

At the Office

“And Alex, please turn in those important documents for me by 3? It’s very important I get those under file.”

Dejectedly, Alex replied, “Yes, ma’am...”

“Ma’am? Is that what you’re supposed to say?”

Her casual mistake sent a jolt through the girl, suddenly sitting upright as an unintentional spurt of warm liquid escaped her. “N-no! M...mommy...”

“Good girl,” the stern attitude in her voice eased itself, and Alex was relieved to have earned a pat on the head, though still another small stream escaping into her underwear. “And don’t forget that I’ll also be expecting another package in your pants, too.”

“Y...yes...” just as defeated Alex replied yet again, nervously eyeing the bulge in her tailored work pants, imagining as if her body had betrayed her already. How far she’d fallen. Three months prior she’d been an aspiring intern at this company, and now, in the present day, she was more than thankful to have a paid position. The downside, though? Her boss had shaped Alex’s everyday work life into more of a trip to daycare than a 9 to 5 desk job.

The one thing she could be thankful for was her own desk, but that was about as far as the adult liberties and pleasures went. It was an everyday disappointment to open her bottom drawer where work binders would usually be, and instead find a stack of coloring books yet to be filled. The oh-so “important documents” which were imperative to be submitted on time were more often than not pictures of barney and elmo characters in dire need of color. Maybe, once in a blue moon she’d be blessed by some form of different work, that being she was in charge of a Spongebob themed one instead. Though, that just typically meant her boss couldn’t find something even more demeaning.

Beyond intimidated by her coworkers, she listened to the sounds of rapid typing from their respective work stations, whereas the only noises you’d hear from hers were the scribbles and scrawls of multicolored crayons. She didn’t even know herself why she stuck to it. Maybe it was some fleeting hope that her boss would realize she wasn’t some overgrown toddler, and could actually handle work in a real estate department. But no. That day never seemed to come. Instead it was just a new stack of coloring books waiting on her desk. Her morning routine consisted of hiding them in her desk drawer, but even she knew it was a ridiculous notion to think that hiding

them meant anything. Given that her desk was deprived of a computer, and with her childish, yet time-consuming workload, Alex couldn't afford to hide the books while she worked in them. Childish as it was, her boss was oddly demanding that she be prompt with her coloring.

The warning she'd just been given was her 15 minute one, like any school teacher would give towards the end of a test. She'd taken just a small break, given that she was on the last stretch of images in the final book. It made her bitter to admit it, but stick to coloring as long as she had, and you were bound to pick up a few tricks here and there... There was no real way her boss wanted them. She just wanted to see the effort. In no way did her drawings benefit the company other than to provide the CEO some form of amusement. She was too focused on her drawing to pay much more mind to her bladder; already aware of how hopeless of a strife it was, and soon let the sputtering stream from before expand into a full-on wetting.

Sometimes she wished that when she did wet, it would pool beneath her legs, soak into her pants, stain her panties, and overflow onto the industrial carpet. Anything to retaliate against the fate she'd been committed to. But that fantasy was but a distant dream. Wetting panties were impossible if you didn't wear them, and you couldn't pee on a chair if your boss checked your underwear too often. No. Not with the diapers she was kept in. With a small slam she set the Crayola tool beside its many cousins, removing the sticky note from where she'd left off and finally closing the last book. She could only imagine what this collection of infancy might look like to the IRS in a company audit. What an anomaly she'd be...

Grabbing the stack of books, she stood from her seat, hearing the slight squelch of her diaper as she leaned forward. Walking her short trip down the hall, a slight waddle with her step, she could feel the lingering eyes from her blind spots ogle her most pronounced features; those being the bulges in her waist area.

"Afternoon, Alex!" a cheery voice called from the other end of the hallway. She recognized the voice instantly, and identified them as another one of her mild tormentors.

"...Hi, Sarah."

The woman in a business skirt and blouse let out a small chuckle, as with her natural height aided by a pair of heels, she pat Alex innocently on the head.

"Alex, didn't we already talk about this?" she laughed like it was just yesterday. Leaning over for a more eye-to-eye view, she said, "I asked you to start calling me 'Miss Silver,'" she spoke with a saturated tone of explanation. She sounded as if each word needed to be carried with clear and

careful annunciation, otherwise the listener in question might misinterpret such simple instructions. That being Alex.

Taking a small gulp of air, Alex finally mustered, “Good morning, M...Miss Silver.”

“Perfect! That wasn’t so hard now, was it?” she spoke with a further condescending attitude. The longer their conversations continued, Alex always felt more and more like a toddler. Language was an annoyingly powerful tool, and with the way she was treated in the office, and what she was wearing, it was pretty much impossible to deal.

Just as Alex was about to turn back to her original destination, Sarah started to speak, and Alex unfortunately knew better than to turn away when her superiors were talking... And what made for even worse timing was when she could feel her stomach gurgle and churn the slightest bit, and she knew it wasn’t because she was hungry...

“So what are you up to right now, silly?” Alex could feel her eyes scan her from head to toe, figuring the answer might lie somewhere in her appearance. She couldn’t help but feel that the stares lingered most about her crotch area, though... “I can definitely see that you’ve been a busy bee!” she gestured to the coloring books.

Meekly, Alex could only nod her head to agree, but the last thing she wanted to do was make it seem like to another person that she actually took pride in something so belittling. While her peers were busy with property appraisals, presentations, client meetings, and bookkeeping, Alex was stuck making the tough decisions; whether she should color the birdies blue or green.

“So...?”

Genuinely unsure of how to respond, Alex merely raised her eyebrows in the slightest, embarrassed confusion.

“Aren’t you going to tell me how your day’s been?”

Alex internally whimpered as she insisted on continuing the conversation. Even if she was being treated like a toddler, she still had a schedule to keep! Nervously, she eyed her surroundings for a clock; some way to tell the time, but there wasn’t one. Hopefully it had only been just a few minutes. She could spare that much at least, right?

“It’s, it’s been fine,” slightly rushing her words, she didn’t wait for Sarah to instruct her on common courtesy too, and she then said, “and how about you?”

Sarah raised her brow, with an amused, yet disapproving look.

“I thought we talked about this too, silly!” she stuck three fingers from her hand, beginning to list something off. “When we talk with others, it’s a good strategy to share the three f’s.” Expectantly, she emphasized the first outstretched finger, and as she slowly sounded it out, Alex knew she was supposed to join her.

Together in sloppy unison, they both said “Fact.”

Onto the next finger came, “Feeling.”

And for the final, although not sounding as cohesive with the first too, they said, “Funny.”

“See? I knew you remembered!” nodding her head approvingly, Alex internally grimaced as she knew that she did too... Like it was carved into stone, whenever Sarah had the chance she forced her to talk about her day whenever they crossed paths. If Miss Boona was like the dotting mother, then Sarah could be considered her attentive school teacher, only that her “mother” was the one assigning “homework.”

Without waiting for another prompt, hoping to finish as soon as possible, Emily started.

“Today I finished coloring in...in all my coloring books...” it was never easy getting it out in the open. At least she shared her fact, though. Two more to go. “Then...then I had a sandwich for lunch, today,” Sarah always loved it when she went above and beyond, which is exactly why Alex tried to do more than what was asked of her. Toddler or not, an employer is always happy to see their workers doing more than they need to. If anything, it was a form of insurance. It seemed like she was doing a good job, because Miss Silver only continued to beam with satisfaction as she looked down on her.

“I felt happy that it was rainy today,” nothing profound seemed to really strike the girl, “and, and I like the rain.”

Sarah then jumped in with an innocent, knowing voice, as if she had Alex all figured out, “Kinda like when you make it rain in your pants, huh?” Blushing, What bothered Alex most by her words was that it wasn’t teasing. Far from it. Miss Silver at times truly felt like an authority figure speaking to someone smaller, and this was simply her means of “mercy,” as if she were sparing Alex some form of embarrassment by referring to her toilet habits indirectly. They were both of intellectual minds though, so the metaphor might as well have been nonexistent.

Just as she was about to continue speaking, it was as if Sarah's words jinxed her, and she could feel another hot, sudden stream escape into her undergarments. Slightly wincing, and doing her best to shelve whether she should scream or cry altogether, she moved onto her concluding statement.

"And I learned a funny joke today. Do you wanna hear it?" Of course she would. She always did. This entire sentence was textbook, but the rudimentary explanation like many other basic teachings were ingrained in her skull at this point. Miss Silver took pride in being Alex's "Practice Partner," and the way she'd gush over Alex's efforts was disgusting. Almost as much as what went on in her pants...

"Of course I would!" Miss Silver resounded with a forced enthusiasm, trying to protect the feelings of a small child. Silently she waited, both ears ready for what else Alex had to say.

It pissed Alex off even more that she already had a joke in mind. It was almost like she accepted this sort of routine by prepping for it, and Miss Silver's teachings were actually starting to take an effect on her. She felt processed, and it was the worst. "Why did the football coach cross the road?" She was already dreading the punchline. It was terrible, and cheesier than the actual dairy product she had in her sandwich this afternoon.

"Hmm..." Sarah paused, pressing a finger to her chin. The answer was so simple, she probably already knew, but of course she'd never trample over Alex's efforts. She was a toddler that needed to be protected, after all. "I'm not sure!" she sounded exaggeratedly defeated. "Why did he, Alex?"

"Because..." a small stress-induced groan escaped her. Partly summoned by the absurdity of the circumstances, but another uncomfortable movement in her stomach region. Her underwear was already starting to feel thick and heavy. She wanted a toilet badly. "To...to get his quarter back..." It sounded as terrible as she imagined, but as the "funny" requirement dictated, there was nothing like ending a conversation on a humorous note.

Sarah stifled a giggle, then let a laugh escape her. She was probably faking it, and given that she'd assumed a persona this whole time, why wouldn't she see it to the end?

Finally in the homestretch, Alex then asked, "How about you, Miss Silver? How's your day going?"

"Oh, it's going just fine Alex. Sorry to tie you up like that, but practice makes perfect!"

Alex wanted to seethe. She'd always make her do the linguistic gymnastics, and run through the painstakingly simple conversation strategies you'd learn in kindergarten, but never did Miss Silver feel obligated to do the same. The outcome of their encounters never changed, but it still never made Alex any less angry. She could remember the last time she'd called Sarah out on the lack of a double standard, she responded with, "Well, Alex, once I think you've really shown you know your stuff, maybe you can have your own Linguistics License too! But until then, it's very important we practice, practice, practice!"

As if she needed speaking lessons. She felt like she could kick a disposable bin right about now. She would've kicked anything right now, had it not been her foot might break in response, eyeing the metal desk and brink-lined wall.

"Okay Alex, time for bye-bye hugs!" Sarah announced with outstretched arms, and although reluctant, Alex received her hug, knowing too well of the consequences if she didn't. Even if the office knew about what she wore under her pants, she was particularly fond of keeping them on for the rest of the day. No matter how much begging she'd do, Miss Silver never went back on her word. Even if it was to confiscate Alex's clothes... Whenever she'd try and complain to Miss Boona, she'd only ever agree, and suggest that Alex likely deserved the punishment. Given Sarah's creative license to do to Alex as she pleased, Alex was unfortunately certain to toe the line.

The two wrapped their arms around each other, one much more firm and with emotion than the other. And as Alex's head just managed over Sarah's shoulder, she slightly whimpered as she could feel the chill of office, room temperature air enter the sudden gap between her back and waistline of her pants. Inspectingly, Sarah had taken the opportunity to pull back the band of Alex's pants to inspect her underwear. Though she was the one doing it, Alex hugged the woman tighter when she could feel the plastic waistband being tugged at too. She hated this woman with every fiber of her being, but it was the ability to hold onto something for comfort that she focused on.

"Well, looks like someone's a bit soggy," Sarah gingerly commented, realigning Alex's diaper and business pants. "No messies, though! I'm sure your mommy is going to be very proud of you!"

The two finally pulled apart, and Alex chose not to comment any further. With their little "lesson" finished, Sarah was the first to move on, with her final sign of affection being a little ruffle on Alex's head of hair. Taking a deep breath, trying to regain her composure and suddenly

scattered adulthood, she resumed her original destination, and only felt the panic grow when more unpleasant sensations sparked from her groin.

Shakily, she knocked the door to the CEO's office. Miss Boona. Though, she'd long since lost the privilege to call her that. Now she was just Mommy.

"Come in?" her boss's voice sounded from the other end.

Reluctantly, Alex stepped inside, immediately seeing the much more distinguished woman work away at her large, mightful desk. Topped with a computer, knickknacks, pens, paperwork, an official name tag, it was everything Alex aspired for.

"Allie!" she sounded in a syrupy voice, in a tone one might use with a small child. In that moment, she sounded nothing like the head of a multi-billion dollar company. Alex didn't feel like an employee being greeted by her boss. It was a mother pleasantly surprised by their charge dropping in. "Did you finish all your work already?"

"Y...yes..."

"Yes, who, sweetheart?" from the outside looking in, there was no distinct authority to her voice, and maybe there really wasn't, but Alex felt too conditioned to not assume its existence. If she was trapped under Sarah's thumb, compared to Miss Boona she was smothered by her entire being.

What made it worse was when she demanded the title, even when Alex didn't mistake it.

"Y-yes, Mommy..."

"Well alright then," Miss Boona tapped the top of her desk, clearing a space. "Let's see what you colored for Mommy!"

Trying to express as little emotion as possible, though teetering on the edge of grimace, Alex set the coloring books down on the desk. The busy woman always seemed to have her schedule cleared for this time of day. Alex despairingly thought of it as her entertainment hour. Alex was the star of the show, and Miss Boon was the single member of the audience. It was Alex's job to impress, otherwise punishment might ensue...

Like a fine-toothed comb, Miss Boona licked her finger with almost each and every page turn, whilst Alex fidgeted uncomfortably standing in place. If only she could go faster... No, Alex knew she could. It was simply a matter of whether she would or not.

“Mi...Mommy?”

“What is it, sweetie?” Miss Boon answered, her gleaming eyes never leaving the illustrated pages.

“I...I really need to go...” Alex spoke as if she were physically distressed, which she was, as a pressure in her abdomen was building, and it wasn’t because of her bladder.

“We’ll get to the potty after I check your work, hon,” she spoke so nonchalantly while she set aside the first coloring book, with two more to go.

“P...please? Can you make an exception?” she rocked from foot to foot, as the pressure was slowly becoming unbearable. Sarah had already tied her up enough. It was pure torture at this point.

Miss Boona sighed, as she finally looked at Alex. “No means no, missy. I don’t want to have to tell you again,” and then her voice suddenly switched back to its sugary self, saying, “you’re more than welcome to take a seat, though?”

Alex eyed the only four possible seats in the room, and without giving it much thought, awkwardly shuffled over to the side of Miss Boona’s desk, and carefully lowered herself to the ground, involuntarily announcing touchdown by the squish of her swollen diaper. Her other options were one of the two chairs poised in front of Miss Boona’s desk, or the couches in the corner of the room. The chairs were an obvious no-no, as Mommy had explained before that they were meant for business clients only, and the more “adult” workers... Alex didn’t get to be considered one.

The couches were her only alternative, but given the uncertain state of her underwear, she decided against it. Everything in Mommy’s office was dreadfully expensive, which is why Alex couldn’t even begin to fathom the possible consequences if she were to leak on anything. That, and the last thing she needed was to give Mommy an excuse to put her in thicker diapers... Alex never felt the threat of a real firing. Miss Boona ran the company, and what she says, goes. Even if Alex had been let go for some reason, or tried to quit, Miss Boona would likely see to it that she never have a chance at working any other job in the state. Maybe even the country.

Her connections went wide and far, and if Alex crossed her, she'd never know what it was like to work for a reputable company again. The irony was glaring though as she looked at one of the coloring books. Not that she ever knew what it was like to begin with.

"Have you been having a good day, honey?" passively, she stroked the top of Alex's head.

"Yes, Mommy..." Alex lied, overwhelmed by a sense of defeat, more focused on her bowels than anything else.

"I'm *very* impressed with your coloring, today," Miss Boona commented, yet her remarks for a coloring book could only do so much for an aspiring real estate agent. "Have you been enjoying your new crayons?"

"Yes..." again, she meekly repeated herself. A new 120 pack had been her "Christmas Bonus" for the year, while everyone else in the office was rewarded with a small little extra something in their paychecks. Objectively from the kind of work Alex did, she knew she didn't deserve a real bonus, but it wasn't her fault that she was deprived of the opportunity to truly earn it. She started to feel her sphincter muscles quiver a little.

"I'm very happy to have you here, you know," Miss Boona spoke in a reminding voice as she turned the pages. "It's nice having a little helper around here," for a brief moment, Alex and Miss Boona stared at each other, and it pained Alex to see what even she would consider a genuine smile. If it was malice, ire, and mischief Alex could somehow deal with it, but killing with kindness always left her conflicted. By no means was this treatment okay, and she loathed it down to every tiny detail, but the positive feelings that came with it made it an unbearably annoying pill to swallow.

Yet after seeing her genuine compassion, Alex for some reason felt inspired. "Mommy...do you think I could start doing some real work soon?"

"What do you mean? Coloring is a very important job, you know."

Alex tried her best to not be agitated, as she still felt there was hope in all of this somewhere.

"I...I know, but I want to do what everyone else does... I want to feel like I'm contributing," the last bit was painfully honest, and her lack of meaningful contribution made her feel sore.

"You do contribute," Mommy explained in a simple, yet compassionate voice as she continued to give Alex head pats. "I'm sorry you feel that way, sweetie." Really, did she mean it? "But

working with some of our bigger projects is a big, grownup responsibility. I just don't know if you're ready for that..." the way she spoke so pensively confused Alex as to whether she was acting, or being gravely serious. Need she remind the woman that she was 23 years old, fresh out of college? How was it that easy to mistake her age and maturity?

Still trying to remain strong, Alex continued to negotiate herself while trying to maintain the suffocating level of obedience that was expected of her.

"But...I went to college...Mommy. I think I can handle it."

"Maybe..." Miss Boona continued to harbor genuine uncertainty and concern in her voice, and it made Alex panic to think just how far the woman thought Alex had fallen, or to imagine what kind of light she was truly seen in.

If she had pushed any harder, Alex knew she probably wouldn't have liked the outcome. This was as far as she could go without burning the bridge entirely. A meager sigh left her system as she did everything she could to keep her cheeks squeezed together.

Soon after, Alex could hear the pages finally finish turning, and she knew the coloring books had reached their end. With a very real sense of hope, she looked up at Miss Boona, who also had a knowing smile on her face too.

"Go on, you can go get it now."

Without the need for any further confirmation, Alex awkwardly scrambled herself together and over to Miss Boona's closet. She shuffled all bow-legged, trying her best to keep inside what her body was aching to her to expel. In the back of her mind, she wanted to cry over how badly she'd now been pavloved by Miss Boona's strict routine, but the rewards within it still rang true, and Alex also recognized it as the only opportunity in the day she had to finally prove herself.

Sliding it out, Alex positioned the device facing towards Miss Boona's desk, and was happy to see that the blinds were already closed. She eyed the gaping hole to the chair, if you could call it that, seeing it had been cleaned thoroughly since its last use... You couldn't even tell there was a last time. It was better addressed as a mount, as Alex watched the long, plastic neck extend from its base and lead into a beaked head.

What she was looking at was a themed potty for an overgrown toddler. The bowl had a slight inner curve to it, and two breaks in the outer ring for Alex to set her bottom and legs into. Right in between her legs the imaginary neck of a duck was there, and had two handles for her to grab

onto in case if it was a bumpy, or particularly straining ride... The thing was beyond embarrassing to use, as she was far beyond the need of a training potty, but it was the only time of day Alex could pride herself with the use of something that even began to resemble a toilet. Just watching it already made her want to release her bowels. And scarily, she almost did. Thankfully, she just managed to catch herself. She couldn't wait for much longer, though.

She slipped her flats off, already anticipating what was to come. The entire process was beyond demeaning, but it was at least a step higher than what she was used to.

Mommy, or Miss Boona, was already sifting through one of her drawers, and Alex couldn't help but watch with an irritated lack of patience, as she moved about painfully slow.

"Please hurry, Mommy!" with urgency in her voice, Alex pleaded as her feet kept rising and falling in mild hysterics.

"I'm sure if you could hold it this long, you can wait a little more," Miss Boona clearly reading the desperation from Alex's mood and mannerisms, walked over to Alex with a small key in hand. The sun shined down on her when she could feel Miss Boona take a hold of her waistband, and insert the tiny key into the front button of her pants. Turning the key, it was probably a good thing Miss Boona was holding Alex by the pants, because she might have broken the key from sheer excitement to get her pants off. She could feel the mass in her backside being withheld by a thinning layer of resolve, and she was becoming more flustered by the second. The key then came out, and it again took Alex everything she had not to yank the pants off herself. She knew better than to handle her own work clothes...

"Please...!" in a hushed whine, Alex was helpless to watch as Miss Boona made no sign of change in her speed as she undid the previously locked button, then slipped down the tiny zipper to her front. Tugging the sides apart ever so slightly, she then did the same in a downward motion, until just the white waistband that had been exposed from earlier was now fully showcased as an entire diaper.

It seemed to put a whole new smile on Miss Boona's face to see the distinct, yellowing and discoloration behind the white, plastic padding, complemented by the barney print characters parading on the front. Held together by four tapes, the swollen, squishy diaper hugged Alex all over, and she was dying to be released from it.

Just a little longer...! Alex was in the homestretch, and she knew she could last just a little bit longer. And right as Miss Boona went for the first tape, the unthinkable happened.

From her desk, the wired phone hooked to the receiver rang loudly with its recurring beep.

No! No! No! No! Why? Why did there have to be some interruption now?! She watched Miss Boona still with a fleeting hope, figuring she could at least undo the tapes to her diaper before she answered the phone. It couldn't be that hard, right? But to Alex's dismay and growing fears, she watched as Miss Boona's hand slowed to an all-near stop, and her head turned back over to the phone.

Damn! Please! Not like this! Alex started to whimper uncontrollably as she started to leave her, and she walked back to the phone.

"Miss-!" When Miss Boona looked at her, giving her attention, Alex was already aware of her mistake. It was a time where she couldn't afford to be on Mommy's bad side. She needed to be in her good favor! "*Mommy,*" she corrected herself with desperation, as her breaths started to pick up a little in pace and her heart started to beat faster. "Can I please take off my diaper? I really need to go, all I need to do is..." Alex's voice trailed as in an already panicked state, she went for the tapes herself.

"Allie!" Miss Boona's voice shouted from the other end, and cut like a knife through any uncertainty Alex might have felt. It was down to the bone, and she could feel all her actions cease immediately. "I already told you that you're *not* supposed to be handling your own diapers. That hasn't changed," she was already stern, and a far cry from the compassion Alex once witnessed practically eons ago. "You've already waited quite a while, so I think you can manage a little longer. Not a peep, got it?" waiting for confirmation, Alex teary-eyed nodded her head.

Letting out a small sigh, Miss Boona finally silenced the ringing noise by answering the phone. "Yes, hello?" a master of many personas, Mommy sounded all-business yet again.

Meanwhile as she did her business, Alex was struggling with every fiber not to do hers. She could already feel something starting to edge itself out her backside, and with muffled and stifled grunts she tried to prevent it from edging any further. Longingly, she looked at the animal-themed potty, willing to sell her soul even if that meant she could take her own diaper off. Yet she was powerless, and she dared not defy Miss Boona's authority. It was her one chance to prove some semblance of maturity to her boss, yet she was in danger of proving the exact opposite.

All she could do was give Miss Boona pleading stares as she blushed furiously, and a few tears escaped her eyes. The only kind of response she got though were shushing signs, while she

continued to converse on the phone. There was no telling how long she'd take, but Alex was certain it'd be long enough just to fall outside her own limits.

She could feel it coming, and she was powerless to stop it. But maybe...maybe by proving she had some idea of control, she could show Miss Boona that she was responsible? Although she couldn't take her diaper off, Alex still mounted herself on the potty, and could feel the inner lid press against the outer parts of her diaper. The whole thing didn't fit cleanly, given how thick it was, and she made the bowl look overstuffed. Regardless, she was still technically on the potty, despite not being mentally prepared for what she was about to do. Nervously, she grabbed the handles on the duck's head, certain that this indeed would be a bumpy ride...

Again, trying to maintain a level of respect, Alex tried to keep her grunts quiet as she need little more than blow on the boulders to get them moving. With a slight push, a mushy solid started to fill her diaper, and as soon as it started, it carried on with an overwhelming amount of momentum as the poo escaped her. Never once had she messed herself in the workplace, or at all, ever. The handles must have been steel, because everything Alex had was focused simply on channeling her frustrations and despair into hanging on to the potty for dear life. Her tears flowed freely as the remainder of poop escaped her, yet still remained unbearably close; assured by the soggy, soiled diaper around her hips. It pained her to say that she made it to the potty, even though she really didn't. Yet still, she worked with what she had. Hopefully Mommy could recognize that? Her nose twitched disgustingly. Hopefully not the smell, though...

"Thanks for calling John, I'll talk to you later. Bye," Miss Boona hung up the phone, staring at the teary-eyed girl during the whole ordeal. "And you were so close, too..." she sighed, with her disappointment causing a new sob from Alex.

"But...! But I was gonna make it!" Alex tried to protest, visibly and audibly distraught all over.

"I know you were, honey, I know..." Miss Boona cooed, but Alex had a sinking feeling that she really didn't at all. Or chose not to.

"Holding it in is hard, huh? The potty can be pretty hard to use sometimes..." She again started to stroke Alex's hair, but this was a form of care and concern she wasn't looking for. She wanted something that genuinely understood her pleas, and something that would acknowledge just how stacked the odds were against her.

"But I made it to the toilet, though! I just wasn't allowed to take my diaper off!"

“Well, I suppose you did make it to the potty...” Miss Boona sounded almost distant, clearly not sharing the same rationale as Alex. “But I didn’t like having to remind you to keep your diaper on.”

“I’m sorry, I made a mistake!” quickly trying to do damage control, Alex wanted to mitigate what might follow as much as possible. She had no idea what *would* follow. Something was to. Certainly. Probably...

Taking hold of Alex’s hands, she gently guided them off the handles. “Come on, sweetie, off the potty. It’s clear we’re done using that now.” The obvious notion to what Alex had just done in her diaper was painful, but she conceded, sliding the potty back into the closet. Each step of the way, she’d flinch as she felt the sticky, still warm mush caking her backside shift around in her underwear.

“Can I...can I please have a second chance?” Alex balled her fists, afraid of what the answer might be.

Yet what hit Alex like a brick was the response, “Maybe when you’ve proven that the potty is something you can handle...”

Alex silently cried, hearing those terrible, absolutely horrible words. As she sat there in her mess, Miss Boona watched her in pensive thought, as if deciding what to do with her next.

“But...I’m...I’m sorry!” As her last hope, Alex did what she could for forgiveness, maybe finding some place in Mommy’s heart to earn back her trust. For some reason she could feel herself wanting to cling desperately on to the potty she had now seemingly lost. Without it being explicitly said, it scared Alex to think that she may have very well just confined herself to diapers for a terrifyingly long period of time.

Miss Boona turned to shushing noises as she tried to console Alex, holding her close, avoiding the messy present sitting in the bottom of her diaper whilst she stroked her back.

“I know, I know, it’s not your fault...”

So she did understand! A ray of hope welled within Alex, as she hugged just as tightly back.

“I think I just had expected too much of you, that’s all.”

Expected too...? No, no, what was she saying? Why did she say that? Fear had once again seized Alex's tiny mental and emotional paradise, and could feel herself falling into a place that would be overwhelmingly difficult to dig herself out of. What her mind was focused on now bothered her even more than the messy diaper she was in.

"But I..." a loss for words, Alex merely trembled as she lost any reasonable sense to get through to Miss Boona.

Miss Boona had taken Alex by the hand and gave her a sympathetic smile.

"I'm sure you're not feeling too great right now...but I need to freshen up, too. How about we kill two birds with one stone?"

Entirely unsure of what she meant, Alex in tow went over to Miss Boona's desk, where she pulled out another thick, cartoonish diaper from one of her many drawers, as well as a package of wipes and powder. Instructing Alex with the task of holding the diaper, she guided them to the last place Alex wanted to go: the exit to her office.

"W-w-wait, Mommy, please!" the fear of God set into her, she tugged nervously in the opposite direction, and she couldn't break from Miss Boon's firm grip. "Please! At...at least let me put my pants back on?"

"We need to change you, silly. What good would it do you to put your pants back on if we're just gonna take them right back off again? Besides...I don't know if pants are the best for you, anymore... Maybe skirts are going to work out better." And on a whim, her wardrobe had likely just changed via a fleeting thought, and speechless, Alex was forcefully dragged into the halls between her office and the many cubicles. Immediately she locked eyes with some passerby, and just as fast shifted her gaze, although assuredly looking like a deer caught in headlights.

And of course, on their very public trip down the hall, the last person Alex wanted to see had appeared.

"Ms. Boona, afternoon!"

"Sarah, always good to see you! But you know you can call me Claire," the matronly woman chuckled.

"I know, I know," Sarah jokingly conceded. "It just feels weird being on a first-name basis with a head executive, that's all," she continued to laugh, as did Miss Boona too. "And what might you

two be up to?” Suddenly like a predator about to pounce on its prey, Alex without making direct eye-contact had felt the eyes of her “teacher” fall on her.

“Oh,” Miss Boona spoke, almost regarding Alex as a minor afterthought; an accessory to their adult conversation. “Alex had a little trouble making it to the potty,” she didn’t trouble herself with a lowered voice, and her casualness about the subject matter only made Alex sniffle. “We’re gonna go and get her all sorted out,” Miss Boona took it upon herself to give the plastic corner of the diaper Alex was currently holding a firm squeeze.

“Well, I’m very sorry to hear that, Alex,” Sarah spoke with a little more clarity to Alex’s ears, likely suggesting the words were directing towards her. “And I’m so sorry!” once more, Sarah turned her attention back to Miss Boona. “If I had known she needed to use the potty, I would have taken her of course.”

“I know you would have,” Miss Boona thanked her with a smile, “but I’ve been trying to be lenient and give her the opportunity for regularly scheduled potty breaks. Yet,” she sighed, staring at the flustered Alex, “here we are...”

Finally, Alex had enough, she needed to demand to be recognized as an adult. She wasn’t some baby who couldn’t be trusted to keep their pants clean! No. She was a grown adult, and the sooner everyone in this damned office started seeing that, the better.

With a fire in her eyes, defiant, Alex spoke, “I would have made it if I could have taken my...” and as quick as it came, so did it go. All the bravado she just had, to sound mature and reclaim her adulthood, and most importantly panties, seemed to dissipate in mere moments as two very stern looks were fired in her direction. They both loomed over her like towers, and Alex started to feel incredibly small. She had clearly worked herself up for nothing, because her campaign to reclaim her freedoms had just ended in seconds.

“Anyways,” Miss Boona continued, finally easing the tensions off of Alex’s shoulders, “she tried, and unfortunately she just isn’t ready, that’s all.” Comfortingly, though not something Alex was looking for, she felt a rub on her shoulder. “There’s no need to worry about taking her to the potty anymore. But please keep checking her diapers like you usually do.” It was already an unspoken idea, but hearing it in the flesh is what really killed all hope for Alex. She knew there wasn’t any coming back from this one. As if on cue, her weakened bladder already squirted a new bit of pee into the already swollen crotch of the diaper. Meekly, she whimpered.

“Will do, Claire,” as if a soldier saluting to her general, they said their goodbyes, and as they moved in opposite directions, Sarah inspectingly lifted the heavy backside of Alex’s diaper, and feeling it slunk back down heavily by the means of gravity wasn’t pleasant.

Finally they’d reached their destination, and Miss Boona taking all the supplies now set them on the bathroom counter. And much to her surprise, Alex was pulled into a stall by Miss Boona.

“Mommy, what are you...?” with a blank slate, completely unsure of what to expect, Alex pressed herself against the closed stall door while Miss Boona lifted the toilet seat, and turned back to face Alex.

“I think some encouragement for the future might help, sweetie,” Miss Boona explained as without the need of a key, unbuttoned and unzipped her own pants. Alex could only watch with a burning and painful jealousy as she snaked the bottoms to her ankles, and she lowered her black stockings, revealing her sleek and smooth figure; all curves and no imperfections. The worst of all though, was what Alex saw her wearing.

Purple, exquisitely cut, with expensive-looking embroidery along the edges; a stark contrast to her Barney-print diapers, Alex frustratingly watched as Miss Boona slipped her thumbs into the sides of her easily removable underwear, and slowly, tantalizingly, and temptingly lowered her panties. She then sat herself on the porcelain throne; devoid of an childish caricatures, duck heads, or potty handles. Everything in the moment represented everything Alex wanted, and what she didn’t have, and Miss Boona knew it too. Alex could only bite her lower lip in anger as she watched Miss Boona calmly relieve herself, and the sound of pee hitting the water filled the stall. It had her so enraged, she barely noticed when a small amount of pee escaped her too.

“One day when you start to use the potty, this is what it’ll look like sweetheart,” Miss Boona explained in a loving voice, but deep down Alex willed herself to believe she knew how torturous she was really being. She had to, right?

It got worse though, as a small, feminine grunt escaped Miss Boona when she clearly signaled that she still had business to take care of. It was an indirect slap to Alex’s face, as she watched the woman demonstrate what it meant to make a proper bowel movement without the security of a diaper.

“I know it sounds scary, but you may not always have a diaper on to prevent you from accidents or failed trips to the potty,” she continued to sooth, and Alex continued to fume, though, a sense of defeat and loss was hot on her trail. “But there’s no need to worry about that right now,” again,

a loving smile returned to her face. “You’ll always be my little diaper bum, silly. We’re not gonna worry about the toilet for a while; I just want my little girl to stick to her coloring books.”

If anyone were listening from the outside, they might have been able to hear Alex’s cries, but they’d need a keen sense of hearing in order to get past the blaring noise from the company toilet flushing.

After she’d finished her own clean up, Alex watched every piece of Miss Boona’s very adult dignity set back into place, finding herself wishing to maybe one day wear a pair of panties as wonderful as those... Once her pants were zipped and re-buttoned, Alex’s little moment of wishful thinking had come to an end, and Miss Boona had them exit the stall.

“Okay,” Miss Boona clasped her hands together, sounding upbeat. “Who’s ready for a fresh diapey?”