails and eyeliner with sparkle shadow. Am I clear, mister?"**

"You're joking, right?" But she certainly didn't seem like she was joking, which was a little bit scary, truth be told. I managed to shuffle her off my lap, but she stayed close. **"You can't dress me up like a girl. I'm already in a diaper and a skirt. And it's not one of those middle school dresses, so there's not a lot of hiding it."**

"If you let me do your hair, I'll let you wrap my cardigan around your waist so people can't tell you're in a skirt." Well, from behind. There wasn't much that could be done about the front and having a girls cardigan wrapped around his waist probably didn't help that much, either, but it was something, right?

"Pass. I'd rather people think I was an Untrained than a boy who wants to be in diapers." It was a common colloquialism. The queer types. Boys who stayed in diapers on *purpose*. They were very looked down upon.

I pouted and crossed my arms, but I didn't stay mad for very long. **"At least**

wear my cardigan so you're not in your uniform?" I held it in my hands - just a creamy-colored woolen thing, obviously a girl's cardigan but it wouldn't draw much attention given Call was in a skirt anyway.

"Fine..." I wasn't so against the idea, anyway. If I could cover up the emblem on the front of the uniform, at least I could pass it off as a dare or something. I was certainly small enough to still be a middle schooler.

When we got off the train, me in my sundress and Call in my cardigan, I was all smiles. He was, actually, too! I guess being away from school helped. I held his hand in mine as we started up the stairs of the overpass that would lead to the mall where the cinema was. **"Corles wants to have us both stay over on Friday night, by the way. I told him I'd tell you so you could make sure you were free."** That was the dynamic, now, too - Corles didn't have to ask if Call was free. He stated he had plans, as he did with me, and Call made sure he was available like any other girl would. I liked it. It kept things simple!

"Over his house? How do you get your parents to let you stay out? Lani's in twelfth grade and still doesn't get to stay out at boy's houses. I mean, I doubt it'll be an issue for me, since I'm a guy. But girls are trickier." That was just the way our society worked.

"My dad and Corles' dad are pretty close friends. I'm rarely allowed to have Corles stay the night, but I'm allowed to stay at his house mostly. He has a keystone to my house, too, a fact you're familiar with now." Corles had let himself in, after all, which had led to all this fun we'd been having. **"I think it's sexist anyway that girls have rules on staying over but guys don't..."** Yup. Me. Who called her boyfriend Daddy happily and never wanted to be out of diapers - I just called something sexist.

"That's funny coming from you." I had no idea what we were seeing. I didn't really care. Emme bought the tickets and the snacks, so there was really no complaining. I sat in the back row with her and shifted uncomfortably in my seat. I hadn't been changed since lunch... ugh, I hated diapers.

We sat down together, Call shifted awkwardly, and I pulled the arm up between us with a little smile, pulling him close to cuddle against me. It was conscious thought required, too, because I usually cuddled up to Corles

and this time I was encouraging Call to cuddle up to me. He was wet - I could tell. I mean, most girls probably could, but sitting this close to him and gauging his body language, I could absolutely tell.

Emme had gotten a large soda. I was trying not to be naive about it, but the popcorn really made me thirsty. I had my head on Emme's shoulder for at least half of the movie, and the rest of the time was spent getting comfortable again and again. Normally movies were the one time I *didn't* mind diapers, but today...

13.)

By the time the movie finished the soda was gone and Call looked very very unhappy. I helped him out of his seat and we went down the stairs to the door - it wasn't until we got out into the main hall that I noticed how wet his skirt was, though. **"Oh gosh..."** I took his hand in both of mine and quickly pulled the boy into the women's changing room - places like this were common in areas frequented by girls our age. I pulled the curtain around us and put my finger to Call's lips. **"Don't. Argue. Be good, and lay down. Understand?"** I had a spare diaper and my own school uniform in my bag, so at least there was that.

"God, Emme, what the hell is your problem?!" But of course I spoke in a hushed whisper. If anyone found out a boy was in here... the only way I got in undetected, I was sure, was because of the cardigan. I tried to push past Emme, toward the door, but she held me back by my wrists.

"Your skirt looks like you sat in a puddle." I frowned and pushed him down onto the changing table, the squishing sound audible even to me and I saw the color wash over his cheeks. **"It's okay, sweetie, I know you have accidents sometimes and then you forget to tell me to change you. It's okay. I'll check you from now on, okay beautiful?"** I was using that voice, the voice that always always always made him melt.

I felt my cheeks burn at the realization... I'd leaked. Fuck, I'd leaked. I couldn't even remember the last time I'd leaked - I had to have been in elementary school! I took a deep breath, completely humiliated, and tried to

stand up only to have Emme push me back to the table again. **"Cut that out!"** I hissed.

I slapped the boys cheek and the sound resonated throughout the thankfully empty changing room hall. **"The next one will be on your thigh, then after that on your tushy. Do you understand, missy?"** Missy was a slip of the tongue and one I didn't even realize, though I guess Call did because his cheeks turned crimson and he looked away from me. **"Now you be a good boy for me, okay? I'ma get you all cleaned up and feeling scrumptious. Clean diaper, dry skirt, and a kiss afterward if you're very very well behaved."**

She slapped me. She actually... physically... *hit* me... I'd never been hit before. No one hit anyone. Some guys hit girls, but even that was extreme. Only when girls were being *very* out of line... her hands came down on my chest and I slipped down to the table. My cheeks were burning red. What the hell was happening... **"Ems..."**

"You know I don't like having to slap you and it hurts me more than it hurts you when I have to - is that what you want? To hurt me? I do my best to teach you how to grow up and be someone I can be proud of, is that really how you want to thank me?" That level of potency in language was something that Corles only very rarely had to resort to with me and I knew how little it made me feel. Usually it even made me cry! And then he'd hold me, and he'd put his thumb in my mouth and sing softly and I'd feel better and I'd apologize for being a brat.

"I... I didn't mean..." My whole body felt limp, like it was being poked with pins, and I wasn't even sure how to respond. I felt so small on the table as the girl lifted up my soaking wet skirt. I didn't even make a movement to stop her... **"I'm sorry... Emme..."**

I unzipped the side of the wet skirt and slid it away from Call's body and let it drop to the floor - it was really wet. **"I just don't know what to do with you sometimes. I try to set a good example, try to teach you right from wrong..."** I untaped the tapes one at a time and then slid the heavy diaper out from underneath his behind. It was going to take a lot of wipes to get his skin dry - thankfully public changing rooms had dispensers on the wall. I sighed. **"I'm just worried you're not learning how to be good, sweetie. You want to be good, don't you? For me?"**

"Of... of course, Ems..." I wasn't sure what had happened. She was changing my diaper. She'd only done it twice before, and both times I felt this same sinking feeling in my stomach, the same aching helplessness. Something wasn't right... **"Emme... I can do it..."** I tried to sit up, my arms shaky.

"Excuse me?" I was wiping away the moisture from his skin - and I was on my fourth wipe by now, too. **"Are you being difficult? Even after all of this?"** As promised, I slapped his thigh with a sharp smack and sighed. **"I'm a terrible terrible role model. I must me."** I almost said Daddy, though I very clearly wasn't that. What was I, then? A Mommy? That was weird...

The slap to my thigh - as hard as the one to my face and much less shocking - shut me up quick. I couldn't think of a single thing to say as she finished tidying me up. She pulled her pink spare diaper out of her school bag and unfolded it. Before I had a chance to lift, though, she lifted my ankles like any professional. I had never been so humiliated...

Unlike the usual changes, I pulled out a little travel bottle of powder out of my bag and sprinkled it onto the boy, rubbing it in the way he did to me. Of course, rubbing a boy in that area certainly elicited results, but I made sure to just smile sweetly as I pulled the front of the diaper up. **"You're so good, Call, such a good little sweetheart - I knew you could be, too."** I fastened the first set of tapes, my inflection gushing praise upon the boy.

"Uh... huh..." I was helped up onto my feet and a skirt from Emme's bag was slipped my legs. I didn't say a word until we were out of the movie theater, mostly because I wasn't sure what just happened. I stayed quiet while we waited for the train, a blush on my cheeks. What had I let happen? How could I do that...?

When we sat down at the train station, I pulled Call down so he was laying across the bench with his head in my lap. Most boys knew to keep their legs together in a skirt and he was pretty good at it, too, though he was obviously lost in his head. **"What's on your mind, beautiful?"**

"Nothing... nothing's on my mind..." I was clearly lying, but I didn't want to talk about it. I wanted to pretend it didn't happen... **"I... um... I'm just**

tired, I think... I just need a nap or something..." It was already mid-evening and only Tuesday. I could take the night to figure out what had happened. I was bossed around... by a girl. *By a girl!* Fuck...

"Okay." We didn't say much on the way home, and the boy seemed obviously distant even as we both got off at my train station, and we both made our way to my house. In fact, I think we were in the entry hall before he even realized where we were. **"Let's go nap."** My parents wouldn't be home until later tonight and I knew Call would protest nonetheless so I just grabbed his hand and pulled him toward the hallway - he hadn't seen my bedroom yet and he was going to be so surprised!

"I really should be getting home, Emme..." I was still in a state of dismay. A girl bossed me around. A girl. Bossed me. Around. God, I hated that. I had to fix it. I'd get upstairs. I'd throw her down. I'd... but what do you do? She was probably wet. I could change her...

"Nuhuh, you can go home later." Maybe. I led the boy upstairs and then stopped in front of my bedroom door. I loved my room. I adored my room, and I was so proud of it. It was a perfect little princess palace and I mean, I'd made most of the decision decisions at age ten but I guess that's a lot of the reason I still loved it. I opened the door and flicked on the light, the two little rows of in- ceiling track lighting lit up the feature wall and the bed and the colors and the light and shadow and it was all so perfect. I loved my room.

"Wow... you're such a fucking kid, huh?" It wasn't that the room was inherently childish. I mean, it certainly wasn't very grown up but most bedrooms aren't. After all, we have them since we're young. But I needed to compensate, and that as probably why I allowed the swear word as well. **"No wonder you're such a little girl."**

Those last two words took so much of the wind out of my sails, and all the determination I had built up to tell the boy off for his curse word quickly fell in line behind the harsh facade of crimson blush. **"You're s'posed to be impressed, everybody else is impressed!"** I put my hands on my hips, ready to get some power back in this dynamic, but he pushed me down onto my bed and was atop me before I even knew what was happening.

I held Emme down by her shoulders and leaned in to whisper in her ear.

"Don't you dare slap me ever again, or you won't be changing the next time you shit yourself." It was a word we very often didn't use. It was seen as very offensive to girls. The diaper messing issue in females was always pretty poignant. And on top of it, I wasn't Emme's boyfriend. I had no power over her. But she wasn't my girlfriend either, so what she'd done wasn't fair!

My cheeks went bright red and my breath caught audibly in my throat - it was so very very clear the threat had hit me hard and I bit my lip, trembling a little. **"I'm... I'm sorry... I'll be a good girl..."** The twosies issue was something of a point of contention for me, really, I did it because it was still seem as socially acceptable for some late blooming girls to, but I'd lost a lot more control of it in the last year on account of Corles' affection for it. He encouraged, I complied - he felt like it made me more his little girl. **"I was jus'... jus' trying to... you were naughty and..."**

"It won't happen again." I put my hand on her bare thigh. It wasn't meant to be sexual or anything, but it certainly seemed to shut her up. I stood up off the bed and stepped away from Emme. **"I'm going home now, and you'll stay here and think about what a bad girl you've been. Tomorrow at school things will be normal again and all this will be forgotten."** It wasn't like me to be so assertive, but this would work. This worked perfectly. I stepped out of the room before she could say anything and started the walk home.

14.)

The next day at school was just as expected, really - everything seemed so routine and normal and I smiled and he smiled and Corles even sat with us at lunch. It wasn't really until that afternoon that things deviated and it was only because Corles met us at the train terminal with a smile on his lips. **"Hey you two. I'd like to move Friday night's plans up to tonight. My car is just over there."** I smiled and squeezed Call's hand, stand up with him in tow.

"I have homework, actually..." But I was dragged along to Corles' car all the same and pushed into the back seat by Emme. Everything had been great, and Emme always was a touch pushy, so it wasn't really out of the

ordinary. Corles put on the radio and I pulled out my schoolbooks. If I was going to be at Corles' tonight, I'd have to study sometime...

I tapped away at my phone to let my parents know and Corles spoke vaguely with Call, though the latter seemed to be intent on opening his books. **"How have you been, my little prince? I've missed you. I heard you went to the movies with Emme yesterday? What did you two see? I'm sorry I couldn't make it."**

"It's fine... I figured we'd hang out this weekend. Emme said so..." I was skimming through one of my chapters, but Corles kept talking and distracting me. Finally I closed the book, my efforts unsatisfied, and curled up against the window. I was so going to fail my test tomorrow...

"I missed my two favorite people too much to wait, and I feel like tonight will be a much better night for us." "Mama says it's okay." "I'm glad, princess. Otherwise tonight would just be Call and I." The way Corles worded it didn't make it sound like that would at all be a bad thing, though, like the idea of having only Call over was just as valid an option for him.

I felt my cheeks take on a bit of color at the last sentence and looked out of the window. Gosh, why did I care if I spent time with Corles? I mean, we were friends... I had very little to say the whole car ride, which wasn't entirely unlike me. I climbed out of the car, backpack in tow, and followed the couple straight to the basement. They were so cute together. How annoying.

We got downstairs and I set my schoolbag down and went to the chest of drawers in Corles' little partition to find some pajamas to change into, leaving my boyfriend alone with Call. **"Come sit with me, my little prince, tell me about school? What's your homework for?"** He sat down on the sofa and pulled the boy down to sit by him, his arm around him protectively. There was a lot to be said for being held by Corles - it made it feel like the world was so far away.

I blushed - naturally - and curled up against Corles' body. It was an instinctual thing, like I was always meant to be there. **"It's better since the incident last week. Um. My homework is for Biology, though. It's just a**

lot of work for something I'm not really interested in..." Damn it was warm here...

"Well, how about we have a look at it, together? Maybe after dinner."

Corles kissed Call's forehead the way he did with Emme and looked up at the girl as she came back out from behind the divider. **"Princess, can you get something for Call to wear to bed - I'm going to get him changed."**

"Uhhuh, sure Daddy." I smiled at the boy curled up with my boyfriend and ducked back into the bedroom alcove to pick out another nightdress.

"I'm fine, really..." I wasn't. I was wet, and I knew it. But I could change myself. It was pretty common in middle school to just say you were "fine" and take care of it on your own. Corles would understand. I pulled myself up off the couch and went over to the stairs. I had no idea where the changing room was, though, and Corles had four siblings...

Corles stood up and smiled, following the boy to the stairs and picking him up like a child. He held him with one arm and brushed his bangs out of the way with the other. **"My little prince, you're my guest and I'm going to change you. You don't want to upset me, do you?"** I stood behind the two of them, the little white nightgown with blue trim - a twin to the pink-trimmed version I was wearing - in my hands.

I felt my cheeks heat up and I shook my head, but I wasn't stupid enough to listen. Corles let me go and I pulled away, halfway between him and Emme. **"Listen... I... I want to change on my own. I'm more comfortable that way, okay? And... and you're both acting really weird around me, and it's just... strange."** And that's when I really felt cornered, the both of them on either side, I bit hard on my lip, my chest racing.

Corles pushed the boy against the wall, lifting him up beneath the thigh and pinning his back to the wall, kissing his lips the way that only Corles knew how - kisses that could have made anybody feel helpless. I slipped in next to Call and whispered in his ear as my boyfriend kissed him, my hand running up his bare thigh. **"You're our little toy tonight, Call... Daddy wants to play with you and you gave him some wonderful ideas with your little speech to me in my bedroom..."**

The kiss left me dazed, and my feet only touched the ground again when they stopped. I thought I'd faint. She told him about that?! **"I... I only said..."**

I was just wanting..." I shook my head and tried to push Corles away from me, but he pushed me back against the wall. The harder I struggled the smaller I felt...

The older boy sealed the younger's with his lips again and Emme left the two of them alone for a moment and came back with something in her hand - something pink and plastic. She handed it to her boyfriend and Corles stopped kissing, but held the boy against the wall, on his tiptoes, with a hand pressed against his wet diaper. **"This doesn't come out, or I'll glue it in place, my little prince."** And that was when he pressed the pacifier between Call's lips, a very stern look in his eyes.

My entire body trembled beneath the boy's touch. I shook my head, but the pacifier stayed in place. My whole body felt tingly, pushing up on my tip toes to escape the boy's hand against my diaper. I didn't succeed. **"Corles..."** I had never felt so small...

"My little prince, you can choose to call me Daddy any time you like." His hand squeezed the front of Call's diaper, rubbing it the same way he'd rub Emme's, pushing the warm wadded padding against the boy. **"You never have to, but I'll be so proud if you do."** I pulled up the boys top, running my nails gently along his skin as I did - this had been Corles's idea, something he'd had in his head, and soon my lips were wrapped around Call's right nipple, sucking softly the way Corles would on mine.

The whole scene was unbearable. I trembled like a puppet at their touch, the way she kissed my chest and the way he rubbed my diaper, just enough to get me hard through the soggy mess and not much else. I felt so small... until they stopped and I slipped to the floor of the staircase. I could barely breathe and they both looked down on me with brilliant smiles.

Call still had his pacifier in his lips and it was me who spoke to him first. **"Daddy is going to get you changed for the evening, okay? You be good for him, because he's very very good to you."** My chest was so tingly, so wonderfully warm and I could only imagine how Call was feeling right now. Dazed sounded like a good start!

15.)

The boy picked me up like a young child. Corles carried me on his hip up the stairs and passed one of his sisters. My head was too foggy to think clearly, but I could see the look of astonishment on her face. I was set down in the changing room the next second, not quite as nice as Emme's but not too far off. They had five colors of diapers. I stumbled to my feet when Corles set me down and closed the door. **"Wh...what do you think you're doing...?!"**

"I'm getting you changed for bed, my little prince." Corles plucked a pink diaper off the shelf in the changing room and set it down along with the nightgown next to the changing table on the little side-table. He put his hand on Call's cheek - his palm big enough to cover the smaller boy's entire cheek - and smiled warmly. **"Is something the matter?"**

"Y-yes! Everything's the matter!" I pulled the pacifier from my mouth and threw it on the ground. My humiliation had reached its peak. **"I'm not a girl, Corles! I'm not Emme, and I don't wear nightgowns. I wear blue diapers, not pink, and that's no one's business but mine! And your sister just saw me with a pacifier, and I'm pretty sure she knows I'm not Emme! And you kissed me! And... and this is fucked up, Cor-"**
"Language." "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck fuck!"

The larger boy's actions were swift and sure. He took the boy by the arm, sat down in the chair by the side of the room pulled him over his lap and held him firm. With his other hand, he tucked down the back of the boy's sodden diaper and the next thing that happened was his large hand coming down loudly on the boy's behind. **"Count, my little prince. Count each spank, and say thank you afterward, or it won't count."** His hand came down again and again, maybe half a dozen times to prove that he was serious.

I was already crying. I was such a mess of a boy, wasn't I? I shook my head and sobbed openly into his leg. **"Corles... p...please... stop... please..."** But another smack came down and I knew better than to argue. I whimpered softly, beneath my breath, **"One... thank you..."**

"Louder so I can hear it, my little prince. I think we'll go to twenty."

Corles was, at least, merciful enough to alternate his smacks between Call's rear cheeks, but each hit still reddened the skin severely and he knew how much pain his spankings could impart. It would be the talk afterward that truly hurt Call, though, the talk about how Corles didn't like to have to do that, and how he felt like Call didn't want his attention, and he knew right away that Call would react just as Emme did even before the spankings were halfway done.

The speech after the spankings was so much worse, and I felt myself sinking into the kind of misery I'd reserved for wearing a girl's uniform to school. I'd hurt his feelings...? **"I... I didn't mean it like that, Corles! I... I just mean that I'm not a girl and I'm tired of being treated like one! You treat me like Emme, and it makes Emme think she can treat me like a girl too! And I'm not a girl!"**

"You're my little prince, Call. And I treat you as such. You're too smart to get caught on stereotypes and definitions. I treat you differently to Emme, but you don't realize it because you trip up on the things that are the same." His tone was warm now, caring and helpful - Fatherly, as the way that Emme had once put it. **"I invited you over tonight to have an evening centered around making you feel like less of an outsider between Emme and I. And you repaid me by making a scene in front of my family. I know you don't mean it, my little prince. And I know you're going to do what it takes to prove that you want to behave, aren't you?"**

"I..." How was this my fault?! He's the one that... that kissed me... and... and spanked... and... and I still felt so bad. I felt like this was my fault... **"I just... why can't... I'm not like Emme at all... I'm a boy... and it's not even stereotypes or anything, but it's just... you ask Emme! She knows not to boss me around anymore, so you shouldn't either!"**

What happened next was worse than anything so far, worse than the spanking, worse than the talk, worse than anything that had yet happened: Corles sighed. Just a sigh. A single simple gesture, but it imparted so much! How he was trying, and how he was doubting himself now, and how he was disappointed in Call, and how he'd tried to help but boy but he wasn't getting through. That sigh said more than a thousand words ever could - and Corles knew Call would respond the way Emme would: with an intense need to please. He'd promise to try harder, he'd apologize for

getting mixed up, he'd beg for appropriate punishment for his behavior. Corles was no stranger to the way girls thought, and he had realized very early on that Call was very clearly the same as most any girl in that regard.

He just... he sighed...? I shook my head and looked at the ground, tears forming in my eyes. **"I... I just... I feel..."** I didn't know how I felt, though. I felt stupid, was what I felt. I wrapped my arms around myself and whimpered. **"I just wanna be like you... not like Emme... that's who I am..."**

Corles replaced Call's arms with his own, pulling his charge into his tight embrace, something that the boy so desperate needed. He ran his hands through Call's hair and then looked into his glossy eyes. **"Everybody has two stages in their life. Girls change at twenty and boys change at fifteen. But sometimes there are exceptions, sometimes there's a third stage that needs to happen between those two."** His voice was soft and warm like a crackling fireplace and Call seemed rapt in attention at everything he had to say. **"You'll change into that stage now, and when your body is ready you'll change into your adult stage like everybody else. You're so confused and lost right now because you expect that you should be in your adult stage now, my little prince. But you're truly not, and I think you know that. And I think you know that's okay, too."**

"I am, though! I am in my adult stage!" I wasn't sure who I was trying to convince, though. The tone of the conversation had certainly shifted. I bit hard on my lip and looked away from Corles. **"I mean... I'm not... I'm not like this. I'm not the Untrained boy... I'm really not...! I was always a fast learner, everyone in my family was, and this doesn't make sense..."**

"I don't like that term. It implies you're missing something. You're not, Call. You're brilliant, and bright and loving. You're very brave, too, and you adapt to new situations. The only reason this situation is so challenging is because it's not what you expect." There was a simpler way to put all of this, though, a simple way to paint the picture. **"You will always be a boy, Call. My little prince. But this stage of your life may require you to become more Emme than me, and to become more me once this phase - long or short as it may be - is complete. Your body**

works in mysterious ways and you've learned the hard way that you cannot fight its whims."

"That's not fair!" And now it was pretty evident it wasn't Corles at all that I was mad at. I stomped my foot like a child, immediately regretting it, and looked at the boy of equal height. Of course, he was sitting down. **"I'm not anything like Emme! I'm not a girl, and... and I'm not acting like one. And my body's stupid, and I'm not listening to it! I'm a goddamn grown up!"**

"You're my little prince, Call. But the phase you're in and the phase Emme are in are very similar - she could be the best guide you have." Corles smiled and he put his hand on Call's cheek, then kissed him again. And this kiss was... well, there was something there beyond the basic possession that was usually present in his kisses - this had concern, and tenderness and care woven between the usual tones. This was how he kissed Emme. **"I think you know I'm right, my little prince."**

I felt my cheeks burn up at the kiss and I very quickly looked down at my feet. I was trying to catch my breath. **"We're not the same..."** But the more he talked about it, the more he related me to the childish and hopeless friend of mine... the *girl*, no less... the more I believed it. But it wasn't true... was it?

"Would it be so bad if you were? We want for you to feel a part of us, we want for you to feel loved." Love was a word not very many teenagers used, and though Corles didn't use it in strict context of the boy, he came very very close to doing so.

"It's just not true, okay...?" But despite my reluctance to agree, it was clear he'd gotten me thinking about it. I hated that he'd gotten me thinking about it. **"I wanna go home now..."** But before he said anything, Corles kissed me again, a bit more passionately than the time before. I sunk into it.

Corles picked the boy up as he kissed him, effortlessly, and laid him down on the changing table. He continued to kiss the smaller boy as his hand pulled up the skirt, and he slowly began to untape the diaper that was only loosing sitting in place after being readjusted before and after the spanking. He could have done this much quicker, but he was enjoying the way that Call softly moaned in response the kisses, so he saw no reason to hurry.

It was... just something else. The way he carried me, set me on the table, and laid me down. He was tall enough he didn't need to lie down himself to keep his kisses on my lips as he untaped the diaper. I was in euphoric bliss by the time he pulled his lips away and fished the pink diaper off the shelf.

"I... I like blue..."

"Blue it is." Corles knew that the little show of charity would go very very far in securing the remainder of the boy's trust, and he unfolded the blue square of plastic and padded cotton and expertly lifted Call by his ankles positioning him properly. **"You're so beautiful, my little prince, laying so patiently for your changing. You make me very happy to have found you. I'm going to powder you - it might be new to you, but I think you'll enjoy it."**

Corles dressed me in the blue diaper with a whole bunch of powder. Powder was pretty essential either way, but the diapers were laced with their own type of powder right off the truck. It made extra powder much more of an accessory, and I wasn't sure I'd ever had it happen. It smelled... strongly. Like diapers if diapers were very fragrant. I wasn't sure how I liked that...

With very simple effortless motions, Corles lifted Call off the changing table and draped the nightgown over his body, adjusting it with more finesse than his large body would imply possible. **"You make me very proud, my little prince, such a well behaved little thing."** His eyes tracked to the pacifier on the floor and Call's eyes followed - Corles wouldn't push the issue, but he knew full well that Call knew it would gain him extra brownie points to resume using it.

I bit my lip and looked down at the pacifier. Corles smiled up at me and I crossed my arms. **"I don't like the baby thing you and Emme have going on. It's not something I like! And I'm not doing it! Got it?!"** Corles only smiled and picked the pacifier up for me. I felt my outburst was a little dumb and followed the boy out into the hall. Unfortunately, Emme wasn't the only one waiting for us.

16.)

"**There he is.**" I smiled when Call came out in the nightgown with Corles behind him - I was standing next to two girls who were a little younger than I was - 'the twins', Ivy and Ava - and the one to my left, Ivy, smiled. "**Call, right? You look so beautiful, our brother has good taste.**" "Uhhuh. I mean, I don't get it... 'cause you're both boys..." "Call, this is Ivy and Ava, my sisters. Girls, please be nice." "I don't know if Mom is going to like this, Corles..." "Psh, she's going to adore it. She'll be like 'Oh Corles is such a stud that nobody, boy or girl, can resist him.'" The two of them laughed, though neither of them meant anything mean, and I took Call's hand. "Feeling better? All dry?" "Does he wear pinks?" "Yup." "Actually, princess, Call wears blue. Because he is a boy." "A pretty as heck boy."

The whole bit was a little overwhelming and I quickly slipped into my introversion. I'd never been talked to like those girls were talking to me, the way everyone was... the way Corles had, and Emme, and his sisters... "I'm not... it's not what you think..." But they thought so many things I wanted to deny, and I didn't know where to start...

"Emme. Take my little prince downstairs, I need to have a talk with the twins." "Aww! Don't go!" "Please, we'll be good." I took Call's hand in mine and led him down the stairs, pretty nightie and rustling diaper, and the conversation above started to fade until we couldn't hear them anymore. "Hey you, you were in there for ages! Everything okay? I was worried you wouldn't want to hang out with us anymore..."

"No, I..." I looked up the stairs, the faint sounds of voices from the landing above. I bit my lip and followed Emme downstairs and into Corles' room. "What do you think they're talking about...? I can't have people thinking I'm a fag or something... I already wear skirts to school..."

"One: They don't go to our school. Two: Younger girl siblings do not speak ill of their older boy siblings. I don't even have siblings and I know that, gosh." I smiled and sat the boy down on the bed, then crawled up onto it and started to brush his hair. "Stay still. What did you talk about with Corles?"

I shrugged my shoulders and looked down at the floor. I felt so bad. I'd

kissed him. He'd kissed me. This was his *girlfriend!* And she'd kissed me too, sure, but that was in front of him, and... and this was just such a bad idea. I was fucking everything up... **"He was just... helping me feel more like me..."**

"He's really good at that." I kept brushing Call's hair, thoughtful in my head for a moment before deciding to tell him. **"We want you to be a part of... us. Like..."** It took a few minutes for me to find the word. **"Like how there's two of us and we adore each other and we play together... but then it would be three instead. You know? So we could kiss. And I could kiss Corles. And Corles could kiss you. And that would all be okay."** It was weird. Really weird. But Corles had told me about how Call was in a unique stage of his life and that we could help him, so I went with it.

Jesus, how much did this girl know...? **"I... I don't think that's a good idea..."** I looked at the floor with a frown and bit my lip. **"You two are just... you're really different to me. Really different. I'm not the "Daddy" type. And don't get me wrong, you're really cute... gosh you're cute. But I don't think it's fair... to anyone..."**

"It makes me happy. It makes Corles happy. It makes you happy and don't you dare deny it because I know how happy it makes you." I smirked and began to braid his hair as I continued to talk. **"You're interesting! You're like part Corles and part me and all you and you're unpredictable, and fun, and just... look, we want to have you in our life. Our. Life. As part of us. I mean if... if you want to say no, and go and find a girl and be her Daddy and that's fine, we just thought..."**

"I don't do that kind of thing," I said with the same frown. My head was still spinning. I couldn't comprehend any of this, and I was still worried about the girls upstairs. **"I don't date. I don't like dating. I don't like that responsibility. I don't like the daddy stuff. I don't like how everyone plays it up. It's too much for me. And it's okay with you, I guess, but that's just because you have Corles. I have no responsibility, you know?"**

"You're not the Daddy type, nope. I agree." I smiled. **"But I'm not either, and don't you like it when I'm forceful sometimes? When I lift you onto the changing table? It's not like Corles, it's different..."** I bit my lip

and started on a second braid. **"I like it when you are, too. And I like it when you're all melty as well. Tonight is about making you feel a part of us, so you can make a decision..."**

More talk about how I was like Emme... I wasn't sure I could handle it. Conveniently enough, Corles came down the stairs the next second and I looked up at him with a worried smile. **"So... they're not going to... like..."** Fuck, if my parents found out I'd been kissing a boy...

Corles looked confused for a moment and then laughed. **"Ivy and Ava share a Daddy who's four years older than them. Discretion is the greater part of valor, my little prince."** He stood by the edge of the bed and looked at Emme and Call and smiled. **"I like your hair, it's very beautiful. Did you thank Emme for doing it for you? Manners are very important."**

"I... what?" I'd been so wrapped up in my head that I hadn't even noticed her playing with my hair. I reached up to touch my head and felt the little braids on both sides, pulled into pigtails. Oh great... **"Take them out, Emme."** My tone with her was never rushed, never strict. It was like one friend to another. I think I liked that.

"I like them a lot, Call, and we're not having any company tonight. Are you sure you'd like for Emme to take them out? I think they're very pretty." Pretty was a word that Corles had noticed the boy responding better and better to since they'd met and he smiled warmly. **"I was going to do my hair the same, and then we could cuddle up on either side of Daddy and watch a movie..."**

17.)

I didn't like how Emme and Corles cuddled. Her head was on his chest, just near his shoulder, kind of the way I'd slept with him a few nights ago. I tried to watch the movie, I really did. But damn were they distracting. Where do they get off being all cutesy like that? Ugh. I hugged the pillow against my chest and sat with my legs crossed.

A few times I looked at Call and tried to make an inviting gesture for him to

cuddle up with the two of us, but he seemed like he didn't see me or he didn't want to if he did. Halfway into the movie, though, Corles reached out his arm and confidently pulled the boy into the mirror of my position, not saying a word, not asking and not leaving any room for argument. My head rested an inch from Call's against my boyfriend's chest and I sought out the prettier boys hand with mine to hold it.

Corles' heart wasn't beating as quickly as mine was. I knew because I could hear it. Emme grabbed my fingers and pulled my hand into hers, on the stomach of her boyfriend. I didn't move. My arm wasn't exactly comfortable underneath me, but I wasn't stupid enough to try to rearrange it. Corles' fingers played with my nightgown.

All in all, Corles was probably the only one watching the movie - I was smiling to myself as I listened to Call and his shallowed out breathing, and Call was... well... Call was breathing shallow, cuddled against Corles, my boyfriend's hand playing with his top. It was surreal to me, really, that we would have wound up in this situation but it felt so right - Call was neither really boy nor girl and both at the same time. He fulfilled us both.

Emme was asleep by the time the movie ended. I pretended to be just long enough for Corles to climb out from between us. I sat myself up in his bed and looked around the dark room. The light from the television was the only thing keeping the room illuminated. **"Hey..."**

Corles looked down at Call as Emme cuddled up to a pillow in lieu of her absent boyfriend. He spoke in a tone that was slightly above a whisper, but not too much so - the sort of volume you'd use in the middle of the night and out camping, despite not having any reason to be quiet. **"Hey there my little prince, feeling any better?"**

"Yeah... I mean... yeah..." I looked down at the blankets, my fingers playing with each other in my lap. I bit my lip and tried not to think about what I was going to say. I'd blame the sleepiness later. I'd say that I was so tired and I wasn't thinking clearly. But I'd know it wasn't true, somewhere deep down. **"I'm... um... wet..."**

Corles smiled and his eyes glanced down at the nightie and the diaper vaguely visible beneath it and his words were as warm as a blanket and comforting as a hug. **"How about I get you dry, then, little prince?"** He

reached down and lifted the boy beneath the arms, gently and effortlessly hoisting him up and holding him in his arms like a toddler. **"You're pretty when you're sleepy, prince - has anybody told you that before? It's your eyes."**

"Nuh uh..." See, I was sleepy! And who was I to argue with Corles? He carried me on his hip to the stairs. He probably could have carried me all the way up, too. I wasn't a small boy, but everyone was small next to Corles. He set me down after I fussed over it and walked me up the stairs with his hand in mine. I thought my heart would stop.

Corles led Call up the stairs by the hand and then along the short-hallway to the changing room. They were unmolested by siblings this time and Corles closed the door behind him, turning to look at Call. **"Never change, my little prince. You're perfect just the way you are."** Perhaps it was out of fear for making things awkward, but Corles lifted the boy up before he was allowed to reply and set him down on the changing table.

I didn't protest or complain or anything. I was tired, it was true, but there was definitely more to it. I put my head on the warm padded tabletop and thought about the last time I was in here. His sisters had seen me with a pacifier. I felt so foolish... but only a fraction of that embarrassment really registered with me so late at night. It was like our own little world...

Corles gently untaped the diaper and slid it out from beneath the boy, holding his ankles up and out of the way. **"Let's get you all cleaned up."** The bigger boy tended to Call's skin with a number of wipes, and then picked out a blue diaper, smiling at Call - he knew Call noticed. **"Blue for my little prince, isn't that right?"** He unfolded the diaper and slid it under the boy, and then set him down on the padded cotton. **"I want you to stay very still and calm for me, be very good."**

I nodded my head. I should have been more self-conscious lying naked in front of the boy as he changed my diaper. But we'd been here already so many times. And he was really did make it bearable, the hopeless nuances of my Untrained life. I liked Corles a lot, and Emme too. **"Okay.."**

Corles reached under the table and fished out three waxy little bullets and set them down atop the boy's diaper. And then, in perhaps one of the best coordinated displays of subversion ever seen, he leaned down and kissed

Call's lips. He kissed him, and he rolled him gently towards him so his bottom was raised, and he kissed him, and he reached his hand down between the boys legs. And he kissed him. And one by one he pushed the little waxy bullets into Call's behind, not giving him even very much opportunity to breathe, let alone complain or perhaps even notice. Corles' kisses were very consuming, after all.

The sensation of Corles' finger inside me didn't go unnoticed, but... I mean, it wasn't *that* bad. I felt my cheeks get warm and I tried to pull away, but he kept his lips against mine. I could barely breathe. But his fingers left me and again went in. After the third time he finally let the kiss go and my insides felt unnaturally warm. I tried to find my words. **"What... the hell..."**

"Shh..." And that sound, that very simple sound, it was so calming and so comforting. Corles pulled the diaper up and taped it in place, smiling down at the boy as he picked him up in one smooth motion and held him in his arms. **"You're just as pretty in this light, my little prince. And you were very good. Maybe you'd like another kiss when we get downstairs? I think you you deserve it."**

18.)

I didn't feel right. My stomach felt strange, like I'd had too much soda, and no matter how I moved, the sensation of the boy's finger inside me wouldn't leave. The discomfort was really setting in. Corles helped me off the table and walked me back down the stairs. I did my best to ignore the warmth in my bottom.

Corles closed the door at the bottom of the staircase with a little smile and took the boys hand, leading him to the sofa where the larger boy now sat down. He patted his lap and smiled at the boy. **"Sit on my lap, my little prince, and face me, I want to see your pretty eyes."**

I looked over at the bed, Emme still sound asleep with the pillow between her arms. I bit my lip and sat down on Corles' lap, facing him with a small smile. My bottom, though... **"I think maybe we should talk..."** I didn't want to. This was such a good night! But talking had to be done, didn't it?

"Tomorrow we'll do all the talking you like." Corles smiled and brushed Call's bangs out of his eyes, looking into them with all the same emotions he imparted with his lips when he kissed. And then, for good measure, he kissed him as well. It wouldn't take long, not with three of them - Corles knew that. Things like this were always fast acting. After all, they were for instant relief in young girls.

Talking was the smart thing to do, but I was stupid. I stayed on Corles' lap and kissed him again and again. My whole body felt so warm, so wonderfully warm. He ran his fingers down my arms, against my bare legs, through my hair. I kept mine on his chest, not really knowing what else to do. And gosh, was it great. So great... until I started feeling sick.

"Be calm, my prince, be calm and focus on everything wonderful. Everything you adore in your life and everything you love." The boy was starting to look queasy but Corles was quick to administer distractions - kisses at first, and the running of his fingers across his pretty little petite body - he truly did remind Corles of Emme. **"Kiss me, now. Kiss me with everything you feel. Wrap your fingers in my hair and kiss me."**

Somehow I wound up lying down on the couch with Corles on top of me. He leaned over and kissed me again and again, which was nice because I had to do very little work. He ran his fingers up my sides and under my nightgown, but never touched the diaper, never made it crinkle. He was so thoughtful. But the sickness never went away. It just got worse and worse... but I didn't want to stop...

"You'll be mine, won't you, my little prince? You'll be mine as Emme is mine, won't you now?" The small boy was beneath the bigger boy, but the latter was incredibly gentle and delicate in his possessive movements. **"You don't have to call me Daddy, not now and not ever if you don't want to, but you can if it feels right."**

"I don't feel well, Corles..." He looked down at me with a bit of worry and my stomach turned. Oh... oh! I felt my cheeks get a little pink in the light of the TV screen and I bit my lip. Wow, I'm stupid. **"I just need to use the bathroom. I'll be right back."**

The polite thing to do would have been to let the boy up, but Corles reacted quite contrarily in that moment - there was nothing malicious about his

movements and it could easily have been written off as him believing that Call meant to go ones and he had diapers for that. The way that Corles kissed him, in-lieu of letting him up was... different. Passionate. Distracting, absolutely. And unending, too, his hand in Call's hand and the other on the boy's bare thigh.

Damn... like, really, damn. I sunk into the couch and the kisses for another minute, and I even managed to ignore a wave of cramps to keep the kisses going. But, inevitably, it all caught up and I whimpered in distress. It never felt like this... **"Corles, seriously..."**

"You want to stop kissing? You want to, my prince?" It was an unfair question, one rigged by the kisses that followed. For a boy, especially one his size, Corles was tender and loving - but every time his lips crashed on Call's it was a clear reminder who the boy was. **"Close your eyes, forget everything else, don't let anything spoil this for you."**

"Corles..!" Another cramp washed over me and I suddenly felt very sick. The kisses weren't a deterrent now - nothing was. Nothing made the sickness okay. I tried to wiggle out from under him. **"I promise I'll just be a minute. I promise, alright...?"**

Call was trembling and Corles put his hand on his cheek, looked deep into his eyes and smiled. **"Be calm. Relax. You'll feel better soon, don't worry about it."** Nothing he said incriminated him in the actions that had led up to here and Corles used his final blow in his little orchestration - he put his hand to the front of the boys diaper and gently began to rub through the plastic - in exactly the same way he would with Emme. Call gasped. Corles smiled. And resumed kissing while his hand moved in its perfectly planned way.

19.)

Okay, so I could hold it. I mean, it's not every day that... I mean, it's *never* that... I felt my cheeks get warm as Corles crinkled my diaper. He was pretty good, too..! But the cramps wouldn't quit. He kissed. He touched. And I thought this would end, or maybe I'd want it to, but it didn't and I didn't. But I could hold it... I could...

To Corles this was no different to playing with Emme - through a diaper everything was much the same and Call was soft enough to have been a girl either way. His hand masterfully played with the front of the diaper adorning the boy beneath his him and he pulled away from his very possessive kisses to pose the question directly to the gasping boy's ear. **"Do you want to be mine, my little prince?"**

I nodded my head, my stomach churning. There was sweat on my forehead, but the room wasn't very warm. I knew I was being stupid, naive, but I just... I really liked this. And Carlos' words in my ear, how sweet and direct and... gosh, why was he so wonderful?

"You mustn't just nod..." His hand didn't speed up or slow down during this part, though his other ran up Call's side beneath the nightgown and held him in embrace beneath his body as he continued. **"You must say it, you must hear yourself say it so you know what it means, my prince. Can you do that for Daddy?"**

We'd talk about it properly tomorrow. Corles had promised. He said we'd talk tomorrow. So I didn't have to worry about that now. Right now I could just enjoy this, and I very much was, despite the pain in my stomach. Corles was kind enough not to put any weight on me. **"I... want to be yours..."**

"You want to be mine, my little prince? To be with me, to be with Emme, to be a part of us and know what it feels like to be loved?" Corles looked down into Call's glazed eyes and smiled with pride, his hand rubbing a little harder now. **"I want for you to be mine."** And now it was beyond teasing, beyond basic rubbing, it was touching with a mission and a purpose - the way he'd reward Emme when she'd pleased him.

I nodded eagerly and Corles picked up the pace. I bit my lip and whimpered into the darkness of the bedroom. I'd never felt anything quite like it. I just... he was so wonderful, so good at this, and... and I didn't want him to stop, no matter what. **"Uh.. huh..."**

"Good boy." Those were words that would bring about gushing waves of happiness for the boy in time, though for now Corles had no illusion as to the power behind them: right now they were only words. But his hand was

an action and he smiled down at the boy, kissing him again. **"One day, when you're ready, I'll let you make me feel as good as I'm going to make you feel."** Though from the way the boy was gasping it was pretty clear that his motions were already having a profound impact.

It was a torturous moment. I was having such a wonderful time, Corles kissing me, playing with me, and touching me in such an intimate way... and I was enjoying every second of it. But the sickness was so terrible. Stars had invaded my vision and my forehead matted my bangs down with sweat. I didn't want to say what I said, but I was out of options. **"I'll be right back..."**

"If you go, I'll stop. If you stay, I'll make you feel better than you have ever felt, my little prince, and you know I can. But you have to choose it, you have to choose to stay with me over every other need, desire and thought. And I'll reward you." Almost as a teaser for the main event, Corles began to press harder, rub faster, the diaper caressing the boy in ways he'd certainly never felt before.

"I..." I shook my head, my breathing shallow. Gosh he was so... ugh! I bit hard on my lip, close to drawing blood, and did my best to concentrate. As wonderful as this was, and fuck it was, it didn't change the circumstance. I fucking hated this! **"I'm sorry... I just need to run to the bathroom, Corles..."**

Corles sat up for a small respite, tempting freedom for the boy, but the moment that path seemed open he pulled the boy up and wrapped his arms around him, holding him close, firmly, his hand slipping down to the front of the diaper as he began to bounce him on his lap - a favorite past-time of Emme's. Maybe it would be the movement, maybe the time limit would expire or maybe nothing would happen - but Corles was pushing strongly in his planned out actions for this to be the moment of truth.

I pushed Corles away. Despite his actions and how badly I wanted them, I had other motivations. I finally managed to make it to my feet, shaking. I did my best to come up with something to say, an excuse, like I needed a better one than needing the bathroom, but before I could come up with anything at all Corles was on his feet and pushing me against the wall. **"Why are you being difficult...?!"** I was clearly frustrated.

"We're sharing a moment, my little prince - a tender moment, a first." He looked so desperate, so tortured so needy - and that only made Corles' smiled as the warmth spread through his chest. His hand was on Call's cheek, his other on his thigh, ready to move back to his diaper. **"Are you questioning me, my little prince? Are you being difficult?"**

"I need to use the bathroom for God's sake! I'm not running off or anything!" The waging war was ending. A side would emerge victorious and it was a stressful moment in my life. I couldn't *not* get emotional. Why couldn't Corles just understand... I just... **"I promised I'd be right back... I don't know what else you want..."**

"I want you to put your trust in me, I want you to show me that you don't fear anything when you're around me, that you trust me no matter what happens and you know I'll take care of you." That kiss, the one that followed that statement, that was the same loving, beautiful kiss from earlier. **"A leap of faith."**

"Jesus, Corles, what the hell are you talking about?!" I didn't have time to decipher his riddles, not right now. My shifting from foot to foot was noticeable, even to him, and I thought for sure I'd throw up. If I didn't get to a bathroom soon, I'd need a bucket to puke in...

Corles only smiled. He smiled and he stepped back a half step, then pushed Call against the wall, lifting his legs behind the thighs to elevate him from the ground and he kissed him. This time, though, and not by any accident, the position of the kiss put a severe amount of weight on the boy's stomach - and Corles was left free of blame, as this kiss was only a callback to earlier kisses.

I stood absolutely no chance. The second my legs were lifted off the ground gravity took hold of my body, I was wedged between the boy and the wall. Maybe it was the position, or the fact I couldn't have escaped if I wanted to, or the surprise, or what, but as Corles kissed me I felt the seat of the diaper fill with my own mess. I hadn't messed myself in thirteen years, and never since I could remember. Immediately, I hated myself for it. I felt tears on my cheeks and shook my head, trying to push him away. **"Lemme down... lemme down..."**

Corles looked at Call and put his hand on his cheek, talking in a special voice he reserved for 'little Emme'. **"My prince, what is it? Did something happen?"** The boy convulsed a little and the audible sound of a second wave of messing followed and Corles looked at him with concern, wrapping his arms around the boy and cuddling him ever so close **"Oh my little prince, quiet now, hush my special little boy. Daddy is here. Accidents happen."**

The passion in the moment was entirely gone. I hated that I fell apart as badly as I did, but I couldn't help it. Corles let me down, but he didn't let me go. He held me tight against his chest until I stopped fighting him and hugged him as tight as I could. I couldn't stop crying, though the sobbing was soft and quiet.

20.)

Corles cuddled with the boy, holding him in his arms and gently kissing the top of his head as he cooed softly. **"Daddy will make it all better, my beautiful little one. Accidents happen, don't you worry now..."** These opening moments to this new part of Call's life would be important in ensuring he received it as well as Emme had.

"I just... I need to change... please..." Corles shook his head, though, and held me closer. It took me a minute to realize where he was going with it, though, and I pushed him away. **"No! No, I'm changing myself! I get that Emme has issues like this, and I'm sure you're used to it, but seriously no!"**

It really was amazing what kind of spectrum of emotions Corles had in that voice of his, but the one he used now was particularly effective at making Emme feel small and he hoped for a similar result here. **"My sweet prince, I will change your diaper - how long has it been since you've changed a messy diaper? It only makes sense that I change you."** He paused and smiled. **"Doesn't it, now, beautiful?"**

I blushed furiously and looked at my feet. **"I'll figure it out. I'm sure it's not hard..."** But he had a point. I'd never changed a messy diaper before...

"Anyway, it's not up to you. I'm doing it. End of story." I wiped the tears away from my cheeks. I felt so fucking disgusting...

His hand took Call's cheek, and his lips took place on those lips again, no passion lost on his end, no different in the way he treated the boy. He broke the kiss and smiled. **"I'm going to treat you to something to make you feel better, my prince. Something to make you smile. But first, you need to ask me to change you."**

Damn he was a good kisser... and it would've been more effective if I wasn't a shit- covered worthless fuck. I wasn't sure I'd ever hated myself so diligently... **"It's not happening, Corles... it's just not. I'm not comfortable with it, and... and it's weird, okay? I just never want to talk about this again..."**

"Do you think less of Emme because she does this? Do you find her disgusting? Do you find her less attractive?" Corles smiled and looked into Call's eyes - very easy to do because he directed his gaze with a hand. **"I don't, either. And I don't think any different of you. In your phase it can be common, or not. I'm going to change you. I can do it with your cooperation and give you a reward afterwards. Or I can do it anyway and give you a spanking first."**

"Corles!" Despite the blush on my cheeks, I really was angry! At least, I think I was... **"Listen, I'm not a little kid, and I'm not a girl like Emme. And I know you talk about this... phase, or whatever, but I'm still me. You can't tell me what to do. And yes, I think it's disgusting with Emme, too. I get that she can't help it, and that sucks, but it's gross. So just... cut it out!"**

"One." If Corles had a way with his kisses, and a way with his tones, his hands, or his actions... they were all nothing next to that single number spoken as a word. Call looked into his eyes, maybe searching for signs of a bluff, and found none - only steely resolve.

"Corles..." I felt my lip slip between my teeth and my fingers played nervously in front of me. They were automatic responses. Counting was a universal thing around here, and pretty much all kids were afraid of it. **"I'm not scared of your stupid numbers... just... stop playing games..."**

"You told me that you wanted to be mine, my prince. That means putting your trust in me, it means knowing I'll make you happy no matter what." That was the long argument. The shorter one that followed was probably leagues more effective. **"Two."**

I felt my heartrate increase, and if Corles didn't, he could definitely hear my breathing shallow. I bit harder on my lip and wondered if my chest was *supposed* to hurt this bad... **"I'm not a girl... you can't just boss me around..."** Without waiting for the last number - maybe fearfully - I walked over to the stairs and climbed up them myself. I was reminded of the mess with each step and I hated myself more with ever ascension.

By the time Call got to the top of the stairs, Corles had caught up and he picked up the boy in one smooth motion, carrying him like a toddler without a word into the changing room. He closed the door and lay the boy down on the changing table as he had only a little while before. And just like before he kissed him - he kissed him like he wasn't in a messy diaper, like the smell wasn't apparent, like nothing was different at all. And that was the message he was going to imprint - that nothing was different. That sometimes Call would go twos and that was no big deal. And so the kisses continued.

I pushed Corles away, despite the kisses, and sat up on the table much to my regret. Yep. Gonna throw up. Absolutely going to throw up. I felt so queasy I thought it best to lie back down. **"Leave me alone, Corles. I mean it. You're being an asshole."** He probably didn't deserve the swear word, but I was feeling vulnerable.

"You are so much better than that word, Call. I'm very disappointed." And there was a word that usually stopped meaning anything after age six, but the way Call reacted... he winced, his eyes misted over, and he started to blink to hide it, Corles knew it struck a cord. With the wind deflating from the boy, Corles put his hands on both of Call's cheek and spoke softly, smiling. **"You're a brilliant boy, Call. Getting upset over this isn't you, not at all. Not my little prince. My little prince would get me change him, and then ask if I still wanted to kiss him. Which I'd tell him of course I did."**

I hated that word... I really did. Maybe I was being stupid. I just didn't want him to see me like this. I didn't want to *be* like this... **"Corles... please just**

let me change myself... if I can then I promise I'll be really good the rest of the night. I just hate this, and I feel horrible, and... please...?"

"How about you let me change you this once? What do you have to lose, my prince? Just lay down and I'll get you nice and clean, and you'll see how little all of this matters." There was a lot of logic in the approach that Corles was using, and it was hard for a boy sitting in his own mess to counter logic from someone who wasn't. **"This is normal and natural and it happens, and I want you to see that it doesn't change anything. Lay down for me. Be a good boy for Daddy, make me proud."**

I shook my head and looked at the floor. Corles looked me over, clearly concerned, and I took a deep breath. **"I'm... really glad that you can be so confident. I like that you can see me in a situation like this and be okay with it. But I'm not okay. And if you do this, maybe nothing changes for you, but... I like how we are... please don't make me..."**

Corles looked at the boy and smiled, cupping Call's chin. **"You told me you wanted to be more like me one day, remember? I'm okay with this. How will you proceed from here?"** Corles could tell that Call was thinking about that one - despite the diapers, and the wetting, and the now apparent onset of messing, Call did one day want to emulate Corles.

Emme messed herself still, at her age. What if my girlfriend did too? Is this how I'd react to a messy diaper? And how would she react; like me? Could I calm her down the way Corles did me? Could I make her feel better? Could I sate her self-hate...? Not like this... **"Okay..."** And without another word, I leaned back on the table.

Perfect. Corles smiled and pulled Call's nightgown up, talking while he did. **"It's normal for this to happen, my little prince, and it's only because it doesn't happen to everybody that you find it odd. But your situation, my little three-phase-boy, that doesn't happen to everybody either - and you've become accustomed to that. As you will to this."** He untaped the diaper and didn't recoil, didn't act disgusted despite the smell. He looked down at the mess, but only analytically to figure out the best approach to clean, and then lifted the boy by the ankles to begin the task. **"It might help you to change Emme one day, to see that this is just the same as well, really."**

"Maybe..." I hated the idea, but realistically, I knew he was right. If I wanted to be a good boyfriend one day, it made sense to learn. And to be a good dad, too... **"It won't happen again... I'm sorry it happened this time... I feel terrible... and it won't happen again, accident or not... promise..."**

"Maybe it should - could you imagine if you reacted to Emme with such disgust? To your own girl one day? Maybe when it's only you and I, we don't have to tell Emme, we can have you do this a few more times until it's normalized and you're not disgusted. You need to conquer that barrier before any others." All things considered, Corles did know Call very well, or maybe it was just coincidence.

"I really don't want to..." But what Corles said made perfect sense. I hated that it made sense. Ugh... **"Can we not talk about this any more for a little while? I'm trying to be really normal about it, but it's really weird. Maybe tomorrow, after we sleep, we can figure it all out. You know, when we talk about the other stuff..."**

"That sounds great." Corles had finished wiping the boy's skin clean and he balled everything up very efficiently into the diaper and dropped it into the pail by the changing table. **"Such a good boy. You know, I promised you a reward, didn't I?"** He smiled slyly, looking at the boy as a thoughtful look came across his face.

"Right, but... I'm really just tired..." I remembered the kissing from earlier and how wonderful that was, but now just didn't seem like the time. Maybe because I'd exhausted myself with all the crying or maybe because Corles had just changed me out of a shitty diaper. I didn't know. But whatever mood there was was certainly gone...

"Then let's go downstairs and cuddle, my little prince." Corles unfolded another blue diaper and slid it under Call's bottom, powdered him, and taped it into place with practiced routine. He picked the boy up in his arms and smiled. **"You made me proud tonight, Call."**

21.)

Despite my best efforts, it was a little weird. Corles didn't bring up the incident from the other night again, and perhaps it was best. When I woke up the next morning, I really did regret it. And it seemed I was the last to get up, too. I pulled my nightgown down over my diaper and wandered up the stairs, but there was a lot of noise. I peeked my head out of the door and tried to see what was going on.

To the right and down the hall from the basement door, past the changing room door, there opened up into a pretty large dining room and kitchen with a large breakfast bar playing mediator to the two, upon which were many serving plates of foods. Scrambled eggs, bacon, sausage, muffins and hash-browns. There were voices, too, laughter and jubilation and broken shallow conversation. I was picking off crispy bits of bacon from Corles' plate, and everybody was talking - Valence was our age, Ava and Ivy had already met Call, and Lewney was a child. Corles' parents were there, too, but it was Corles who noticed Call first. **"Good morning, my little prince. Come on, there's plenty here and it's all great - Dad is a really good cook. Don't be shy."**

I felt my cheeks turn red at the nightgown I was wearing and quickly ducked back into the staircase. Corles sighed and climbed up from the table and made his way over to me. **"I'm just going to get my pants on, alright?"** It was bad enough his sisters had already seen me like this. I couldn't even imagine what the rest of his family knew... fuck, was I humiliated...

"Don't worry, my pretty prince. Everything is fine. They expect for you to be in a night-dress because you're in diapers." The fact that a boy still in diapers at his age would be mocked and laughed at wasn't something that was said, but maybe that was because Corles figured he didn't need to - he'd worked it out. **"They think you're in ninth grade. It's normal. Come on now, breakfast is getting cold."**

I didn't wear nightgowns at home. I never did. But I knew a couple boys in my year that used to when they were younger. Not ninth grade, younger, but not too far off. Maybe it wasn't so abnormal. Corles took me by the hand and back up the stairs, into the kitchen and to the counter. The twins smiled in recollection and I wiped the sleep from my eyes. **"Hey..."**

Ivy beamed at the boy and waved. **"Hey you, how'd you sleep?" "Clearly not enough!" "Princesses do need a lot of sleep..." "Ivy, don't be silly. Call is very much a prince." "A pretty prince."** Corles rolled his eyes and smiled apologetically. **"The twins you've met. Call, this is Valence - she's Emme's age."** He almost said 'your age', but caught himself. **"Hello! I like your dress!" "It's a night-gown, Lewney."** Corles looked even more apologetic. **"And this is Lewney, she's six." "It's very nice to meet you, Call."** The voice came from Corles's father who was in the kitchen, and his Mom piped up with. **"Sit down, peach, have something to eat - you look famished!"**

I sat beside Emme at the counter and filled my plate with pancakes. The conversations continued to go on around me for a time and Emme looked over with a touch of sympathy. I wasn't really sure what to say to anyone. I'd only met the two younger girls, and they already knew more about me than I wanted. What were the chances Corles' parents would believe my age? How old were the twins, anyway?

"They only really all get together in one place for breakfast, so it's pretty important to them. But it'll be over soon and we just go back downstairs together." I took a piece of pancake off his plate with my fingers and smiled playfully. **"You're doing great, I promise. Corles will be so proud of you."**

I did my best to smile and played with the silverware. I'd eaten a lot already and the conversations still hadn't shifted to me. That surprised me. But I suppose there *were* a lot of people here. Lots going on. And we had school soon...

"Do you have any classes with Ivy and Ava, Call?" "Huh? Call is-" "Call goes to a different school, Mom. That private place on the hill." "How did you all meet?" "We had a meet and greet with some of the students from other schools who might be coming to our school, and Call and I just hit it off." Corles was very very good at thinking on his feet it seemed. **"Oh! How is private school, Call?! I didn't know you went there! Is it true they have cloth diapers up there? That is so weird..."**

I wasn't quite as good at thinking on my feet as Corles was, but then again, I'd heard enough of the private schools to know the answers. I looked up at

Corles' mom with a little smile and nodded my head. **"They're an option. Mom likes to support the companies, though, so I don't use them..."** It was really ironic. Disposables were more expensive than cloth, of course, but it was usually the rich who used cloth. A lot came down to the factories and keeping jobs going.

"Cloth is gross." "Your mother wore cloth, Ava." "It's just ew!" "I think it's cute, like have you seen cloth? You can't close your legs. I bet the boys love that look, all helpless and..." Ivy bit her lip and looked at her older brother. **"Maybe a little."** Corles laughed.

It was a little weird, in it's own way. My family wasn't exactly discreet about diapers, but a bit more than this. My older sisters were never really fond of it, and that led to a lot of disagreements before they went off to college. Lina, on the other hand, was another story. **"I don't think my mom would like cleaning them,"** I said as an after thought.

"Well, she'd have a cleaner for you if you wore cloth, darling. Especially going to that school." "Excuse me, children - I have to get ready for work." Corles' dad stood up, and oddly so did his Mom. I guess when you think about the very traditional values Corles had with boy/girl dynamics, it wasn't that surprising that his Mom would drop her current task to tend to his needs. They went down a separate hallway to their bedroom, leaving us with just Corles' siblings. **"Are you excited for next year, Call?" "You get to train out, after all!" "Are you going to date our brother?"** Valence frowned and looked at her sisters. **"It doesn't work that way, dumbdumbs. They're both boys." "Boys can date boys though as long as one of them is in diapers!" "Who told you that?" "Well boys in diapers still dress like girls so it's okay."** Corles decided to swiftly change the topic, speaking just a little louder. **"Girls. It's rude to talk about Call when he's right here. Pick a new topic."**

I wasn't sure if they were naive or what. Valence, however, was in our year. I wondered if she'd run into us at school... man, that would cause problems, wouldn't it? **"I'm not going to date Corles. Besides, he has Emme."** I smiled at the girl next to me, but it was half-hearted. I didn't want to date Corles, did I? He was a boy, after all, like they had said...

"Boys can date more than one girl." Valence rolled her eyes like Call had said the stupidest thing in the world and the twins went back to what they

were doing - which apparently was being done with eating and wandering off. Valence soon followed suit, and that left only Corles with his two younger consorts - Lewney having wandered off at some point. **"So that's Corles' family. How's your pancakes?" "I'm sorry, my little prince - they can be invasive at times."**

"It's alright... they're just..." I looked at the plate and shook my head. It really was a lovely meal. I wished I'd thanked Corles' parents properly. **"What was Valence talking about with dating more than one girl?"** Maybe it was because I'd never had a girlfriend, or maybe because I saw the world very askew, but it always seemed to be one boy and one girl. I didn't understand that...

"As long as they're both at least one year younger, it's considered socially acceptable for a man to be dating more than one girl." I nodded and smiled, looking at the younger boy with a piece of bacon in my mouth. **"As long as both girls are happy with the arrangement. Which for the record, I am."** The smile spread across my lips playfully and I leaned across and cuddled up to Call.

Oh... she was serious. I put on a little smile and shook my head, getting up from the table. **"We're gonna be late for school."** Corles' mom had offered to drive me somewhere along the way, but Corles offered. The problem was, I couldn't get dressed for school until everyone else left because all I had was my uniform! So all three of us were late anyway.

22.)

It wasn't until lunch that I deterred from my routine, sitting across from my sister rather than Emme. She wasn't happy to see me, no surprise. Like an Untrained brother was bad enough... **"Hey Lina..."**

"Ugh. Hey. What's up?" Lina looked over her shoulder, worried about who was going to see her with Call, but he was her brother, like it or not. **"How long is this going to be a thing, Call? The diaper thing? You had fifteen years with them already."** She was eating a bag of potato chips and she courteously turned the bag around to offer some to her brother.

I took one with a smile and looked down at the table. I hated that Lina brought this stuff up, but it was just her nature. Girls wear diapers and boys change them. She played up the Daddy nonsense worse than Emme. **"I'm sorry... I didn't mean to embarrass you or something... I guess I'll get to the point."** I sighed and looked away from my sister. **"Did you know boys can date more than one girl?"**

"Yes. Didn't you?" She took another potato chip in her mouth and chewed it, thoughtfully. **"It's to do with the power disparity. Boys take care of girls, but girls devote themselves to their boys. It's like how parents can have more than one kid - yeah I know you hate the wordage, but you get my drift. There's a few relationships like that in the school - Drosera is Daddy to both June and Abbie, for example. Why do you ask?"**

"I guess... no one ever told me." I always thought of relationships like relationships - the way Moms and Dads were together - and a lot less like a parent to a child. That was why I hated all the Daddy talk, and why something as basic and obvious as this had never even crossed my mind. **"I think boys should devote themselves to girls, too. If you can't do that, maybe you aren't with the right girl."** Where did that leave Corles and Emme?

"Boys do devote themselves to their girl, too. Some boys just have enough devotion for two. It's like how... you water a plant, right? But if you water it too much it's bad, you get it? Some boys have a lot of devotion to give, and that works perfectly with having two girls." She finished out the bag of potato chips and smiled. **"It's really beautiful when it works, because the two girls usually end up very close, too, and it's very fulfilling. Where'd all this come from, anyway?"**

I like Lina at times like these, when she was helpful and not scolding me. I played with my backpack, on the table between us, and shrugged my shoulders. **"I don't know. I'm just thinking that maybe I like someone, is all."** Emme, right? Or Corles? I didn't even know anymore... **"I just didn't know the rules..."**

"If you like someone, you shouldn't talk yourself out of it - high school is where you find yourself and find the sort of people you like,

and you learn and you make mistakes and sometimes you make the best choice in your entire life." She tore open a little wet towel and began to clean her hands - cleanliness was somewhat of a full-time job for Lina. **"Take your risks now, Call. While you're young and it's okay to."**

"I'm sorry I disappoint you," I said as a parting gift, and grabbed my backpack. I hated that I disappointed my family, the same way that I hated when I disappointed Corles. I skipped the rest of lunch period. I wanted to skip my afternoon classes, too, but I'd probably already be scolded for being late to school. I put my head on the desk and Emme took the seat beside me, as per usual. I didn't feel like talking today.

"Miss. Call is feeling ill." I had my hand up only half a second before I said what I said, I wanted to do this quickly. **"May I take him to the nurses office?"** **"Very well. Please get notes from someone else before tomorrow."** I nodded and took Call by the hand with both of mine, leading him out of the classroom without a word. Once we were in the hall, I smiled. **"Talk to me?"**

I just wanted to stay in class, go home, and sleep. Why did she have to pull me out like this. I frowned and walked past Emme and toward the nurse's offices. I had no intention of going inside, though. **"There's nothing to talk about."**

Just before we got to the nurses station, I aggressively pulled the boy into an empty class room and roughly pushed him onto his back on the teacher's desk, climbing on top of him. I was smaller than Corles and that meant when I was on top of Call it was a very different experience. **"Tell me what's on your mind, mister."**

Damn. She knocked very ounce of oxygen out of my lungs... I just managed to sit up when she pushed me back down and my head nearly hit the desk. It still hurt from last week. **"Watch it!"** I frowned up at the girl and shook my head, looking away. **"It's just a weird day. It's nothing, okay?"**

"Okay. I'm going to make it less weird." He tried to turn his head away when I went to kiss him, but his efforts became less pronounced once my sweet glossy lips touched his. My soft kisses, so different to Corles's, seemed to catch the boy off-guard. And I liked it when he was off-guard.

I felt my cheeks turn pink and I looked away from Emme again. Maybe this wasn't so bad. Maybe Emme was just the answer I needed... so I sat up again, putting my arms around her, and kissed her back in the forceful way Corles did. Lina talked about the way a boy could have too much to give, but what if Emme did?

23.)

I was very definitely caught off-guard by that and I let the boy kiss me, melting into it the way I did when Corles reminded me who's I was. He was good, too. I mean, he was no Corles - but who was? It was lovely, though. I pulled my lips away with a silly little smile and looked into the boys eyes... then returned the favor. As forceful as I knew how, like the tone of voice I'd found for Call had manifested as a kiss.

The return kiss was... intoxicating. I felt my head fog up like the mirror in a shower and finally parted lips with Emme. I took a deep breath and tried to clear my head. **"Corles... knows that we kiss..."** It wasn't really a question, but I needed confirmation nonetheless. **"He's okay with it?"**

"He encourages it." I answered truthfully. **"He told me it would be an afternoon well spent just to watch us kiss - he thinks we're both beautiful."** There was another long kiss before I'd let Call have anything else to say, though - he wasn't the only one who found kissing the pretty boy intoxicating, after all.

"Good," I mumbled under my breath. It was all the validation I needed. I lifted the girl up off the desk and back to the floor, a feat not easy for someone my size, and pushed her hard against the wall. A girl with two boyfriends. Maybe this was new, but it worked on the same principle. I ran my fingers up her top, onto her bare hip, and kissed her.

This was certainly an aggressive side of Call, something I hadn't seen very much outside of isolated incidences, and it was all sorts of wonderful. He kissed me against the wall, his hands running up my skin, and in a sly movement I slipped out and swapped our positions, mirroring the actions with him. My fingers up his top, onto his bare hip, my lips assaulting - in the

most beautiful way possible - his lips. He was gasping and panting, his heart was racing.

I wasn't sure how the girl had disappeared - maybe Emme was magic or something - but the next second I was spun around and pushed hard against the wall. Emme's fingers found my hip and trailed up to my chest, where her bra strap would be, and kissed me harder. **"Ems..."** Damn... **"Um... Ems..."** Speaking between kisses was hard... **"Cut it out..."**

My hand went down to the boys skirt, pulled up the hem, and I pressed my fingers to the front of his diaper as I kissed him. It's how Corles liked to touch me sometimes and I wrapped my other hand around his head, tangling in his short hair as I kissed him and began to rub the crinkling plastic. He was my little pretty boy.

My knees got weak and my head clouded over in half a second. I remembered last night, before my accident, at the way Corles touched me. I remembered the way he kissed me and how similar it was that Emme was doing so now. But Emme wasn't direct and calm, she was... frantic, assertive. Somehow, she was *more* masculine than Corles. I wasn't sure how much longer I'd stay standing... **"Em..."**

"Shh..." That was Corles's sound, but I kept kissing the boy and my hand kept rubbing and when my lips broke his it was only to whisper in his ear. **"I'm going to do something but only if you promise to kiss me afterward. Kiss me with more passion than you've ever known... and if you don't, I'll never do it again. Understand?"**

"I..." She was going to... do something? And I had to kiss her? I didn't understand, but I didn't see the harm. If worse came to worse, I could just... not kiss her. And she'd never do whatever it was again, right? Gosh, what the hell was happening... **"I asked you a question."** Her hand came down on my cheek, lightly, gently to get my attention, and I nodded instinctively. **"Kay.."**

I kissed down the boys neck, down to the line of his blouse, down the front of the fabric to his tummy and then I unzipped his skirt, letting it fall to the floor around his ankles. He looked at me, biting his lip, and I took the sides of his diaper and without any pause or hesitation, I tugged it down to his knees, letting his already semi-hard cock free. I'd done this dozens of

times, but never with anybody but Corles - and Corles was bigger, but that was okay because once I took Call's manhood in my hand and wrapped my lips around it, it was all just beauty and lust anyway.

I... wow. Really, wow. My breathing broke any semblance of pattern and my heart started to race. Emme put her lips around my cock and pulled it into her mouth, bobbing up and down at a slow pace. I'd never felt anything so nice, never felt anything so wonderful, even the night before with her boyfriend... **"Oh... God... Emme... oh..."**

This could easily have been something I made last an hour or more - I had done so in the past when Corles had done something that annoyed me, but we had a limited timeframe today, and I wanted to preserve the intensity. So I didn't take my time. I didn't draw it out. I used every trick I could to get the boy into a pre-orgasmic state, and only then did I slow just a little. Okay, so I could draw it out a little - I wanted him to kiss me after this without thinking first, after all.

My knees were so weak. How I was still standing was a miracle. My head was so foggy... everything was so foggy. I could barely breathe, think, anything... just that I had a girl between my legs. I had a girl sucking me off. I had a girl there. Emme. And I couldn't stop moaning, despite my best attempts. This was euphoric...

I loved this. I loved the power I had between a boy's legs - a power that maybe one day Call would get to experience if he was very good and Corles felt comfortable with it. I sucked and I licked and I bobbed my head and then after a few more minutes of slow teasing I made my final move. He was going to moan, and finish in my mouth, and then while I stumbled against the wall he was going to kiss me. Gosh it was going to be so hot.

I had never had a better moment of my life. The way the girl's tongue ran over my cock, and the way she held her head there so diligently as I trembled and shook. I could feel the liquid leaving my body and into her mouth and I felt like the happiest boy in the universe. But standing, however, was impossible. The second her lips moved off my penis, I fell to my knees, completely out of breath and the same height as Emme. And then she kissed me.

He finished in my mouth and I wondered if the boy had ever finished at all

before - Corles was a high-volume boy, but this from Call had easily matched that, maybe exceeded it! He fell to the floor and I took initiative on his promise, pressing my lips to his. My tongue to his. His thick cummy finish shared into his lips. And my hand on the back of his head and my other on his side as I straddled his bare lap and continued to kiss him.

I thought I'd cough or throw up or something as the liquid spilled past my lips, but Emme made sure the kiss last until I'd swallowed all the cum into my stomach. Only then did she let me breathe. I looked up at her, my eyes as glossy as her lips, and trembled. What... the hell...

I smiled down at the boy beneath me, his cock pressed against my diaper as he looked into my eyes and I smiled, whispering into his ear. **"You're so beautiful, Call. I'm glad you're ours."** I got to my feet and smiled, wiping my lips with the back of my hand with a coy little smile. **"Feeling better now, mister?"**

Emme left me in the classroom, and I was only glad I managed to pull the diaper up before the next class flooded in. A few girls looked down at me against the wall, my eye still glossy and my legs still weak even fifteen minutes after Emme had left. I wasn't sure I'd ever felt so weak in my entire life...

24.)

Call was late arriving to his next class and he still looked exhausted as he sat down next to me and I smiled at him playfully. **"You okay? You look like you've ran a marathon..."**

"Right..." The haze hadn't left me. I'd never felt like this for so long. Not blissful, not really, but... helpless. Not in a bad way - I knew the kind of bad way I could feel it, and I'd felt it about the school uniform - but... vacant. Like all the hopes, aspirations, dreams... everything that was me, wasn't me. And I was just empty. And honest to God, it was... relieving. I smiled and put my head down. I didn't give a fuck if the teacher yelled - I was taking a goddamn nap.

I let him nap, too, too - my hand on his back as he did and my fingers playing with his hair. I whispered into his ear about how he had a warmth in his tummy now, and I did too, and how we were the same now, though I was pretty sure he didn't hear me consciously. It made me so wet to think about, though - Call was my little doll to shape how I pleased.

We were supposed to talk today. I was okay with it now. After my chat with Lina and the moment I shared with Emme, I knew what I wanted to say. I was determined. I found Corles outside by his car. Emme had taken the train, no doubt. **"Hey little prince." "You said we could talk. I want to talk."** He nodded and opened the passenger door for me. I climbed in.

Corles smiled as he sat in the driver's side and closed the door, starting the engine but not taking the car anywhere yet. **"In the car, my pretty prince? Or do you wanna go get something to eat? My treat."** Honestly, Corles didn't mind the venue - it could be his bedroom for all it mattered, he was just thinking about the boy and his comfort levels.

"It doesn't matter..." But privacy helped, I supposed. Our situation was an odd one. There wasn't a whole lot that could be said in its defense and maybe a public setting was best avoided. So the car seemed to do the trick. **"You want me to be in a relationship with you two, don't you? A romantic one, like you and Emme?"**

"That's right." He smiled simply, deciding to let the boy talk his piece before stepping in with his own words to say - it was an important thing in times like this and whenever Emme had an issue, he always did the same. Of course, it was almost always Corles' way that was the proper course of action, but it was important for him to listen to other voices, too.

"I think... I'm okay with that..." I looked out the window, away from Corles, and at the school I'd just left. At the school where Emme and I had just... **"I know it's... normal for a boy to date two girls, but a girl to date two boys probably isn't. And if you want to keep it a secret that's okay, too. And I'm not really interested in the Daddy stuff or any of that - it's still weird to me - but I like Emme..."** And I like you. But I didn't say that...

Corles wasn't oblivious to the words left unsaid, and he knew it would be better if they made the transition from thought to sound. Inside the car, with

the tilted windows, facing away from the school, they had a good deal of privacy. Enough, certainly, for Corles to lead across and take the boy's hair in his fingers and kiss his lips the way only he could. **"Are you certain it's only Emme you like, my little prince?"**

Every motion that boy made stirred butterflies in my stomach and I felt my body tremble against his lips. He smiled down at me and I pulled away, my cheeks red with a blush. **"I don't know about... us yet. I haven't worked that much out..."** And it was true. While Emme was a simple solution - something I just had to "get over" - Corles was different. We were both boys. Lina had said the girls of a common Daddy become very close, like best friends, but what was this? We weren't best friends, Corles and I...

"Better to learn by doing." He smiled and looked at the boy, his hand on his chin. **"You're very beautiful, Call."** It was unusual for him to call the boy by name. **"And I'm glad you're a part of us. And you and I will work out things between us over time. But I think you already know how you feel, and you're afraid to hear it said out loud."** Call probably would have argued, but Corles occupied his lips again before much could happen in that regard.

I stepped out of the car a minute later, my cheeks red and my eyes glossy. I'd have to wait for the next train to get home, but I wasn't sure I could stay in that car any longer. Corles... why did you have to make me feel so strange? I shook my head and walked over to the platforms. What a messed up day...

25.)

"Wanna come over?" I was laying on my bed looking up at the ceiling as I spoke on the phone to Call - my parents weren't home at all tonight and I'd already spoken to Corles - he had a task for me with Call and I was giddy the thought of it. Of course, I didn't show that, I spoke so casually over the phone. **"Mom and Dad aren't home and Corles is busy and I'm bored and a little scared... such a big house and I'm all alone..."**

"You aren't scared." Emme was a professional at acting like a child, but it didn't make her one. She was actually quite brave. But it was either that or

go back home to Lina and my parents, and as much as I wanted to figure out all this Corles stuff, I wanted a distraction even more. **"I'll be there in an hour - I'll take the train from the school platform." "You're still at school?" "I had some stuff to do."** The train came half an hour later and, as promised, I was outside her door not long after. I made sure to change myself at school before I left.

"Hi you." I smiled as I answered the door - I was dressed in yellow gingham pajamas, a top and a little skirt with lots of ruffles - and a yellow diaper peaking out from beneath that atop my long creamy white legs. **"What were you doing at school so long? It's really late."** Well, not really late, but far too long to have been at school for that length of time.

"Talking to your boyfriend," I said very simply. Damn, she looked like a four year old... I slipped my backpack off my shoulder and kicked off my shoes. I wanted out of the girl's uniform, but it had grown surprisingly comfortable. And my options were limited to things like *that*. So I didn't mention it. **"Just dotting some I's."**

"Oh, and what's that mean?" I closed the door behind the boy and then lifted his skirt to check his diaper, catching him off-guard with a little smile. **"You're dry? Gosh, maybe you're training out already! And alas, our heady days of sharing uniforms would be over..."** I play-pouted as I wandered into the kitchen and took a cookie from the wire-rack on the counter. **"Cookie?"**

I flattened the skirt with a blush, frowning at the girl as she offered me a cookie. She was so presumptuous... God, that was annoying. I took the cookie with a frown and spoke in a tone somewhere between Corles' and annoyance. **"You shouldn't act like that with a boy, Emme. Especially not a boy you're dating. Corles says it's okay, and I like you. You clearly like me. So that's it."**

"Oh! We're all dating now?" I grinned gleefully and wrapped my arms around Call, kissing his lips in that playful girlish way that I tended to do with Corles - the assertive me tucked away... for now. **"I'm so excited, oh my gosh. Oh my gosh. We're going to have so much fun. Daddy wants to take us up to that amusement park up north, you know? Um... Adventure Park? We'll dress the same and each hold one of his hands and eat cotton candy. It's going to be awesome!"**

"No." I took a step back from Emme with a frown. Was she seriously this dense? **"Emme, I'm not a girl. We're not *all* dating. I'm dating you, and Corles is dating you. Boys can't date, Emme, same as girls..."** And I thought / was uneducated. Jeeze... **"He's still the same guy. You and him won't change. But you'll have me, too... if you want..."** Maybe she wasn't interested after all. Maybe she was just kidding earlier...

"Okay." I smiled. He was so oblivious, but that was okay - it was an unusual circumstance so I guess there weren't many really clearly defined guides. I took his hand in a double-grasp and beamed happily. **"That sounds wonderful! And if it changes and you want to date him, too, tha's okay. You have my permission!"** I was definitely in a childish headspace, but that was something we decided was best for the plan this afternoon.

I frowned and took my hand back, but the blush on my cheeks was more telling than anything. I bit into the cookie and sat down at the kitchen table. Man, this was getting complicated... maybe it was just best to cut my losses? It seemed a lot easier... I could be Emme's boyfriend and Corles and I could be friends. It seemed so easy.

I took the cookie out of Call's hand and set it down on the counter, and then climbed up on his lap, putting my hands cutely on each of his cheeks and looking into his eyes. **"Relax, okay? Relax. Let things happen the way they feel right and that's all... if it feels right, it is right..."** I didn't know for sure what was on his mind, but I had a pretty good guess. I kissed him after that, because everything made more sense with kisses.

I let her kiss me. I kissed her back. It was pretty neutral, all in all, but I was her boyfriend now. I was determined to let her know how things would be, and I did so by lifting her dress and putting my finger in the legband of her yellow diaper. I'd never done that before, not with anyone. She was very taken aback. **"You're already wet you know."**

That was a very very Daddy-ish thing to do, and I was surprised enough to blush, but only because I didn't think he had it in him to be so assertive. It made my tummy tingle. **"I am... uh huh... maybe... you'd want to change me?"** I bit my lip coyly - he'd done it before, he knew how to speak to me little-wise and he had every tool he needed to make this perfect. There was

only one more thing. I kissed him again. Soft and delicate, playful and sweet. I only needed a few more minutes and I needed to be on his lap when it happened.

I wasn't really interested in changing diapers, not really, but Emme was something of an oddity. And though I didn't want to encroach on Corles' territory, I also wanted to show her that I could be just as much the boyfriend as him. **"Alright."** But she kissed me again, so I kissed her back.

I could feel my tummy making ready and I stayed on the boy's lap as I kissed him, giggling playfully between kisses as I played with his hair. This wasn't assertive Emme. This was adorable, cute, naive little Emme. This was the Emme who was kissing a boy while sitting on his lap in a wet diaper. This was Emme who was going to mess her diaper accidentally without knowing it, who was going to help reinforce the ideas of normality that her Daddy had already started to build up in Call. I kissed, and I giggled. And in between there somewhere it happened.

The discomfort on her face was evident, and for a minute I thought I'd done something wrong. I put my hand on her cheek and looked at her, but she was biting her lip. She was... embarrassed, maybe? And that's when I noticed the smell and my cheeks went red. Seriously? What were the fucking chances...

I looked down and let the blush give way to glossy eyes and then let the tears start - there was so much power in a little girl's tears. **"I'm... I'm sorry... I'm..."** The tears came more freely now and I shook my head, letting them come a little more purposefully. **"You think I'm gross and disgusting and... and... I'm sorry, I ruin everything!"**

...it was gross. It was disgusting. But she was crying, and I couldn't say that... **"Oh... Ems... it's okay, accidents happen."** They were Corles' words, so much so that Emme ceased her crying for a short moment to look up at me with bewilderment. Of course, she hadn't known what happened with us. Corles didn't tell her. But that look of complete surprise... **"Come on, let's get you all clean, okay, Ems?"**

Those last few words made me look up at the boy and stare longingly into his eyes, my own made infinitely prettier by the tears and I bit my lip, trying not to smile. **"You... you... you don't think I'm... disgusting...? You want**

to... to... change me?" I threw my arms around him and cuddled the boy as tightly as I could manage, my little body shaking slightly against his and the tears dampening his shoulder.

I nodded my head, looking at my now-girlfriend with a small smile. She really was adorable... maybe this wouldn't be so bad. And Corles could do it. I could too! **"Come on, Ems. Let's get you cleaned up."** I took her by the hand and made my way through her kitchen and into the changing room. I loved her changing room... **"We can get you in a nice new yellow one to match your outfit, that sounds good, right?"**

"Uhhuh..." I nodded with a cautious smile, gently swaying side to side next to the changing table. Corles was right - I was the key to all of this, and I felt warm and wonderful and fulfilling my role so perfectly. Corles was so so smart! I guess that's why he was my Daddy. This, though, a boy who'd likely never changed a messy diaper before? This was going to be... well... interesting. Worst case scenario I could let him shower me afterward if he was bad at it.

26.)

I put the girl up on the changing table as gently as I could. I remembered the way my mess squished when I sat, and I didn't want to do that to her. But she didn't seem to care. She laid back and wiped the tears from her eyes. Despite the seclusion of the small room and the wonderful temperature, the ventilation was beautiful. It was this way in most changing rooms. I pulled a yellow diaper from the shelves and picked up the wipes. Okay, here goes nothing...

I remembered a lot about messing, about the first time that Corles changed me. About how I trained out at aged four, and how it wasn't until Corles was my Daddy that I started doing it again by his request. And now it was all-but involuntary. I still got shy about it, but I knew how much Corles loved it so it was worth the blushing. I wondered if Call would remember these moments as fondly? His first messing with Corles? Changing me? I bit my lip and looked at him as he looked at my diaper. **"member... say nice things... kay?"**

"Right..." I passed the girl a thankful smile and untaped the diaper. It wasn't pleasant, by any means, but it was what made her happy. She was my girlfriend. I had to take care of her... right? **"Little girls have accidents, Ems, but that's okay. I'm here to take care of you. And you're still the prettiest girl in the whole wide world."** Okay, very gross. Um. Wipes, and... okay... okay...

I bit the tip of my thumb and hummed softly as the boy changed me - I knew he was having difficulties, but he'd move past them when he associated this to his attraction for me, that's what Corles had said. He was clumsy, awkward, and probably used five times more wipes than Corles would need to, but he was still doing very well and by the time I felt like he was close to finishing, I was singing jubilantly some song off the radio that everybody had heard a thousand times.

I was glad she wasn't falling apart. It wouldn't have helped me. She was probably used to this, though. I said a couple more nice comments, but I left her to her singing. Maybe it helped her think of Corles, and that kept her calm. I finally deemed my attempt a success and changed her into a new diaper. Fuck, that was weird...

Once I was changed into the new diaper, I quickly crawled to the end of the changing table and threw my arms around the boy - even as he still had the balled up messy diaper in his hand. I squeezed him so tight, so close, and whispered in his ear. **"Thank you for not thinking I'm not beautiful anymore..."**

I led the little girl - and it was really hard not to see her that way, now - through the kitchen and into the living room. I spent a lot of the afternoon watching television and I even made us hot dogs! I wasn't a very good cook, but the microwave helped a lot. All in all, our first day as a couple was a pretty resound success.

We were sitting on the sofa later that evening, my head on Call's shoulder, and I smiled with a little breath of preparation. **"Call... I wanna know something, okay? And you gotta be honest. And it won't change anything no matter how you answer, I'm just curious, tha's all!"**

"Alright, I guess..." It was an obtuse way of putting things. And I never

really saw Emme as the obtuse type... and that worried me. I sat up straight and looked at the girl, who sat up too. What was so important all of a sudden...?

"You like being little too, don't you?" I bit my lip, taking his hand in both of mine to play with his fingers absently. **"I want you to be honest. Like when I'm in a bossy mood, or when you're with Corles, you get this sort of... tingling fluttering right here..."** I placed his hand on my sternum and smiled up at his eyes.

"What?" What was she talking about? I like being... little? Like how she gets? I shook my head and turned toward my girlfriend. **"Ems, that's a girl thing... I know you might think that sometimes, and that's okay, but it's not the case. Corles is just a friend, and you're bossy moods are just cute, alright? Seriously. Where's this coming from?"**

I bit my lip and shrugged my shoulders, looking at the boy. **"Being little isn't a girl thing only... I think you like being little, too, and you're a boy."** And then in a quieter voice. **"Very much a boy, as I learned at school."** My cheeks flushed red and I quickly changed the topic. **"All boys and all girls start out little and some girls like to kinda... feel that way sometimes again. It's safe. Like nothing bad can happen. Why couldn't a boy feel the same way? Think about it before you answer...?"**

"Because. Boys grow up. Seriously, are we having this conversation?" I crossed my arms and stood up from the couch, looking down at my girlfriend. **"I don't want to act like a toddler, Emme. I think the whole thing is just really stupid. Girls should grow the fuck up and boys shouldn't encourage it. And I'm not going to. I'm not that kind of boyfriend."**

"You didn't have fun with me today? Changing me, and having me be cute and put my head in your lap and leading you around by the hand and chewing on your thumb earlier...?" I knew he did, and if he said otherwise he was lying so badly. We all knew he had trouble with the fact he had a little side and that was okay, we'd work on it. But this little element needed to be resolved before that. **"A lot of my self esteem is based on that stuff, Call..."** My voice had shifted from my little inflections to my normal voice in that last sentence.

"...I know." I stopped and looked at my feet, my cheeks a little red. **"And I do enjoy treating you that way, even if I don't admit it. I know it's important and all that crap, and I'm sorry I'm a jerk. I just grew up thinking it was messed up. Sexist, you know? Like men were better than women and I don't think that's true. And still, I keep wanting to prove myself as a boy despite all this Untrained stuff..."** I shook my head and bit my lip. **"Anyway, I'm sorry. I like you how you are."**

I wrapped my arms around Call and cuddled up to his side, smiling slightly. **"If you can admit you like me this way, why is it so hard to admit that you like being this way sometimes, too?"** I paused, then added. **"I mean... you want to move past a lot of what you were told growing up, right...? Start here, and now, with me - with your girlfriend. Admit it to me. It's a tiny step, but it's a first step nonetheless."**

"But I don't." Seriously, wasn't that enough for her? Ugh. I *did* just spill my guts out about moving past all the preconceived notions and stuff! Seriously, it's like talking to a wall. **"Nevermind. Just forget I said anything."** And I sat back on the sofa. I was wet. I had been for a few hours, but I wanted to keep this going how it was. I liked this, believe it or not.

And like a wound-up-coil, I sprung up top of the boy and pinned him down to the sofa, my hands holding his wrists clumsily above his head (Corles did that part better than me) as I crashed my lips down upon his. Assertively. Bossy Emme. The me that only he saw. I pressed my knee gently between his legs at his wet diaper, but continued to kiss him. He was going to admit it and this silly poutiness was going to end.

I pushed Emme off me, tumbling us both onto the floor. I scampered to my feet with a frown, my cheeks puffed out in frustration. **"What the hell do you think you're doing?! Seriously, can't you take a hint?!"** It was probably in that moment I realized how awkward my relationship with Emme was. We yelled at each other. I had never seen any boy and girl in my life yell at each other...

I slapped Call's cheek when he yelled at me. He sat stunned and I puffed out my cheeks, taking a tone that was very, very firm. **"Did you just yell at me, missy?"** I pushed him down to the floor on his back and crawled up

his body, taking his hair in my hand and holding his head still. **"I asked you a question you little brat! Did you just yell at me?"**

"I..." My cheek hurt like it had touched the sun, and it was no better that her fingers tangled in my hair. I whimpered underneath her, the pulling on my roots keeping me sated. I reached up to stop her, but she tugged harder. **"Ems... s..stop... that hurts..."**

I pulled Call's hair harder and frowned. **"Excuse me? That didn't sound anything like an apology."** I continued to pull his hair, but I covered his lips in mine as I pushed my knee up against his diaper - Call was easier to get through to when his senses were overwhelmed.

I reached up to throw the girl off me, but her spare hand connected with my other cheek and my hands fell flat against the carpet. I felt tears on the corners of my eyes. **"I... I'm sorry... I didn't mean to yell... I'm sorry... please stop... please...?"** But the way her knee felt against the diaper was... nice. Too bad she was being such a bitch!

"I know you didn't sweetie, I know..." I took a nurturing tone and continued to rub my knee against his diaper, letting go of his hair and running my fingers through it instead of pulling at it. He looked up at me in confusion and I smiled, then kissed his lips. And that's how we stayed for a little while, kisses, playing with his hair, and my knee rubbing his diaper. His tears stopped and were replaced gradually by whimpering little gasps and moans - gosh he sounded like a girl!

I felt like a puddle by the time Emme had climbed off me, and I didn't want to move off the floor. I couldn't believe I let her do that to me... throw me down... yell at me... she was a girl! I felt my cheeks turn pink and I turned my head away from her. What the hell kind of boy was I...

"You're so caught up in templates, Call..." I sat next to the boy and took his hand in both of mine, smiling down at his sweat-sheened face. **"You're so worried about fitting this one mold, you don't consider that everyones is different. Do you know any other girls who can get bossy like I do? Girls are expected to be demure and cute and quiet and obedient. And you know how I am with Corles? I'm that way. But that's not the only part of who I am. Sometimes I want to throw you against the wall in the classroom, tug down your diaper, suck on you**

and kiss you afterward..." My cheeks were pink at the recount - but his were much pinker. **"But that's who I am. I'm Emme and I'm me and I don't fit the mold and I found not one, but two boys who adore me. What are you so scared of?"**

27.)

It had been six days since it all happened, since the talk with Corles, and since my dating Emme. It was getting into the colder months and I found myself really missing my pants. Skirts were still required in the winter, even the dresses for the kids. It meant most of the girl's parents would drive them to school. I took the train anyway, and I was running very late.

"You look cold, my little prince." Corles smiled the sort of smile that could solve problems without lifting a finger as he looked Call up and down and made an assessment. **"Cute and helpless, but still cold. I think it'll get a little cooler now, too..."** Call was frowning, running his hands up and down his arms for warmth and Corles took him by the hand and led him into the school building.

"It's not so bad..." I had goosebumps raised on my arms. My mom still hadn't gotten me the winter top for the girl's uniform, and I really didn't want to ask. The blouse was embarrassing enough, but the long sleeved pull over would only accentuate my bare legs. I tried not to think about it.

"I could drive you." Call would say no and Corles would argue and Corles would win, so he decided to take matters into consideration and determine the outcome before any of that could happen. **"It would make Emme happy, and you want to make her happy, don't you my little prince? It would make me happy, too."**

I felt the blush on my cheeks and looked at my feet. I didn't want to, not really... but it sure was better than freezing my ass off... **"It's probably out of the way or whatever..."** But I knew where Corles lived. And it really wasn't out of the way if he grabbed Emme every morning, which, I was pretty sure, he did. **"I don't know. Maybe..."**

"I'll pick you up before I get Emme, so we can have some alone time, just us two." Actually, the distances worked better that way - in going out of his way to pick up Emme, Corles would come close to Call's house anyway. There was nobody in the hallway with the pair, which was good because Corles pushed the boy gently against the wall and pulled the waistband of his skirt and diaper out, peering down. **"Still dry. I'm so proud of you."**

I felt the air slip out of my lungs and I pushed Corles off me, my cheeks a fiery red. **"What the hell do you think you're doing?!"** My fingertips tingled and I turned away from Corles, hurrying down the hall before he could answer. He was so stupid sometimes...

Corles didn't have to walk any faster than usual to catch up and he smiled, stepping out in front of the boy and putting his hand on his cheek. **"Emme and I wanted to change you today, but to do that we need to find out that you're wet before the nurses do."** It was against the school rules, but the mention of Emme's name was likely to make Call stop caring about that in a heartbeat.

"Well..." I turned away from the boy and shook my head. I didn't want him to change me! **"I can change myself. The nurses don't do it anymore anyway... so just drop it..."** I tried to push past Corles and he side-stepped in front of me. **"Ugh..."**

"Oh, you could change yourself, my little prince..." Corles smiled confidently and then shrugged his shoulders. **"But then who would kiss you while you were being changed?"** With no-one yet in the hallway, Corles quickly pushed the boy against the wall and kissed his lips firmly and forcefully the way that he did, the possessively Daddy-esque way that he was known for. And once the boy's heart was racing and his cheeks were scarlet and his eyes were glossy, Corles let him down and smiled. **"See you later today."**

"I... hey...!" But Corles was already down the hall. He kissed me. He kissed me *at school* no less! I felt sick to my stomach. No one was around, not that I saw, but the idea still concerned me. He wouldn't try that again, would he...?

"Did he just... kiss you?" The voice came from a girl who'd been fussing

over her schoolbag in an alcove formed between two rows of lockers. Call look at her with a panic and she frowned. **"It's a rhetorical question."** She motioned to her glasses. **"I can see very, very well. My Dad says boys shouldn't date other boys, it's unnatural. Do you think so?"**

I felt my chest ache and bit hard on the inside of my cheek to keep from biting my lip itself. **"He was... just messing around... we aren't dating. Who the hell do you think you are, anyway, spying on people?! It's fucking rude!"**

"Krystin Weinert." She clearly took the question literally and cocked her head to the side, pushing her glasses back up. **"That's who I am, I mean. And I wasn't spying, you two just didn't realize I was standing there. That happens a lot. Isn't Corles dating that one girl? I've seen them before. I think I've seen you, too. Um. Call, isn't it?"**

I frowned at the girl and crossed my cold arms over my flat chest. Great, she knew my name... **"Listen, just butt out, okay? It's none of your business."** I turned on my heel and walked away, but she hurried to keep up. Why did everyone think my walking away meant to follow me?!

"You're an Untrained. Is it weird for you? I mean to be different to the other boys. Is that why you're dating a boy? Do you want to be more like a girl?" There wasn't anything judgmental about her tone of voice at least, just curiosity in the way that someone might ask a teacher questions about a class.

"Oh my God. Leave me alone! I don't want to talk to you!" I turned to face the girl, nearly bumping into me, and frowned. She was about my height, glasses and long dark hair. **"You're being annoying."**

"I could ask other people I guess... if you don't want to answer my questions. I just like to learn stuff and I've never seen a boy kissing another boy. Or an Untrained in person." The implications of her suggestion, though made without malice at all, were palpable. She could tell other people what she'd seen.

I bit my lip, for real this time, and looked down at my feet. **"Look... I just want to be left alone. I don't like talking about any of this stuff, so... please?"** And here I was, saying please to a stupid eavesdropper...

"Mom said I should ask questions and not take no for an answer. It's the best way to learn." And Krystin certainly looked the part of a girl who liked to learn. **"Do you kiss him very much? Is he your first boyfriend or have you had other ones? Do you call him Daddy like girls call their boyfriends Daddy? Does he have a cute pet-name for you?"**

I felt my cheeks go scarlet and I looked down at the floor. **"I... I have to go to class. We're not dating. He's not my anything. He's a friend. Okay...? Just drop it..."** I turned away from Krystin and hurried down the hall. I was already late...

28.)

"You look tired." I said it as a matter of observation as Call sat down next to me and sighed, his diaper crinkling underneath his skirt. It was only lunch time but he had a look on his face like he'd been up for days already and the boy put his head down on the desk, looking at me. By contrast, I looked bright and radiant, like a rising sun over the hills.

"Yeah, well, your stupid boyfriend is a complete idiot, and now I have to deal with all that..." "You shouldn't talk about him that way." "Fuck if I care..." I hadn't sworn around Emme in a long time and the word felt wrong on my tongue. **"I mean..."**

"You shouldn't swear." My tone wasn't an angry one, though, it was more akin to the parental "I'm not mad, I'm just very disappointed" tone that was just somehow so much more painful than the actual angry tone that came with being chastised. I looked away from the boy and actually pulled out my notebook, making it clear that I was done talking.

I put my head back on the table and let out a little sigh. I felt so stupid for it all... for swearing, for insulting Corles. I decided to try and nap - I wasn't really hungry anyway - and it was just a few minutes until the end of lunch that Emme grabbed my wrist and pulled me out of the cafeteria. **"What are you-"**

I pulled the boy into what proved to be the music room and closed the door with my foot, slapping his cheek - I wasn't a big girl, so it wasn't that hard a hit, but the boy recoiled and his eyes went watery and his chest started to heave and I frowned at him. **"I don't know what's gotten into you, Call, but it's going to get out of you starting now."** It was that tone, the tone of voice I only ever used with Call, the tone that Corles didn't get to hear, that sort of assertive dominant tone that was so rare to even hear come from a female voice.

"I... I don't know what..." But Emme pushed me against the wall, an inch from my face only different by our height, and I bit hard on my lip. My cheek hurt, and my eyes stung with water. **"I... I'm not acting any way..."**

"You were rude to our Daddy and you were rude to me and you said a very bad word." I kissed him in the way I never kissed Corles and my hand ran up his thigh as I held him pressed there, though I made sure never to let it touch his diaper. **"I need to teach you a lesson, little missy..."**

Our... what...? **"Emme, what are you..."** But her lips touched mine in the way Corles liked to kiss, the way that made me feel important and loved in a completely physical way, and I said nothing else when her lips came off mine. Wait, did she say missy...?

"You were bad, weren't you...?" I made motion to kiss him again and he parted his lips to oblige but I held off at the last moment, waiting for his answer - and definitely coercing it with the temptation. My fingers played with the hem of his skirt, though I still didn't touch his diaper, and standing this close, the smell of my toothpaste, my shampoo, my perfume - everything was palpable.

"I... I guess... I mean... I didn't..." I shook my head and tried to push the girl off me. She was smaller, so why did I feel so weak? I looked away from Emme as she smiled onward, her lips an inch from mine, and I shut my eyes. **"I was just... a girl saw... um... Corles kiss me, and... I'm just stressed..."**

A girl? She would be a problem - Corles shouldn't have been kissing Call in public - we'd talked about that, too! But he wasn't here and Call was and so that meant I had to deal with Call's issues alone. **"You're smarter than**

words like that. You're so much smarter; you're brilliant and well-spoken and beautiful and you shouldn't lower yourself to that." I sounded like Corles as I spoke and I decided it was better to leave this angle to him. So I kissed Call, instead. I got my way better this way.

She pushed me onto one of the desks and Emme climbed on top of me, pinning me down and kissing me again. I tried to roll her off, but with my legs the way they were it didn't seem possible. She smiled down at me through her curtains of hair. **"I'm sorry I swore,"** I said quietly. **"I didn't mean it..."**

"I know you didn't..." There was a tenderness in my tone, a... maternal quality, a pained smiled and loving eyes and I kissed his lips again as my fingers finally touched his diaper. Clearly a reward for the confession and apology. Clearly a reinforcement for being good.

I wasn't sure what I expected, but it certainly wasn't the reality. Emme's fingers ran along the front of my diaper until her hand pressed against it. She leaned in for a kiss, but went for my ear instead. Then I heard her whisper, **"you're wet, missy"**, and climbed up off my lap. I was blushing by the time I sat back up.

"You're not to change." I spoke very clearly as I smiled at the boy in the wet diaper, the yellowed plastic visible beneath his skirt. **"Corles and I are going to change you."** Of course, I didn't give a time-frame, I didn't give away anything - just that this was how it was going to be. **"Go to your next class."**

"Emme!" But she shook her head and pointed to the door. I bit my lip and pulled my backpack up off the floor, walking out into the crowded halls. I was used to the skirt, but I still hated the check-ins, especially in the morning in front of everyone. But today my check in was before lunch, and I wasn't wet. I thought I was making progress...

29.)

It was just after the first afternoon class that Corles and I walked up on either side of Call and each took one of his hands, pulling him into a

classroom we'd picked out a few minutes earlier and slamming the door closed. Corles held the boy by the hand making him look so very small and I unzipped my bag and pulled out a blindfold. **"Show Daddy your diaper, missy. Lift your skirt, okay?"** He'd argue. Corles would fix that.

"Corles is my friend, not-" But Corles had already lifted me up underneath my arms and sat me down on one of the long desks. I felt my cheeks go scarlet and I shook my head. Why did he do that to me...? **"I can change myself."**

Corles put his hand on Call's cheek and smiled at him as I went behind the smaller boy on the table and wrapped the blindfold around his eyes, securing it at the back in a little bow as my boyfriend leaned in and kissed his lips. Tenderly, softly, the way he did with me - but there was so much else there. Possession. Certainty. Control. Calm. Corles could convey so much in his kisses and with Call he no doubt stripped away layers of the boy's faltering masculinity, too. **"Be good now for Daddy, Call. He's going to get you all clean and dry."**

Corles' lips danced on mine in such a magical way, so much so that I had forgotten the blindfold on my eyes. I felt my back hit the table and the kisses ended. My cheeks were red, but I made no motion to stop it. Why didn't I try harder? What was wrong with me... **"I..."**

"You're such a good boy, my little prince." Corles smiled down at the boy as his hands ran up his thighs and brought the skirt with them, exposing the diaper. **"Waiting for Daddy to change you, being so patient. You make me so proud, sweetie. So proud and so happy. Now, do you want for Daddy to make you all clean and dry and better?"** Call might have balked at the idea of what was happening - he did, after all, have his opinions about the word Daddy and had yet to refer to Corles as such. He might have protested, only I was kissing his neck as Corles spoke. I was kissing his neck and my other hand had moved up the boys top and was massaging what might have been breasts had he been a girl, finger-tips teasing at his nipples.

"I... I just... could..." The kisses on my neck were distracting, the hands on my chest. I knew they were Emme's. I could tell by the size and the touch. But part of me pretended they were Corles'. I let out a little sigh of

contentment. I could lift my arms, remove the blindfold. I could... right? **"I guess..."**

"Tell Daddy what you want, my pretty prince, make Daddy proud, okay?" Corles spoke in such gentle words for a boy so much bigger than Call, but those words were all so wonderfully heavy and well-chosen and could make any girl's heart flutter - any girl, or Call. I whispered in the boy's ear, playing the role of the angel on his shoulder as I traced finger-tips up and down his body. **"Say Yes Daddy, please change me. He'll be so proud of you, he'll be so happy. And you want to make him happy... don't you?"**

"Yes..." I hesitated at the word. I didn't want to say it. I didn't believe in it. And Corles wasn't my Daddy! He was just some guy. A friend. Who changed my diapers... **"Please... change me..."** Even that, though, without the term, was a stretch. I felt stupid and raised my hands to sit myself up.

There were lips on Call's lips - firm lips that could only be Corles. He kissed the boy, pushing him back down onto the table with wonderful assertiveness and as he did, one of my hands traced down Call's stomach, down to his bunched up skirt, and then without any trepidation, slipped down inside the boys diaper. Corles and I had discussed this, discussed how sexuality would factor into this arrangement. We'd set out some rules, and those rules allowed for this. They allowed for my petite hand to take the boys penis in my hand inside the wet diaper as my boyfriend kissed his lips.

I gasped, but Corles refused to take his lips off mine. I trembled at the touch - Emme's, probably - and let Corles kiss me again and again. My fingers, having raised themselves in defense, fell gently to my sides again. My whole body trembled.

Corles continued to kiss Call's lips as my hand slowly began to stroke his cock - and inside the pee-filled diaper, it was a little cramped, but my hand was small and right now so was Call's boyhood, so it worked fairly well. As these things happened, I continued to whisper into his ear, words faint and light and maybe not even noticed with how much Call was enjoying the series of kisses with Corles. **"Daddy is so kind to you, he cares so much about you... he wants you to feel good, he wants you to be his pretty little prince. Doesn't it feel so nice...? Don't you long to smile up and**

Daddy, see the pride in his eyes and say 'Thank you, Daddy, for making me your pretty little prince'...?"

I whimpered against Corles' lips, my whole body trembling as Emme's hands fondled the inside of my diaper. I wanted to stop her, to stop this, to make things normal and okay again, but on the other hand... well, this felt *really* good!

Corles let Call's lips free for a moment, though Emme continued to stroke the boy inside of the diaper, the plastic crinkling faintly as the boy's let out a satisfied little sigh and smiled, looking up into Corles's eyes. **"You're so beautiful, prince, radiant and perfect and beautiful..."** Emme returned to kissing Call's neck as she stroked him off.

I trembled at the touch of the girl, still invisible by the blindfold, and Corles kissed me again and again, each more passionately, each in tune with the motions in my diaper, so much so that I wasn't sure it wasn't his hand anymore, despite the size. I was so fucking turned on...

The pattern continued, kisses and touching Call, finally squirming and gasping, bucking his hips a little and his cheeks burning red. Once he was close, Corles smiled at Emme and the girl's hand slowed down, keeping the boy on edge and not allowing him to go over. **"Would you like more, my prince...? Would you like to see how things can go? Just ask Daddy for more."**

It wasn't fair... it really wasn't... I could barely move my fingers with the constant contracting of my muscles, wearing me out bit by bit, and Corles' lips on mine every few seconds. But he, or she, or they, really wasn't going to let me finish... they wouldn't bring me the satisfaction I wanted. And I was so turned on... **"...more... please..."**

"More please Daddy." I whispered in Call's ear as he squirmed and Corles put his hand on his cheek, holding him tenderly. **"A Daddy is someone who makes you feel like the most important person in the world... who protects you, who makes you smile, who makes you feel so yummy nummy in your tummy... someone you want to cuddle up in the arms of when you're sad or when you're happy... does Daddy make you feel that way...?"** Corles caressed Call's cheek as I spoke and he pushed his thumb between the boy's lips.

I sucked on Corles' thumb like a child until the word sunk in. I could say it. I liked Corles. Right? And he was... he was that person. He made me feel special, right? And it would be a means to an end. A very, very wonderful end... **"more, please... Daddy..."**

Corles spoke only one thing in response to Call's step before his lips returned to kissing him. **"You make me so proud, beautiful."** While his lips picked up where they left off, Emme's hand started to speed up again inside the diaper - much more cramped now, with Call at full size, though her slight little hand had no problem moving up and down and the wet warm material of the diaper only served to increase the stimulation as it embraced from every direction. **"You're Daddy's now... it feels so good, doesn't it? His lips on yours, his tongue playing with yours... he can give you so much more, too, you just have to ask him..."** Of course, right now the boy was squirming and moaning beneath the kisses - he wasn't going to need more in a few more moments.

The orgasm brought with it an exhausted, blissful haze, and when I'd finally been pulled to my feet, Corles had already changed me into a fresh blue diaper. He took me by the hand and helped me out of the classroom. I was already so late. We would all be late for class, now. I couldn't even think, though. When I finally sat down, harassed for my tardiness, all I could think to do was put my head down and nap.

30.)

"Not that way, silly." I'd found Call on his way to the trains after school that day and I slipped my hand into his naturally and began to walk him toward the parking lot. **"Corles is driving us both home, remember?"** He looked at me a little hazily but seemed to smile instinctively at the mention of Corles's name.

Emme and Corles were talkative. I wasn't. I wasn't sure how to put in order everything that happened. Emme was my girlfriend, but Corles... and the kisses. We were just friends. We shared one night together, when I was stressed and upset, but that was a fluke. But now this... and I'd used that awful word.

"I'll see you both tomorrow?" "Make sure to do your homework, princess." Corles smiled at Emme as she leaned over the back seat of the car and kissed Call's lips softly, and then waved and went inside. **"Come sit up front with me, my little prince."**

We were alone. Maybe I could just explain the situation. Maybe he didn't know. I mean, I wasn't sure how smart Corles really was: maybe he was just really stupid. So I took the front seat and buckled in. He started to drive and I started to talk. **"Listen... I don't think it's right that things like that keep happening... I'm a guy, and you're a guy, you know...?"**

"Do you remember the talk we had, prince? About moving from point A to point B in life, and how sometimes - not often, but sometimes - sometimes you need to spend a little time between, first?" It was something Corles had said that night to help the boy put in order that he was untrained, to help him not hate himself for wearing diapers still, and to help him accept some degree of himself. Based on things since then, it had been successful. **"Many of the rules people live by only take into account people at point A and people at point B."**

"Well, I'm ready to be at point B now, and I think I'm really happy with Emme. And I'm glad you're okay with us sharing her, or whatever it is we're doing, but that's about as much of unprecedented as I really want, you know? I have a doctor's appointment tomorrow to figure out my issue, and then I just want to be a normal guy..."

"I'd like whatever it is that makes you happy, my prince." Corles smiled in support of the idea as they drove, but it was his house we went to instead of Call's. Call looked at him with confusion and Corles took his hand, dwarfing it almost literally. **"If tomorrow you move onto point B, then I'd better make the most of my time with you, no?"** There was a little bit of melancholic in his tone, not something that was ever found in his words.

He almost sounded... sad. I climbed out of the car after Corles and he led the way inside. The younger kids weren't home yet, but they would be within the hour. His place was bigger than mine, and I was always jealous of that. Emme's house made me jealous, too. I crossed my arms over my

chest and followed Corles downstairs into his bedroom. **"The doctors think they can help me with the problem..."**

"And how do you feel about that?" Corles motioned for Call to sit down on his sofa and he went over to the small kitchenette in the corner and started to make sandwiches - cut into triangles with the crust removed as per Emme's preference - as he spoke.

"I'm happy. I mean, it's social convention just to let it happen on it's own, you know, but high school is... unforgiving." I let out a little sigh and sat on the edge of the couch. **"But there's this experimental drug or whatever that should help. If it does, I only have to take it once a week."**

"And do you think that's best for you?" Corles came over to the sofa and put the plate of sandwich quarters down in front of Call, then sat cross from him on the ottoman. **"I mean, everybody develops at different speeds, my little prince. Nobody is really certain why, but your body knows itself best, don't you think? What if..."** He let that trail off and smiled, shaking his head. **"Oh, never mind."**

I let out a sigh and took one of the triangles from the plate. I felt a little childish eating the sandwiches, but they fit my hands perfect the way they fit Emme's. **"I just want to be better. I miss pants. And I want to wear boxers like everyone else. I'm tired of everyone calling me a girl..."**

"You're not a girl, though, are you?" Corles smiled warmly at the boy. **"You like it when we kiss, don't you? You and I? In that moment, when time stops, when there's nothing else, nobody telling you that it's wrong, you like the way it makes you feel."** There was no qualifier on the end of that one - the question had become a statement of fact.

"Well... no, I don't. I mean, it's..." I bit my lip and looked away from Corles. He smiled at me and fed me the next bite of sandwich when I wasn't looking. Warmth came to my cheeks. **"I mean, it's like kissing Emme! It's like... it's not like... different or... or something. It's normal because it's... it's like other normal things..."**

"Oh, now we both know its not quite the same, don't we, my little prince?" He didn't laugh, but he did smile. **"I think you have different**

feelings when you kiss Emme and when I kiss you. Do you think that might be close to the truth? It's okay - nobody else is home and we're alone. No need to be bashful."

"Well... I don't know. It's weird..." I took my own bite of sandwich this time and waited until I'd swallowed to keep speaking. **"I kissed you first, I guess, technically. But when I kissed Emme, her kisses are like... the same. I mean. They're a bit different, but maybe 90% the same. So maybe I just like kissing you because you kiss like a girl.... oh I don't mean that in a bad way!"**

Corles nodded with a little smile on his lips. Then in very calm, deliberate movements, he pinned the boy down on the sofa, climbed on top of him and began to kiss him. Forcefully. Firmly. Passionately. The kiss of someone in his position of relationship dynamic, the kiss of someone who was well and truly the one in charge. When his lips parted with Call's, he was blushing and gasping.

I pulled myself to sit up again, but damn it was hard. My fingertips were shaking and I couldn't make eye contact with Corles. Man, why did he have to go and do that...? **"Gosh, you're a bad listener, huh...?"**

"I'm a very good listener, but I have a different opinion on things." Corles sat down next to the boy and played with the hair on the back of his head casually as he spoke to him. **"You're special, my little prince, I wish you could see that. You bring out a side of Emme she's never known, a side she's sheepish to tell me of. And you bring out a longing in me to throw you down on the bed and un-tape your diaper, kiss you and keep you on edge far into the night before...well..."** He looked Call in the eye. **"Some stories are best left with the ending untold until they happen. The point is... you're special. You just don't see it."**

The weird thing was, I believed Corles. I was special. But I didn't want to be special. I wanted to be normal. I wanted to wear pants and underwear. I wanted to have a girlfriend to make out with. I just wanted to be a normal boy. So the next day, Lina took me to the doctor. It was my dad's idea to start with, but I didn't complain.

31.)

"Hello, is your name Call? Right this way." The woman who led Call into the office didn't much resemble a doctor, though she wore an affable smile and a pleasant disposition. "Please, have a seat. My name is Celine, I'm one of the counsellors here and you and I need to have a little chit-chat. Nothing serious, I promise! Just a few basic things before you can be assessed for experimental treatment. I hope that's okay?"

"Sure..." I took a seat in the chair across from the woman's desk. She didn't wear a coat, and that made me wonder. Wasn't I supposed to be seeing a doctor? She pulled up my file on her computer and read it over, then looked at me. **"I'm just trying to get trained,"** I explained, as if she didn't know.

"Oh, I understand - there's a lot of social stigma in boys your age group, lots of pressure to fit in." She tapped a few things into the computer as she spoke and twirled a pencil in her fingertips. "Would you like to tell me some of the problems you're having that have prompted the decision to hurry things along? You can be as vague or specific as you like."

"Oh... I... I just don't like the skirt policy at school, and all the other boys my age are in pants now. I just really don't like standing out like that. I just want to fit in..." I wondered what all that was about. What did it matter why?

"Most schools operate a support group for young men in your situation, a sort of 'safe-haven'," Celine made air-quotes with a little smile at the term, "for those who need a little more time. How is your social situation? Has your delay made it troublesome to make friends?"

"I guess. I mean, a lot of my older friends and I don't talk so much anymore... but I have a girlfriend, so..." I took a small breath and shook my head, looking down at my feet. **"Can't I just have the medicine now, please...?"**

"I'm not here to get in your way, Call. I'm not, I promise. I'm just here

to make sure you're not able to find other avenues before we go down this one. At the end of the day, the choice is yours to make." Actually, Celine could recommend against the treatment and that would be a nail in the coffin of that idea, but she didn't wish to come across adversarial. **"Tell me about your girlfriend?"**

I shrugged my shoulders and played with my fingers in my lap. **"Her name is Emme... she's nice. I mean, she's really... supportive and stuff. I don't know. She's just... interesting. Exciting. Not like other girls. But then she can be really helpful and sweet, so... I don't know. I like her."**

"And is she supportive when it comes to your delay, or does she play a more passive role?" There was the possibility that she was detrimental, but Celine liked to explore the positive options first before broaching the topic of the more negative possibilities.

"No, she... she's supportive, I guess." I didn't like 'delay' as a term, but what could I do? **"She changes me, sometimes, and she's really coy about it. I think she finds it... cute or endearing or something. I don't know. She's a hard one to peg..."**

"And how about your other friends, would you like to tell me a little about them?" Celine never really seemed pushy as she did thorough, and it was a disarming thing about her line of questioning: at no point did it seem like she was out for an agenda or to get in the way of anything.

"I have this one friend, Corles. He and Emme are close." I decided against mentioning that we shared a girlfriend. I was fucked up enough. **"He's just, like, the perfect guy. I mean, I'm not really jealous, but I do wish I could be more like him. So I just want to be trained."**

"Do you think Emme would prefer that you were more like Corles, do you think?" Again, no accusatory tone, just an honest and simple curiosity. **"Are you worried, maybe, that she might find more interest in Corles over you? Perhaps that's a contributing factor toward your desire to speed things up a little, do you think that's possible?"**

"Not really... I mean, she has Corles when she wants Corles and she has me when she wants me. And she's supportive of me. And... I don't know. I think I'm doing this for me. I just want to be normal again, and

this is the best way. I thought I'd be over all this. And I'm not, and I just want to be..."

"And what about Emme? You suggested that if you felt she wanted you, she would have you. How do you think she will feel about this, do you think the changes that this will bring about will be something your relationship will be able to endure?" There was some interesting wording there about Emme being able to have Corles when she wanted him, but Celine would come back to that.

"I don't really want to be with someone who isn't going to be supportive of what I want as well as supportive of what I don't. I think Emme will be a good girlfriend either way... and if she's not, she's not worth the trouble, right?" The woman nodded and wrote something down on the computer. I waited quietly.

"You suggested a few moments ago that when Emme 'wanted Corles she had him'. What did you mean by that?" There was a little bowl of lollipops on her desk and she smiled, motioning to them when she noted Call had been staring at them. **"Help yourself, it's okay."**

I picked apart the wrapper on the lollipop and shrugged my shoulders. **"I just mean... like... if she ever wants... like... him to... talk to or something... then he's... I mean they're friends, so..."** I popped the lollipop in my mouth and didn't say much else after that.

"I'm going to sign off my approval on the prescription, you'll need to take my letter to the doctor up the hall for your actual prescription." There was a but, though, it was very clear **"I think this is something you should spend some more time with, personally. I think you have a great support network and it isn't going away, so why risk screwing with your body chemistry - maybe for life - over something that will probably be fixed in a month or so? Is it worth it to you?"**

"I just want it to go away," I said quietly, looking down at my feet. The woman sighed and nodded, writing something on a pad of paper and handing me the slip. She watched me get up from the chair and leave her office.

The first one was a shot. I'd need one every week, they said, and one pill

once a day between. The syringe poked through my thigh muscle and it hurt to walk. I came back out into the waiting room with my sister, holding a bottle of pills and sporting a limp. I felt sick... **"All done... I guess..."**

"How's it work?" Lina asked on the drive home. **"Will you just... not wet yourself anymore? Just like that?"** Call was holding the bottle of pills, and he looked more worried than Lina could ever remember her brother looking - even more worried than the first day of school which she now knew had been worry over the fact he was untrained.

"I guess it... helps you notice when you have to go... and the pills make the sensations more... intense. You know? So it's like... a louder alarm system or something. Which gives me time to get to a bathroom... usually half an hour, the doctor said." But I felt sick nonetheless. It was the perfect solution. So why did my stomach hurt?

32.)

I kept taking my pills properly, the way the doctors had recommended, and I'd gone five days without any accidents. At first I kept the same diaper on, but after a while I was curious to try underwear, and that became a thing in the house. My parents were proud again. My sister was proud, too. In a week I could start wearing pants to school again. Emme, it seemed, felt differently. **"I don't know what your problem is."** This was our third fight this week.

"It's just... it's not who you are..." Call had referred to me as selfish a dozen times this week and I didn't like the term, but it was hard to argue it when I said some of the things I did. **"I liked that you were... special. Like that. Not like the other boys. Now you'll just become... another boy. Like Corles. And all your sweetness will go away... and that would happen anyway, but I feel like I was... cheated out of it early..."**

"Well that sucks. But you don't have a say in this. I hate that you're not happy for me. I hate that Corles hasn't called all week. But this is best for me... and if you can't see that, then..." I bit my lip and looked away from Emme. I hated that it was coming to this...

"It's not coming to anything, Call..." I sighed and took his hand in mine, playing idly with his fingers. **"But this is what I mean... you used to talk about things with me, with us. Like how you're feeling and stuff. And you were never black and white about things... I just... I miss all the shades of grey you used to have. You know? I'm sorry I'm being a bitch..."**

"It's fine..." I sighed and sat down on the edge of the sofa, playing with my fingers. I wasn't feeling very comfortable, anyway, and no matter how I thought about it, I just couldn't make myself care either way. Arguing was too much work. **"So... have you heard from him? I haven't seen him at school, either.."** But that wasn't uncommon. He used to drive me, though...

"Uhhuh, we went out for dinner last night. He misses you. He just figures you want your space now that you're becoming a man, or something. I don't know." I played with his hand still, but the boy was restless and fretful and there was a pain across his face as I spoke about Corles, though he tried to hide it. Unsuccessfully.

"Right, well... I guess that makes sense. He's a year older than me anyway..." I let out a little sigh and kissed Emme on the forehead. **"I'm gonna go home. I don't feel so great. I'll see you Monday."** Emme walked me to the door. I knew she was probably wet, and it was my responsibility to change her, but I just didn't feel like it. I let her hand go and started walking home. The next day I had another shot and another appointment with that doctor.

33.)

"Hi, Call." Celine approached the boy in the waiting room with a little clipboard and smiled, still looking no more a doctor than she did last time. **"Come with me, we need to have a little talk, just to catch up on things with what's going on since last week."**

I sat down in the chair with my arms over my chest. I hadn't slept well despite the twelve hours I'd spent lying down. It was my first day in

underwear, and after seven I'd be allowed back in the boy's uniforms at school. Of course, the administration still had me in diapers, though they were a special kind of training diaper the girls used in college.

"Please, take a seat." There was a bowl of suckers on the desk as there had been last time and Celine sat down with a smile, crossing her legs. **"How has this week been? Any side-effects you'd like to talk about? Nausea, irritability, cramping?"** Those were things the doctor could ask about, though; Celine was definitely more an emotional readiness kind of person. She'd get to her questions.

I shook my head. **"Nope. None of that. And the medicines are working really well. It's been a week now. I mean, I use the bathroom way too much, like once every two hours, but the doctors said that's how it works. Once I build up some strength it'll settle down to six times a day, or something..."**

"And how are you feeling when it comes to things like that? The bathroom is a new experience for you, are you settling in well?" He looked at her with certainty at the practical question and she tripped him up a little with her next. **"And how are you feeling about all this? It's a lot of change, Call, I bet some of it isn't as easy or like you thought?"**

"No... it's fine." I shrugged my shoulders and looked down at my feet. **"Um... the bathrooms are... really a weird concept. I mean, probably because I never used them... so it's like... exploring new parts of the house, or something... I don't know..."** I just wanted my shot and to go home. I was still so tired.

"If you don't mind me saying so, Call, you seem a little bit lackluster. How have you been sleeping?" There was definitely some apathy in the boy, be it exhaustion from being up all night to go to the bathroom over and over or something else - the possibility of the something else was why Celine was here.

"Oh... um... yeah, I've been sleeping alright. I mean, I lie down, and I sleep, and I wake up. I'm just tired a lot, I guess. Maybe it's body stuff, changing or... I don't know. I don't really care." I had taken afternoon naps pretty regularly the past week, but none of it held a candle to my weekend in bed.

"And how about things at school, how have things been there? How about things with your girlfriend? I suppose she'd be very happy about the change." The expression on Call's face turned sour and he looked down at his hand, clearly a sore topic. **"Would you like to talk about it? Sometimes it can help, after all, you never have to see me again if you choose not to, so what's the harm?"**

"I don't really wanna... I just... can't I go yet?" I rubbed my eyes and looked down at my hands again. I felt so bored here. I felt so tired. The woman looked at me curiously and then at her computer screen. I let out a little sigh and bit my lip. **"I just don't want to talk about it."**

"Call, I'm worried you might be having some problems with depression. Now, before last week we'd never met so I can't make judgements, really. But last week you were peppy and bubbly, very talkative, if a little nervous. What do you think has changed this week?" Celine was very good at what she did, but sometimes it didn't matter how good she was, if he didn't want to hear what she had to say.

"What changed...?" I shrugged my shoulders and looked at my feet. Depressed? **"I just started those pills... and stuff with Emme has been pretty dumb. And Corles hasn't been talking to me much. I don't know. Maybe I miss them. But I kind of don't care, if that makes sense. I'll just make better friends..."**

"Better friends, Call? Do you think that's an appropriate solution? Do you wonder how you might feel if one of them decided to find a "better friend" than you? It's not a very nice thing to feel, is it. And I think you know that, too, don't you?" He winced when she air-quoted and kept his eyes downcast after that, taking a long time to say anything.

"I know... I'm just being rude. Emme's fine with it. It's just new and that's stressful. And Corles' giving me space because that's what guys do. They're both great friends..." But the words, as true and honest as they were, didn't really touch my voice. I shrugged my shoulders. **"Can I go now?"**

"Call, I'm going to approve your continued treatment... conditionally." He looked at her and she gave an unusually stern look, a sort of all-

business demeanor that she hadn't shown before. **"I want to see you weekly from now on. I feel as though you're slipping a little and losing sight of what makes you the person you are. I think it's something we should work on together. Understand?"**

I wanted to argue. I didn't want to see her every week. But it seemed like so much work, and the quickest way out of this office was just to say yes. So I said yes. I got another shot in my leg and my sister drove me home.

34.)

Sunday was spent either asleep or trying to sleep, and Monday morning held no surprises. I sat down across from Emme without a tray from the cafeteria line and put my bag down beside me.

"Hey you." I was upbeat, trying hard enough that maybe it would spread, but Call just looked at me bleakly and then down at the table. Honestly he looked like he might cry, if only he had the energy to manage such a feat. **"Still not feeling good, huh?"** I opened up my little package of cookie and handed one across the table. When he didn't take it, I put it in his hand for him.

I broke the cookie in half, then each half in half, and kept it going as I crumbled the cookie into nothing. I wasn't hungry. I didn't even remember the last time I was hungry. It was a few more hours between bathroom trips now, but I didn't drink very much anymore, either. Sugar made my stomach ache and carbs made me nauseas. **"How was your weekend?"** More plans with Corles no doubt.

"I need you to come over today." I decided it was better not to leave it up to ambiguity. Corles and I had talked about it a lot, talked about the decision Call had made and how he was so miserable after the fact. This was going to be my attempt to make him smile. **"We'll have to take the train, so you'll meet me there. Won't you?"** The last two words had the assertive tone I'd developed only for use with Call and I wondered only after I'd used it if he'd still like it when I spoke to him that way.

"Okay... sure." The cookie was broken down to its base components, and I wasn't sure there was much more damage I could do. The table was a mess. I shouldn't have done that. I shook my head and grabbed my backpack. **"I'll see you later."** Lunch was only just starting, but I didn't feel like sticking around. I left.

"It's gotta be the pills... right? Messing with his head?" **"I guess so. I never liked the idea... I wish he'd have talked to us about this first."** **"I know. But he's coming over this afternoon..."** **"Do you think he'll be receptive...?"** **"I don't know. But I'll know one way or another this afternoon if the pills are at fault or if he really just doesn't like us..."** **"Oh, don't think that way, princess. He adores us. This is just a complicated time for him."** **"Easy for you to say, you won't talk to him, Daddy..."** I cuddled up in Corles' lap in the driver's seat of his car and looked at the clock. **"I gotta go. Gotta meet Call at the station."**

I rode the train beside Emme and looked out the window. I'd forgotten my headphones at home, and all I wanted to do was listen to music. I could see Emme's reflection in the window, her concern for me shining through. I didn't acknowledge it. I didn't know what to say...

We got off the train and went up to my large house - Call hadn't been here since this had all happened and I opened the door and led the boy into the two-story high entry-way. He set his bag down by his shoes and I took his hand in mine and led him further into the house. My bedroom. **"I want to show you my room, okay?"**

"Alright..." I wondered if she'd want to have sex. I'd only been in her room once before, and only for a few minutes. But I wasn't really in the mood for sex. It sounded like a lot of thinking and thoughts were heavy and I was already sluggish. So I'd just excuse myself if sex was what she wanted.

My bedroom was actually the master bedroom of the house - I was an only child, so I tended to get a little bit spoiled. And that wasn't to say my parents room was small, but mine just happened to be bigger. I had a queen size bed in the middle of the long wall, with pastel colored organza extending down from a center point in the ceiling in waves, like a large petticoat or crinoline descending on my bed. At the far end of the room there was a walk through closet that led to my bathroom with hot-tub and shower. I did pretty okay for a girl my age. Everything was in colors more

suited to a girl half my age and I didn't have any garish posters or anything on my walls; it was like a little girl's dream in every regard - the scented candles even smelled like cupcakes! **"You're only the second boy I've ever let in here."**

"Cool." I had so much more I wanted to say. Mostly, I wanted to tease her. Emme and I had always been those people, the kind to make fun of each other, but I just wasn't sure I had the energy. She had a room like a child. There was so much to work with. I didn't, though. Maybe later.

How did Call not realize how unlike himself he was acting? I sighed a little bit - I was wet and dreadfully so and I wanted for him to change me, but that wouldn't accomplish anything. So I summarily took the boy and tossed him roughly down on the bed, his body disappearing between folds of organza and tulle like someone tossed into the ocean. And like a crashing wave I was on top of him, holding him over and kissing his lips as assertively as I knew how to do.

I kissed her back. So this was about sex? I wished I'd taken off the stupid training diaper before we'd started this. What was supposed to happen? Just stuff my cock in her, right? That seemed easy. How long would it take? Don't people sleep after sex? That would be nice... maybe I could have sex if it meant sleeping.

Ugh! He was so lackluster! So I slapped his cheek and for the first time I saw feeling in his eyes - even if it was just shock. I spoke in very stern tones and the layers of pastel fabric around me gave me a soft aura from the light streaming in the large window, like I was an angel. **"You're in big trouble, missy. You've been such a rotten friend this past week and I've had quite enough of this behavior."**

A rotten... what? I shook my head. My cheek was sore... **"What are you talking about?"** I tried to sit up, but Emme kept me pinned down to the bed. **"We've been a lot better the past couple days... no fighting or anything... isn't that good...?"**

I slapped his cheek again. And again. Not because I wanted to hurt him, but because I wanted for him not to talk. Everything he was saying was making me upset and I didn't want to be upset right now. So I reached under my pillow and I took something out from beneath it, and then

crammed it between his lips. The candy-blue pacifier slid between his lips and I put my hand on his cheek. **"That. Does. Not. Come. Out. Nod if you understand."**

I opened my mouth to say something else but her hand came down on my cheek for the fourth time. I had tears in my eyes, so I simply nodded and began sucking the blue pacifier quietly. I felt so stupid. I was past this. But she wasn't in the mood for my arguments. I just wished I knew what I was doing wrong...

"Roll over into your tummy, Call." He looked at me indignantly and I raised my hand which made him flinch and I smiled. **"You look so cute right now, I just want to eat you all up. But I won't. Because you're in trouble."** What was with him? Why was he acting this way? I was trying so hard...

I bit the pacifier and rolled onto my stomach, tucking a pillow underneath my chest and hugging it softly. I wasn't sure what was happening, not really, but I didn't want to be hit again. I rubbed my cheek and played with the handle of the pacifier. I wanted to take it out, but I didn't dare.

I pulled Call's skirt up and slid down the barely-even-worthwhile-being-called-a-diaper down his behind - whatever he might have expected to happen certainly wasn't what did happen. My hands were small and I wasn't very strong, but the sound his skin made when I spanked his bare bottom certainly sounded like it hurt. **"You've been very naughty, Call!"**

Okay... wow. So Emme was spanking me. I... I really didn't expect that. I trembled with each hit, until the sixth, and then I started trembling in anticipation, and then on the eleventh I just trembled outright, and on the sixteenth my eyes started to water. I sucked harder on the pacifier, wiping my eyes. **"Emme... p..please... stop..."**

By the time I got to twenty-five, Call's bottom was bright red and splotchy and he was sobbing, having given up on his protests after twenty. He sucked on the pacifier and I ran my finger-tips up the back of his uniform, gently tracing them over his skin. It was the first time I'd seen him be emotional at all since he started those damn pills. **"Roll over onto your back, princess."**

Emme pulled the diaper back up over my sore bottom and I rolled back onto my back. The skirt covered the front of the diaper, my cheeks burning red with the smacks and embarrassment, and my eyes wet with tears. I kept sucking the pacifier, trembling.

"Stay here and don't take your pacifier out, okay?" I'd definitely pushed myself in my assertive persona this afternoon and my hand stung and I needed to finish this up before things went too much further. He nodded and I slipped out of the room. The rest of the plan was simple. I'd put him in a diaper - one of my pink ones, with powder - and then I'd cuddle up to him and tease his skin with my fingers and whisper in his ear until he wet it for me.

35.)

Emme came back a second later with a pink diaper in her hands and I sat up on the bed. She looked at me very sternly and I dropped my gaze to the bedsheets, pulling the pacifier from my mouth. It felt strange without it, now... **"Emme... please... I'm doing really well..."**

"Put your pacifier back in right now or I'll have to spank you again." I couldn't. I mean. My hand felt like it was on fire so that was never going to happen, but he didn't know that. He held the pacifier in his hand and I gave a pointed glance and slowly he returned it back to his lips. **"That's what I thought."**

I felt stupid sucking on the pacifier, but I could still talk, albeit with a lisp. **"Emme, pweath... I'm finawwy feewing betta about ewewyding..."** Wasn't I? I mean, of course I was a little tired, but was finally almost out of diapers for good. What else could be more important than that?

"That's a lie and you know it. You're miserable and I don't want to hear another word." I crawled up onto the bed and flipped up Call's skirt, pulling the pathetic excuse for a diaper down and tossing it onto the floor, before I began to unfold the pink diaper and then smiled, thinking about the first day I'd taught him this. **"Lift your bot-bot for me, my pretty doll, go on now - you look so beautiful right now, so pretty, and you're making me very**

proud." The words echoed the first time I'd taught him how to be little. Taught him how to talk to me when changing me.

I felt my cheeks burn up as I looked down at the diaper on the floor, the one that tried to replicate underwear so badly... **"Emme... I..."** Her words made me warm inside, a kind of warm that I hated and loved at the same time, and I couldn't make sense of it, especially not in the dim lighting of my head. I just wanted to take a nap...

"Lift your bottom, go on, you can do it. Just for a second, for me? You're doing so nice." I turned the cap on the baby powder as I held the diaper and the scent flowed, so distinctively pretty, so childish, so feminine. I looked at him as he sucked the pacifier and the diaper crinkled in my hand. **"Don't you want to be good, Call? Be good for me?"**

I shook my head and covered my body with the skirt. My cheeks were red as I climbed up off the bed, the pacifier still between my teeth. I walked to the door and then back to the bed again. **"Emme... I... I know dis..."** I frowned and took the pacifier from my mouth. **"I know this is hard for you... and I know it's new and fast and that sucks... and you feel cheated... but it makes me unhappy... doesn't that matter to you...?"**

"Forcing yourself along before you're ready, that's what makes you unhappy. That's why you're so sad and broken and depressed..." I took a step toward him and then edged him against the wall, smiling at him as my lip came very close to his, then slipped the pacifier back in place. **"You're being very naughty my pretty little doll... lay back down on the bed for me."**

I spit the pacifier out, but this time it fell on the ground. I looked at Emme, just shorter than me, with a frown and blushing cheeks. She only smiled, and that made me uncomfortable... **"I'm not sad... I'm just really tired, okay?"** I let out a little sigh and shook my head. **"Maybe I should just go..."**

I slapped him. It stung my hand, but I did, and I cupped his chin in my hand and looked into his eyes. **"You're lost, Call. Lost in a place you think you want to be but you don't... it's just that everybody tells you there's where you should be. They tell you with their eyes and their smiles and their whispers. But they're not you... it's not up to them. You have**

a beautiful girlfriend and a wonderful boyfriend," He didn't flinch when I used the word, and I wished I'd used Daddy if I'd known I could get away with it. **"Stop listening to them. Listen us. Listen to..."** I ran my hand up the inside of the boy's thigh, lifting his skirt slightly. **"Listen to you..."**

I bit my lip and looked at the floor, my cheeks red. Emme leaned up and kissed my lips, but it didn't feel like much of anything. It was short and sweet and to the point. **"I... I feel fine, though... I'm finally where I wanna be..."** I bit my lip and slipped out between the wall and Emme, shaking my head. This was what I wanted! What I wanted... **"I really should go..."** I left the girl's bedroom, not wearing any underwear, and started down the stairs. Corles was waiting at the bottom and I felt my cheeks burn brighter, determined to push right past him, but my vision faded and my foot stumbled on the step.

The boy lost his footing and Corles took two steps at once and caught him in his arms like a swooning bride. Call blinked one last time, focused and looked up at the boy holding him with a content smile, and then slipped into sleep. Corles picked him up like a small child and looked up at Emme, taking the boy back up to her bedroom. **"Did it not go well, princess?"** **"We were so close..."** **"I'll take him into your room and see what I can do."** **"Alone?"** **"For a little bit."** **"Will he wake up?"** **"He will, he just needs a few. I'll get him more appropriately dressed first."**

36.)

My eyes didn't like mine anymore. Even when I opened them, the room spun circles around me. I whimpered in the afternoon light sat up in bed. Mistake. I slipped back to the pillows and closed my eyes tight. I wasn't sure I'd ever felt so sick in my entire life... **"Emme...?"**

I'd dressed the boy in the pink diaper - with powder - and one of Emme's nightgowns. He looked at me briefly as I took his hand between my much bigger one and spoke calmly. **"She's tending to some things, my little prince. How are you feeling?"** At the sound of my voice, Call smiled. He actually managed to smile, even if he couldn't keep his eyes open so well.

"Not well... I don't know what happened..." Corles was here. It was strangely surreal to hear his voice for the first time in a week, and I couldn't help the smile on my lips. **"I was just... walking... and now everything moves wrong..."**

"You fainted, my little prince." He nodded like he'd known that all along and Corles sat down at the head of the bed next to him, pulling the boy forward and then settling in behind him, cuddling him close to his chest. He reached over to the night-stand and took one of the sandwich pieces that Emme had brought up and held it close to Call's lips. **"Please eat, my pretty one. For me? Just a little bite?"**

"Oh... I'm really not hungry..." I curled up closer to Corles. I still felt tired and dizzy, but it was a little bit better here, in his arms. A little less tired, a little less dizzy. **"You need to eat,"** he whispered in my ear. **"I had a big lunch."** Which wasn't true. I'd crumbled up a cookie.

"You haven't eaten today, I suspect you haven't eaten in longer. For me, my little prince? Just one bite. The crust's are cut off and it's in little triangles, with peanut butter and honey the way you like it. It would make me so happy if you'd take a bite." Corles cradled the boy against his chest and the hand that wasn't holding the sandwich was being played-with by both of Call's smaller hands, like a child playing with an adult.

I took a bite, but I thought I'd throw up. Somehow, it both aided and resolved some of the nausea at the same time. I curled up tighter against Corles' chest and pulled my knees up to my body. I felt safe here... warm and safe. **"No more..."**

"When you're ready, my little prince." He continued to play with Corles's hand, the diaper between his legs, the nightgown soft on his skin and settled on his thighs. **"I've missed you. You haven't really felt yourself lately, have you? It's okay, you can tell Daddy."** The word didn't elicit a negative reaction and Corles was sure it only made Call cuddle up closer.

"I... I feel fine... I mean... I'm tired sometimes... just a little bit more than usual... but that's okay... I mean, I'm... puberty and... stuff, you know? I mean... it's probably normal to get a little tired..." But Corles

was right about my having not eaten today. I wasn't even sure I'd eaten at all the past couple days. Food just never sounded good...

"And do you like feeling tired, my little prince? Do you like not being able to eat? Daddy is very worried for you. Right now you're safe in my arms, but tomorrow you won't want to be." Corles didn't leave that hanging there, though, he kissed the boy's hair and took a deep breath. **"Do you trust me?"**

"Of course I do... I just..." I sighed and sat up in bed. The spinning was a little bit better after the bite of sandwich. I turned to Corles with a frown on my face and bit my lip. **"You think it's the pills, right? But that's okay. I'm okay with not eating so much if I can start... you know..."**

"What if..." Corles smiled and looked at the boy, placing the rest of the triangle of the sandwich in his hands, though he didn't say anything on the matter. **"What if Emme started trying to rush her body along... with pills. And she thought it was a means to happiness, but you could see how much it made her sad. And you told her over and over that her body will change when it's ready to change. But she didn't listen. How would you feel, do you think?"**

"It's different, with her and with me. She's a girl, Corles. She's allowed to be a bratty little baby for another few years. Even if she's my mom's age and still has accidents, that's okay. But it's not like that with me, not with you, not with any boy. It's just not the same. And I'm the only boy in my year... untrained." It was the first time I really used the word and it brought sadness to my chest. **"I... I just wanna be better now... please... don't make it go away..."**

"Your body will change on its own, Call. But the way you feel right now... safe and sound... like the world could crumble down and you'd be okay? That sort of feeling is something people spend years chasing. Do you want to throw that away?" He was looking at the triangle of sandwich in his hand and Corles continued. **"Is it worth being trained a little earlier to feel the way you feel?"**

"I just..." I shook my head and looked down at the comforter. **"I'm going to keep taking my pills. I'm going to keep getting my shots. I know you don't like it, and I know Emme doesn't either, but I'm happier this**

way... so that just sucks for you..." I climbed up from the bed, for the first time noticing my attire, and my cheeks went scarlet and I started to fume. He *changed* me?!

Corles smiled and looked at the boy as he stood up and smiled at him, the answer at his lips before the boy could ask. **"You wet yourself when you fainted. It was probably a one time thing, my little prince, but I thought better to be prepared. It would set you back somewhat to wake up in here with wet sheets."** It was a lie, and Corles didn't like to lie. But it was a very convenient one that would calm the boy and take how he felt now and turn it into something usable.

I'd fainted. It was unnatural. I just had to watch what I ate, make sure I ate properly. It made sense. I hadn't used the bathroom at school. Okay... okay. I let out a little sigh and looked around for my school clothes. Okay. I'd change. I'd go home. I'd talk to Emme about this tomorrow. Maybe Corles, too...

37.)

"Call." Corles rarely called the boy by name instead of an affectionate term of endearment, and it got the boy's attention. He looked up where he stood and Corles stood up in front of him, dwarfing him, and then kissed his lips in the way that no matter how hard she tried, Emme could never hope to emulate. The boy went weak at the knees. Corles caught him in his embrace.

Oh man... oh gosh... I felt my cheeks warm up and I pushed him away as hard as I could, which wasn't very far at all, and then I proceeded to hit him against his chest with my closed fists over and over. **"Don't! You! Dare! Kiss! Me! I'm! A! Boy! And! I..! I..!"**

Corles let Call hit him until his hits grew weaker and tears started to stream down his cheeks at which point he slowly took the boy's hands in his and lowered them, pulling the sobbing boy close to his chest. He held him, played with his hair, and spoke very softly. **"You're my sweet little prince and I'm you're Daddy. It doesn't matter if you're a boy or a girl. It only matters that I make you smile."**

My whole body shook, trembling in his arms, and every so often, when I'd get the energy, I'd hit him again. He didn't understand... he just didn't... I pushed him away once more, so much weaker, sobbing like a child, and rubbed my eyes. **"No more... no more... I just can't handle it... no diapers, no skirts... Emme's lips and mine and not yours... not yours... so please, no more... please let me be..."**

"Prove it, my little prince." He looked up at Corles and the bigger boy smiled and traced his fingers down the smaller boy's face, smiling warmly. **"Prove it to me. And prove it to yourself. Will you do that? Will you trust me?"** Corles kept looking into his eyes and Call didn't look away - the hits had stopped now, though the exhausted tears continued to roll down his cheeks.

I took two steps forward and stood on my toes to lean up and kiss the boy hard on the lips. Passionate. Assertive. It was the kind of kiss I never remembered giving, only ever receiving. I slunk back to the floor and took the two steps backward, the tears still running. **"What the fuck is wrong with me... fuck, fuck, fuck..."** I ran the backs of my hands over my eyes, trembling. Corles took a step closer and I took a step back again. **"I can't see you anymore... I'm sorry... if that means I can't see Emme, then... then okay. I just can't anymore... I just can't..."**

Corles took a step closer to the boy with a faint little smile, and without any sign in advance, he slipped his hand up beneath the night-gown and down inside his diaper. Mirroring what Emme had done last week, he gently wrapped his much-bigger fingers around Call's boyhood and used his other hand to cradle his cheek. **"It's okay. It's okay. This is okay."**

I trembled at the touch, my back against the wall, tears pouring down my cheeks. My fingers didn't fly up to stop him. My arms didn't even move. I just kept crying, shaking my head in his palm, and mumbling incoherently. Corles kissed my lips again and I shuddered in his embrace. I couldn't stop crying... **"It can't... go on like this... Corles... I like you so much... but..."**

"There doesn't have to be a but, Call. You can be my Prince and Emme can be my Princess and I can adore you both... I can change your diapers, and cuddle you when you need strong arms around you. I can pick out cute things for you to wear, and I can make you

smile. I can make you happy and safe and proud of who you are."

Corles took a finger and slipped them into his lips. Instinctively, the boy sucked. **"There doesn't have to be a but."**

My cheeks turned scarlet and my fingers found the way to move again. I trembled and wiped the tears from my eyes, but I shook my head nonetheless. Corles's fingers fell out of my mouth and I felt my bottom lip quivering. **"But, Corles... you don't like me..."** He opened his mouth to refute, but I continued. **"You don't like guys. Whatever is fucked up about me isn't fucked up about you. You only like me because I wear skirts and diapers and act like Emme. You like the role I fill, and that's wonderful, but I... I like *you* and you don't like *me*. I've been trained for only a week now, Corles, and you haven't spoken a word to me until today. Until I was desperate and needy, until I was dressed like this again. And that's okay, it is... because... I can't be with you anyway. It's wrong. And if you liked me, it might make it even harder. But you don't, and I'm grateful, but... but I can't keep playing. I can't be around you, not with... how I feel. So please... please spare me... please let me go..."**

"I do like you, you silly little brat..." Corles smiled warmly, though the boy didn't smile back - he looked doubtful, skeptical, and so Corles continued. **"I've barely seen Emme this week, either."** And that comment got a look of confusion from Call that made the bigger boy smile. **"She doesn't know, but I've been looking into stuff. Boys who like boys."** Everybody knew it was a possible choice, but it was certainly frowned upon; stigmatized in a lot of social venues.

"She... said she had dinner with you..." I frowned and shook my head, slipping out from between Corles and the wall much the same way I would with Emme, but Corles was bigger and refused to let me through. I stayed put. I decided to look at my feet instead of in his eyes. **"It's... it's not nice to lie..."** I was crying again. Fuck. **"I... I need to go... please..."**

"She did have dinner with me. And that two hours was the only time she saw me the entire week." He considered the words, or Corles figured that he did, and then looked up at the taller boy for a brief moment, a brief pause of belief, before looking back down. **"I'm not ashamed to call you mine."**

"Corles... stop it... please..." I wiped the tears away with the back of my hands, but they just kept coming. **"It's not funny... please... please stop... just... please tell me to go away or something... I just want this to be over..."** Boys didn't like boys. I was a fuck up, but Corles wasn't. I was broken. Corles wasn't.

Corles picked Call up under the arms, spun around and tossed him down on the bed, the waves of organza fluttering about as he climbed up on top of him and pressed his knee between the boy's legs, against his crinkling crotch, and then kissed his lips maybe harder than he'd ever done before. And he didn't let up until Call was gasping weakly for air and looking at him through glossy eyes. **"My little prince, do you really think you get to argue with what's mine? You're mine, like Emme is my mine. You're my precious little prince and I'm not going to let you go... I'm not going to abandon you. Do you understand?"**

"I..." Wow. My entire body trembled with the kiss, and I could barely keep the spinning room under control. To think it could get even worse... **"Corles... I... I'm letting... you out of it... letting you go without... hurting me... why..."** I shook my head, but the tears didn't come back. He wasn't serious... he wasn't...

"Do you think I'll hurt you? Do you think I'd be so careless? Do you think I'd let anybody hurt you? Do you think Emme would?" He smiled and looked at Call like he'd said something very foolish and then cupped his chin. **"I want you, prince. Maybe sometimes I want you to be my princess, too. Maybe I want Emme to show you the ways she makes me smile. Maybe a lot of things, lots of maybes. But I want you, and that's not a maybe."**

"Corles..." I felt my cheeks turn red and I looked away from the boy on top of me. He smiled down and ran his fingers through my hair. I could have said a hundred thousand things in that moment, most of which would probably have ended the conversation badly, and a handful that would end it well. But what I decided to say, I thought, might have been the best response out there. **"I'm... really hungry..."**

38.)

"Come downstairs, sit with Emme, I'll cook for you both. How does that sound?" Call was still wearing the diaper and the night-gown, his cheeks were stained from tears and his hair was a mess, but with his pink cheeks and hopeful eyes, he actually looked beautiful.

"I'd really like to change," I said with a pout, playing with the hem of the nightgown as Corles helped me up off the bed. I felt awkward in a diaper after the trainers, and I really wanted my manhood back. **"I know you think it's cute or whatever, but I really want to be trained..."**

"When your body is ready, Call, you will be." Corles smiled at Call and put his hand on his cheek, the heat warming his palm. **"Right now, I'd like for you not to change. Come downstairs. Emme misses you, and is frightfully worried. Please just be yourself - we'll discuss the situation with your treatment after you've had a good meal."**

"My... treatment...?" But Corles had already left the room. I hurried down after him in a panic, but with his longer legs he was faster than me. **"Hey! Hey, what do you mean my treatment? Hey, I'm asking you a question!"**

By the time Call caught up, Corles was downstairs and Emme was looking up excitedly from the sofa, watching as Call tugged on her boyfriend's arm like an impatient and eager child. **"Your medicine, Call. We'll discuss it after dinner - why don't you go and thank Emme for being such a wonderful sitter for you this afternoon, okay? I'm sure she'd enjoy a kiss."**

I felt my cheeks turn pink at the sight of Emme, who, for all intents and purposes, was my superior at the moment. She still wore her school uniform and I wore her nightgown, in a diaper. She smiled up at me and I ignored her, following Corles into the kitchen. **"I'm staying on my medicine. That's not a discussion topic."**

"Prince. If you would like to have this discussion now, we can. But I think it would be best if you had eaten first." Emme appeared by now and took Call's hand, tugging on it gently. **"Come talk to me about it, let Daddy cook, okay?"** Call frowned and tugged away from me for a

moment, but then relented and looked between Corles and I, and finally sighed and nodded.

I sat on the edge of the sofa in the pink nightgown with a frown on my face. It was already six o'clock. **"Aren't your parents going to be home soon?"** I'd never met Emme's parents. They were always working late, always to work early. I wondered what I would do if they walked in. I was, after all, wearing her nightgown. It would be a sucky first impression.

"Mmm. Maybe in two hours - they came home and changed while you were asleep, and then went out for dinner." I nodded at my own assessment and looked at Call as he played with the nightgown. **"What did you and Daddy talk about? Or am I not allowed to know?"** I puffed out my cheeks playfully, hoping to teach him some of my mannerisms.

"I... I think he... well I guess we didn't explicitly talk about... gosh, I... I'm not entirely sure..." And I wasn't. Were we dating now? Wait, wasn't I dating Emme? Wait, how was this supposed to work? I shook my head and bit my lower lip. What had I gotten myself into...

"Well..." I took Call's hand in mine and sucked on one of his fingers playfully as I thought for a moment and then tilted my head to the side. **"Are you still going to not want us in your life?"** The words had never been implicitly stated, but I'd put the pieces together pretty adeptly that Call had problems connecting with his emotional attachment to the two of us.

"I... I don't know. I mean, I... I still like you both. And I want you around. I just... I guess I should... talk to you... and to Corles... about... well... about our situation." I bit my lip and played with my fingers in my lap. This was so strange...

"Well, Daddy is making dinner, so maybe you could do like... a dress rehearsal with me? I know it's sometimes hard to think of what to say with Daddy, because he just looks at you and you get kinda gooey, right?" I wasn't usually so forthcoming about this stuff, but I was trying to judge Call's reactions, to see how he squirmed, blushed or otherwise responded.

I opened my mouth to protest, but gooey was probably the best word. I looked down at my feet with blushing cheeks and played with my fingers in

my lap. I fell for a boy. Who would have thought... **"I still don't like that word... it's so... possessive... I mean, I don't make you call me Daddy. And if I date Corles, I wouldn't make him call me Daddy either. It just seems like a mutual respect kind of thing..."**

"Well, it's like... a role thing, more than a possessive thing. Like... Corles protects us both, makes us feel safe... holds us when we're scared, makes everything okay. He has these... these looks and... these words he'll say, that just makes us melty..." For the first time I could talk about the idea of Call dating Corles and I liked that. **"We don't do those things for him, though, but we do different things."**

"I don't know..." I supposed she was right. All those things she described were definitely Corles-specific. I was pretty damn sure I didn't make him feel that way... **"I make you feel safe though, right? And I hold you when you're scared... so why don't I fit that role? You could have two Daddies."** God the wording sounded so fucking weird. **"And that would be funny because it would be like Corles and I were married, and you'd be..."** My cheeks got warm at the idea and I looked down again. But boys can't get married...

I giggled at the boy and kissed his cheek, putting his finger back in my mouth. **"Oh I would be very very okay with that because it means all the more attention and love for me. I could be your flower girl at the wedding and everything!"** It was silly fantasy, though, and I took the finger out and looked at Call with a silly smile. **"I like the way you and I play. Sometimes you're bossy and sometimes I'm bossy. But we both adore our Daddy, and we'd both drop everything for him. That feels right to me... and I think it does to you, too."**

"Yeah, I guess it does..." I looked down at my feet with a little smile and sighed. **"I like you both the same, but differently, you know? It's like, he's... so... undiluted. Just. Him. And... wow. And you're like, this little bundle of wow, the same amount of wow, but less abrupt. If that... makes any sense..."** I bit my lip and quickly stood up. **"I'm gonna use the bathroom... um... where *is* your bathroom?"**

39.)

I let my hand slip into his and bit my lip shyly, looking at the boy. **"I know you're on those pills, and you know how to use the bathroom now, but I..."** I didn't say it, instead choosing to look away from the boy. He was curious, though, as I knew he would be, and I looked back at him blushing. **"I thought maybe... cause I'm wet... you could wet, and Daddy could lay us both down next to each other and he could change us while we kiss each other... it's dumb... right? Silly Emme..."**

The idea of Corles putting me up on the changing table was an appealing one, and having the luxury of kissing Emme at the same time... but I was making a point. I was making a stand! So I shook my head, my cheeks red, and looked at my feet. **"No... I... um... I really need to use the bathroom, if that's okay... is it upstairs?"**

I took the boy by the hand and began to lead him up the stairs, though when we got to the top I gently pressed him to the wall and slipped my hand down the front of his diaper like it was the single most natural thing in the world **"...it would make Daddy really happy I think. And he's been so worried about you this past week."** I moved my hand slowly along the boys manhood as I spoke, smiling sweetly. **"Maybe Daddy might even do this for you... when he changes us? Sometimes he does for me... that's one of the perks you know?"**

I felt my cheeks go red and I shook my head, spinning around and pushing Emme to the wall. She was so small, so fragile, and so easy to throw around. It really made me feel better about the idea of making out with a boy. I lifted her skirt and put my hand down the front of her diaper, but the wet warmth greeted me and I quickly pulled it out. **"Ew."**

I giggled and took Call's hand, sliding it back down my diaper and holding it there with one hand, while I slipped my other back down his. He still had me against the wall, but I was very much in control right now. I stroked him as I spoke. **"Don't be silly, it's just pee. Touch me. Like I'm touching you. And whoever finishes first loses... if you lose, you wet your diaper. If I lose... you can use the potty, and I'll give you a blow-job to finish you... wouldn't you like that... me on my knees, in front of you...?"** I smiled sweetly. I'd win - I had a head-start. The images in his head wouldn't think logically, though.

So all I had to do was... touch Emme... and she'd give me a blowjob? I bit my lip and ran my fingers across her slit. She nearly buckled in pleasure and I smiled to myself. There was absolutely no way I'd finish with my hand down some girl's wet diaper. **"Deal,"** I said, and stuck two finger inside her. This would be easy.

My breath caught as I leaned against the wall and continued to stroke Call's cock inside his diaper, his fingers pressing clumsily inside of me. My cheeks flushed and I began to use my secret weapon. **"Daddy is going to be so proud of you, so happy with you when you wet your diaper, he's going to call you his precious little prince, and he's going to kiss you the way that nobody else can..."** Call was getting so aroused by the words and he kissed my lips to shut me up, but it only last a moment or two before he broke it off and I continued to talk. **"My diaper is always wet with little wetness... you want to make it wet with grown-up wetness, too, don't you? You'd be able to look at my blushing cheeks, my redness, know you made me this way..."** He was already throbbing, my multiple angles working very strongly on his libido. **"I bet Daddy will do this for us when he changes us... except whoever finishes second will get to go down on Daddy..."** Wow. That got a reaction inside his diaper!

I felt my knees buckle and I nearly fell over. But before I could react, Emme had turned us around again and pinned me hard against the wall. My fingers slowed in the confusion, but hers only quickened. I could barely think straight. It wasn't fair... I leaned in to kiss her, but she pulled away. She had that power now. And when she leaned to my ear, I had nowhere to hide.

"I'll be there, I'll be there when Daddy lets you go down on him. If you're lucky maybe I'll be between your legs at the time, offering encouragement..." He was biting his lip, trying not to moan, trying not to lose himself. **"You'll slide Daddy's pants down, and you'll see how hot you make him already... you'll smell his musk... and you'll look up at him and he'll smile and tell you it's okay, and you'll slowly take his cock and lick it... just like an ice-cream. You'll be wearing something pretty, too, I bet... and I'll guide you by doing it on you and you'll do it on Daddy. And he'll get bigger and bigger, his cock between your lips, you'll slide it in and out, and in and out... he'll call you beautiful... and you will be beautiful..."**

"I.. ch-changed my mind... this... bet is... is stupid..." I tried to pull away but Emme's free hand slapped my cheek hard. My fingers went limp in her diaper and she grabbed me by the hair, pulling me away from the wall. I couldn't stand anymore. I pulled my hand out of her diaper for support, holding onto both her shoulders, trying to stay upright.

"You just want to lose, you want to lose so you'll have to wet your diaper, so Daddy will get to change you... so you can lay next to me and kiss me while he changes us both..." His cheeks went scarlet and he didn't protest, though maybe that was because he was gasping and moaning too much to. **"When you feel Daddy's cock in your mouth you'll realize what you do for him, how you can make him all gooey... except... except when Daddy is going, it'll be inside you. He'll push his cock into your mouth and he'll play with your hair and then he'll finish inside your mouth, down your throat, all over your tongue... Daddy's love, Daddy's taste... your reward for being good for Daddy. You'll be his, Call... who's will you be? Tell me who's you'll be?"** He was close, but I was going to make him say it. I was going to hear him say he was Daddy's.

If I said the words, I wasn't aware of it. It was a possibility I'd blacked out. I slipped to the ground, to my knees, and then onto my side. In the middle of the landing, I curled up on the carpet, moaning and panting. Emme stayed standing over me, my diaper now filled with my cum, as she licked the remnants off her fingers. I couldn't move...

I finished cleaning my fingers for the most part, but I slipped them into Call's lips with a hint of my flavor left on them. As he sucked them without question, I spoke very clearly. **"Wet your diaper like a little girl now that you've wet it like a grown-up."** Mine was pretty wet with both, to be fair - I hadn't finished, but I was very wet. **"Do it..."** My other hand pressed against the front of his diaper and I smiled. **"I want to feel it. Make Daddy proud."**

I wanted to rebel, to argue or something, but I *really* had to go, and my energy was entirely gone. The pills didn't give me a lot of time to make it to the bathroom, either. So I sucked on Emme's finger as I felt the warmth spread through my diaper. It was such a weird sensation. I'd never

intentionally wet myself. Normally it just happened on it's own, and it was noticed eventually, but this... this was so different...

"You make me so happy... and you're going to make Daddy so happy, too..." He didn't have much in the way of words, just very very red cheeks and a very very wet diaper, the pink darkening significantly as he finally stopped peeing. **"...gosh I am turned on right now."** I grinned and kissed his lips softly, then took his hand. **"Come on, I bet dinner is ready."**

40.)

Walking was beyond difficult. My eyes were glossed over as I finally sat down at the table, my cheeks burning red. Corles looked at me curiously and Emme smiled happily. I looked down at my fingers and tried to make the room stop spinning. Ugh... what had I done? I needed to change...

"I hope you two are hungry." Corles smiled at Call and at Emme as he set down the plates of food in front of them - pasta with Alfredo sauce, mushroom buttons and bacon, with garlic bread and two little cups of juice. Cups that just happened to have lids. **"Are you okay, my little prince?"**

"I... I'm fine..." I was halfway through the meal before I noticed the sippy cup. I bit my lip and watched Emme as she sipped from it like a child. I wasn't a child, though. I was potty trained too, damnit! Ugh, I couldn't believe she bested me... so I unscrewed the lid on the cup and sipped it like a normal glass.

"My little prince, Emme's parents have a policy on drinks outside the kitchen. Please put the lid back on." I looked at Call with a smile, the sippy between my lips as I sucked on the spout and nodded my head. Daddy didn't have a drink, either, so it was hard to disprove. **"We're guests here today, my beautiful boy, it's best not to be rude."**

"I... I'm not thirsty then..." I put the lid back on the cup and pushed it away, going back to my food. Emme couldn't help but smile, maybe because Corles wasn't as satisfied with the situation. I felt my cheeks darken as the two watched me eat.

"My little prince, if you have not finished your drink by the time you finish eating, I'm going to have to cradle you in my arms on the sofa after dinner and feed you myself." Corles didn't say it as a threat, more as a promise of what was going to happen. I pouted a little at the idea that I wouldn't get that benefit, but I had changing time to look forward to.

I bit my lip hard, but refused the drink altogether. He wasn't my Daddy. He was my... boyfriend, or something. I didn't know. I looked at the table and thought, maybe now, with all of us here, was a good time to ask... **"So... um... what's our... relationship, now... the three of us..."**

"Well, how about you tell us what you would like for it to be, and I'll help you to figure out any fine-tuning that needs to be made." "Daddy is right, it's best to have a start point I think." The drink sat on the table - it wouldn't go forgotten, I knew it wouldn't.

"Um... I... I guess I..." I looked up at each of them for only a second and then back down at my plate. My food was almost gone. **"I guess I'd like to... date both of you, if that's okay. I mean... I don't really know the rules. But if either of you don't want to date me, I mean, I'm okay with one, or... or none, even. I mean, we could be friends. Or... just... people who... talk... a lot... I would like that, talking, I think... rather than... not returning calls..."** That was a remark specifically at Corles.

"I think I would like to date you, my little prince. And to be your Daddy." "And I want to date you, too. I like the dynamic the three of us have together. Like we talked about upstairs." **"And how do you feel about that, prince? Do you have any questions? And will you feel comfortable with me as your Daddy, as I am to Emme?"**

"I..." I looked at my feet and felt the color on my cheeks. I shouldn't have been so shy about all this! **"I don't really like that... word... but I mean... maybe... boyfriend and... girlfriend, if..."** I bit my lip. Were boyfriends even a thing? Could two boys be boyfriends? **"Anyway, I guess I like our... dynamic..."** Corles and myself as Emme's Daddies... but it never felt that way. She always felt like a... sister.

"Would you like to talk about why you don't like that word, my little prince? I only ask because it makes me smile quite a lot when Emme

calls me Daddy. And I wonder if you would want to make me smile, too?" **"It's not like we call him Daddy in public anyway, it's a private thing! If it makes him happy... wouldn't you want that?"**

"Well... I guess..." I'd never really thought of it that way. But it made sense... **"I just mean... I guess it makes me..."** What did it make me? Why didn't I like it? I never liked the word, but I always let people do what they want. But with me... **"It makes me... sound like a little girl..."** And that really was the truth. And I'm not a girl.

"You needn't be so black and white, my prince. You're a boy. That can't ever change, so no matter how many times you call me Daddy, no matter how many pretty nightgowns or pink diapers you wear, no matter how many times I call you princess or dress you up as twins with Emme - you will always be a boy. You'll never lose that." "It's like an anchor. So you can do anything you want... private things, with us! And you don't have to worry." "You'll always be my prince."

"I guess so..." I sighed and nodded, looking up at the two. They both smiled at me and I bit my lip. **"It'll still take some getting used to!"** I said with a frown, looking at the cup in front of me. What the hell... it's all in private anyway, right? No one would ever know. And just as I picked up the sippy and started to drink the juice, the front door opened and Emme's parents called through the foyer.

41.)

"Mom!" Emme got up and went out to greet her parents, and Corles reached for the hair-clip she'd left on the table, quickly slipping it into Call's hair and adjusting it, smiling as the girl brought her parents into the room. **"Mom, Dad, Corles is over. This is Call."** **"It's very nice to meet you, Call."** That was Dad. **"I like your barrette, sweetie."** **"Are Corles and Call staying over tonight?"** **"Oh, it's okay Dad, I know you don't like when Corles stays over."** **"Well if Call is here, I don't see the problem. You two will behave, right?"** Mom laughed and so did Dad and Corles and I shared little glances with Call.

...no fucking way. Absolutely. No. Fucking. Way. I felt my cheeks burn

scarlet and looked down at my feet as the conversation happened around me. This was the first time I was meeting my girlfriend's parents, and they thought I was a girl?! There's no way they were *actually* convinced... right...? They were pretending... I didn't look like a damn girl!!

"How was dinner?" "It was lovely, sweetie. Thank you for asking."
"We're going to retire to the living room for the evening." **"Okay. We'll all go upstairs."** **"Once I've finished cleaning up. Thank you for your hospitality."** **"No problem, Corles, you know we hold you in high-esteem. We just know what goes through the heads of boys your age."** **"You keep them out of trouble, you hear, Call?" "Come on, let's go upstairs."** **"I'll be up in a minute to take care of things."** Things would mean changing us. I was gleeful.

We were on the stairs before I even thought to talk, and even then, it was in a hushed whisper. **"I DO NOT LOOK LIKE A GIRL!"** Emme giggled and I crossed my arms. **"Don't laugh at me! I mean it! Ugh! We just went through... and you and Corles both said... and now...! Ugh! I feel so stupid! I can't believe this!"**

"They don't think you're a girl, Call. They know who you are - I tell them who my friends are, gosh." He looked at me incredulously and crossed his arms, but I ushered him into my room and smiled at the boy, putting my hand on his cheek. **"You know there's a perk... they think you're harmless. Which means you can stay over here whenever you want. Corles can't."** He was still hung-up on the girl stuff, though, and I kissed his lips. **"Remember what Daddy said? You're a boy. Nothing can change that."**

"I don't like that they think I'm harmless... and they complimented me on the stupid barrette..." I took the hair accessory out and pouted, tossing it to the floor. **"I hate that's the first impression I made. I hate it. Ugh. I should change and go say hello properly. We're dating now... I'm your boyfriend..."** But I wasn't sure where that fit in publicly. Girls shouldn't have two Daddies...

"You can do that if you wanna. But then you won't be allowed to stay over at night~" I trailed off and smiled at the boy coyly. **"The first time they met Corles he was trying to change a messy diaper of mine and**

not very well at all. Thing is with my parents... they're kinda shallow. So don't worry about your first impression."

"...I still hate it." I sighed and looked down at the floor. I wanted out of this wet diaper so badly, and with all the juice I had, I was sure it would only be another hour before I needed to use the bathroom. But Corles was cleaning up, and that left me and my girlfriend alone. So I grabbed her by the hand and pulled her over to the bed.

I liked it when Call took the initiative, but unlike when I was with Corles, I also liked knowing that I could change the tide and pecking order whenever I so pleased. So I let him lead me to the organza-crowned bed and looked at him cutely - his diaper was wet and mine was, too, though that was a task for Daddy. Speaking of... **"Daddy will be up soon to change us... we can lay next to one another... and kiss. Like I said..."**

I felt my cheeks go a little pink before pushing her down on the bed and climbing on top of her. I kissed her to shut her up. **"I'm not letting him see me wet. Your bet didn't have anything to do with waiting to be changed."**

"You don't want to make out with me while we get changed together? Lay next to me... naked from the waist down. Playing with our feet together... maybe... maybe Daddy touching us if he wants to... then fresh diapers, powder... and cuddles all night...~" I'd get my way even if he didn't agree, but I'd do my best to seduce him first.

I felt my cheeks turn pink and looked away from the girl. **"I don't think Corles is very interested in sex stuff with me... I mean, I know he says he likes me and all, but it's not the same as sex stuff with a girl, you know? Anyway, I'm trying to set a precedent. So you shut up while I change."**

"You don't think so...? Huh..." I smiled and let it trail off and he looked at me curiously. **"I just mean he's said some stuff that makes me think otherwise..."** He blushed and I took his hand and pulled him down on top of me in one quick motion, rolling over so I was on top of him. **"I think Daddy deserves to see how wet your made your diaper, missy!"**

I felt my cheeks turn pink. What did he say...? He wasn't really interested...

no, he was just... gosh. I mean, he did put his hand down my diaper, but I bet he did that with Emme too. It's really not the same as... **"Emme - it's important to me. If he thinks I'm not taking this medicine seriously..."** It was a talk we had yet to have.

"Tomorrow morning we'll talk about everything... let tonight be tonight... please? For me?" I didn't need to ask - I was on top of the boy, after all! But I gave him the illusion of input for now. **"Daddy wants to do some very specific things with you... so let tonight be tonight. Tomorrow is a problem for tomorrow-Call. Okay?"**

"Emme, I... I don't think..." She put her thigh against my nightgown, against the wet diaper, and my blushing turned darker. Wow... so maybe we could talk about the medicine tomorrow, but it didn't change the fact that I didn't want him seeing me in a wet diaper tonight. **"I'll change into a fresh one. And he can change me out of that. It'll be like the same thing... promise."**

"You'd cheat Daddy out of getting to change your wet diaper? He's going to be so happy, Call... you and me, so so so wet... and he gets to change us." I would have kept arguing, but the door opened and Corles came in with a smile, looking at the two of us. **"Daddy!~ Call wet his deedee~ He needs changes!"**

I sat up quickly and pulled the nightgown down. Corles smiled at me and Emme's glance was maniacal. I shook my head and looked at each of them. **"I did not. I don't do that. Ugh..."** I shot a harsh look at Emme and she stuck out her tongue. Seriously?

42.)

"Oh, is your diaper wet, my little prince...?" Corles came over to the boy and then pushed him down onto the bed with one hand, slipping two fingers into the leg-band of the diaper without question. **"My my my, you are a wet little princess, aren't you?"** I smiled smugly at the boy, hoping he'd cotton on, hoping he'd realize to say I was wet, too. **"Such a wet little princess!"** I parroted Corles' comment.

Princess...? I felt the blush turn fully red, the heat radiating dizzily in the air. I sat up quickly and slapped Corles' hands away. **"I'm not a princess - I'm not a girl! And she's the one that started this! She made some stupid bet, and I didn't even do it on accident, okay?"** I wasn't sure why I thought that would help my case...

"Boy's can be princesses, too, you know!" **"They can, that's right. And you mean to tell me you wet your diaper on purpose? Well, why don't you tell me about this bet while I change you?"** **"Yahuh, tell Daddy, Call! Tell him why you wet your diaper two ways!"** **"Two ways, my little prince?"**

This wasn't fair... they were teaming up on me! I kept blushing and shaking my head, trying to think of something to say, anything, but no words came out. I had no defense. I couldn't believe this was happening... **"I... I can change myself. And I have to go home tonight - my parents don't know I'm here..."**

"I'll go call them for you!" I giggled playfully, though I didn't want to - he was supposed to tell Corles I was wet so we could have our little joint changing session! **"Very well. I'll get my cummy little princess here changed into something a little cleaner than his pervy little mind clearly is, hmm?"** The boy probably would have argued, but when Emme had gotten up Corles had started to rub the crotch of his diaper casually.

I kicked my feet and tumbled sideways off the side of the bed. Both the two looked at me incredulously and I climbed to my feet with blushing cheeks. **"I... I can change myself! I said... I said that...! And... and I can't stay! I said... I said I had to... to go home!"** Flustered didn't begin to describe me.

I moved next to the boy and kissed his lips to quieten him down, and as I did, my skirt lifted and Corles's voice, so stern, so assertive and resonating in that melty way spoke to the both of us. **"Oh, it looks like I have two little wet princesses, don't I? Both of you, up on the bed. Right now. I don't want to have to spank either of you, but I will if you make a fuss."**

"I... I said-" But Emme's hand connected with my cheek in a way Corles had never seen before and her lips touched my ear. **"Lay. Down."**

Princess." And she pushed me. Corles knew she got this way with me sometimes, but he'd never seen it. Conversely, I didn't say a word, lying on the edge of the bed like a misplaced doll.

I laid up next to Call and slipped my hand into his, his cheeks red and his breathing shallow beneath a glossy gaze at the multicolored canopy above my bed. **"Well well well, it looks like we know the pecking order between you two, don't we? Emme is the bossy sister, it seems."** Corles went over to the chest of drawers where the spare night-time diapers - which were thicker than the day variety - were kept, and picked out two pink ones.

"I... I don't..." But Emme grabbed my hair in her free hand and bit my lower lip about as hard as I usually bit it myself. She smiled into my eyes and spoke again, in the same whisper. **"Shh, little sis." "I'm not a-" "I wouldn't want to slap you again."** And that really shut me up.

I pressed my lips to Call's about the time Corles got back, and for each milestone of our changing - each tape of my diaper he untaped, and each tape of Call's - I raised the passion of the kiss to match, then ebbed back to normal. My diaper was pulled over, and I could hear that Call's was, too. **"Well you've both been very grown-up little princesses, haven't you?"** I felt Daddy's hand. And I would have wondered if Call would get the same treatment, but I didn't have to wonder. His kisses suddenly got very potent, and I knew that Daddy was playing with him, too. This was perfect - just like I'd hoped for.

Corles was touching me. Not touching me like a girl, not like Emme, but touching me the way I'd touch myself. I trembled as his fingers played with my erect cock and Emme kissed me again and again. The words about princesses were all starting to run together, and they suddenly didn't seem so bad.

Like two little puppet dolls prostrate on the bed, Daddy played with the both of us, our kisses became more intense, the world sinking into a blissful mess of organza and kisses and Daddy's voice. **"My two beautiful princesses, you both make Daddy so happy, and you get a reward for being so good. You're such a pretty pair, like two perfect sisters..."** I loved it when Daddy touched me during changes, he was so good, and I wondered if he'd be as good for Call...

I wanted to turn onto my side, to make the kisses easier, to touch Emme's body, but every time my hand would rise, Corles would slap it, and any time I tried to roll, he'd slap my thigh. I was slowly conditioned to lie perfectly still, my head tilted to the side, kissing the girl passionately. I stopped moving entirely other than the trembling and the grinding and the kissing. I was learning.

Corles smiled down at the two writhing pleasure dolls in front of him, his hands each working one of the helpless beauties. He'd let them each finish, and customary to his usual pattern with Emme, he'd have them each clean his hand clean afterward while he watched. He'd watch them lay there in their haze, bodies spent, minds hazy, as he changed them. And he'd praise them for being beautiful. For now, he continued to play.

43.)

I felt Emme's limbs tremble, her whole body surge and convulse. The crinkling of the diapers beneath our bottoms was drowned out by her moan and then she fell limp. I was so close, so ready, but before anything progressed, the hand let me go and I whimpered in displeasure. Not fair... no, no, no...

"No more pills, my little princess." Corles's hand drew little circles around the boy's cock, but didn't touch it as he made his very simple ultimatum. **"No more trying to hurry things along. Let you body grow as it pleases... and this can happen over and over and over, I promise to you. But you must promise to me, first. Promise to me and I'll let Emme finish you... with her tongue."**

"I... I can't..." I whimpered as his fingers played circles around my body. Emme tried to regain her composure as quickly as she could, expecting the inevitable, but I prolonged it. My head was so hazy... **"We... talk about it in the morning... please..."**

"Emme..." All it took was one word and the petite girl crawled down Call's body, leaned in closely, and flicked her tongue over the tip of his cock. He arched his back and moaned, but didn't finish. Not yet. **"Do you want this,**

my pretty princess? Do you want to finish, do you want your pretty sister to take you to heaven?"

I nodded my head, so eager, so excited, so needy... I hated that I was this needy. I tried to reach up, to stop them, to argue, but my hands refused to move. Even after one day, I was already afraid to try moving my fingers during a time like this. It was a treat. I shouldn't interfere... **"P... please..."**

"Say 'I'm your princess and I promise, Daddy'."Emme flicked her tongue again, like lightning to the boy and he quivered and sighed happily, but still couldn't make it over the edge. She was eager and helpful and sexually addictive, and he was potent and stern and so in control. Call never stood a chance.

"I... I'm your princess, and I promise, Daddy..." Instantly, the circling stopped and Emme's mouth touched my cock. I shuddered, so close, so deserving, so needy, but even as Emme moved her mouth down my shaft, up again, and down, she was careful. Perfectly precise. She'd clearly done this before, the torturous delay. I moved against her, tried to force it along, but every thrust of my hips was met with a slap by her sharp small hand. I just wanted to finish... why was she doing this....?!

"If you break this promise, princess, you will never feel this way again." Corles spoke to the boy and he whimpered something about how he understood, and Corles smiled. **"Beg Daddy to finish. 'Please can your princess cum, Daddy?' Just like that, over and over."** Emme was an expert at her craft and she kept him on edge divinely so.

I couldn't even breathe, let alone speak. I was just so close. I tried moving my hips again, and again, the slap to my leg. I didn't dare move again. I trembled under her mouth and gave into the need. I just needed this...

"Please... can your princess cum, Daddy...?" But I didn't. I whimpered and repeated myself. **"Please can your princess cum, Daddy? Please can your princess cum, Daddy? Please can your princess cum, Daddy?"**

"And who is Daddy's princess?" It was the final delectable part of the puzzle, the final admission to this little game - the realization and acceptance of his role as a peer and equal (or lesser) to Emme. Call

needed this. Call needed this so very, very badly. **"You're being such a good boy, making Daddy so proud. Now answer Daddy."**

"I... I'm Daddy's... princess..." I felt so humiliated, so embarrassed calling myself a girl, calling Corles Daddy, but I just... I really was so desperate. This was necessary. I needed it so badly... But despite the words, despite my admission, there was no difference in Emme's movements. What was going on...

I looked at Emme and she looked up at me, her eyes blissful, her lips working and I nodded. She'd take him over the edge in only a few moments. While she did, I spoke. **"You're my princess and I'm your Daddy. Emme is your sister and you're my little boy in pink diapers from now on. Pink for my pretty princess."** He nodded along desperately and I smiled deviously. **"Emme is going to finish you and then she's going to kiss you and you're going to swallow what she leaves in your mouth - it will be good practice for when you're allowed to please Daddy. You're beautiful. My little prince, my little princess. Now finish."** And it wasn't like he was going to get a choice. Nor would he when Emme crawled up his body and deposited his load in his mouth via a kiss.

I'm sure it had something to do with Emme's change in style, but it definitely didn't feel that way. It felt like I was waiting for permission. And I did finish, on command, and filled Emme's mouth with my own cum. Before I had a second to breathe, though, she'd kissed me and the cum dripped back into my mouth. My swallowing was instinctive in the haze and my whole body shuddered at the taste.

Emme laid down next to Call obediently as Corles took away the diapers they lay in, and fastened new ones in place even as Emme whispered in the boys ear. **"You're going to come to love that taste... the taste of Daddy... you're going to want him to fill you up with it..."** **"Lay down, you two. Are you ready for bed?"** Corles would have to phone Call's parents, but he could do that once they were asleep.

The diaper happened before I realized, and sleep came just as swiftly. I curled up next to my sister on the bed and put my head on her chest. I was so tired, so exhausted. I wasn't sure how she was still so coherent after all that, but I suppose she had more time to wake up. I, however, did no such

thing. I went straight to sleep.

44.)

"I need to go home." I was every shade of red imaginable as I pulled my uniform on, biting my lip as I worked with the backwards buttons. I couldn't believe I'd let any of that happen... **"I can drive you to school,"** Corles said with a smile. **"I need stuff from home."** Namely, my pills.

"Well, I don't know know that we'll have the time. Your house is in the opposite direction, my little prince." I looked at Corles with a smile and then at Call, adding with a thoughtful tone. **"Corles could take you there during morning recess, though."** It was against the school rules to the leave the grounds, but we weren't always the sort who were on the side of the rules. Rules could be bent. Call frowned.

"I... I really need to go home now..." I bit hard on my lip and looked at my feet, clad in knee-high stockings. Three more days, and I'd be out of this damn uniform... **"I can walk. And I'll get Mom to drive me to school... really, it's fine."**

Corles put his hand on the boy's chin and kissed his lips firmly, any resolve that might have materialized overnight definitely taking a blow as a result. **"Morning recess."** Corles left the bedroom to go sort through his bag, and I looked at the blushing boy in front of me, sauntering up to him with a small smile. **"Is there something you're afraid to tell Daddy?"**

I knew what I'd agreed to the night before. I knew where we stood. But he couldn't be expecting me to keep that promise. It was unusual circumstances. So I bit my lip and sat on the edge of the bed. My training diaper was an unwelcome addition to the uniform. **"I just need my pills..."**

I slapped his cheek so fast I was sure his head might spin around on top of his shoulders like a cartoon. It didn't spin, though, his cheek just lit up bright scarlet and his eyes started to well up. **"You made a promise to your Daddy, Call. Didn't Daddy keep his end of things last night? Didn't he make you feel so very nice?"**

I felt my head cloud, the girl taking my chin in her hand like I was *her* girlfriend, and my cheeks going red. She spoke in a whisper, but the words were sharp as daggers. "I... I just..." I just wanted out of this uniform! I just... ugh...!

"Daddy has a very special punishment for lying, Call..." I held his chin and kept a very serious demeanor as I looked into his eyes. **"And he'll be so disappointed."** That word had power. That word had so much power. Over me, and I noticed from the wince on his face, over Call, too, it seemed. **"I'm going to have to tell him, tell him that you're a liar and you don't appreciate all the love he gives to you."**

"No! I..." I bit my lip and looked down. Gosh, what had I gotten myself into? **"It's not... I just mean... they're helping... the pills... and... and I don't know why you both won't just... let me be happier..."** I was already nervous. I had to get a hold of one of my pills before school...

"Do your pills make you happier than keeping your promise to Daddy? Do they make you happier than making him proud does? Happier than you were last night?" My hand had strayed down to the thin training diaper underneath his skirt, though when I touched it, it was light and gentle teasing and not anything that could get him past a basic whimpering state.

I felt my cheeks take color and I looked away. I supposed she was right, in a sense. I mean, Da-er... Corles really was important to me. But he should understand my needs, too. And if I had *one* accident, I'd be barred from another trial run for a month. A month of diapers. A month of this uniform...

"You know... you're going to stop needing diapers soon anyway. And Daddy will still love you. But if you rush out of it, what's that going to give you? A few extra weeks of being an adult? You're already going to have at least sixty more years of that. You'd throw away your last few weeks of being Daddy's princess for the sake of that?" He looked thoughtful, and I smiled, and I kissed his lips. I felt him melt a little.

Maybe it wouldn't happen. Maybe the pills would just be okay. I went to the bathroom every hour on the hour just in case, but I really wasn't sure how to *make yourself* go. I'd never done that before. Lunch was trite, and then the afternoon classes. As far as I knew, I was still dry. Maybe I didn't need

the pills. Maybe I was over it now.

45.)

I skipped the bathroom break before the last hour. I was feeling pretty confident, which was nice for a change. I walked the empty halls ten minutes early, as all trainees do, to the nurse's station. It was something you had to do in your week of assessment: inspection every day before the buses leave. I waited in the waiting room for one of the nursing students to invite me in, and soon one did.

"Oh, hi Call." Krystin smiled at the boy behind those glasses of hers and opened the door to the nurse's office, waiting for the boy to finally stand and follow her inside. The door closed behind him and she motioned to the bed, conferring with her little check-list.

Ugh. Seriously... her? Of all people... I sat on the edge of the bed, my cheeks a little pink. She'd seen Corles and me kissing... and though she hadn't seemed to make a move against me quite yet, I wasn't sure if that would last. I flattened my skirt. **"Let's just get this over with..."**

"Uhhuh." She said it more as a noise of acknowledgement that she'd heard Call, more than her agreeing and she looked up from the check-list with a little smile. **"You're trying to becoming trained, that's really brave! What does your boyfriend think about that? I don't know about when it's two boys but with girls its usually frowned upon to train out early."**

"I don't have a boyfriend." I crossed my legs at the ankles and looked away from Krystin. She smiled happily up at me, like my words meant nothing, and went back to her clipboard. I crossed my arms. **"I'm not a girl. Just... can't you be a *little* professional?"**

"Oh... you two broke up? That's sad. But my Dad says that it's wrong and that boys can't love boys anyway so that makes sense. Like some boys kiss other boys sometimes because they're confused but it's impossible for there to be love like there is between a boy and a girl." Mercifully, she motioned the boy to lay down on the bed for inspection.

I thought I'd start to cry, but thankfully, I did no such thing. I looked down at my feet and played with my fingers in my lap. Boys cant love boys...? But... I shook my head and did my best not to let my voice crack when I spoke. **"I'd... like to request... a different nurse..."**

"Oh, you don't need to do that." Krystin was bubbly despite the fact the boy sounded like he might fall apart and she lifted his skirt, taking note of something on the checklist and then giving him a somber look. **"Oh what a shame. Lay still, okay, I need to see how wet you are so I can pass on my findings accurately."**

"I'm not wet," I said with a frown, trying to sit back up, but Krystin pushed me back to the table and lifted my skirt. I let out a little sigh and covered my eyes with my arms. I hated this. I hated it when it was adults, and I hated it even more now that it was classmates. But Krystin lowered the skirt with the shake of her head.

"You're very wet, Call. I'm not sure how you didn't notice, really! This training diaper is very close to leaking. You're supposed to let a nurse know if you notice something like this." She finished checking off the check-list and then signed it at the bottom and smiled. **"I'm sorry. So what happened with your boyfriend? Did he break up with you or did you break up with him? Was he your Daddy?"**

"W-what...?" I sat up quickly and put my hand under my skirt. I was wet. I was fucking... wet! Ugh! One. More. Month. One more horrible month of diapers and skirts. Another month of laughing kids and funny looks. Another month of... this. I felt tears on my the edges of my eyes and shook my head. **"Krystin... please... change the report..."**

"I'm really not supposed to..." And she wouldn't, either. That didn't mean she couldn't be a little opportunistic, though. She was good at that. **"Maybe if you told me a bit more about your relationship... I'm curious so that's something you can offer me and maybe I could help you, then?"**

I opened my mouth in protest, another argument, but quickly shut it before any words could come out. A month in diapers, Call. A month in girl's clothes... **"I... fine... I'll tell you whatever, if you promise to keep that between us. I just... it was one lapse in judgement. I was off my pills..."**

so please...? Information for information. I'll tell you whatever, and you tell no one..."

"If you satisfy my curiosity." And it was pre-established and clear that Krystin had quite the appetite - she knew he wouldn't be able to fill it, so it was a safe offer of exchange to be made. She pushed her glasses up her face and smiled.

46.)

"So tell me how you met and how long you were dating and why you broke up. Did you love him?"

"We... didn't break up..." I looked down at my hands, my cheeks burning red. I couldn't believe I was doing this... **"He's... we've been dating only really since yesterday, only officially, but we've been kissing for a few weeks... he wanted to... and... I don't know... I like it, so... whatever..."**

"Oh! So why did you say you didn't have a boyfriend?" Krystin was smiling at the boy as he played with his hands in his lap, his cheeks really red. His diaper was very wet, too, and she hoped he wouldn't leak before she changed him, but she wouldn't miss this information for the world. A real life homosexual! What were the odds?!

"I was... embarrassed, okay?" Man, this felt horrible. Who knew pouring out your feelings would feel so... girly. I kept playing with my hands in my lap and took a deep breath. **"So we're dating... and we're happy... I guess... for now... so... that's really all there is... so you won't tell anyone about the accident?"**

"Do you love him? Is he your Daddy? Do you call him Daddy?" She clearly avoided the prompt for confirmation bout her end of the deal, but it was also clear her curiosity was nowhere close to sated. She looked at Call's hands and smiled. **"You're pretty, you should paint your nails for him. Boys love those things."**

"I... I don't think it's like that. I'm not a girl. We're both guys..." Gosh, why does everyone think *I'm* the girl?! Corles could be the girl! **"I don't**

know. I might love him. I mean, he's... really nice. I don't know. And I don't really call him Daddy. I have. A couple times. But it's not very often."

"My Dad says that boys can't love boys but maybe they can if you love him." She looked thoughtful for a moment, like her appetite might be sated for now... and then started to ask more questions. **"Do you ever do more than kiss? Lots of girls talk about how boys our age start to want more. Do you think you'll stay with him? Is he a nice Daddy or a mean one?"**

"Um..." I bit my lip and looked up at the ceiling, trying to figure out how to answer the questions in the least girly way possible. **"Yes, we do other things. I don't know if I'll stay with him, but I think I'd like to. And if you had to put a word on it, I guess he's a nice one? I mean, I don't really know the types, but he's usually very nice to me..."**

"I think that's cute." She smiled as she looked at the chart and then at the boy. **"And would your Daddy want you to pass your trial? Or would he want you to stay in diapers?"** It was no secret that boys tended to change when they no longer had to wear diapers or be dressed the same as girls.

"I..." I bit my lip and looked down at my feet. Corles, realistically, would probably prefer me in diapers forever. He was such a guy, always interested in being the Daddy figure. I guess I never really understood that. I did a little, now, with Emme, but not like him, not like Corles. **"I think he'd want me to be happy. I think my happiness means more to him than clothes..."**

"And you'd be happier with him as your Daddy or not?" Krystin smiled as she looked at Call and tried to assess the situation. **"Why do adults tell us that boys loving boys and girls loving girls is so wrong? I think it's okay if you're happy. I think you should just be who you are and be happy and nobody else matters one little bit because in three years all those people who are judging will be off on their own adventures in life and you'll only have you. And maybe your Daddy. So... sorry, I got the babbles."**

I nodded my head and looked down at my feet. Krystin sat quietly while I

kicked the bed frame and slowly opened my mouth to talk. **"Then... you'll keep this a secret? I promise it won't happen again. I'll be back on my pills tomorrow..."**

"If you call your Daddy now and tell him what you did then I suppose..." Krystin could get in so much trouble over this, but she was giddy with curiosity and she'd so far only seen kissing from afar and nothing more than that. **"Pretend I'm not here. I want to see how you talk to him."**

"I..." Krystin tapped the clipboard with her pen and I bit my lip. She really wasn't kidding... ugh, man. I didn't want Corles to know... I pulled my cell phone out of my school bag and turned it on. Classes were already let out. He'd be waiting for me by his car soon...

Krystin smiled at the boy and pushed her glasses up as he looked down at his phone and she nodded when he looked back up at her. **"Just tell him what happened, pretend I'm not here. I'll know if you're not acting yourself and if I think you're being disingenuous I'll lodge the report right now..."**

I let out a little sigh and ran my fingers over the buttons. **"Hey Corles... um, yeah, I'll be there... no, I'm just... um..."** I looked at Krystin and she smiled. **"I'm at my inspection... right, yeah... well, not so good..."** Fuck, my cheeks were red. **"Kind of. I mean, I... I can talk to you about it when I see you... I just thought you should know... okay... yeah... maybe ten minutes. Alright. Okay... bye..."**

"I'll do what I can to keep this hidden." The chart pages were all serial-numbered, though, and one could really only be kept hidden for so long before people started to ask questions. In honesty, she didn't want to cover for him, either! She could get in trouble and he was a boy with a Daddy. **"Does anyone else know? About you two?"**

"Just Emme." Fuck. Why did I say that? **"Who is Emme?" "A girl. A friend. A friend of mine. And of his. I met him. Through her..."** Wow. My lying skills really needed work. And I technically wasn't even lying!!

"Oh! So you know Emme but you still want to be with Corles - who's your Daddy? I thought maybe you only were with him because you

hadn't met any girls." It was as good an explanation as any when it came down to the wire and it wasn't like there was any literature out there based on homosexual romance for reference!

"Um... no. I mean. Yes. I know Emme. But I still want to be with Corles." And Emme. But I suppose she didn't need to know that. My dating Corles was controversial enough, and if it was known that we were dating three ways, I'd be seen as the girl all over again...

"Oh. So will you have sex? I mean you can't really... I guess... because you have a weewee and not a who-hah." That one came way out of left-field and Krystin could tell Call was blushing furiously, though he also looked a little bit sad and his gaze dropped to the floor.

"I don't know... I guess not..." I bit my lip and looked away from the girl. My cheeks hurt with the warmth and I did my best not to look as upset as I felt. I just wished Corles and I could be the same as him and Emme, as Emme and I... **"Anyway, he's waiting, so..."**

"Okay. I'll see you tomorrow." She didn't change him - if she did, the materials would be logged and accounted for. It was so unlike Krystin to make an exception to the rules. How would this play out?

47.)

Corles had arrived early to pick up Call the next morning - as was the norm, his route had him picking up the boy before Emme. He sat on the bed in Call's room as he watched the boy fuss over his uniform with red cheeks, maybe not having expected company quite so early. **"I'm sorry, there was dreadful traffic expected, so I left a little early my little prince. I suppose it wasn't all that bad after all."**

"R-right..." I zipped the side of the skirt in place. The dresses never had zippers - always buttons. I didn't like zippers. The pull-on diaper was already in place, even before Corles arrived, and I started to button the blouse, fumbling still, after a month of backwardness.

Corles stood up and approached Call, moving his hands gently away from the buttons with a smile and taking the matter into his own hands. **"Girls buttons are in reverse so that their Daddy's can easily button their clothes, did you know that?"** And deftly proving the point, Corles had no issue at all button the blouse of the blushing boy.

Corles flattened my top and I looked away from him with a little frown. I hadn't expected him so early. I still had my pills to take, the bottle of which I had on my dresser. This was the first time Corles had ever been in my room, and I found myself a rush of emotions. Worry, pride, fear... I'd forgotten what this felt like. I forgot what red cheeks felt like.

"Emme thinks there's a case for lipgloss for your lips, my little prince. She thinks it will make kissing me more enjoyable for you." The much bigger boy leaned in and kissed the smaller of the pair in his possessive way and smiled warmly as he pulled back. **"Of course, I don't think you need too much help with that, do you?"**

"No... I guess not..." Wow. I ran my fingers across my lips and turned away from Corles, pacing by my dresser for just a minute before taking the pill bottle down. Corles watched and I played with it in my hand. Would he get angry? Could Corles even *get* angry...?

"I don't think you really want that, not deep down inside. Not in the place that burns when we kiss and flutters when I tell you that you're beautiful." Corles watched Call's back, the pill bottle making tiny noises as it was played with. **"The same part of you that had trouble calling me your Daddy, the same part of you that thought you couldn't be with me... that's the part of you that tells you to take those. But you don't really want to. That's why you promised me."**

"I promised you because I was... distracted..." I bit my lip and looked down at the bottle. I still wasn't facing Corles, and maybe that was best. **"Anyway, I can't have a repeat of yesterday. If anything goes wrong, Krystin can't cover for me again..."**

"I presume you have a friend in the nursing staff." Corles was behind Call now, and he placed his hands on the boy's hips, gently embracing him. **"Would you want for her to cover for you? Would you want to always**

have to worry about missing a dose? Or would you just want to be happy and relaxed and let your body grow when it's ready to?"

"I would want to be out of this uniform," I said with a frown, the pill bottle still in my hands. Diapers were embarrassing, sure, but they were something everyone had grown up with. There was a lot of comfort associated. But the uniform was another story. It labeled me with the girls more than the Untrained title ever could. It was something I could never hide.

"You would...?" Corles smiled slyly as he ran one of his hands around front and gently pulled up the boy's skirt, pressing his hand to the training diaper beneath. **"And deprive Daddy of such easy access...? Are you certain?"** He kept his voice low, even though nobody was in earshot, and smiled at the boy with that coy, cocky little grin of his.

I spun around, my cheeks burning, and looked up at Corles. I couldn't be mad. This was his role. He checked my diapers, and the skirt was as much for him as it was for the school. I knew that, and I'd always known that, but worrying about it was stupid now. Corles was my boyfriend. **"I don't mind around you. I mind at school."**

"The start of the semester is over, my little prince. Those in your situation have faded into the background noise of the school, nobody notices, nobody cares. Can you think of the last time anybody has been rude to you or even looked twice, for wearing your pretty uniform?" He put one of his hands on Call's cheek and looked down into his eyes, feeling the heat of the blush.

"Yesterday, Krystin cared. And even if it's background noise, it's still noise, and I keep getting weird looks and people laugh and..." I felt tears in my eyes. Wow, was it really that bad? Was I really this emotional? It must be the withdrawal from the pills... **"Why can't I just be happy? I'm happy outside school, so I want to be happy inside, too, so I'm never not happy."**

"You can be happy, my beautiful prince." Corles kissed Call's lips very, very softly and brushed his bangs out of the way of his eyes which were now surrendering tears. **"But you won't find happiness in a pill bottle. You'll find it in here..."** He placed his hand on the boy's heart, where a

breast would be were he a girl. **"You can't let others dictate the rules of your happiness. You can be happy, right now, dressed as you are. And if someone smiles at you, smile back. If someone says you're in a diaper... tell them, proudly, that you are. If Krystin cares enough to speak up, you tell her that you like who you are. You like who's you are, too... don't you, my little prince?"**

"I..." I looked down at the pills with a frown and shook my head. I'd wet myself again if I didn't take the pills. Everyone would know I'd failed tomorrow morning at inspection. It would start all over again. I shook my head and wiped my eyes with the backs of my hands. **"Just until the end of the week... then I'll wear the training diapers at school, when inspections stop..."**

Corles smiled at the boy and put his hand on his chin, directing his gaze upward. **"You'd prefer that? No more pretty uniforms at school? I do enjoy laying you and Emme down and lifting up your skirts to change you both."** It was an option, of course, provided the boy followed through and went back off the medication after inspections finished. **"Training diapers also won't be sufficient if you're off the pills, you and I both know that."**

"I've gotten very good at using the bathrooms..." I looked at my feet and played with my fingers. **"Diapers make too much noise. Someone will notice, like my parents noticed before..."** It was a messy solution, but I needed to get out of that damn uniform...

"I don't want you to use the bathroom, my beautiful prince. Not until your body is ready of its own accord, and then I'll help you with all my support." It was a part of the process girls had to look forward to by the time they started to train out - if they had a particularly caring Daddy, the training process could be quite sweet and beautiful together.

I opened the pill bottle and took out three pills - one for today, and one for each day left in the school week. Then I closed the bottle and handed it to Corles. **"At the end of the week, we'll figure it out,"** I said with a smile, as small as it was.

"Call..." Corles held the pill bottle in his hand and looked down at the boy. **"If you were Emme's Daddy and she were doing what you are -**

turning to drugs to change the pacing of her body... how do you think you might feel?" He didn't call the boy by name very often, and he didn't speak to him as an equal very often, either.

"Just three days..." I pushed the bottle on Corles until he took it, and then he sighed, slipping it into his pocket. **"I promise to make it up to you, somehow, Corles. I know this is... dumb. But it's something I need."** Corles nodded and I popped one of the pills into my mouth. It wouldn't be a fun week.

48.)

"Hello, Call." Krystin was bubbly in that slightly vapid way she was known for and she regarded the boy with a sideways smile - the two had lockers close to one another, it seemed. **"How are you doing today?"** It seemed an innocuous question, but things were never very innocuous when it came to questions with Krystin - she always had some sort of personal agenda.

"I'm alright." It was my last day. Krystin wasn't my nurse either of the other two, which was something I was happy about, and I'd managed to avoid her pretty well despite our relative proximities. I pulled my skirt down instinctively, but I was pretty sure I was dry. The pills were working wonders, even though I was dizzily blank.

"I haven't seen you very much. It's the end of your trial today, isn't it?" She shouldn't have known the timeframe, but she did and that was probably owing to her curiosity when it came to other people. **"How are things with your Daddy? Is he excited that you're finishing your trial?"** He wouldn't be, or at least she didn't suspect he would be. No Daddy wanted their little one to grow up.

I felt my cheeks turn pink and looked around. No one seemed to hear her, despite the crowding in the halls. I turned away from Krystin and mumbled something she couldn't hear, and then spoke back to her. **"He's fine with it. It's no big deal."**

"Well that's good to hear." She opened her locker up, the boy peering curiously through his flat-shaded eyes as she did, like he was curious but

too unmotivated to make a real effort. Like most girls, Krystin's locker had a bifurcating shelf that split the top and bottom sections. The top shelf had all her school stuff, and the bottom shelf had diapers, powder, a spare school skirt and a few others bits and pieces. **"You're lucky he's so understanding of you."**

"Yeah..." I mumbled softly, playing with the dial on my locker. I spun it in circles and Krystin watched. It wasn't even *my* locker - mine was four or five down. I rubbed my eyes and took a deep breath. These pills really messed with my head. Tomorrow, though, I'd be better.

"Are you feeling okay? You don't at all seem your usual bubbly self." Well. Krystin didn't really know Call's usual self, and she didn't think she'd describe him as bubbly regardless, but the comment did serve as a way to get the point across that she was concerned.

"Yeah, it's just the pills... they take a bit of time to adjust to." I wasn't sure how I hadn't noticed it before, really. Now that I'd come out of the haze and felt real emotion only two days ago, I felt like I was drowning. One more day, one more day. But Krystin couldn't know that.

"It sounds like the cure is worse than the problem - at least you weren't a zombie before. I'd take skirts over zombiehood any day of the week speaking personally." She nodded her head somberly and Call nodded, too, though she wasn't sure he even understood what she was saying. He tugged on the locker and she smiled, pointing. **"Yours is down there, remember?"**

"Right... I don't even need my books." I sighed and followed Krystin as she started down the hall. I had lunch next, with Emme. She hated this as much as Corles did, if not more. She thought my decision was stupid. But one more day, and it wouldn't matter.

"I'll do your inspection today, okay? Okay." Krystin looked at the boy and smiled as cheerfully as ever, though even she had to confess that she was worried in no small degree.

49.)

"Hey you." I looked at Call as he sat down at the table across from me, putting his head on his arms. I'd spent a great deal of the past few days trying to work away at his resolve, but he'd been unrelenting so far and that left my tones to the boy a little bit... hollow.

"Hey..." It was nice to see she was talking to me. Since I'd taken my last pill this morning, she'd decided that arguing wasn't worth it. The whole car ride had left her silent and left me miserable. At least this was progress...

"Daddy has plans with us this afternoon." I hadn't used the D word with Call since he made the decision to go back on pills, but Corles had felt it was an important thing that I did, so I did. **"Has he spoken to you about it yet?"** My words were curt and clipped and very business-like. Like I was talking to a distant colleague and not someone involved in my lovers triangle.

"Nuh uh..." I let out a little sigh and looked up at Emme with tired, glossy eyes. **"Maybe we could do it tomorrow... or maybe I could have a nap or something first. I don't know. I just think... I might enjoy plans more... without this feeling..."**

"Daddy was very specific." As was sometimes the case. I didn't want to be a comfort right now, I didn't want to bail the boy out of his current feelings, but I also wasn't cruel. I reached across the table and I squeezed his hand - it was more affection than I'd shown in days and he looked up at me a little confused. **"I miss you. My you. Daddy's you."**

"I kind of miss me too," I said with a sigh. Maybe not staying on these pills was a good thing after all. I'd have inspection later that day, and then after that the meeting with a Head Nurse, a staff member, someone to give permission to wear my boy uniform again. And then I had a night with Emme and Corles.

"You're going to keep your legs bare still, right?" I smiled. Just a little tiny bit. Not enough to show that I forgave him. Boys were required by uniform standard to keep their legs free of hair just like girls were, and being allowed back into boys' uniforms would mean that was no longer a

requirement. Emme balked at the idea. Call wasn't a boy becoming a man like Corles was. Call was Call. Call was soft and pretty.

"I..." I bit my lip and looked down at my legs. I was still wearing the uniform, my last few hours in it, and the legs themselves were smooth. Shaving was never really a concern - it rarely was until late in high school, even for masculine boys. I'd seen Corles' legs too, and even they were barely hairy. **"I don't know... I guess... I mean, I don't know..."**

"I like that you're soft. I like that you're pretty. I like that you don't have any body hair. I don't want you to change, Call. You're already changing so much..." Though he wasn't, not really. He was going off the pills. He'd go back to needing diapers. He'd just dress like a boy at school.

"It's my first year Trained. I'm supposed to change." But still, I wasn't sure I was changing as much as Emme thought. Lunch ended soon after and I made my way through to class. I was still using the bathroom every hour, even without drinking anything all day, but it kept the diaper dry. Dry for my last inspection.

50.)

"Hey, Call!" The boy winced and Krystin pursed her lips, forgetting just how flat he was. He sat down on the table in the nurse's office and the girl adjusted her glasses and looked down at her numbered chart, the lost serial number from the last inspection she'd done with the boy an overhanging issue of stress, but one she wasn't going to bring up. It was going to be okay. Maybe. **"How's your diaper? Present, please."**

I slipped down to the table without an argument and the girl lifted my skirt. I tried not to care, but if anything, this was something I couldn't help but care about. Diapers and training diapers were very different. Training diapers were tighter and more revealing. It felt a lot like being naked, or seeing a girl in her trained underwear. It was a sensual thing, a romantic thing, a sexy thing.

Krystin gently pressed her fingers in the three places on the training diaper she was required to check - boys didn't usually wear training diapers as

their training happened very quickly and without effort, so the little pink garment was definitely designed with a girl in mind. **"Well, you're definitely dry."** She smiled at the boy, though he didn't smile at all. **"This is your last inspection, so I think on Monday you'll be wearing a boy's uniform. How exciting! No more diapers, no more skirts. Is your Daddy excited, too?"**

"I guess," I said with a sigh, pulling my skirt down and sitting back up. It was always worst in the middle of the day, when the drugs were just pushing through my system. I'd be better by dinner, or at least bearable again. It wouldn't be until tomorrow morning I'd really be back to normal, though.

"I'm going to file your report now, and you should have an email from school administration by dinner time tonight." He wasn't excited. He clearly wasn't. **"Aren't you excited? I would have thought this would have been a very happy day for you, Call."**

"I am. I mean, I'm very... I don't know. I'm happy about it. It is a happy day. But excitement is just a little... elusive. The pills will even out by tomorrow, and I'll be fine by Monday, I promise." But she was really concerned and I was making promises. Did we become friends?

"You're going to stay on the pills, though, right? I mean, they're working but if you go off them won't you relapse? So you're going to feel the way you feel now for a while more, right?" His eyes were glossy and he looked at her like she'd spoken a bunch of French and blinked, shaking his head in confusion. **"I mean you're not going off the pills anytime soon, right?"**

"R-right..." I couldn't tell her. If anyone knew, if the school found out... and she was a nurse here. I didn't know her rules. But if anyone found out about it, I'd be in the girl's uniform again. I felt my chest ache.

"Well... maybe you'll feel better after a while on them?" She bit her lip and smiled in the way she did when she was curious. **"Hey Call... do you and your Daddy have sex?"** That was out of left field. Call blinked and looked at her the way he did with most of her questions and she shrugged. **"I just mean... how does that work. With two boys?"**

"I... I don't know." And I didn't, either. I mean, I'd never really thought about it, and now that I did, I wasn't sure boys could *have* sex. I mean, there's a lot of logistical issues... **"We've never had sex. I don't know if we can... I mean, I guess it doesn't really matter. I love him, so... sex is kind of unnecessary."**

"You're such a sweetheart!" Krystin smiled at the boy, her face glowing with mirthful glee. **"Well, that's beautiful. I only really asked because... well some girls do sex differently when they love their Daddy's a lot. And I was thinking maybe that was how you did sex with him."**

I'd never asked Emme about sex. She talked about rewards, about the feelings of Corles's fingers when she changed, but... honestly, I couldn't imagine it. Corles and Emme just didn't seem like they'd ever had sex, and if they did, I still couldn't see it happening. He was too kind, and she was too stubborn. Their sex would have been so awkward... **"Different?"**

"Different. Um." For the first time, Krystin seemed a little awkward about a topic, like maybe she hadn't expected this topic to be as weird as it was. But she had to persevere, she was already in this deep. **"Well, girls usually have sex by taking their Daddy here..."** She placed her hands on her inner thighs to avoid saying the word. **"But some girls also like to have sex by taking their Daddy here..."** Her hands moved around her thighs and clutched her behind. **"And I know that you're a boy and you don't have the first one, but you do have the second one, so I was wondering."**

"Oh... is that a thing?" What I knew about sex was that you should always use a condom. Literally, that was it. I guess the whole putting a penis inside a girl's vagina thing was also picked up on, but I didn't even know what that looked like until I saw Emme naked. **"Is that even allowed...?"**

"Well some girls do it. I mean. I don't know personally, but other girls talk about it and it's like... a special thing. Like a 'I really love you' thing." That was the best way to word it from the descriptions she'd been given, any way. **"Some say it's a little more difficult but it's worth it."**

"It sounds... uncomfortable..." And that was really all I could think to say on the matter. My eyes were heavy, though, and Krystin could clearly see it.

She kissed me on the forehead - something I hadn't ever had happen, even from my own mother - and left to get the head Nurse to release me.

51.)

"Daddy said we'd take the train to my house and he'd meet us there."

Call was free - he'd passed his final inspection, and he was walking alongside me to the terminal with a look of exhaustion on his face, like he'd run six legs of a marathon. **"How are you feeling?"** I was trying to be more supportive, more understanding - it sucked, though, it really did! He wasn't himself at all. **"When are you going to start feeling like you again?"**

"It's usually better by dinner..." I said slowly, slurred. This wasn't right. Usually the exhaustion doesn't get this bad, and it usually doesn't happen until after six or seven. But today began early, and it was ending early too. I didn't think about that. I stumbled and Emme took my hand. My eyes hurt...

We got on the train together and the moment we sat down, Call put his head on my shoulder and his eyes closed quickly. I shook him awake when we got off the train, but by the time we walked the short distance to my house he was struggling to remain standing. **"Come on, princess, let's get you to my room and into something comfortable for a nap, okay?"**

I kept rubbing my eyes as I walked behind Emme. I wasn't sleepy - I was just very tired. I just wanted to sit, somewhere comfortable, somewhere quiet. If I laid down, I knew I'd fall asleep, and I didn't want that, not this early. **"Corles is coming over..."** But Emme was already pulling my wrist up the stairs.

"Daddy will be here when he gets here. Until then, you're my little princess." My tone had switched, though it was only from the moment of vulnerability that I was sparked into this version of myself. I opened my bedroom door and quickly pushed him down onto my body, his body immersed in the pastel colored taffeta and organza.

I pulled myself up into a sitting position, but by then Emme was gone. I turned to her closet, to the window, but she really was gone! I rubbed my

eyes and looked again. **"Emme!"** No answer. I climbed up to my feet and took a deep breath. Come on, Call. Stop being a pansy. **"Emme!"** But then she came back in from the door she'd pushed me through.

I had a diaper in my hands, one of my pink night-time ones, as well as the bottle of powder. I parted the fabric over my bed and set both items down next to the boy, then pushed him down onto his back. **"I have to get you ready for your nap down, beautiful. Lay still, or else."** Or else was never something Corles would have had to say, but he and I had very different methodologies.

Or else? Or else... I had never heard those words. My mother never used them, and neither did Corles. Or else. It was ominous, of course, but beyond that... I shook my head and sat up quick, grabbing Emme's wrist and tugging her onto the bed with me. She was taken off guard and I climbed on top of her. **"What do you think you're doing?"**

Well this was new. Well, not new, but unexpected, especially given the degree of Call's exhaustion. My cheeks flushed scarlet at the show of control, but I smiled weakly, knowing I only had to outlast his waning energy levels. **"I-I'm..."** Oh jeez, don't stutter! **"I'm getting my princess ready for her nap."**

The feminine pronouns pained me and I felt my cheeks turn pink. No, I wasn't going to blush at that. I grabbed her wrists tighter, compensating for my having let go at the words she'd said. **"Only one of us is wet."** I couldn't be sure Emme was actually wet, but she never come home from school dry.

"Uhhuh..." I squirmed a little beneath the boy, taking note of how his cheeks burned and tugged playfully as he held my wrists. **"You're going to be by the time Daddy gets here, though... and I can change. You won't be allowed to. You're going to be his wet little princess today, his prize for being patient and not spanking you."**

That backfired quickly. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. The room was rocking the way boats do and I couldn't keep myself upright proper. Emme didn't throw me off, though. Maybe I had more stability than I thought. **"Even if I take a nap, Emme, I don't wet myself like you do"**

anymore. You might get your diapers wet, but I won't for another few days." Or, at least, 16 more hours.

"Unless you wet on purpose." I smiled sweetly at the boy, his eyes struggling to stay in focus. I could be on top of him in a heartbeat, but I liked being where I was - it kept him off-guard if he thought he was in control. I loved this. I loved that he was going to wet for me intentionally. I loved that he was so off-guard. I loved that I was so in control.

52.)

I wanted to argue, but it had happened once now. But that was a bet. She'd bet me, and I obliged a bet, but there would be no bets today. Even if I was confident in winning, there would be none, and it meant she had no leg to stand on. So I merely shook my head and smiled down at the girl, then kissed her lips hard and passionately. I let go of her wrist and trailed my fingers up her thighs, under her uniform. I was right: she was wet.

I didn't expect his recovery so strongly, I didn't expect the kiss and I didn't expect the hand against my wet diaper. I squeaked a little and blushed, trying desperately not to slip into my little self. Ordinarily, I wouldn't fight it, but I had a point to make now. My cheeks were burning red and my breathing was a little shallow, but I tossed myself to the side and pinned him down, situating myself on his tummy in the moment afforded by him letting go of my wrist. **"Y-y-you... bad little princess..."**

And I thought the room was rocking before - but now it was like the boat did a backflip and was trying to find the water and the sky again. I closed my eyes tight and tried to tell up from down. Follow gravity, Call. **"Don't call me that..!"** I tried to push Emme off me, but even as small as she was, I just didn't have the energy. I really *really* didn't...

"But you are a princess! You're a beautiful little subservient doll laying in a bedroom best suited to a six year old. And you're about to be changed into a pink diaper. And..." I reached into the pocket of my blouse and took out my lipgloss, quickly coating his lips and then mine before he knew what was happening. **"You're wearing makeup. That**

makes you a princess. The prettiest little boy princess that ever there was..."

I knew I was blushing. I wasn't screaming or yelling, but blushing and biting my glossy lips. No boy would do those things. What was I *doing*?! I needed to argue more! That's what other boys would do! **"I'm not a princess. I'm not pretty. You're just... not letting me up!"** I tried again to push her off. No avail.

"You're beautiful and I think I know a thing or two about what beautiful is, don't you think?" I wasn't the self-absorbed vain kind of girl like some of the other girls at school, but I had no illusions about the fact I was pretty enough to get by. **"And you're my princess. Unless.. unless you're Daddy's princess. Are you Daddy's princess?"**

I felt my cheeks darken further and I took a stance. It wasn't, admittedly, a very good stance, but it was a stance nonetheless, and one I'd come to terms with. **"Yes. I'm Daddy's princess, but not yours!"** Wow. **"You're our little girl, Daddy's and mine, and we care for you like daddies do."** I felt so stupid, in retrospect. I wasn't the person who liked those words, those definitions, but I was so exhausted!

I couldn't help but smile. First at his acceptance of his place as Daddy's princess, and then at the idea that he was above me in the pecking order of things. Still, I was blushing furiously, my cheeks felt like they might burst open with the strain, and the boy beneath me clearly noticed. **"I think... you're Daddy's princess. And my princess."**

"I think you're a spoiled, violent, rotten girl!" But despite the aggression in my tone, I was clearly too tired to be taken seriously. I tried again to push Emme off, but she held her place. Ugh, I just needed to rest a minute! **"And Corles is too kind to you. You need more discipline."** It was strange to me how well the Daddy talk seemed to work for Emme. It was still strange to me, but I could work with it.

My cheeks burned so very red and I stammered, trying to form sounds into syllables and syllables into words, but it just was not happening. I bit my lip and looked down at the boy, shaking my head. **"I'm a good girl for Daddy. He doesn't need to discipline me... he... he needs to punish you."**

"You're the one treating your boyfriend like a girl. You think that's appropriate?" I could do this. Words to win battles, like I used to always do, before I had a girlfriend, before I was always tired. She was susceptible, too, and that made it easy. **"If you think you're so much bigger than me then go put on grown up underwear. I dare you."**

"I..."There was something witty to follow that, but I lost it in the moment and instead slapped Call's cheek. And yeah, it was pretty half-assed, but his voice dropped away and his cheeks went red and it felt like the air in his lungs had deflated all in that single gasp of shock. **"I wear the underwear that Daddy want me to wear. And so do you now."** I reached for the diaper and held it in front of me, smiling. **"So thick and crinkly, you know you want me to put it on you... and then you can wear one of my night-gowns and when Daddy gets here we can run up to him all excited and cuddly, and he can lift out matching nighties and check our diapered behinds..."**

I let out a little breath. If the room wasn't spinning before... **"I... I don't think you have any right... t-talking to me like that!"** I shook my head and tried to think of why. She wasn't putting me below her, she was putting me on the same level. But we weren't! **"You're my little girl!"**

I ignored the words as best I could, though my stomach was churning and it was taking constant effort not to slip into my little self - I was teetering on the edge and I had to win soon or else I wouldn't have a hope. He knew my weaknesses. **"And Daddy will smile at us both, take us in his hands and bring us up here. He'll lay us down like the other day, next to each other, and we'll lay still and kiss one another while he tells us how beautiful we are..."**

I shook my head and smiled, sleepily, and falsely. **"I think Daddy"** - I really needed to stop calling him that while I was trying to win my ownership over Emme - **"will get here and teach me how to treat you properly, so you behave. And you'll be in your proper place."**

"M-m-my p-proper p-p-place is... is... cuddling up to Daddy... with you on the other side cuddled up to him too, our heads next to one another on his chest..." I wasn't pinning him down anymore, I was just

precariously perched atop his stomach, the diaper loosely clutched to my chest and my voice a little weaker than I wanted for it to be.

"You're not the same as me, Emme. You're a girl." "You're a girl!" She was desperate. She was breaking, and it was a good thing, too. I could barely move, and only enough to sit up. She was still taller than me on my lap. I couldn't overpower her physically. **"At least I don't still mess myself."**

"I..." My chest was racing and I shook my head, stars in my vision as I tried to think of something to say. Anything. Anything at all! I looked at the boy and I bit my lip. **"Y-y-you will! I'll m-m-make you before Daddy gets here... I have things that can... can make you... make you do that! You'll be Daddy's messy princess too..."**

I smiled dumbly at the girl and she turned pink. This was over, and thankfully, too. **"Lie down and cuddle with me for a little while, and we'll pretend today didn't happen. I won't get you in trouble when Corles gets here, and we can have a nice day. Isn't that nice?"** Say yes. I'm so damn tired.

"...just wan' put you in a diaper for Daddy... 'cause... 'cause... want him to know you wan' to make him happy..." I was looking down at the boy, the diaper now placed down on his chest and my fingers playing idly across the crinkling plastic.

She'd regressed. It was something I saw Emme do with Corles a lot, but never with me. I felt so accomplished. I took her hand and she crawled off me. I laid her down on the bed and untaped her diaper. The pink diaper she had brought up for me wound up wrapped around her hips and I lowered the skirt. I was barely conscious by the time I crawled up next to her and collapsed, instantly falling asleep.

53.)

I didn't like that I hadn't won, but by the time I slipped Call's thumb into my mouth and dozed off I didn't really have too much I cared about. I woke up before him - it had only been an hour or so, and he showed no signs at all

of waking up. Corles still wasn't here and I slipped his thumb free of my lips and slid off the bed. I couldn't believe he'd done that, but now, in his vulnerable sleeping state? I was going to make everything right. Pacifier. Diaper. Suppositories. Nightgown. Ribbons for his hair. Perfect. I could probably do most of it without even waking him up.

I only came to because my stomach hurt, and it hurt bad. The exhaustion before the nap had burned straight through me, all down to the two hours I'd slept comfortably and soundly on the bed. I'd been rolled over and prodded and poked nonstop in my sleep, but I felt none of it. But now, awake, I felt better. The drugs were through me, at least the harsh effects, and now I only had the stomach pain to deal with. I whimpered.

"Hey you." I sat down on the edge of the bed with the plate of warm chocolate chip cookies I'd just pulled out of the oven. Call was dressed in a mint green nightgown with green white and yellow ribbons on his short hair, pulled into small pigtails. The pacifier between his lips was yellow and the diaper was a plain white one. He looked at me, sucking obliviously on the pacifier, and I smiled. **"Want a cookie, beautiful?"** Gosh he really was beautiful. And Corles would be here soon, too!

I reached for a cookie, but the cramps hit my stomach hard and I whimpered again. I went to talk, and noticed the pacifier. I'd been sleeping with a pacifier? And I noticed the gown, and the thickness between my legs. I was wearing a diaper, too? How did... while I was asleep?! Had I slept that soundly?! I quickly took the pacifier out and looked harshly at Emme. **"You really are a little brat!"** I was awake now. I was strong.

"Shh. Daddy will be here soon. He's really excited to see you and I told him that you wanted to get dressed up specially for him. You don't want Daddy to be disappointed, do you?" I offered the plate of cookies again. **"They're fresh and so so yummy. Try one?"**

I took the whole plate of cookies and put them on the nightstand, then pushed Emme down on the bed. Before she had anything to say I climbed on top of her the same way I was earlier, sturdy now, strong. **"You think you can dress your boyfriend up like a little girl, like you're older? We could dress you in your Mom's panties, see how long it takes for-"** But the cramp hit my stomach hard and I lost all my balance. Ow, ow, ow...

As soon as the cramp hit Call, I flipped him over and pinned him back down, sitting right on his stomach. I didn't know how it would be in his body but it had been half an hour since I slipped the last of the suppositories inside of his little pink behind and I knew that in my timeframe, I'd lost all control if Daddy put enough pressure on my stomach. **"So you don't want to make Daddy happy? Such a little brat!"** I bounced as I spoke that last word.

I whimpered into the air above me, my whole body trembling. **"I'm y..your Daddy too, Emme! I s-swear...! I..."** I didn't have any threats. I couldn't think. The stomach pains were too much. It had to have been something I ate...

"I have one Daddy..." I leaned down closer to his lips, shifting all my weight onto his stomach. **"And an adorable little sister."** My kiss that followed cut off any protest and I kept my lips firmly planted on his, assertive but not possessive, not like Daddy, not even like the way Call kissed when he tried to be in charge. My own little brand of kiss.

I felt my cheeks turn pink and new waves of pain shot through my body. I whimpered into Emme's lips and did my best not to tremble. Little sister...? **"I... I'm not..."** But before I had another word out, she'd put the pacifier between my lips. Instinctively, I sucked, but only for a second before I spit it out. Fuck! **"I SAID-"**

I slapped Call's cheek firmly and put the pacifier back in place, wriggling myself on his stomach. **"You're my pretty little sister, you look up to me for help in pleasing Daddy and looking pretty and you want nothing more but to cuddle up with Daddy with me, or for Daddy to change us while we kiss and he plays with us. You want to kneel in front of Daddy with me and take turns licking his ice-cream..."** His cheeks went red. They went so tellingly red. And I grinned. **"You're my sister and a princess and a boy."**

"I-" Even talking through the pacifier got another slap to my cheek. It reminded me of the kissing with Emme, and when Corles would slap my thighs. Another word didn't come out of my mouth as Emme smiled down at me, whispering words I didn't want to hear. Speak up, Call! Fuck! Do something!

"Such a good little sister. You were right, Call, we're not equals - you're my little baby sister. And I love you very very much. And I know you're a brat sometimes, but you do just want to make Daddy happy." My hand slipped behind me and gently pulled the night-gown up, pressing fingers against his very thick diaper. **"Right?"**

"Em-" But the hand came hard against my cheek again and I whimpered into submission. I raised my hand and she raised hers, so I lowered mine the same way I did with Corles. I didn't understand why I was listening to her... she was a girl...! I tried to say it: **"You're a g-"** But another slap came to my cheek and tears started down. The cramps hit again and I started to cry like a child. Pathetic...

"It's okay, it is, because little girls cry, sweetie... little girls cry and when they do they come to their big sister for cuddles and comfort. Do you want cuddles, Call?" The boy looked up through teary eyes and nodded softly and I continued. **"Then are you a princess?"**

"I'm-" But her hand raised and I whimpered quietly in otherwise silence. I didn't want to be slapped... so I nodded my head. She smiled so happily and cuddled me, still sitting on top, and then another wave hit, and I realized why. Oh, no... I raised my hands to push the girl off me, but she slapped my cheek for the fifth time. My hands fell limp, like I couldn't move...

"Enjoy your cuddles, Call. Cuddles are special and you shouldn't interrupt them for anything. Understand?" The boy slowly nodded and I kissed his nose, cuddling up close to his body, though staying on top of him. I knew it would be soon - seconds, maybe a minute or two. But he was going to learn not to place himself above me just because I still mess!

"Em-" She ended the cuddle, sat up straight, and looked at me harshly. I went to finish my conversation, but instead she grabbed my chin. **"When you have your pacifier, you suck it. You never speak until I or Daddy take it out. That's the first of your rules."** **"First...?"** But another slap to my cheek brought new tears. I got no comfort this time.

"First." I confirmed to the crying boy and he looked up at me with something in his eyes close to understanding. **"Rule two is never ever to ruin a cuddle from Daddy or I. For any reason whatsoever. Am I**

clear?" He sucked on the pacifier and looked into my eyes but found only resolve.

I nodded my head softly, looking away from Emme shamefully. I didn't know what else to do. I couldn't stand up against her. I couldn't stop her. I couldn't argue. I couldn't fight. So I sat and I cried and I nodded and I sucked the pacifier harder and harder as the pains in my tummy grew.

"Rule three. Daddy is your world. And when he's not here, I'm your world." I didn't look for confirmation, this time, I just laid down next to the boy on the bed and cuddled up to his chest as he sucked on the pacifier. He was learning, at least!

She wasn't on me now, not completely. I could fight. I could push her off me. I could pin her down, or run to the bathroom. But my fingers didn't move. I kept crying, sucking on my pacifier, doing my best not to let the inevitable happen. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know if there was anything I could do!

He could wriggle free. He could pin me down, he could have me in a little girl haze in a heartbeat. But he didn't. He lay still, sucking on his pacifier, savoring the cuddle. The churning in his stomach was audible now, even to me, and I smiled a little bit in anticipation. **"Daddy will be here soon. He's looking so forward to see you again, princess."**

"I don't-" But I shut up instantly. Emme didn't make a move against me, but I shut up anyway. I had the pacifier in my mouth. No talking. Emme sat up and smiled, her fingers running up my leg. No... no! She wasn't winning this! **"I..."** Talk, Call! **"..."** Fuck! **"I..."**

"If you break rule #1, you get ten spankings for every syllable. And then another ten from Daddy." I watched the implication that it would be a spanking from me set in. And then that he'd be punished twice. And then that he'd likely be doing this in a messy diaper. **"And it would spoil the whole afternoon, all of Daddy's plans and happiness. Do you want that? Or do you want to make Daddy happy? Don't you think he deserves it? Don't you think if you can do something - anything - that you know makes him happy, you should?"**

Spankings from a girl shouldn't scare me. Spankings from Emme shouldn't.

But they did. I felt so pathetic, so small. She was so big. She was always smaller than me, but now she felt bigger, and I didn't get it. I could barely think. I felt foggy, everything was foggy... **"Pwease..."** I shouldn't have said it, and the lisp was accidental, but I couldn't stop it happening! I couldn't make it go back to normal!

I gave him a stern look for a moment and then shot the boy a smile, gently rubbing his tummy through the night-gown as I lay next to him. **"No talking while your pacifier is in. No ruining cuddles. Do everything to make Daddy happy."** My head was laid on his chest, the embrace obviously qualifying as a cuddle, as I continued to rub his tummy. **"There's a good girl, such a good princess."**

I should have moved. I should have fought. I knew better. I was a boy. I didn't take orders from girls! But I couldn't help it. I stayed, and as the pains grew worse, I pushed the mess into the seat of my diaper like I'd done only once before, filling the room with the smell of my shame. Everything was the wrong size. I was so small...

"Daddy is going to be so proud of you, princess. Just like he was proud of me when I did it for him... not because he made me, but because I wanted to make him proud. And you wanted to make him proud, too... it's why you did it... you're Daddy's stinky little pretty princess..." He didn't move to get up, he didn't freak out, he just lay there and sucked his pacifier. I rolled over and climbed back on top of him, gently lifted away the pacifier and kissed him.

"Emme, I..." She kissed me again, though, and the tears had already run out. I missed the pacifier between my lips, but she kept kissing me so I kept quiet. She kissed and kissed and I kissed back. She never got any smaller, though, twice my size, maybe three, and she kept running her hands wherever she wanted and I kept still and quiet, letting it happen and letting myself enjoy it.

"Daddy will be home soon..." I whispered softly at the tail end of a kiss, gently running one hand over the front of Call's diaper as the other cradled his cheek. **"He's going to be so proud of you, princess. You watch the way he smiles, you watch the way he looks at you. The way he takes your hand in his. Nothing will ever feel better than that moment..."**

54.)

I wanted to change. I wanted to get up or do *something*. I wanted to let this whole situation wash away. But I felt weak and small, and every time I thought about moving I thought about Emme and her size. I was dizzy with information, new stimuli, and oh so humiliated. I just needed to get up...

"Don't move. You don't need to, you're my little boy, my teeny tiny little princess." I knew that my would soon be replaced with Daddy's as was the inevitability of our arrangement, but I'd been the one to make Call mess, so for now, in this moment, he was mine. **"You're such a beautiful helpless little doll... why would you ever want to grow up? You'll be my little sis forever~"**

I couldn't move. Each word of Emme's brought a warmth to my stomach that I couldn't understand. This wasn't something I'd ever felt, in any regard. I tried not to think about it, but it was all encompassing, the way the diaper shifted between my legs. I was at a loss...

I climbed back atop the boy, the smell between his legs emanating into my bedroom as it had from me hundreds of times before. He didn't move. I kissed him, and I whispered softly. **"That's something you're going to get very used to... Daddy calls it Princess Smell. So you will too."** I was kissing him when the door opened downstairs - I'd heard the sound of Corles's car pull up a few moments before so it was clearly him.

I sat up quickly, my cheeks the color of tomatoes, and tried to get up off the bed. Emme didn't have to push me down, though, just hold onto my wrist, and it was like an iron grip. I couldn't get free, though I didn't seem to even try. I sunk back into the bed, the mess pushing against my bottom. I just wanted to get up...

The door to the bedroom opened and Corles smiled at the scene - Emme on the edge of the bed and Call laying down, cheeks red, lost for breath. The smell in the room and the smile and the blush made the scene clear, but taking the clear route would be no fun. **"Oh my little Emme, is that your Princess Smell?" "Nuhuh, Daddy. Calllllly, tell Daddy wha' you did for him. Go on. Be a good boy."** Corles smiled and sat on the edge of

the bed, taking Call's other hand and leaning in to kiss his nose. **"And just what did you do, my little princess?"**

I could barely talk. The pacifier was still in my mouth and that meant, even if I could, I still couldn't. I mumbled something entirely incoherent behind the pacifier. My cheeks were on fire. Everything was so wrong, so big, and Corles was a giant. His hand enveloped mine like nothing else, and I couldn't help but look away from the boy. My heart was racing.

Corles lifted Call into his lap effortlessly and wrapped both of his arms around the boy, embracing him tightly even as Call squirmed as the mess shifted in his diaper. Emme grinned and held onto the one hand, like a child following along. **"Is there something you'd like to tell Daddy, my beautiful little princess? Did you make a mess? It's okay, you know - all the prettiest princesses make messies."**

"I..." Emme took the pacifier from my mouth at seeing my wince and I looked up at Corles, up, on his lap, up, I was almost sure. I bit hard on my lower lip and fumbled for words. Say no. Or deny it. But what was the point. **"I... I um... y...yeah..."** My voice was broken and meek, entirely unlike me. I couldn't figure it out...

"You're such a good boy, Call. Such a well behaved little princess - you knew Daddy was going to be here, so you made sure you had a little gift for me." Corles turned Call's face to face his, and then kissed his lips softly, looking into his eyes. **"Daddy is very proud of you, my little princess."**

I nodded my head shyly, and... and I think I even smiled. Oh gosh. I wasn't enjoying this, right? I shook my head and quickly looked down, my cheeks turning red all over again. Emme looked at me curiously and I did my best not to think about it. I didn't feel right...!

"It's okay, lil' sis, you know it took me a long, long time to learn to be a good girl for Daddy." **"It's true, my little princess. You're making Daddy very very happy. And that's what you want most, isn't it? To do the things that make Daddy happy? Daddy would like for you to do this more often, do you think you could do that?"** **"And Daddy can change us together, too!"**

I nodded my head shyly and slowly, playing with my fingers in my lap. The room was smelling horrible already and I knew I was the reason. But I couldn't make myself ask to be changed. I couldn't really make myself do anything. I just wanted to make Corles and Emme happy...

"Would you like to be changed, my beautiful boy? Or would you like to stay in that for a little longer - there's no wrong answer, just say what you feel." I was so giddy at the state Call was in - the boy who'd wanted so badly not to be an Untrained was becoming even more deeply immersed and wonderfully surrounded in everything I'd become for Corles.

I shrugged my shoulders, still looking away, still embarrassed. And I didn't care, not really. I just wanted Corles and Emme to be happy. I wanted to change, to escape the smell, but they came first. I just wish they weren't so big... wish I had more of a say in it. But even though he'd asked, I knew I didn't.

55.)

Corles stood up and hoisted the boy into his arms like he weighed nothing at all - the bigger boy didn't work out or anything, but he did carry Emme around enough that this was easy. Emme passed her Daddy the pacifier and it was slipped back between Call's lips, the boy sucking on it contentedly as he was carried out of the bedroom. **"Daddy are you going to change Call?" "Not quite yet, my pretty girl. I'm going to sit on the sofa with him, while you prepare a bottle."** Bottle's were culturally very very intrinsically female. No boy used them at an age they could remember and girls would often use them up until their early teens in quiet times. They were very synonymous with being a girl and with being little, and perhaps even more than diapers, the girls uniforms or anything else, were seen as something only for girls.

I was propped up on Corles' lap with my head against his chest. I was so damn comfortable. Despite the messy diaper and the smell that followed me around, I just wanted to lie here forever and never leave. Emme had vanished somewhere, but Corles was still playing with my hair, sitting on the sofa.

"I knew from the moment I saw you that you were special, my little princess. Special in a way that only you can be, so beautiful and small and wonderful, the perfect little boy for a Daddy who could see it."

Corles continued to play with Call's hair, gently rocking him as he sucked on the pacifier. **"I'm so proud of you, I'm so happy that you're mine. Your sister is getting something very special ready for you now, are you excited?"**

I nodded shyly and continued to suck on the pacifier. The way he cradled me made me so sleepy, but I'd already napped and was wide awake. I curled up against him like it was normal and tried to ignore the state of my diaper, or that I was wearing one at all.

Emme came back into the room a moment later with the bottle - it was filled with an off-white liquid that was recognizable to most any girl as formula. Of course, the toddler to preteen solution was a little tastier than the infant solution and tasted mostly of caramel. She held the bottle out and Corles took it with one hand, and used his other hand to slip Call's pacifier out of his lips. **"My little princess, Daddy will only give you your baba if you ask for it. Do you want it? Do you want to be a pretty little boy?"**

I nodded my head, absently, but it didn't seem to be enough. That was smart of him. The automated responses happened on their own. I had no say. But verbally acknowledging... **"I... I don't..."** The bottle was held above my head, my glossy eyes unable to focus on it properly. Emme watched curiously, knowing full well I'd deny it. But it... maybe it looked good. But that wasn't it. Corles *wanted* me to drink it. Emme wanted it. So... I wanted it. **"Please... can I..."**

Emme smiled first - or maybe it was because her lips were the only ones that Call could see from his angle. She was gleeful, and Corles leaned the boy back a little more and then slipped the teat of the bottle between his lips. He'd never heard of this, never heard of a boy going into little space, never heard of a boy accepting such feminine gestures before. Call truly was special. **"Drink up, my beautiful boy."**

I sipped at the bottle and... well, I was impressed. I mean, the flow of the bottle was annoying as hell, but once it really sunk in how little time mattered, the whole experience was pleasant. And the liquid itself, even,

tasted good! My vision fogged over and I sucked on the bottle. Somehow, I was slipping further...

"He's definitely in little space, isn't he, Daddy?" I spoke about the boy as he softly sucked on the bottle, his eyes open by the staff manning the world inside definitely having gone home for the night. He was blissfully oblivious - I didn't doubt the fact he probably couldn't even hear me, let alone register words. I knew how I got when I was in little space. **"He most certainly is. I wasn't aware it was a possibility for boys." "It's not... at least, I've never heard of it. He's so blissful. Is that how I am?" "He's even deeper, but maybe that's because it's new to him." "He's beautiful... and 'tinky." "Sounds like someone else I know, too."** I blushed with a smile and looked down at Call as he continued to suck.

The bottle, finally, came to an end. I sucked in a breath of air before Corles pulled the teat out of my mouth and Emme slipped the pacifier back in. They were both so big now, so much bigger than before, and I could fit in the palm of Corles' hand. I hugged myself against his chest as he picked me up again, my eyes glossy and inaccurate. I felt so peaceful...

When Corles took the boy to the changing room, it was so much different to any other time - he lay Call down and Call just smiled contentedly, obviously, wonderfully. And there was nothing sexual, either, not as the diaper was peeled away and Call was meticulously cleaned up with deft strokes of baby wipes. Emme was playing with Call's hair, but she didn't say anything - only Corles did. **"Such a good boy, laying still for Daddy. Now, do you want a clean diaper? A pink one? Would you like to match your big sister? You're going to be wearing these from now on."**

I nodded my head, no blush touching my cheeks. I sucked on the pacifier and looked up at the giant Emme's giant eyes as she leaned over me, playing with my hair. I made absolutely no fuss as the boy cleaned me up.

Corles powered Call and re-diapered him, before picking him back up and taking him upstairs with Emme in tow. **"Emme, lay with your sister, I'm going to make a call so he can stay the night here."** I nodded happily, sitting in my colorful bed and pulling Call into my arms like an oblivious child or a blank doll.

I cuddled up to Emme like she was a very large teddy bear and she put her arms around me, playing with my hair. I wasn't tired, not in the slightest, but the dizzy haze that had brought itself over my world made it hard to make sense of anything. Emme smiled at me and spoke, but it all came out vague and deep, like giant speak. I understood it, to a degree, but nothing consciously.

I wasn't sure that Call could understand me, or that he was even listening, but I spoke nonetheless. **"You can be pretty now whenever you want. Pretty pink diapers and your own pacifier and Daddy bottle-feeding you at school. And soon Daddy will give you his very special place to suck on, too... and you're going to love it so much, pretty princess Call..."**

It was a long while of talking and cuddling before Corles came back. He sat on the edge of the bed and him and Emme exchanged words. I couldn't make any sense of any of it. I tried, but the dizziness wouldn't fade. I wondered when, or if, the haze would break, but it wouldn't quell.

"He's very deep into it, Daddy." **"You were, too, when you first went into your little space for me. Still, often it's a struggle to bring you back."** **"Do you think we should try? He's so content..."** **"I'm going to lay down with him for a spell, I think. He should get used to cuddling up to my bare chest."** **"You think he'll wanna sleep?"** **"I think he'll want what Daddy says is best."**

Corles took off his shirt and curled up next to me, on one side, Emme on the other. I wondered what I should do, but the next instant Corles carefully guided me to his chest. I put my head against his heart and the beating started to quiet me. The haze persisted. I heard words, light words, airy words, but Corles' words, and then, soon after, I fell asleep.

"It's just Call and Corles, Momma." I was standing in the doorway pouting at my Mom as she she tried to figure out what to make of the situation - that there were two boys in my room. In my bed. Corles was smiling, the smaller boy still cuddled up so close to him. **"I promise there's no silly business."** It had been a few hours of rest when Mom had gotten home, though it felt like days and days - I wondered how Call would feel when he woke up.

56.)

It was likely no surprise when Emme's mom saw me in the pink diaper, but maybe it was best I never knew about it. I was still self-conscious, after all. It was another hour, just before dinner, that I finally woke up, my head still on Corles' chest and the pacifier between my lips. The boy was already awake though, but Emme was nowhere to be found. **"Hi..."**

"Hello, my little prince. How did you sleep?" Corles decided to err on the side of caution, but the next word that came from Call's lips did pleasantly surprise him. **"Princess..."** It was muffled by the pacifier, but definitely audible, and Corles played with the boy's hair. **"Of course, my beautiful princess."**

I felt my cheeks turn pink and I quickly climbed to my knees. I felt weak just by being an inch apart from Corles. I let my fingertips linger on his leg. **"I... I don't remember what happened..."** It wasn't a lie, but it wasn't the truth either. It was so vague...

The boy sat up, but couldn't quite pry himself apart, his fingers still on Corles's leg as he spoke. The bigger of the two wrapped his hand around the smaller's and smiled warmly. **"You had a wonderful afternoon, my little princess, and you made me very proud of you."**

I remembered very well the incident of my messing, of Emme climbing on top of me, and me letting it all happen. I didn't understand... and then... oh gosh, did I drink from a bottle?! I stood up off the bed, completely apart from Corles now, and bit hard on my lip. Oh man... **"I... I don't know what happened. My head didn't feel right..."**

"Colloquially, it's known as 'Little Space' - it's a frame of mind whereby you're able to let go of some of the responsibilities forced upon you when growing up and accept a wonderfully oblivious state. In some regards, Emme tells me, it can feel very literal; she describes me as much bigger when she's in her little space." Of course, there was the indisputable fact that boys didn't have little space.

"But boys don't have little space!" It was something he knew. It was something I knew, and that was saying something. I wasn't very well informed on a lot of subjects, but this one I was. It was what gave me such a distinct advantage over Emme when she thought she could be assertive.

"You're an exception, I suppose." Which didn't make any sense, but there really was no denying it at all based on what had happened. **"I don't see why it wouldn't be possible, my little princess. Little space tends to be invoked by an influential Daddy and it would make sense that people believe boys can't have those moments because most boys don't have Daddy's. Then again... you might be special, but I always knew you were."**

"I'm not special," I said with a frown. Corles didn't hesitate in his smile, though, like he'd expected it of me. I shook my head and put my arms over my chest. **"It wasn't... little space or whatever. I was tired and uncomfortable and... maybe I was... dissociating or something. Can't we just forget about it?"** But it was easier said than done. The serenity left a warmth in my tummy.

"Do you want to forget it, to pretend it didn't happen?" It was without a doubt a trick question - nobody who'd ever experienced little space would want to give it up; Emme had verified that. **"Have you ever felt so warm, so safe and calm and beautiful?"**

I opened my mouth to argue, but it was evident from the expression on my face how much I liked the sensations, the complete bliss. I missed it already. But little space...? It couldn't be. It wasn't a thing in boys. It was in our genetics or something... **"I don't think it's little space..."**

"Would it be so bad if it were? You'd be able to feel the same things that Emme does. Be able to cherish everything having me as your Daddy can bring you. Share little space with Emme, even... would that be so bad? What is it so difficult to accept as a possibility, my little princess? You're a remarkable boy, maybe your body is adapting to your situation."

"Well, I don't want it to!" I wasn't angry, though, not like I usually was. I was... scared. I bit my lip and took a step away from the bed, away from

Corles. I played with my fingers in front of me. **"Listen... I... I'm not like that. It's not like that. I just got ahead of myself is all..."**

Corles simply smiled and counted ten in his head, letting the boy experience his sense of loss and confusion for just long enough that he'd remember. After the silent count, he stood up and crossed the distance, pulling the smaller boy into his strong embrace, cuddling him to his chest and playing with his hair. **"You're a boy. With little space. And that's okay - because I love you."**

I had more to argue, but the way he said it, the way he used that word... I sunk into his arms and wrapped my own around him. Maybe it was okay, if he said so. Maybe this was more okay than I'd ever give it credit for, more than I'd ever give myself credit for. But Corles had all the credit to give, and with him, maybe I could believe in this okay for just a little bit.

"Dinner's ready!" I stood in the doorway of the bedroom, smiling at Call cuddled up intently close to Corles as they stood by my closet. I didn't mean to interrupt anything, but both of them looked at me with contented little smiles. **"Momma made meatloaf and mashed potatoes. Come on you two, there's plenty for everyone."**

Corles took me down the stairs, my hand in his, and Emme kept looking back up at me to smile. I wasn't so concerned about my wearing Emme's nightgown, no more than I was concerned about the pink diaper. Maybe my little space changed me, or maybe I was just learning to listen to my Daddy after all. But for once in my life, despite the complexities and the abnormalities, I was content. With Corles and Emme, I was happy.

Names & Colors

Call Lindemann

Emme Matruglio

Corles Stee

Lina

Headmaster

Mal

Ivy

Ava

Valence

Lewney

Corles' Mom

Corles' Dad

Krystin Weinert

Celine