

Now all that was left was to take a dash of pink powder, sprinkle it all over, and...

Siri's eyes, the kind that'd been strained from a nonstop 143 hours of work, watched the sparkling bits dwindle from her open hand like a glittery snowstorm. Though, the luster seemed to stop shining after only a decade on the job... She looked at her client with mild jealousy. How envious she was... The way she held her pillow into the crook of her neck, bundled the blanket between her legs, and gently breathed her rhythmic tune stirred the kind of desires Siri knew she'd never be able to fulfill for herself. Not until her shift ended, at least.

With one last longing glance, she'd pocketed her small pouch of blue powder, then fluttered over to the half-open window to tend to the rest of her list. 437 down, 522 to go...

*Wait, blue?*

With half a foot through the window, slowly, she craned her neck back over to the slumbering girl, and with for once a watchful eye, she could just see the final blue particles dissipate into her skin.

*No. No, no, no, no...!*

Powder that was supposed to be pink wasn't fucking *blue*! Siri still remained frozen, suspended in the air, trying to use magic's greatest enemy as a tool to dig herself out of this one:

Logic.

Christ. How could you even call logic an enemy if it was just a pushover? She shook her head senselessly, and slowly let her feet fall onto the carpet. Her wings ceased their silent flapping, and she bit her tongue as she eyed the personal mistake she was now floating beside.

"Did they switch out our formula? Is it a new one?" Growing as worried as she was annoyed, Siri then looked at the small pouch she'd just taken a pinch of dust from. It looked like all the other corporate carrying bags: patches of brown leather sewn together by thick stitching, and a string handle laced around the top to tighten the opening. Suddenly she was wishing for a union. Putting labels on their identical packaging surely was in a worker's best interest?

It was like every other pouch, so how could she have made a mistake? Of course, there was no way she could have made such an obvious blunder! She was even about to laugh the misunderstanding off too. Blame it on Witch's Brew Coffee the office switched to. She knew

caffeine was bad for her... Level-headed, and perfectly calm, there was still one little, tiny, itty-bitty snag in this all...

...

Why did this one have *fucking BLUE POWDER IN IT?!*

God, how was she supposed to know what she was using?! They never even labeled the damn things! If she had to take the time, checking each and every magic pouch she was choosing from, she'd be at least fifty stops short of her quota! As if there was time to tell what was for tooth-kickers, and what was for... She didn't even want to acknowledge it. Maybe if she pretended everything was alright, surely then...

Trying to stay confident, Siri leaned over the slumbering girl, gently lifting her covers by the corner, slowly drawing it down to her torso, then her hips, and finally...

"Son of a pixie shit!" The foul-mouthed fairy bitterly cursed. Not really for the girl, but for the obvious blunder she'd made. Even in the dark, anyone could tell that the girl had drenched her pajama bottoms; a large, dark patch on her crotch along with a warm stain on her sheets too.

Maybe it really still was the tooth fairy mix! The girl could have been accident-prone long before Siri's arrival, right? Still with a plethora of potential excuses on hand, she eagerly consulted the quota list, looking for the telltale water drop bubble beside her name.

"Let's see, C—" Siri paused, then looked at the case of bed-head with a scrutinizing eye.

"Cl...ara. Yeah, Clara...There you are!" 196 Charter Lane. 12 years old. Okay, uncharacteristically old for wetting the bed, but certainly not impossible. After all, she was here for a tooth, wasn't she? With her eyes conveniently focused on the name, she carefully traced them over to the 'condition' column. The one that'd confirm her suspicions, and put this terrible nightmare to bed.

"See?" Openly with confidence, she smugly snickered to herself. Just to let her correctness soak in for a few moments longer, she stared at the empty icon. Only a second later did she remember what it actually meant.

Empty.

Blank.

Nothing.

Lack of bedwetting condition.

“Wh...what?” As if the two scenes didn’t match up, she kept shifting her gaze from the board and to the wet patch on Clara’s pajamas. “Y-you wet the bed, but you’re...not?” Angrily, she stomped her foot against the air she was suspended in, then tossed the board off into oblivion that vaporized before it could hit the wall.

People make mistakes, though! The last time she’d made a mistake, that was what, like, 67 years ago? Yeah! 100 years! Barely anyone was as squeaky clean at the office as she was! They had at best, like what: 700, 800 years? That was chump change compared to when Siri was really putting in work.

...

Okay...fine, her record wasn’t the best, and 67 years wasn’t very impressive either...but she was an honest worker, so there’s no way she could have made such a mistake!

Ugh, who was she kidding? Certainly not the girl who’d just been turned into a bedwetter... With a scrunched face, she re-assessed the shade of powder she had used again.

*A day wetter too, actually...*

Siri sighed, as she already moved into damage control. Unconcerned about disturbing the girl, Siri pulled down her bottoms, exposing the wet underwear in all of its splendor. She didn’t think she’d need to be starting a second route so soon...but now she had a new client to keep stocked. She was probably going to get written up for this...

“Sorry kid, honest mistake, really.” Her sympathy was pretty dry as she reached into her bottomless utility skirt and produced a pair of fat and bulbous scissors. “Simplest tools get the hardest work done...” Her annoyed mood was even drier. So dry, she probably could have soaked up some of the mess the woman was now sleeping in. She wasn’t looking forward to the lashing she’d get at headquarters. It sucked for the kid, sure, but at least *she* didn’t have to deal with Santa and the Easter Bunny giving her shit for fucking up another kid’s bladder control for likely the rest of their life. Honestly! It can’t be that bad, right? Diapers for life? She was probably doing Clara a favor, anyway!

No more toilets and all that. She'd probably be in some pretty deep shock when she'd first come to, though. The process was *supposed* to be much more gradual; very light doses of the diaper powder would be used over a *much* longer period of time. But this kid didn't have that luxury, seeing as Siri had just demoted them to diapers immediately. Unfortunately no one hatched the great idea to make some time-rewind powder. Tucking her mouth into her cheek, Siri shrugged down at the human. They wouldn't take it easy, but what the bladder wants, gets.

And yet, how did this tooth-taking fiend know so much about a sector so unrelated to her current line of work? Well... Siri needed *something* on a resume before she could apply for tooth fairy, right? In fairness, it wasn't the hardest job to get. After all, unlike Santa, collecting teeth for quarters wasn't a single-seat position.

Opening a gap between the two blades, she caught the leg hole of the girl's panties and cut from there to the waistband. Again she repeated the motion on the other leg. Easily slipping it out from under them, she stored the cut-up panties in her skirt; hopefully evidence HR would never find. Though when her hand came back out, in it was a thick diaper, and it had a certain somebody's name written all over it.

"Least I can do is give ya the good stuff we have in stock." Siri fanned the diaper out fast, and sat the girl's wet bottom on top of it. "At least they give us diaper powder for this stuff, otherwise there'd be no real silver lining to pee-stained sheets..." Siri continued to mumble to herself, drawing the thick garment up between her legs and sealing them with tapes. The girl's legs visibly spread, and the puff on her crotch was pretty prominent. Still, it'd be a lie to say she was safe without protection now. Siri wished there was something she could do to fix it; sort of. But the department only knew how to move in one direction, really. After all, breaking things down was always so much easier than building them up... Her hands were tied, so if the condition couldn't be cured, comfort was the next best step.

"Now let's see what we have here..." Siri floated over to the wooden dresser, opening each and every drawer; looking for a specific section.

"Nope...nope...nope...ah! Here we are!"

Almost like a treasure trove, Siri grinned at the discovery of the woman's collection. Lined across were pairs of underwear; signs of maturity Siri had a hand in totally screwing up... But the least she could do was at least get rid of any sort of cruel encouragement that'd never amount to anything. Besides, how was one diaper already around her waist going to compensate for losing the right to participate in the potty races? What could you call this? Reparations?

With a few flicks of her finger, and the spreading of the blue dust, after she double, then triple checked she had the right one, she watched as magically the array of panties and bras had morphed into a momentary sludge that sorted itself. Pinks, purples, blues, browns, reds and blacks came together and sorted into new, unique, and ugly colors. The mystery substance bubbled in places until a reactionary heat emitted and a stark white purged all the color.

Flow and movement slowed until the oscillations stopped and the new mass completely solidified. It dried up like the Sahara and divots, and finally narrow gaps formed between like an array of tiles. The smooth surface inflated and puffed slightly until the whole drawer was jam-packed with crinkly marshmallowy underwear. Or in a much less flowery sense, as Siri preferred, as time was money: diapers. Now her drawer was fully stocked with diapers, and the existence of panties apart from Siri's own had been completely removed from the room.

"I think that just about covers everything!" Siri declared in a matter-of-fact voice, almost proud of how streamline she was. Though, how proud could you be from cleaning up a mess *you* yourself made? She didn't bother weighing on herself too much though, and ogled the peacefully sleeping girl one last time. Still in wet sheets, Siri flicked her fingers to rectify them, as wet sheets with only a moderately wet diaper wouldn't really match the narrative. As the girl stirred, completely oblivious to the changes to herself, her room, and Siri.

Humans were kind of cute, in a way. Siri couldn't place it, but seeing them was always a fascination, especially when they were in diapers. Maybe it had something to do with them being so closely related to infancy? At best, they'd live for only what, 100 years? That's right around the time someone from Siri's race would be speaking their first words. Maybe it was a state of being when there is pure innocence and dependence on a greater lifeform? She didn't dwell on it too much though, and could see that once the girl rolled over to her other side, there was a small lump in the back of her diaper.

*Blue powder.* Her nose seemed to twitch with the internal thought. That stuff really was too strong...and clearly she used too much. If the computer didn't update it already, Siri would need to mention in the file that there may be some messing now involved, too...

She'd need to pay a visit to the parent's room on her way out. This was just a little *too* rapid without some kind of intervention. Maybe implant just a few memories of their daughter struggling with the toilet? Or, totally giving up on it, maybe? Their services didn't cover pull-ups too... Luckily the legality of that wasn't so much of an issue. After all, how can you litigate against someone or something that doesn't exist?

Toilet training was something she'd need to try on her own. If it was even possible. Records didn't really track the success rates. As soon as they try leaving diapers, they leave the quota list for the fairies. They could bounce right back into diapers and the company would never know. Flawed, sure, but they had to draw the line somewhere, right?

“Well, it's been fun, kid. Sorry about the whole, you know, diaper thing. And that's right! I almost forgot why I was here in the first place...” Carefully, Siri guided the girl's head to the side so she could lift the pillow for her prize.

*Hm?*

She lifted the pillow a little bit higher.

*H-hmmm?*

Taking advantage of the magically deep sleep, Siri quite shoved the woman to the other side of the bed.

*HMMM?!*

Holding a whole pillow in her hands, Siri in all her mediocre strength tried to tear the cushion in two as she stared down at a spotless corner of sheets and mattress.

The tooth.

Where was it?

Where in the *hell* was it?!

WHERE?!

Losing her patience and sipping a tall glass of panic, the fairy rolled the ragdoll over just to check the other pillow.

Nothing.

Nada.

“W-what...?” For the first time the fairy dropped to her feet, losing all sense of workplace manners and guidelines just so she could mount the girl on the bed. She cupped the human’s cheeks and pried her lips and mouth open with two fingers from either side.

*White. White. White. White. Shiny. White. White. White. White...*

And just for her troubles, the girl was left with a pacifier in her mouth as Siri sat above her on her knees, blinking motionlessly. Calmly, she opened the bedroom door and walked down the carpeted hall without a sound. Three doors, so she checked them all.

Bathroom.

Guest room. Empty, by the way.

And lastly...!

No parents. An office. Computer, bookshelves, desk, but no bed and no people in it.

She blinked again.

Siri came back to Clara’s room, went for the window and about flung herself out of it. She stopped right before hitting the ground, levitating just to come back to her feet. She strolled across the lawn, coming out to the sidewalk just for the full picture. Spinning on her heel, she looked up at the two-story home underneath the star-covered night sky.

Her brow arched in confusion though as she stared at the three metal digits riveted on the wooden posts.

169 Charter Lane. This *was* it! Did someone make a mistake in the system? Was she being framed? Suddenly she sighed with relief. Thank goodness! It wasn’t her fault! Thank goodness...

And she pulled the same board out of her skirt that’d been discarded earlier, popping a pen into existence just to leave a note.

*169 Charter Lane... “wrong hou-*

169.

1-6-9.

...

196.

196 Charter Lane.

She floated back up to the second-story window, suddenly asking herself just how a 12 year old could be living on their own... and own their own house...

Siri watched Not-Clara for a moment, just as stinky as she left her, conveniently contained, mind you.

Yet again, could she really be blamed? She lived for centuries! So...how could somebody blame her for this?! 12? 20? 30? What was the difference?! A troubled hand slid down her face. Okay, maybe this was a little worse than she thought. Maybe she could call someone? Get some strings pulled? Extraordinary fuck-ups called for super-solutions, right?

After all, 196 wasn't in the system, so they'd just slap her on the wrist, wouldn't they? She wouldn't wind up on probation again? With convenient timing, the unknown woman in her messy diaper rolled onto her back in clueless slumber.

She...she wasn't going to get into *that* much trouble...?

So Siri did what was right. What made the most sense and was where any sensible moral compass would point.

Slamming the window shut, Siri promptly fluttered away as fast as she could. All the way to 169 Charter Lane.

Let it be known, on that fateful night, for that short stretch of fifteen minutes, officially, actually, totally, Siri took an early lunch break...

Meanwhile...

At the sound of chirping birds, Amanda yawned and stretched as she sat up in bed. Her pillows were askew and she was barely covered by her blankets. Although, a cold squish had her blink in confusion.



Rubbing her head, she looked around her spotless room.

Mumbling, she yawned:

“What’s that smell...?”