

6 - Round Two

“So you liked what we did today?...All of it?” The atmosphere was still raw; thick with apprehension, despite hearing such a positive response.

“Yes...I don’t know why completely, but I think I did enjoy it all...” There was the embarrassment, but looking back on it now, being with Joyce made it strangely okay. Now that Joyce has stripped her bare and seen her emotions and still chooses to accept her, she felt she could stomach just about anything as long as her protector was there to see her through. “Apart from what you did for me at the end...” Emily blushed. “I liked doing it with you, like all the things we do together...” Emily seemed to be having trouble getting the next few words out, “...and I guess I liked being taken care of...”

Joyce stared at Emily for a moment, almost wide-eyed, trying to place her thoughts. Could Emily have had some inner desires going into this as well? Maybe she was on some kind of level submissive? It didn’t matter; Joyce was too happy with her response, and was relieved it had gone so well for Emily too.

“That’s great Emily, really,” Joyce couldn’t do anything but smile. “But I want you to know it was never my plan to take advantage of you like that earlier...” Joyce herself started to feel the seeds of regret bloom from within. “What I did was spur of the moment, and I tried to make you feel better in an aggressive way...I took advantage of you, and you weren’t in the right state of mind to give me your consent; I can’t apologize enough for that.”

Joyce could feel the soft touch of another hand on her own, looking up to see Emily’s gaze transfixed on her.

“It’s okay; I trust you.”

Joyce couldn't help but feel the need to turn away for a moment; bombarded by a wave of emotion from Emily’s direction. When had she been able to make her feel like this? She wasn’t sure why, but Joyce could only feel an overwhelming amount of presence from Emily, who seemed to be projecting herself so easily now. What kind of revelation had this experience given her? It was as if a key unlocked something deep inside her most hidden recesses; dusting off the shelves, and pulling back the curtains. Joyce expected this to be an end goal– not a start...! Granted, these were feelings for Joyce, not the baby treatment.

There would still be changes and additions, there would be embarrassment, and there would likely be tears. It was an adventure Emily was willing to embark upon, and Joyce had every

intention to whisk her off her feet, and stroll through the fields of apprehension, confusion, intimacy, and joy with her bundle of joy nestled in her arms. Just to impart sweet serenity upon the one she cherished most would be enough for her sun to rise. Not only had there been an awakening within Emily, but Joyce could feel herself being swept along as well. The stimulation was undeniably contagious.

“Thank you, Emily.” Joyce could feel her resonate within her heart. Her maternal instinct was rising higher and higher; sifting closer to the surface. It was finally within reach, and Joyce wanted more than anything to reach out; clutch it and never let go. In front of her was an amazing person, who was an irreplaceable friend; a partner. But in addition to that, she was also her little girl that needed to be taken care of, and to be loved and looked after. The rapid shift in perspective was surreal, but not unwelcome. Was this what other people felt in these kinds of situations?

Regardless of what the two felt, though, the only affirmation they needed was to be locked in each other’s arms.

“So...” Emily’s embarrassment had started to show, and the bravado began to fade. “When *is* next time?”

“Well,” Joyce nuzzled her cheek on the top of her head. “I’d like to get a few more things before we get into this again to make things...*better* for the both of us.” Now that she was on board, there wasn’t the need to feel so restrained when buying the things for her baby girl, now. Emily’s thrill and excitement were obvious, but since this was just the first time, things may still be up in the air. She’d have to expand her arsenal slowly, but effectively.

“Like what?” Emily wasn’t sure how she felt about the lack of a specific date; not one for being left in the dark, especially about something so emotionally rewarding.

“Maybe some upgrades here and there, and some new stuff, too. You’ll find out later.” She intentionally kept the most tantalizing bits in the dark, knowing that she was probably teasing Emily right about now. Still, though, why bother wrapping a present for someone if they already know what’s inside? It was her job to worry about the technical aspect of things; Emily just needed to see the pretty colors, whirring bells and whistles, popping fireworks; all the fruits born by Joyce’s labor.

It was annoying to get an answer like that, and Joyce probably knew what she was doing too.

“Come on, can’t you tell me a little bit?” Emily prodded, gently shaking her arm, trying to get a glimpse inside the loop she was being kept out of. “Give me *something* to look forward to!”

“Look at the time!” Joyce deflected, looking at a nearby clock. “I better get dinner started, otherwise we’ll both starve!” She excused herself, already hatching a meal idea before she could turn on the stove. She also remembered that she hadn’t given Emily lunch today...Although the late breakfast was in some part to blame. For the days Joyce was at work and Emily was home by herself, she may or may not have stolen a look at the security cameras once or twice to see if she had made anything, which she didn’t. But she had no intention of telling Emily that she knew. Regardless, when they had their...”special” time together, Joyce would have to step up her “mommy” game and make sure Emily was well-fed. Maybe that could rub off on her and shape into a daily routine; with or without Joyce’s guidance. To be so doting had her over the moon.

The rhythmic clack of metal to a cutting board began, and she hummed her friendly melody.

“Emily? Dinner’s ready,” Joyce walked into the living room, with the girl nowhere to be found. “Emily? Where did you go...?” Joyce spoke to herself in a low voice as she approached the couch from behind. As she peeked over, sure enough, there she was. Clearly, she was still tired from waking up, and Joyce pleasuring her likely took a lot of energy out of her as well.

Joyce leaned over her while she nudged Emily’s shoulder. “Emily? It’s dinnertime; are you awake?” After enough coaxing, she began to stir; her eyes opening soon enough.

“Hmmm..nnn...” She trembled all over, as her limbs tried to spread as far as possible in every direction. “Joyce? When...when did I fall asleep?”

“Beats me; I’ve been making dinner. And speaking of which, it’s finished now and ready to eat. Does somebody think they’ve hibernated enough?” She grinned.

Groggily, Emily followed into the kitchen, taking her seat on the cushioned chair that remained unchanged from this morning. She felt a calming heat radiate from her plate, as she looked down at the splash of fried vegetables diced into cubes, small strips of beef scattered throughout, and a swirl of noodles woven in abundance through the many toppings and seasonings.

“Stir fry?” Emily asked as she sniffed the wonderful scent; already itching for her fork.

“Yep! I figured it’d be something relatively easy to make.” Joyce nonchalantly boasted. Sometimes, Emily couldn’t tell if she were being sarcastic, or truly didn’t understand the might of her cooking...It was nice she didn’t always toot her own horn--intentionally, at least--but food

at this kind of level deserved at least some personal recognition. To produce something like this so casually and think nothing of it was almost intimidating. A god treading among its subjects; never stopping to notice the ants that may be caught underneath their feet; she was totally oblivious to her skill.

“How did you learn to cook so well?” Emily couldn’t sate her curiosity for any longer; it was beyond delicious, and she felt compelled to discover its origins.

“Well, I don’t know if “learn” is the right word to use,” Joyce pondered. “My dad always liked to cook, so I just picked up a few things here and there from him.”

“Was he a chef?” It was a likely assumption, considering just “a few things” amounted to something like this.

“Yeah,” She paused to swallow. “He was the head chef at some restaurant in California at some point. It’s been so long though, I can’t even remember which one. Does that make me look bad?”

The smallest amount of concern on her face was hard not to giggle at. “No, I don’t think so. And you’re from California?” It was always a treat to discover those small tidbits; nuggets of truth that illuminated the darkness surrounding Joyce.

“I never told you?”

“No; what does your mom do?”

“Oh, they don’t work anymore. Between their own success, and a little of my own, they were able to retire a couple of years ago. We still do stuff every now and then. But what about you? Where did you grow up, and where are your parents right now?”

“Well, technically I’m from Japan, but I was only there for about a year until my parents moved us to Washington back here.”

“Oh, so you weren’t very far from me. Why did your parents move?”

“I guess my dad was homesick,” Emily remembered somewhat; it wasn’t something she really over considered... “That’s what they tell me, I guess. My dad is American and my mom is Japanese, so I’m sorta mixed, I suppose.”

“Is that so? I think you pull the look of quite well.”

Her cheeks became as warm as her plate; always taken aback by Joyce's overbearing forwardness.

"Any siblings?" Joyce continued.

"Nope, just me, an only child. You?"

"One. He's my younger brother. He turned...29 last time I checked? Birthdays are hard," She joked, taking a sip from her glass. "Speaking of which, when's yours?"

"May 29." Emily did her best to speak in between her bites, but she was caught between the desire to speak and to shovel another mouthful of seasoned, noodly goodness into her mouth. And her birthday wasn't far off from now, last time she checked. When was the last time she checked? Usually she'd have her phone...*crap*. That's right.

"Something wrong?" The furrowed brow on the girl was hard not to notice.

"Um, no. Kinda, actually..." She let out a sigh. "I just remembered I haven't had a phone in over a week..." Suddenly she started to wonder how many calls she could have potentially missed in that window of time; it stirred a feeling of unease in the pit of her stomach. She never really forgot that she was out of a phone, but only until now was she acutely aware of why she should be concerned. It was nice to disconnect every once in a while, but this was pushing what was considered comfortable. "Have I really been disconnected for that long? What if my parents tried to call me? A friend--or some important email? I haven't been checking everyday...Do you think I-"

"Emily," Joyce called her to her senses from across the table. "Relax, it's okay. There's nothing wrong with taking a little break. We can get you a new phone in the morning. Just take it easy for now?"

Her voice was convincing, and they cut through the haze and confusion of Emily's mind like a hot knife through butter. Once rationalizing things, it was somewhat making a mole out of an anthill. Tomorrow, she would go and buy a cheap phone; just to keep her afloat until she could upgrade to something more usable. At least she'd have something to keep her in the technological loop for the time being.

"Here," Joyce gathered their plates and glasses, moving over to the sink. "I want you to go and take a bath; relax, and clean up for a bit. Do that for me, won't you?"

Emily agreed, now beginning to learn that Joyce's requests were better interpreted as commands; albeit a much more peaceful kind. They had been together long enough for there to be the mutual understanding that Joyce kept her best interests at heart no matter the circumstances. Yes, Emily was a grown woman, yet it became so easy to be strung along by Joyce. Day after day, the sense of having someone to fall back on--a safety net--had been so reassuring as of late.

Emily flicked the light on, as she became reacquainted with one of her most favorite rooms in the entire apartment. The bathroom was always a place she could find herself becoming absent-minded and lose herself in thought (and maybe even sleep). Already falling into her routine, Emily set the bath to fill as she gathered a towel, soap, and conditioner. With the noise of a flush, Emily closed the porcelain throne; satisfying a different bodily need than like before. Had it been *that* over peeing a diaper, how she'd feel then wasn't a fun thought to entertain...It definitely wasn't something she'd like to consider. Vacating such thoughts from her head, Emily stripped and edged herself into the warm water; always ecstatic to indulge in one of her favorite pastimes; with no other engagements to look forward to.

She looked around the room; absorbing the atmosphere. The warm air, humming fan from above, and the water that cleansed her body. With work during the weekdays, showers were her go-to for when she needed to be quick and out the door, but on weekends she could afford to take a bath *much* later in the day; absent of the pressures to be squeaky clean for work. She'd never let herself get dirty; her self-consciousness always got the best of her.

Living with Joyce felt absolutely serene. Each and every day was an amazing experience with her, and being allowed to share a life of luxury with her was something Emily could only dream of. She still had to go and see that ass-hat Jack who was holding all of her stuff hostage, but Joyce made that a thing of the past and simply trivial by helping her settle here. After each and every day she felt more at home with Joyce, and always looked forward to stepping through that solid door.

Their "special" connection was also becoming much more clear after tonight; assuming a much more intimate familiarity. The thoughts made Emily's cheeks burn as she sank lower into the water, as if she were trying to hide her embarrassment from the white tiles. Whatever they had together, a big part of her hoped for it to last for as long as she wanted; being cared for by Joyce like this. Even if she felt like less of an adult because Joyce did so much for her...she was strangely okay with the feeling, or at least she valued it more than her own pride.

Emily shuffled some more in the water over her thoughts; finally moving onto the cleaning process to take her mind off of things.

Joyce sat in her office like she had before Emily's little "incident," with her glasses on as she stared at the computer screen. She almost called it an accident, but everything *did* go where it needed to. She couldn't help but grin. The BUSINESS sticky note was laid to the side of her desk; a nuisance to stare at for long periods of time. Apart from checking the company stocks, Joyce was tending to a different kind of business, as she scrolled through the catalog. Yet sighed as she looked through the half-baked selection of items; initially so driven to already fill a cart.

This was the best online markets could do? On a commercial level? She could only have the best for Emily, and this clearly wasn't it...She knew high-quality furniture and items existed out there, but clearly they'd have to be specially ordered to achieve a more authentic experience. Apart from the furniture, Joyce had a sudden thought that she could use something to her advantage. Picking up the office phone she dialed the number of her secretary and sat in silence. If there was anyone other than Emily she could talk about this to, it was her secretary. As strange of a topic as it was, Sheila had sworn to secrecy in a non-disclosure agreement when she first signed on years ago. There would be no questions asked and that's just how Joyce liked it.

"Hello? Sheila?"

A short pause over the phone.

"Yes. I'm sorry for calling you on a Saturday, but I have something I need you to do first thing Monday morning; sooner if possible."

Another pause.

"I want you to forward a special order I'm sending you soon to the Incontinence Department and have them prototype it immediately. Make sure to have it sent to my office discretely and tell them there may or may not be a bonus in it for them if their work is done well; maybe even a budget increase. No need to tell them where it's going, or who ordered it; just make sure it gets done. I'll include my signature as well so there's no question about the order."

Sheila almost instantly responded. Sheila was always a great listener; like she should be.

"Perfect. I'll be sending you the details shortly." Joyce hung up the phone while she opened up an order form on her computer. She felt giddy at the moment, having the privilege to design what would be taped on Emily's bottom. She would be sure to make them look adorable, durable and

absorbent. She may not know all the material details, but would be sure to include a comment about not skipping out on the more expensive stuff. In times like these, it felt good to be the CEO, and it was all for the sake of Emily. She spent a good half hour coming up with design ideas, describing them in explicit detail, and was sure not to simply gloss over the functionality either. Joyce included the ideal weight and waist range; sure for it to be a perfect fit. Satisfied, she registered the order under one of her retired board member's names, then printed it to sign off the approval section. She slipped it into her fax machine and sent it over to Sheila, who would without a doubt get the job done. It was annoying having to be this thorough through paperwork, but this is what it took to maintain anonymity, which she could appreciate considering her reputation.

Joyce looked back to the page she had been browsing; again, disappointed with the finished products. The much smaller versions looked so much more comfortable and adorable; if only she could simply take those in a bigger size...So why didn't she? At times like these, it felt better than ever to have money to spend.

"Sheila?" Joyce had dialed her trusty assistant again. "And also for Monday, schedule a meeting with the company BabyCare. I want to make a special order with them. Thanks again," Joyce hung up. The last thing was clothes, but she'd be able to find a tailor for that. All she needed was to find a seamstress skilled in this sort of thing...And if she couldn't, she could always resort to the one she always went to; the same one she used to fix some of Emily's clothes. In fact, she already knew Emily's sizes and always kept her clients secret. And the more she thought about it, the more she knew that she'd be the best bet to go with. Decided, Joyce would have to get in touch with her tomorrow to start production immediately. It would be embarrassing at first to talk about, but Joyce knew she could trust her. With all of her plans set into motion, Joyce finished up the rest of her work then put the computer to sleep.

As she walked down the hall, glancing at the bathroom door, she wondered how long Emily had been in there. Knocking on the door, Joyce shouted: "Try not to be too long in there! You don't want to prune, I'd imagine!"

There was a pause, but Joyce started a giggle once she could hear the noise of splashing water afterward; her warning had gotten through.

Thankful for the reminder, Emily quickly had a towel draped over herself as she set the tub to drain.

"Have a nice bath?" Joyce asked while she read a book on the couch.

“Yeah. It’s not often I get to take a bath; it’s nice when I can.” Emily took a seat on the other end of the couch, watching the near silent tv.

It was nice knowing at least one person used the bath. Being so infused with the working world, Joyce always took a shower out of habit. She always felt like she had places to be; things to do, even when she didn’t. Almost all of her free time was now dedicated to Emily (not that she minded), so she almost never had a moment to spare. Yet truth be told, naptime would have been an opportunity for her to address certain matters that had to wait up until now. Hopefully down the line Emily would sleep for a bit longer, Joyce hoped. Still though, even being in the position to think such thoughts made her too happy for words.

“So what are you up to tomorrow?” Emily asked, trying to make small talk.

“Well first,” Joyce set her book down on the coffee table. “I’m taking *you* to get a new phone. I still have your broken one so we can try and salvage the sim card... Then I need to meet with my seamstress to fix the length for a few new outfits I have,” She lied. She would do her absolute best to keep these kinds of things a surprise to Emily. “But apart from that, I can’t think of anything else that needs to be done. What about you?”

“Nothing, really...” Emily said blankly. She wasn’t getting out of the house aside from work lately, as she never really felt the need to. Joyce provided her with comfort here, but she was at times feeling a bit cooped up. She didn’t want to leave without her phone, having very limited options to getting in touch with Joyce. Even now she still didn’t have her number, not that she entirely needed it right now. Her pickup for work was already scheduled and they talked when she got home; everything was planned ahead of time.

“Once you get a phone I’m sure you’ll like to be getting out more often,” Joyce said. But to be honest, she would be a little disappointed if it were the case. Emily being here was part of the new routine Joyce had gotten used to and came to appreciate.

“Maybe...” Was all Emily spoke pensively; her mind occupied with something else.

“Why? What is it?” Joyce took the bait; always able to read Emily’s mood.

“I don’t know...I was just thinking.”

“About?”

Emily looked a bit flustered, trying to muster the courage to speak her words. “Maybe...if we were both free tomorrow...then it would be a good time to do...*that* again?” She was afraid at what Joyce’s response would be; honestly a bit in disbelief she had requested it herself.

“Well...” Joyce was now thinking too. She knew she had told Emily that it would be at least another week before they did it again, but one more day couldn’t hurt. Yes, she wouldn’t have any of the items she ordered for Emily yet, but if another repeat of today was enough to make her happy, Joyce found no issue in indulging her little girl. And another thought crossed her mind, which may appear cruel to Emily, but beneficial in the long run...Tomorrow would be ideal in that case. “Okay then. Sounds good to me, my *wittle girl*.” Joyce happily cooed over to Emily on the other end, trying to not to look so flustered.

The evening went on like that, apart from Joyce excusing herself to go take a shower. Meanwhile, Emily was anxious over what tomorrow would be like. She wanted to be Joyce’s little girl, but her much more independent side manifested the gnawing uncertainty within her. They’ve only done this once, and yet Emily was already craving for more...She said she wanted to stop earlier tonight, but that was her independence fighting for its freedom. She was even a bit surprised at her own desire to be babied by Joyce. It was as if something dormant was awakened by Joyce’s affection for her, and the panic caused from it only made her want to confine in her caretaker even more. Whenever she was left alone with her thoughts, now it was all she could think about; the gushy ideas and feelings seeping into her most rational spaces. Regardless, she’d be happy getting out of the house tomorrow for something other than work; with Joyce no less.

Surprisingly enough, Emily was able to get to bed on her own this time, Joyce not needing to carry her to bed; admittedly strange not needing to do it for the nth night in a row. It was close to eleven and Emily wanted to be well-rested for tomorrow, already being so fatigued from this morning since Joyce decided to wake her up. The apartment was silent, minus the occasional toss or turn from Emily’s room, doing her best to get to sleep. It was a raging battle until somewhere along the way Emily fell asleep before she even realized; everything suddenly black.

“Hmm hmm hmm” Emily could feel herself waking to the sound of humming; already aware of the familiar voice. “Oh, it looks like somebody decided to join me this morning!” Emily could hear the sound of plastic and the smell of lavender as her waist became encased in something snug and comfortable.

“Joyce?” Emily tried to wipe the sleep out of her eyes, opening them to see she was laid on her back. “What’re you-,” She was paused by a yawn erupting from within her. “-doing?”

“I’m getting my little girl ready for the day, silly.” Emily looked forward now to see a sight she hadn’t experienced since yesterday morning. The panties and shorts she had gone to bed with yesterday were now substituted for a white plastic diaper; one that Joyce apparently just finished putting her into.

“When did you...?” Had she really slept through all that? To be fair, Joyce *did* change her clothes one time from what seemed like forever ago...Still, she truly was a heavy sleeper...

“Wittle Emmy likes to sleep all day, doesn’t she?” Joyce touched the tip of her nose to Emily’s. “You didn’t even wake up until I finished putting you in your diaper.”

Being talked down to was already putting her in that small space, yet the intimacy made her heart flutter with excitement knowing she was already back in Joyce’s arms.

“And what’ll it be for my special girl today? Do we want big girl clothes or little girl clothes?”

Why did she have a choice? Emily tried shaking her messy hair back into place, propping her upper half up with her elbows. “What do you mean? You didn’t ask me last time?”

Joyce gave a little laugh. “That’s because we were staying inside. But today we have to run some errands and go outside. Do you want to dress like a grownup today? Or maybe I should decide...”

“Grownup!” The words came out as fast as her sleepy self could muster. She said it before she even had the time to realize Joyce planned on taking her outside like this. “And wait...you mean I have to go outside wearing *this*?” She motioned to the babyhood strapped between her thighs.

“Well, we can’t leave you unprotected while we’re on the go. That would be a bad job on mommy’s part.”

It felt so genuine, the way Joyce was treating her. And who’s to say it wasn’t? But it was more concerning that she was going outside diapered; in public.

“I don’t want to go out like this though...” The idea was nothing short of terrifying. “It’s embarrassing...”

Joyce pulled out a shirt and black yoga pants for Emily. “Don’t pout now. There’s nothing wrong with wearing what mommy picks for you. You’ll be safe and well-protected. I’ll keep you by my side *all* day.”

The words of comfort were nice to hear, but they didn’t change how much Emily didn’t want to go through with this. Yes, she wanted to be babied, but she was expecting this to come much later in the day; after they finished their errand, not before it!

“Now come on, we still need to get you some breakfast. Off the bed, please.”

Reluctantly, Emily stood up, as Joyce got on one knee so Emily could grab her shoulders for balance while she stepped into the yoga pants one leg at a time.

“Such a good girl,” Joyce commented as the shirt came next.

It was the best being with Joyce like this, but going out in public was hurting her mood right now. She wanted to trust Joyce on this, but the thought seemed far too scary.

“See?” Joyce was leading the two out of the room before stopping at the wardrobe mirror. Joyce turned Emily to a side-view and gave her padded bum a pat. “Not even I can tell if you’re diapered. Well, not unless I already know...”

Emily stole a quick glance at the mirror for confirmation, and rushed ahead to escape the teasing. Joyce had already prepared breakfast; the sweet smell of butter, sugar, and cinnamon all mixed together and presented on a plate.

“French toast?” Emily happily did her best to switch gears; a meal she hadn’t had in the longest time.

“Yes it is!” Joyce said as she beamed with positivity, already having Emily’s cut up into bite-sized pieces, and her special coffee drink prepared in her sippy cup. “And I want to see you drink *all* of your milk for me, okay?” Joyce remembered to offer her encouragement, just in case she still had nerves about yesterday. She was already scared of being out in public, she wouldn’t let hydration get the best of her too.

“Uh-huh,” Emily said as she already took a sip. She wasn’t keen on drinking as much as she did yesterday, but she already was thirsty like every other morning. In a long, uninterrupted sip, she set the cup down with a long sigh indicating her satisfied thirst. Joyce seemed to be pleased with that, and started to eat her own breakfast in order to get the day started all the sooner. Breakfast

was as delicious as usual, but each bite seemed to make Emily's heart pound faster, as each one would lead her closer and closer to the inevitable.

Slowly, but surely, both of their plates (including Emily's sippy cup) had been wiped clean.

Joyce cleared the table and washed the dishes, piecing together how the day would go.

"Joyce?" Emily broke her train of thought while she absently scrubbed.

"What is it, honey?"

"Can we, um, go out some other time?"

"And why would we do that when today is perfectly fine?"

"Because I don't want to go out...wearing you know...*diapers*..." Emily still hadn't adjusted to using the word very well now that it specifically referred to her. "People will see...it's embarrassing..."

"Emily," Joyce turned off the faucet and started to dry her hands. "I already told you: no one will be able to tell what you're wearing underneath your clothes. All we need to do is get your phone replaced, and you already said it yourself that you haven't had one for so long."

"So we can't stay?" Emily knew she was reaching the end of her rope, and the thought wasn't as exciting as all the other times it had been; she didn't derive any pleasure from potentially taking a sledgehammer to her social image.

"No, Emily. We're going out."

It was just so frustrating. Being together with Joyce and how she felt so much like a mother; she had this pressure and these vibes that made her feel so commanding, especially to the currently submissive Emily. There was this excitement she couldn't describe from being controlled in such a way...but she hated how she couldn't resist, and that only fed into her more childish parts even more.

"Once we're out and about you'll see that you're perfectly fine." Joyce said, setting a dish towel on the counter. "Emily, I would *never* put you in danger. The fact that I'm doing this proves that *mommy* thinks it's safe for her little girl. I would *never* let you do something that put you at

harm. I'll be right by your side the whole way. Leave the grownup decisions to the grownups, and you just worry about enjoying yourself. So no more pouting, okay?"

Emily only briefly nodded as Joyce walked over to pull her in for a reassuring hug.

"Now," Joyce got on her knees to be at about eye-level with Emily. "Are *you* gonna put some shoes on for mommy or do I need to do it for you?" She teased.

"I can do it..." Emily blushed as she got out of her chair, walking over to the shoe area where Joyce had a pair of casual shoes ready for her; socks included. The little details of making preparations like this behind the scenes were what Emily loved the most. It reinforced the mindset that everything was in Joyce's control, and Emily was like royalty that had the liberty of being served. She sat down on her padded bum while she slipped the perfect-fitting shoes on and tied their laces.

Joyce came a second after with a large handbag slung over her shoulder, putting her shoes on as well. She grabbed two jackets just in case it got too cold outside; she needed to be prepared for anything.

"Oh, wait, I almost forgot my wallet." Emily said as she started to walk back to her room.

"And why would my little girl need a wallet?" Joyce said with a firm but gentle grasp had taken Emily's wrist.

"I need to buy a new phone...right?" What did Emily do wrong? She needed money to buy a phone, after all.

"That's adorable, sweetie," Joyce cooed as she guided Emily back to the door, "but Mommy would never give her baby an allowance." Emily's cheeks burned at this remark, feeling smaller with every moment. "Whatever my little Emmy wants, she need only ask me for it." Clearly she was trying to forcibly spoil the girl, but it made Emily feel foolish for not having the foresight to guess something like this would happen.

It was annoying how Joyce was using their "roles" to her obvious advantage; forcing her typical agenda but with a babyish twist. But deep down, even though it was against her will, right beside that seed of self-hate for being spoiled was the thrill of being forced into such a circumstance.

Joyce was the first to open the door while Emily stood a bit back with hesitation. She started to feel uneasy, as the gravity of going outside was starting to hit her in full effect. She looked down

a bit to see the outstretched hand connected to the arm that led her to her most favorite person in the world right now.

“I know it can be scary at first, but once we get moving you’ll see there’s nothing to be afraid of.”

Emily clasped Joyce’s hand as she hesitantly took her steps outside of the apartment; dressed underneath as Joyce’s little girl. All she had to do was remember Joyce was there. She was her rock, and she would get her through this.

The sound of the door shutting behind her solidified her fears once it was set in stone that they wouldn’t be turning back. The thought alone was bringing her closer to Joyce. She paid Emily’s affection no mind as the pair stepped onto the elevator and moved to the ground floor. In an effort to relax Emily, with a finger from the hand being held by Emily, she caressed the girl’s palm with her nail; sending a jolt of ticklishness from Emily’s hand, but feeling so nice all the same. The pair walked out of the building to see a black car waiting for them; bigger than the night the two went out to eat. But the chauffeur had not changed, as he held the door open for them while they stepped in.

Worries hit the back of Emily’s mind as she stepped in, hoping to God that somehow her diaper never saw the light of day when she was moving. Emily was quickly sent into high gear however when she felt a hand press up against her bottom, feeling a gentle push as she quickly planted herself into a seat. She looked back at the perpetrator with almost daggers, seeing that it was of course Joyce giving her a tease. Annoyed for likely giving the reaction Joyce had hoped for, she looked off out of a window so as not to please her any further.

“Sorry Emily, I never thought to ask, what kind of provider do you have?”

For her cellphone? “Um, T-Mobile?” Emily wasn’t sure if that was the answer she was looking for.

“Perfect, same as mine.”

Emily looked over to see Joyce press a small button on a speaker that likely contacted the driver through the divider.

“Take us to the T-Mobile store first, please.”

The car kicked into gear and they were on the move not a second later.

Wait, did she say first?